







# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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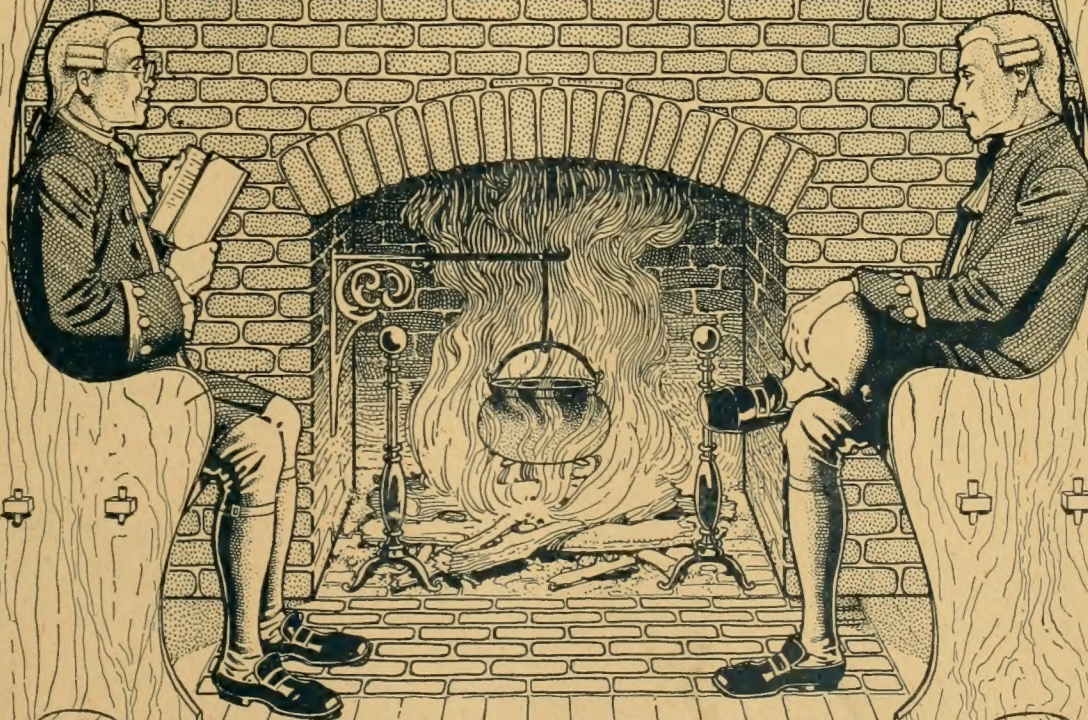
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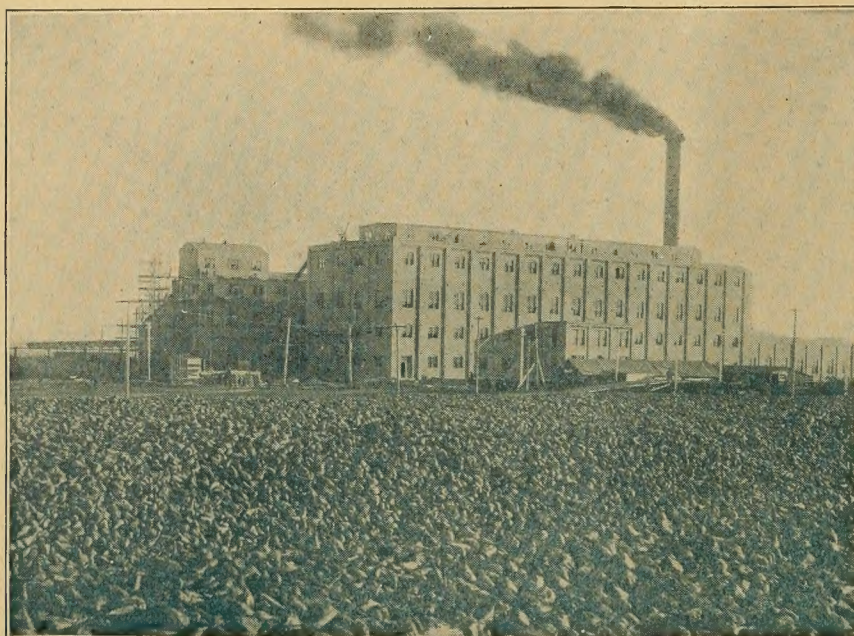
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

January 2, 1906

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No. 1. Vol. VIII





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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY 2, 1906.

No. 1.

## MAKE THIS A DAY.

Make this a day. There is no gain  
In brooding over days to come;  
The message of to-day is plain,  
The future's lips are ever dumb.  
The work of yesterday is gone—  
For good or ill, let come what may;  
But now we face another dawn.  
Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see  
The urging hand and earnest face  
That men call Opportunity;  
We failed to know the time or place  
For some great deed, what need to fret?  
The dawn comes up a silver gray,  
And golden moments must be met.  
Make this a day.

This day is yours; your work is yours;  
The odds are not who pay your hire.  
The thing accomplished—that endures,  
If it be what the day require.  
He who takes up his daily found,  
As one new armored for the fray,  
To-morrow steps on solid ground.  
Make this a day.

The day is this; the time is now;  
No better hour was ever here—  
Who waits upon the when and how  
Remains forever in the rear.  
Though yesterday were wasted stuff,  
Your feet may still seek out the way.  
To-morrow is not soon enough—  
Make this a day.

—Selected.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*If faith does not germinate in obedience, it is not good.*



*A fat kitchen will fill a poor parlor, at its own expense.*



*Youth either makes means for manhood, or regrets not having done so.*

*Are we masters of our inclinations or slaves to them?*



*The progress made in discouragement counts as well as that made in glad content.*



*Obstacles resemble impossibilities so much as to fool some men out of success.*



*The lack of religious interest among men makes religion appear effeminate to boys.*



*I'll-see-to-it-to-morrow is almost sure to wish its task had been finished yesterday.*



*Opportunity naturally slights those who are above recognizing her in her everyday dress.*



*Overwork is not synonymous with most or best work, neither underwork with success.*



*Education is not a matter of choice; it is our duty to prepare for the greatest usefulness of which we may be made capable.*



*Opportunity gives us all we can manage of that suited to our strength, but she does not let children play in her engine-room.*



*It is not necessarily a sign of weakness to desire encouragement, but it is undoubtedly a proof of strength to do well without it.*



*Why send your child to a school, to finish his education, that will knock its usefulness in the head by making an infidel out of him?*



*Intellectual laziness is as much a disgrace as other laziness, and tends toward making man a mere machine instead of an intelligent colaborer with God.*

Flora, Ind.



# THE RENDING OF THE CHAIN

By OMA KARN, Covington, Ohio.

Part IV.—The Helping Hand.



**O**H, mamma, here you are a'ready. Now you've just gone and spoiled my little s'prise. I 'most knew you would be about frozen and I wanted to have a nice, bright fire for you. But it's just about ready to blaze. There! My! Isn't that nice? Mamma, mamma, what is the matter with you? Don't, mamma, don't!"

"Nothing is the matter, my boy, only my own weakness and a feeling of thankfulness for God's precious promise, 'He never forgets his own,'" replied the mother, calming herself after the fit of uncontrollable weeping that had so alarmed her child. "I did not get any pay for my work. The people were short of money, they said, and I cannot ask for any more credit. I was very much discouraged. Roy, it looked as if we must certainly perish, without either food or fuel. But when I saw you so happy and busy trying to make a fire, and thinking only of mamma's comfort, with this great pile of boards here beside you, I felt so thankful to our heavenly Father, and yet so condemned that I had for a time lost sight of his precious promises, that I could not help crying for both joy and sorrow. But where did you get all this, Roy? Where have you been? Or did a fairy visit you while I was gone? Tell me about it, while I enjoy your nice fire," said the poor mother, smiling through her tears, and spreading her thin, toil-worn hands over the bright blaze.

"'Twas a fairy, sure enough, mamma, but a rather stout one. 'Twas the grocer's boy—that good-natured, fat one—gave it to me. I was like you, mamma, coming home feeling rather blue, for I only made ten cents after school. Went on an errand for one of the girls down at Strickler's store. I was just running over in my mind, and all the time squeezing that dime hard, wondering how to make it reach around to buy us some wood and some supper, when the grocery boy came driving around the corner with a big barrel on his wagon. And that barrel didn't do a thing but bounce off and roll right to my feet. It was just about knocked to pieces, too. I couldn't help looking kind of wishful, I s'pose, for I thought what nice wood it would make. I s'pect the grocer's boy noticed it, too, for he stopped a moment, and then drove on, telling me I might have it if I wanted it. They would only use it for kindling wood anyway, and they had lots more. You better believe I grabbed it, mamma, and just see what a nice pile it made. And these nice

blocks I got over here at this building where they are doing some repairing. The man saw me carrying the barrel in, and gave me these, too. Aren't you glad, mamma?"

"Very glad, my child, but sorry I was not so successful, too, and could have brought you some supper. But then we will not be cold, if we must go hungry. But where is Ralph?"

"I don't know, mamma, but I s'pect that child is doing something, too. Miss Carter said some one wanted him to take a package down to the mission rooms. I saw him going down Pearl Street as I came up from Strickler's. Mebbe he will have some supper for us. And then, too, mebbe papa will bring something home again. You know, mamma, he has not been just so terrible ever since he came home from that last trip. Isn't it a wonder he told us about that good man he stayed all night with? Wouldn't it be nice if we had a father like that—Oh, mamma, mamma, what have I done again? Don't, mamma, I hear Ralph coming and he's whistling 'In the Sweet By and By.' That means he's got something."

By a violent effort the mother again dried her tears, just as a merry, brown-eyed boy of eight bounded into the bare but clean little room, now bright and cheerful with the glow of the firelight. He was a brave, manly-looking little fellow full of boyish mischief and fun, but loving and honest to his heart's core.

"Had a piece of jolly good luck," he said, throwing a square package onto the table, and executing a war dance, ended with a handspring that brought him up in front of the little cracked coal stove. "My! but this fire is nice. How did you get it, mamma?"

"It was Roy who got it," replied the mother, drawing her boy down upon her lap, and looking into the brown eyes. "Some one was very kind to him and some one has been very kind to my baby, too. I know it by the merry twinkle in these bright eyes. So let's hear your experience, laddie."

"It wasn't a very great one. I took a bundle of something, I s'pect it was old clothes, down to the missionary ladies for old Mrs. Hinkle, the baker's wife, and when I came back she had some bread and cakes wrapped up for me, and a little package of something else, something you like, mamma. Guess what."

"I know! I know! T-e-a," cried Roy, clapping his hands, and not even giving his mother time to think.

"But that is not all yet, mamma. The very best



is to come yet. If Roy just had one, too. There is a young lady visiting at Mrs. Hinkle's, and just look here what she gave me. She said she had outgrown it. You won't have to pad me with newspapers any more, mamma," and Ralph unbuttoned his worn coat and displayed to their admiring gaze a warm woolen golf jacket, almost new, fitting snugly to Ralph's plump figure. "But what is the matter, mamma?" he added, soberly. "You have been crying. Why do you, mamma? Hasn't God been very good to us to-day?"

"Very good, very good," replied the mother, drawing both boys to her. "He has blessed me far above what I deserve in giving me two such noble, manly boys to take care of me. Now, let us have some supper before—" she had meant to say, "before your father comes and spoils our peace," but the words died away in a heavy sigh. Had not God been very good to her. Ought she to complain?

It was Mildred Windom, the once happy wife, the only daughter of a wealthy home, that here in this bare little room, among the poorest of the poor in this great city, was so gratefully thanking him who will not suffer a sparrow to fall unnoticed, for the barest and most common necessities of life. Hers was the love that never dies. Alone and unknown, here among the teeming thousands of this great city, into these depths of sin and suffering she had followed her husband, fighting single-handed for the sustenance of life, suffering often from hunger and cold, and meeting her husband's drunken brutalities with the fortitude that only a weak woman can show under such circumstances.

The home had been sold long ago. Mildred had parted with it rather than let Ernest go to prison for some serious misdemeanor committed while in a drunken fit. She had come with him here to this miserable habitation and in fear and trembling was watching and praying lest the temptation that had overcome the father might also seize upon her two noble boys. "Spare me that, O Father," she prayed, "far rather would I give them both up unto thy tender care."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's a deuced bad evening to be out. I wish I had not been so ready to promise Cummins to come down to that new-fangled affair they are starting up. What do they call it, The Brotherhood of St. Andrew? I believe it's object is to go about in a quiet way and keep a still watch over those who have turned over a new leaf, yet surrounded by all these temptations, are likely to fall back in the old rut again."

"Well, Frank is just the sort of fellow to start such a movement, quiet and unassuming, yet a true Christian to his heart's core, and always going about his Master's business. I think he must be something like the original Andrew. No one knows much about

Andrew himself, yet he was the one that went quietly about and converted Peter, a disciple of the Rock upon which the Christian church of to-day is built.

"Frank is just the sort of fellow to accomplish anything like that. But it will try even him to do anything down here in these parts. What a contrast to what I just came from. Just see the temptations lying about, and how people are yielding to them. How weary and unhappy the poor wretches look with their half-starved forms and drenched garments. See that deplorable-looking wreck of manhood now, across there looking in at the doors of that saloon. Poor wretch! I really believe he is struggling against going in. I have half a mind to go and speak to him. No, there comes Frank now, and he has spotted my man. Let's see how his plan will work," and interrupting his somewhat lengthy soliloquy George Hilliards turned his coat collar up to screen his face and stepped into the shelter of a near-by doorway.

Frank Cummins, member of one of the most influential families in the city, and president of the recently organized Brotherhood of St. Andrew, was about to enter the rooms of the association, situated in the very roughest and vilest part of the city, when his attention was attracted by the same object that had aroused the sympathy of George Hilliards. Frank hesitated a moment and then approached the wretched-looking object.

(To be continued.)



## JAPANESE EDUCATION.

ERNEST VANIMAN.



THE education of a nation, in its broadest sense, determines the growth of that nation. Therefore the history of the growth of a nation constitutes their education.

The early history of Japan is unreliable, as it has so much mythology and superstition mixed with it. Their early religious belief was Shintoism. Their emperors were descendants of the gods. Their motto was, "Obey the emperor and be happy." There are many stories of the great deeds of their former emperors; but no authentic history until about 500 A. D. About 600 A. D. they took up a corrupted form of Buddhism from China.

The first white man in Japan was an English sea captain named Adams. In April, 1600, he ran his ship into a Japanese harbor during a storm. He was taken prisoner by the emperor, who was shrewd enough to see that he could be helpful to him, and employed him as a ship-builder and a teacher of English ways. He died in Japan in 1620.

This, however, did not open up Japan to the world;



for more than two hundred years her motto was, "Japan for the Japanese and death to foreigners."

She was waiting till some one bold enough should force her to a knowledge of what was about her. Whence could a more bold, more friendly, more helpful person arise than from our own self-made America? Commodore Perry in 1853 anchored at the entrance of Yeddo bay. The Japs tried to prevent his landing, but he forced a hearing from the emperor and delivered President Fillmore's message, demanding him to open ports to trade with the United States.

Perry returned the next year for his answer and the first foreign treaty Japan ever made was with the United States in 1854, by which two ports were opened to American trade. Then followed England, France and Russia, and Japan was opened up to the world. In 1860-61 the emperor sent an embassy to the United States, which awakened Japan to a new life.

Up to this time Japan was an illiterate, heathen nation. She was awakened and has made so desperate a leap in the progress of the world in the last forty years that she is counted in the list of the leading civilized nations of the world.

Various educational systems were devised soon after the country was opened. The present system was established in 1871. The principal advisors were from the United States. It consisted of four departments: First, the kindergarten, having in 1899, 230 schools and 22,000 pupils between three and six years of age.

Second, the elementary, which has compulsory attendance, for children from six to fourteen years of age. The school term is eight months. Third, the middle school course requires five years and includes ethics, Japanese language, English, French and German, two years' Latin, surveying, philosophy, etc. Fourth, the university, besides special schools and colleges.

The tuition is not free. School boards are elected by the people and have to provide for the poor. There are about eight million school children. Public school property in 1899 was valued at \$25,000,000.

There are forty-two schools of law, medicine, political economy, literature and science; also one hundred and twenty of arts, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, etc. Also one hundred and seven preparatory schools; six schools for deaf mutes; thirty-eight libraries, with 484,000 Chinese and Japanese volumes, and 63,000 in European languages.

Colleges and universities are being built and filled continually. There are 5,000 Chinese students in Japanese colleges, who will return to China spreading their civilization.

Japan is indeed keeping pace with the foremost nations. On account of their almost universal habits of politeness, cleanliness, honesty and bravery, also their pure love of the beautiful, they are bound to hold their place among other nations. "Knowledge is power."

*McPherson, Kans.*

## :: GALVESTON, THE SEA-WALL CITY ::

ELLA S. HALL.

### Part I. THE FLOOD.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."



THE history of Galveston, like that of Holy Writ, is divided into two great epochs; before and after the flood; and it is the intention in this article to tell, in part, the story of the Island City during its latter period.

Many interesting topics have been given in the International Sunday-school Lessons during the past six months, among them, "Returning from Captivity," "The Rebuilding of the Temple," and "Nehemiah Rebuilds the Walls of Jerusalem." In studying the lessons mentioned, it required no long stretch of the imagination for Galvestonians to note the contrast and similarity of the rehabilitation of Galveston with the rebuilding of the Holy City.

All Sabbath-school children know the location of Jerusalem, but there may be some who do not know

that Galveston Island is a sandy strip of land varying in width from one to three miles, and is about thirty-four miles in length. It is only a small fragment of the great Lone Star State, and is separated from the motherland by the peaceful, tranquil waters of Galveston Bay. The Gulf shore of the island is a continuous, sandy beach, with a safe and most delightful surf,—the ever leaping, dashing, roaring breakers re-echo the laugh of Old Ocean.

The city of Galveston is situated at the eastern extremity of the island, and is the county seat of Galveston county. The history of both the island and the city is interesting, romantic and unique.

They have stories, legends and lays,  
Joys and sorrows and long vanished days—  
But the present fair, the future bright  
Must be the themes of which we write.

Yet no one can describe the sea wall and the grade raising without referring to the sad cause that led to their construction.



**The Storm.**

"Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
But most chastens those whom most he likes."

On Sept. 8, 1900, a terrific hurricane, or a monsoon, from the island of Martinique, or a tidal wave, or all three combined, swept over the coast land of Texas. The Gulf had been rough for days, and about two o'clock in the morning of that fatal eighth day of September the wind began to blow and the indications were storm threatening. Little by little the tide from the Gulf had been encroaching upon the land, and the water in the bay had been steadily creeping into the harbor. By noon the bay tide was driven by the north winds against and over the wharves; then over the railroad tracks, and on and up into the city like an invading army. About one o'clock in the afternoon the last train arrived; after that time traffic was abandoned, the three railroad bridges across the bay being submerged. At five o'clock the water was about nine feet above mean low tide and had reached every house in the city. The rain descended in torrents; tide and tornado vied with each other in destruction, and by seven o'clock P. M. Galveston seemed the focal point of all the winds about the earth, and they registered a velocity of one hundred and twenty miles per hour. From this time on the stories of the storm are contradictory, the facts varying in different localities. Some people say the water was highest between seven and eight o'clock P. M., while others think the tide was at its flood two or three hours later; but there is no dispute about the water subsiding rapidly, perhaps within an hour's time it went down and out.

The scene that greeted the smiling Sabbath sun the next morning beggars description. With the coming in and going out of the waters on beautiful Galveston Island, more than six thousand lives crossed the tide that ebbs but never flows. To this number may be added at least two thousand more deaths in the adjacent coast towns and country; but the exact number will never be known, only by him who counteth the sparrows' fall.

Of the thirty-two thousand people who survived the storm at Galveston, ten thousand were found bruised, bleeding and half-crazed by the loss of relatives, friends and homes, but they were calm and resigned. Property to the amount of thirty millions of dollars had been destroyed.

Death again faced every living creature on the island. All business was suspended. The supply of food and water was scant; communication with the outside world was cut off by miles of tempestuous seas and by a greater distance of devastated country.

The waters of the Red Sea divided for the children of Israel. Brave and daring men endangered their lives crossing Galveston Bay to deliver their stricken city. The message they bore awakened the great sympathetic heart of the civilized world. "Listen, O

isles, unto me, and hearken ye people from afar." Within a few days the homeless were provided with temporary shelter; the suffering were relieved, and many of the dead had been either buried or burned, and the wreckage was being cleared from the streets. In less than a month a new railroad bridge had been built and trains were coming into Galveston; ships were entering the harbor; the city had been supplied with food, water and electric lights; business had been gradually resumed and at no time was there ever a thought of abandoning the city. Before a year had passed plans were formulated for the future protection against winds and waves by a seawall and by raising the grade of the city, the most gigantic undertakings in modern civic improvement.

Before the Hebrews were released from captivity they were blessed with a new ruler, and King Cyrus wisely instituted a change in the policy of their government, which permitted them to return to Palestine and to rebuild Jerusalem. "And all that were round about them strengthened their hands with vessels of silver, gold, with goods, and with beasts, and with precious things, besides all that was willingly offered."

There is a happy comparison of this part of the Babylonish captivity with the rehabilitation of Galveston, inasmuch as Galveston was strengthened by the prayers, sympathy and confidence of all Christian people. And contributions of money aggregating \$1,200,000, and donations of food and clothing amounting to \$300,000 were received for the Relief Fund. The city was bankrupt and it also desired a change in government. It asked the State for a new charter, and requested the Governor to appoint five Commissioners to take charge of municipal affairs. The five Commissioners were appointed, the chairman of which was to act as mayor of the city. The Commission form of government has accomplished much good, and all five of the Commissioners have been twice reelected. The Mayor-President, Judge W. T. Austin, was always on the alert to the best interests of the community, and the announcement of his death on Oct. 6, 1905, caused universal regret throughout the State, and all Galveston mourns the loss of her Chief Magistrate.

At the very first regular meeting of the Commissioners, resolutions were passed regarding the safest and most efficient way of protecting the city against future overflows from the Gulf.

*1412 Ave. D, Galveston, Texas.*

(To be continued.)



It takes four pounds of fresh leaves to make one pound of dried tea.



ABOUT \$700,000 is the cost of the engines on a first-class man of war.



## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Home Life of the Zulus  
and Kaffirs.—No. 14.



ANOTHER method of reducing the corn to meal, much slower and more laborious than the mortar and pestle process, is also very common among the poorer people. This method is so well shown in the illustration that it scarcely needs explanation. A large stone properly hollowed out is provided for the grinding. In the hollow the grain is placed and sprinkled with water, and then the woman, often with her little one resting quietly and comfortably on her back, kneels down, seizes with a tight grip an oblong flint stone and begins her slow, but exceedingly tiresome, process of meal making. It takes time and muscle before a sufficient quantity of corn has been ground for the meals of the day for her hungry family, especially if she has many mouths to feed.

As the rubbing proceeds the meal is pushed off the stone onto a palm leaf mat made for the purpose. After the rubbing and pounding is finished the meal

is allowed to dry and then by a skillful manipulation of the mat it is tossed into the air and in this way the hulls of the corn are removed and the coarse corn flour is made ready for the cooking. It is then thrown into a vessel containing boiling water and stirred and cooked into a stiff mush. If the native be the fortunate possessor of salt, a little of this condiment is added and the meal is ready for the eating. The family now gather around the cooking vessel, each armed with a short stick, flattened at one end and given a slight spoon shape, with which the food is conveyed from the pot to the mouth. This forms a very large part of the native food in some parts of the country. Beans, cabbage, turnips and other vegetables are also grown and are at times placed on the bill of fare. The writer had opportunity to taste of the cooked corn meal and vegetables and found the food well cooked and palatable. The group of men gathered about the large dinner vessel are laborers and are shown as they go about their daily avocations



Grinding corn.





Zulus Surrounding the Mushpot at Noontide.

In some parts of the interior the breech clout is not worn and the workmen labor in a nude state.

In many parts of Central and South Africa the question of clothing does not enter into the native's life problem. Both Livingstone and Stanley report numerous tribes who were entirely destitute of clothing. And this condition still obtains in some parts of the country. Where the people have come in touch with the missionaries and with higher civilization clothing to a moderate extent is worn. Usually a blanket for the cold days of winter and a thin cotton covering for summer wear is the rule. The breech clout is also worn and when work is to be done the blanket, whether it be of wool or cotton, is laid aside. It has been found that the style of dress worn by the whites is not conducive to the health of the natives. When the men work they perspire freely and are often in the rain. Without change of garments they allow their damp and wet clothing to dry on the body and severe colds, rheumatism and pneumonia result. From the present condition of the people it would appear that the blanket, to be laid aside when laboring, is best for them. To say the very least it is unwise to force our style of dress upon them. In fact they could be led to adopt European forms of dress without compulsion, for whenever a native can do so he puts on trousers, vest and coat and apes the fashions of the whites.

It is a strange sight to see a group of natives strutting along the road after some European "Boss" has made a liberal distribution of his old clothing for which he has no further use. They are a sight to behold. The garments are unselfishly distributed and each dresses in his first tailor-made suit according to what has been allotted to him. One satisfies himself with a vest many sizes too large for him, another is content with a single under garment, while others select coats, battered hats, traveling caps and



The Great Cullinan Diamond, the Largest of its Kind in the World. Value, \$5,000,000.





"Inkosi" Saluting a Superior.

other articles that may happen to strike their fancy at the time distribution is made. Dressed in this way their nakedness is made all the more conspicuous.

Handshaking among the Zulu-Kaffir people is peculiar in that the hands are laid palm to palm with extended thumbs. This instead of grasping the hands as is our custom. The gentle pressure of the hand, fraught with so much meaning among peoples where the hand-shaking custom prevails, is entirely lost to the Zulu. The highest and most respectful form of greeting is the "Inkosi," and is only given to a superior. The hand is raised above the head, the thumb laid flat on the hand and the fingers are bent slightly forward, while the words, "Inkosi, Inkosi," are several times repeated. The first time I witnessed this form of greeting was in a congregation of native Christians. I was compelled to inquire the meaning of the peculiar gesture, and was informed that no higher sign of respect can be given than the "Inkosi" greeting.

At Pretoria I was reminded of the diamond mine only a short distance from the capital of the one-time Boer Republic. The diamond mines in South Africa are the richest in the world and here many an Englishman has become a millionaire. Mr. Rhodes was the most notable example of this kind. And no

wonder men become rich in diamond mining when a single stone has a value reaching into millions. Only a short time ago a diamond was discovered in the Pretoria mines which easily bears the distinction of being by far the largest stone of the kind in the world. It was discovered sticking in the side of the excavation and is known as the "Cullinan" diamond in honor of the fortunate finder.

Weighed in carats the stone turns the scale at 3,022, or nearly two pounds, Troy weight. It measures four inches in length, two and a half inches in height and one and a half inches in thickness. It is said to be entirely free from defect and a stone of the first water. Various estimates of its commercial value have been made. Conservatively it is said to be worth, as diamonds sell in the market, the enormous sum of five million dollars. Compared with the great Kohinor diamond, now in the possession of the king of Great Britain it weighs nearly four times as much as that famous stone, which is rated at 790 carats. It is preserved in its rough state up to the present time. In cutting and shaping, it would lose about one-half its weight.



#### THE VISIBLE SOUL.

MR. SAMUEL GREENE, the leading lumber merchant in a large Western city, was known as one of the most prosperous men in his section of the State. He had acquired his wealth by hard trading and close bargaining. Few people could get ahead of him; and though it was his frequent remark that every dollar he owned was "honestly made in trade," his customers and his tenants knew him only as a hard man, not unscrupulous, but disposed to exact the last dime. At home or in church (to which he went occasionally) his thoughts were too much occupied with schemes of money-making to afford any spare room for affection or religious feeling. His business acquaintances rather envied him, as one who had conquered the secret of success.

The lumber merchant sat in his little office at the close of an October day. It had been a day full of business and its aggravations. He was thinking of going home, when there suddenly came a rat-tat at the door.

"Come in!" called Mr. Greene, gruffly. "Oh, it's you, Simmons. Well now, what's wanted?"

"Mr. Greene," said the newcomer, a sturdily-built, honest-looking man of middle age, "I've come to see if you won't let me have another bill of lumber—some Michigan pine I need for that contract I have on the east side."

"No, Simmons, you can't have another foot of lumber from my yard, that's flat," said Mr. Greene, harshly. "As soon as you pay up what you owe, you can get more; not till then."



"But, Mr. Greene," protested Simmons, "this is a serious matter to me. Why, I've paid you hundreds and hundreds of dollars, good money, for your lumber; and as soon as this job is through you will be the first to get your money. You don't surely mean to say you refuse?"

"That's just what I do mean," snapped Greene. "But I've no time to talk about it. You can take your choice; pay up your last bill, or go without."

"It simply means ruin, that's what it does," said the man, advancing into the room. "Why, good heavens, Mr. Greene, you cannot mean what you say! It would be the meanest—"

"Get out!" thundered the lumber merchant, advancing toward him, his huge bulk now quivering

his hands. Somehow, those words burrowed and buzzed in his brain. The world of business seemed to slip away into shadow and silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My soul—well, I wish I could see it. I am sure that fellow is wrong. Anyhow, he knows nothing about it. I wish—"

"Here I am," piped up a little, thin voice, somewhere on the floor behind him.

"What—what's that?" he asked quickly.

"Here I am," repeated the thin voice.

"Who? Where?"

"Right here behind you."

The lumber merchant turned in astonishment, and looked in the direction indicated. There, in a corner,



A Distribution of European Clothing of Latest Style.

with anger. "Out of here, I say! You shall never get a foot of lumber from me as long as I live."

Simmons retreated a step or two, then, still with hat in hand, he turned towards the excited man. "Mr. Greene," he said in deep tones, "may the Lord forgive me for saying it, but I think you have the meanest soul that ever he permitted to enter into man, and if you could only see it—"

But his talk was suddenly cut short by a threatening movement of Mr. Greene, who pushed him out of the office and slammed the door violently.

"Confounded impudence, I call it," said the lumber merchant on regaining his seat. "Why, hang the fellow, I trusted him and trusted him. I'm fairly sick of his whining talk and poverty-stricken ways. To insult me by referring to my soul. What does he know about it, anyway?" and he rose and paced the floor of the little office. "He said I had the meanest soul," he mused. "But who ever heard of anyone seeing a soul?" And then he sat down again, and rubbed his chin meditatively. He rested his head upon

and in the shadow of the leather-covered lounge, was a little impish, dwarfed-looking figure, like a shriveled Filipino. The merchant shrank back in amazement.

"Who are you, anyway?" he gasped.

"I am your soul," piped the black-looking imp in the corner.

"My soul!" He shook himself together as if disbelieving his senses. "Utter nonsense! Why, with a touch of this button I can summon a policeman—"

"Still, I'm your soul," said the little black one. "Yours, and nobody else's."

"How did you come into my office?" interrogated the merchant.

"I was permitted to come as you wished," said the black thing, "and I must stay until the time of my permission ends."

"Confound it!" persisted Mr. Greene, "you don't mean to say that you are going to stick right here, in my office?"

"Wherever you go, I go," piped the voice. "I am a part of you and you cannot be without me."



"But," stammered the merchant, with an inward shudder, "how am I ever to get along with you sitting around?" He went over fearfully toward the door and slipped the spring lock. "Why this is ridiculous. Everybody who meets us will remark."

"No eye but yours can see me," was the reply from the corner.

"Well, that's one consolation," said Greene, draw-



"How do you do?" Hand-shaking among the Native Girls.

ing a long breath. "My soul! Mine! This is the first time anybody ever heard of such a thing."

He touched a bell to summon his foreman.

"Haff," he said, "I'm going home. Everything all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman.

"Well, then, get me a carriage, will you?"

"Certainly, sir."

It was with a strange trepidation that Mr. Greene buttoned up his coat and closed the door of his office that evening. He felt somehow as though he was bidding the old place good-bye and might never come back. He noted with satisfaction that the coach lamps were unlit. Looking down he saw, moving lightly by his side, the dark, little, impish figure. He opened the coach door and stepped aside to give the Soul the right of way. Then he entered.

"How shall I ever be able to meet Mary and the

girls in this fix?" he said. "It's awful! awful! Something must have happened in my brain," and he turned again toward the little figure whose presence and appearance seemed to put the question of hallucination beyond all doubt.

On reaching his home, he stepped quickly to the door, opened it with his own private key and let himself into the hall unobserved. Up the stairs to his room he went noiselessly. Once safe within, he locked the door and sank down, exhausted, in a large easy chair.

"He said I had the meanest soul the Lord ever permitted to be in a man—that's what he said. I remember every word distinctly," and he looked around once more at the dwarfish creature who sat on a chair almost opposite. "And you are the soul that came in obedience to some strange summons! Now," said the merchant, "I want to think about this. Let us ask, what is the cause of that dingy color—that elfish blackness?"

"I am what you have made me," said the Soul. "I was not always so dark."

"The meanest soul," repeated Greene, the words lingering in his brain like the refrain of a song. "The meanest soul! Well, if I have blackened my soul, I pray God to help me, for no one else can."

A tap at the door interrupted his thoughts. He turned sharply to the little figure.

"You are sure no one can see you?"

"None but you," was the reply.

He opened the door.

"Sam! Sam!" said the gentle voice of his wife, "What's the matter? We saw you go up, and we haven't heard from you since you came home." She nervously grasped his hands in her own, which were trembling.

"Nothing, Mary," said the lumber merchant hurriedly. "Nothing's the matter, only I wish you would send me up a cup of tea—a cup of good strong tea. I want to take it here in my room. I have something on my mind; nothing to trouble you, Mary, but I must be here alone for a little while."

With something between a gasp and a sob, the wife went down stairs. Presently she returned with a cup of tea.

"Thank you, Mary," he said in a tone so kindly that his wife looked at him in surprise. "Now, dear, you see I am all right. Won't you please get Tom to hitch up and drive around to Simmons, the carpenter, and tell him I want to see him immediately? In fact, tell him to bring Simmons with him." He pulled out his watch. "I must have him here within the next half hour."

Five minutes later, he could hear the sound of the departing coach, showing that the coachman had sped upon his errand. Mr. Greene again touched the bell, and one of his daughters responded.



"Edith, I want to send down to the widow Grogan's. You know she is one of my tenants. Can't one of you girls go down and bring her up? It's only ten minutes' walk, and I must see her this evening."

"Why, papa," said the daughter, "and so late?"

"Oh," said the merchant, "it's only seven o'clock. You go, Edith, and I will make it up to you. You can take the street car and be down there in a twinkling." And to her astonishment, he kissed her. Such a thing had hardly happened since the girls were babies.

It was well within the half hour when Tom drove up before the door, and Carpenter Simmons mounted the steps. He was shown up to the merchant's room.

"Come in, Simmons; come in!" said Mr. Greene, with a show of animation.

"I came, Mr. Greene, but I haven't the slightest idea—"

"No matter, no matter. Sit down," said the other. "The fact is, Simmons, I behaved like a hog to you this afternoon, and I am deeply sorry for it. I want you to understand that, Simmons. You have been a good customer of mine, and I've never lost a cent by your trade, and to have spoken to you as I did was too mean for anything, and I want to apologize."

"Oh, Mr. Greene," protested the carpenter, "don't say a word."

"But I insist," said Greene stoutly. "If a man acts like a hog, he must apologize; he has no right to act so. You said that I had the meanest soul—"

"Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter nervously, "I regretted it the moment I said it. I declare I did. It was a cruel thing."

"It was true," said Greene, "every word. I know it. I have the meanest soul, and you told the truth. Sit down."

The visitor sat down in amazement.

"Now, here is an order," continued Greene, writing at a desk that stood in the corner of the room. "Haff will give you whatever lumber you want. Hereafter you can have that privilege. You are an honest man."

"You don't mean it! You don't mean it, Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter, starting up. "Why, it's like picking me out of the gutter. I was ruined if I didn't get that money. You've saved me. You've saved my business."

"Not another word," said Mr. Greene. "Here, Simmons, here's the order. Good night, and whenever you want any more lumber come and see me."

Still muttering his thanks, and greatly astonished at the turn affairs had taken, the carpenter withdrew.

The lumber merchant stood for a minute with a strange smile on his face. As he heard the footsteps die away, his eye fell upon the little figure in its nook, and it seemed to him—although it might only have been imagination—that it had grown a shade whiter.

A little later the widow Grogan was brought in by

Edith. The widow, who was accompanied by her little daughter of seven, showed a tear-stained face. She had evidently been anticipating some new misfortune as the result of this summons from her landlord.

"Now," said Edith, reassuringly, "you just step right in, and papa will see you."

"Ah, Mrs. Grogan," said the merchant, "I am glad you've come."

"Oh, Mr. Greene," began the widow in piteous tones, "if it's the rent, I told the agent that I would thry to have it for him next month. I've done the best I could; but it's the hard times we've had."

"Has that rascally agent of mine been bothering you, Mrs. Grogan?"

"Indade the man only wanted your rent, sor, an' I told him—"

"Never mind what you told him, Mrs. Grogan. So this is Molly, is it? Little Molly. How old is she?"

"Sivin, sor. Speak to the jintleman, Molly, dear."

"Now, Molly," and he produced a silver coin from his vest pocket, "I am going to give this to your mother, and she is going to buy you the biggest red apple you ever saw. Mind you do it, Mrs. Grogan. Now about that rent. How long have you been living in that house of mine?"

"Eleven years, sor."

"Why, it seems to me that you have been a pretty steady tenant."

"I got this notice day before yisterday, sor," and she handed him a notice of dispossession.

The lumber merchant scowled. "And this," he muttered, "is done in my name. All the hardships that are inflicted upon these poor souls, who have paid rent for eleven years, I have to stand sponsor for."

"Now, Mrs. Grogan," he said, turning to the widow, who was wiping her eyes with a corner of her dress, "I am going to give you a note to the agent, which will fix you all right, so far as the next quarter's rent is concerned, and I'll see you before then. You've had pretty hard lines since Patrick died?"

"Indade, very hard, sor. Many's the meal-hour there's neither bite nor sup in the house."

"Too bad! Too bad! But we must try to help you in some way. I will get my wife to come down and see you, Mrs. Grogan, and see if we cannot make it easier for you and little Molly. Eh, Molly!"

The child smiled in his face, but still clung to her mother's sleeve. He fumbled in his vest pocket—it was a strange thing that he was prompted to do, but he did it. Generosity had never been a weakness of the money maker, but this, he felt, was a special case. It was his doing, all this misery and suffering. He handed a ten-dollar bill to the widow.

"Now, here is something to keep the pot boiling, anyway, and don't you fear but we will call," he said, cordially. "That is all I wanted to see you about, Mrs. Grogan. Good night, little Molly."



Then the pent-up emotion broke out beyond all control. The poor widow was overwhelmed with such kindness, and she fairly broke down.

"May the Lord bless ye, sor! Oh, may he bless you and yours forever. Indade, it's a good man you are, the day, to me an' Molly, an' we'll pray for you ivery day of our lives—that we will. It's a kind heart you have, indade it is."

"Hush! Don't say such things," said the lumber dealer huskily, and his own voice trembled. "You can find your way down, and they will see you on the car."

"Oh, indade, we'll walk," she said, smiling, while the tears still dropped. "I feel like flyin'."

He heard their steps going down the stairs, the patter of the child keeping accompaniment to the heavier footfall of the mother. Both were smiling with joy and happiness.

With his own eyes strangely moist with the suspicion of tears, he turned from the window and looked toward the shadowed corner of the room. The soul seemed to smile at him with a gentle expression, which he had not observed before.

The hours that followed were eventful ones for the lumber merchant. Long he sat, and at intervals he conversed with his strange companion. The complete record of his career unrolled itself before him. He saw in a new and unfamiliar light many of the events which he had recorded as triumphs; he recalled a thousand instances where he had been harsh, where he had repressed noble impulses, and sacrificed love and affection in order that he might be unhampered in his struggle for wealth; where he had driven hard bargains and been guilty of what now seemed monstrous injustice, though the world called it shrewd trading. And then, with this reflection, he looked again at his dark and diminutive visitor.

"You forgot that these men were your brothers," said the voice from the corner, answering his unspoken thoughts. "You showed them no mercy; you made no allowances; you took the full measure of your 'rights' as you understood them and gave no quarter. Their broken fortunes and blighted hopes you made stepping-stones to your own success. You have trodden all the way upon hearts, even the hearts of your own dear ones. You have given me—your Soul—no opportunity for growth, but have made me, as you see, a thing to be loathed and despised." And it bowed itself in its corner with a gesture of sorrow.

With a zeal that was almost feverish, he set about, as far as man could do, to rectify the wrongs, the injustices, the injuries and the sharp trading of years. It took time and no little grace and moral courage to make amends, and to do such other things as he could, but he persevered. And, strangest of all, he found presently a keen and satisfying pleasure in his new line of action. In business and social affairs, abroad

and at home, he grew gracious and liberal. Mary and the girls at home found him companionable and affectionate. His men at the yard became familiar with his smile and kind words.

He did not forget his promise to the widow Grogan, and both she and little Molly profited by the change in affairs, as also did many others.

Before many months had passed, the business community, at first incredulous, had wholly revised its former estimate of the lumber merchant. He was no longer "the meanest man," and the hardest at a bargain. In losing the reputation for such qualities he had, all unconsciously, gained one for qualities much more desirable. He loved to help those who found themselves in "tight places." To the poor of his neighborhood he was a constant benefactor.

The year neared the close. The soul had grown to be a dear comrade, fair and well-proportioned, such as the merchant would have loved the whole world to see. And when the moment of parting came, he gazed upon the being who stood beside him and marveled; for, as it smiled upon him, he knew that it was noble and beautiful, dazzling in brightness and in stature like the angels.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lumber merchant awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch, and then sat thoughtfully for a little space. He had slept altogether less than twenty minutes, but he had lived a year and learned the lesson of a lifetime. A shade of regret passed over his face as he looked into the corner where had appeared the visitor of his dream and found it empty. Then he put on his overcoat, locked the door and went home.

And the dream came true.—*G. H. S.*



#### THE CZAR IN HIS TIME OF TRIAL.

SINCE General Gordon stood on guard in the citadel of Khartum, I know of no human situation so charged with pathos and tragedy, so calculated to thrill the heart of mankind, as that which is presented at Peterhof to-day. The parallel, both political and personal, is terribly complete. The lone, slight figure of the Czar, as he stands alone at Peterhof confronting the ever-rising flood of anarchy, which threatens to submerge Russia, bears a singular resemblance to the heroic form which now sleeps somewhere in the far Sudan. The resemblance in height, complexion, and color of the eyes and hair is remarkable, but it is still more marked in the supreme and dominating characteristic. Since General Gordon gave me a copy of Thomas a Kempis, as he bade me his last farewell, I have met no man who was imbued to the same extent with the spirit of simple religious faith as the present Emperor. It is the sole secret of the marvelous composure and cheerful calm which is the amazement, the



envy, and the inspiration of all those who are admitted to the confidence of the Czar. Call it fatalism, mysticism, fanaticism, if you will, it has at least secured to-day for Russia, in the midst of an atmosphere that is hot with fever, one cool head and one stout heart unaffected by the delirium and the terrors of the revolutionary storm. The throne may be reeling, but its occupant is neither sick, giddy nor afraid. His only fear is that he may fail in understanding what is the will of God. If that be quite clear, then "though he slay me yet will I trust in him." Nothing is more exact than the parallel between the Czar of the Duma and General Gordon in 1885. Both men began to rule, the one in Russia, the other in Sudan, on very different lines. Gordon was once Governor-General of the Egyptian oppressor. Nicholas II, in his tender youth, was made to pose as the inflexible champion of ancient autocracy. Now there is nothing which he is not willing to do to save his people, and to save Russia. He has voluntarily limited his autocracy, and he is prepared to go much further in that direction,—indeed, to go as far as anyone,—so soon as he is clear as to his duty. He is a Gordon in his selfless devotion to what he sees to be right. But he has not Gordon's magnificent assurance as to his insight into the divine counsels which was the inspiration of his genius. Neither is he, as Gordon was, a man of restless energy and indomitable will. Hence, his very excessive conscientiousness and natural modesty lead to hesitation, the parent of delay; and that delay, which rendered possible the Japanese war, has been the chief contributing cause to the excessive danger of the present crisis. Allowances should be made for the *vis inertia* of the bureaucratic machine. Even Peter the Great could not speed it up beyond a certain point, and Nicholas II has neither the demonic energy nor the ruthless will of his great predecessor.

The pace of reform in Russia in the last twelve months has been abnormally rapid, and neither the Emperor nor his councillors realized the deadly urgency of instant decision and resolute action. Hence, the avalanche of revolution descending upon the glacier of official routine finds it often easier to destroy and overwhelm than to quicken the speed of the glacial progress.

But although the Emperor postponed till after the eleventh hour the concessions which he had personally assured me, two months before, he was firmly resolved to make, it is still possible it may not have been too late. Round the Emperor now, definitely embarked upon the new era of constitutional liberty, there should rally every man who has a heart to feel, a head to reflect, or wife and children whom he cares to save from the horrors of anarchy.—From "*The Russian Situation as It Was in November*," by W. T. Stead, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for December.

#### MEXICO LEARNING FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE study of English is compulsory in the Mexican public schools. Every year Mexico sends to the United States a number of school teachers to study American pedagogic methods. A great many Mexican children are being educated in the schools and colleges of this country, where formerly they were sent to Europe. The number of Mexican visitors to the United States and the number of American visitors to Mexico is increasing every year. It is said that Yucatecans know New York better than the city of Mexico, and the west-coast Mexicans are more at home in San Francisco than in their own capital city. Thus, each year the American way of living is taking a deeper hold on the Mexican people.

The vice-president of Mexico and announced successor of President Diaz is very much Americanized in his ideas. In fact, he might easily be mistaken for a plain, shrewd American business man from his appearance, manner and methods. He has always been exceedingly friendly toward Americans. As governor of the state of Sonora, he encouraged them to invest in enterprises in his state and to settle therein. He spared no effort in seeing that their lives, property and civil rights were protected. He is well informed about the United States, and is a student of English. He has three daughters in school at San Francisco, and is educating all of his children in the United States.—From "*The Americanization of Mexico*," by Edward M. Conley, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for December.



THE idea of using telephones in churches is not new, but the application of them has been rather rare. However, in the Presbyterian church on Munn Avenue, Orange, N. J., telephone receivers have been placed in the pews, connected with a transmitter in the pulpit, in line with the voice of the minister. It will not be long until the merciful inventor will have to use a little more gray matter and invent another connection which will prevent slumber at the time these machines should be used.



POPE PIUS X created four new cardinals and a number of bishops recently. One of the cardinals was from Hungary, one from Spain, another from Brazil, and, of course, one from the Vatican. In spite of numerous petitions from America the Pope has declined to make another American cardinal.



THE devil wouldn't get so many people if he couldn't make a foundation of sand look like solid rock.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## COMMAND RESPECT.



IN this world, among the many peoples, there is a great deal of respect shown one to another. In some cases more than is necessary; in others more would be much better. It is a very good thing that merit demands respect. There are many things, however, upon which demonstrations of respect are based, and not all of them are the most commendable. Monarchs and rulers oftentimes have certain rules and laws governing the quantity and quality of respect that should be shown them by their subjects when they chance to come into their presence. This kind of respect may not be because of merit, but because of the relation of an inferior to a superior.

Even in this case, however, there is no reason why merit should have its proper function. A ruler that is a ruler, indeed, should really command the heartfelt respect of all his subjects. Christian, of Denmark, boasted that he could sleep peacefully with his head in the lap of any of his subjects. He claimed that his success, his popularity and his all depended upon the respect his subjects had for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

In our own beloved country a place of honor seems to carry with it the idea of a great deal of respect. In this age it does not matter so much; apparently, how a man acquires his place as to the nature of the place when he once has it; but this should not be the case. Any seat of honor, which demands respect, should not be gained in any other than a very respectful way; it should not be occupied by any other than a very respectful man; it should not have jurisdiction over any other than a respectful people. The real merit of the man holding such a position would demand and command the respect of the people who

placed him there. On the other hand, if he gains his place by intrigue or cabal, he has made a breach of respect, which, strictly speaking, would render him ineligible to the true admiration of the best people.

\* \* \* \* \*

Education also goes a long way toward commanding respect these days. So much progress has been made through the agency of education that the civilized world, to-day, takes off the public hat to education, whether it be in the form of thought, speech or press. A man of education, to-day, whether or not he has gained the distinction of an educator, commands a greater or less degree of respect. The unlearned people are willing to respect an educated man, because they have experienced what it is to get out in the world without an education, and in a small way they appreciate his advantages over them. His advice and counsel are considered invaluable by them, because they recognize him as being much broader-minded than they.

This is not all, however. Among the educated classes a truly educated man commands more respect than among the illiterate; they are in a position to know what an education is worth because they are in possession of some of it themselves; they know enough about the educator to know that his ideas are good and much greater than theirs, therefore, they hold him in high esteem and respect him very highly; and whenever they have a position which demands the talent of that sort, they are sure to proffer such a place to such a man.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one kind of respect that always seemed, to the writer, to be ill-gotten. You have before now seen a hero come to town; a man who has won a battle, discovered a philosophy, made an invention, or accomplished some feat. It is to be admitted upon the face of it, from the very nature of circumstances, that such characters are entirely entitled to a certain degree of respect; but one is inclined to believe that the public is partial when it comes to bestowing respect upon such individuals.

For example, many times a noble man or woman is born and raised in a certain neighborhood and grows up among his fellows as a model almost without blemish. He is always pointed to with pride, cited as a criterion and all that, but when the hero of the day comes to town this nobler hero is forgotten. A man who has learned to walk a tight rope sometimes wins more admiration from the public than the man who walks the narrow track of truth. A man who has learned to leap from the top of a high building into a net sometimes gains more applause than the man who has leaped from the precipice of difficulty and obstacles all the days of his life, but who has every time been saved in the net of trust and faith. Sometimes a lady is



crowned with laurels for an article written, or a speech made, on how to raise and govern a family, who has never had a family of her own; when the poor mother who has raised a dozen children to be respectable citizens, and who has stumbled a thousand times and recovered her place as many times, is entirely forgotten and left in the background, while the hero goes away, loaded with bouquets.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is remarkable, too, that great throngs of people will herald the name of one of their fellows from one end of the earth to the other, if he possesses no other merit than that of wealth. He may possess no personal beauty, no line of heritage, no remarkable education, no particular nobility of character, nothing but an amassed fortune, and yet his name may be lauded to the skies. Wealth is a good thing, and more of it is better, but it only commands respect when it is poured into the chalice from which flow blessings for humanity.

One peculiarity, however, about this one quality is that it has a purchasing power and sometimes respect becomes an article of commerce and is really bought with money. Of course the better grades of respect cannot be purchased with money, but it is a lamentable fact that the inferior grades can be found in the market, because a proverb has gone down on record from our own people saying, "As long as a man has money he has friends."

\* \* \* \* \*

A few years ago the writer attended the funeral of a man of middle age. He was not wealthy; he was far from being beautiful, from a physical standpoint; he had no accomplishments in music, art, or oratory; he had never gained any high position, socially or politically; but on the day of his death scores remarked that he had lived above enmity.

\* \* \*

#### MARK YOUR CALENDAR.

No doubt, ere this, you have received a calendar for the new year. You have it hanging in a convenient place; it has twelve leaves, each of which represents a month of the present year. On each of these leaves are written the figures representing the days of the respective calendar month.

In the first row of figures, on the left-hand side, running up and down, are the days that belong wholly and absolutely to the Lord. When you are making your plans for the year don't interfere with the Lord's business. When you plan for this row of figures you will find that it contains fifty-two numbers, and when you decide how much you are going to do for the Lord during the year and divide it by fifty-two, a certain portion of it might be placed in each one of these Sunday squares. Do you know that it is a good

idea to write right in your calendar some things that are to be done upon these days, and then live up to it? It furnishes quite an incentive to be punctual and it also insures, to a great extent, the accomplishment of a thing that, otherwise, would never get done.

As a matter of course, the other days belong to the Lord so far as that is concerned, but he has handed these over to you as a landlord does his property to the attendant; and you are supposed to use them to the best of your ability. If you have failed to accomplish as much last year as you wanted to do, you must screw up the tension a little tighter, gear the wheels a little higher, step more lively and the results will be obtainable. Make a program; some of the greatest achievements have been accomplished by daily programs being made and lived up to. A program is like an alarm clock, it does no good unless it is heeded. There is a great temptation to believe that a program cannot be carried out. This is certainly a mistake, experience has proved it. Over our country there are thousands of factories, where men and women, boys and girls assemble by the whistle, work by the hour and minute, and are dismissed by the whistle. Minutes are counted and made valuable. If people can do that in factories, it can be done elsewhere, because people are people the world over; and conditions will not render such a thing impossible. There may be a few exceptions to this rule; all rules have them. Where a minute program will not work, a more flexible one could be used.

Whoever tries this experiment of marking his calendar will receive a great deal of benefit from even the first trial, and is likely to form a habit he will never care to get rid of.

\* \* \*

If you could see the premiums that are going out to the boys and girls, you would at once set about to get one for your own New Year's gift. Every mail is taking away a nice, useful premium to somebody who has had enough interest in the INGLENOOK to speak to his friends about it. It requires only a moment to call attention to the merits of the magazine and they will have the benefit of it all the year, we will have their patronage, and you will have the valuable premium. Now what do you say? You are not so busy at this time of the year as usual, and you can do a lot of good in a short time in this way. May we enlist you with the army that is now at it?

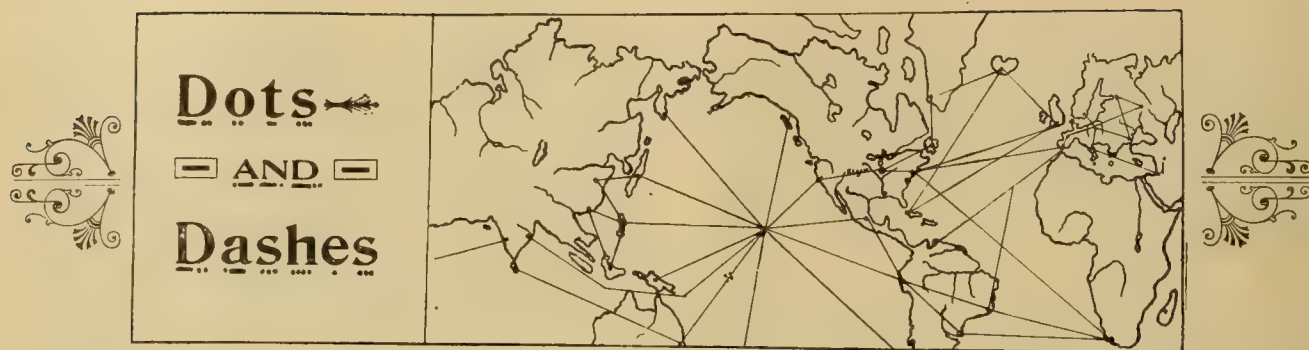
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NOBODY would ever be lost if the devil could not make convicted sinners believe that it would be safe to wait a little while longer.

\* \* \*

LEND a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.





A NOVELTY in motoring, even for Paris, is the recent appearance of a man in big boots, fitted with motor-driven wheels, whizzing along the road at twenty-five miles an hour. This strange motorist is Constantini, the inventor of the boots, the bottoms of which resemble tiny automobiles fifteen inches long. Each has four rubber-tired wheels eight inches in diameter. The accumulators are carried in a belt worn by the motorist, and transmit one and a quarter horse power to each motor. Each boot weighs about sixteen pounds. Constantini says he has traveled several hundred miles with these boots.

THE two new ferry houses of the Lackawanna and Jersey Central Railroads at Twenty-third street, New York, were destroyed by fire only a few weeks after their completion. Loss, \$500,000.

THE final returns to the Department of Agriculture show the following totals of the principal crops for the season of 1905: Corn, 2,707,993,540 bushels; winter wheat, 428,462,834 bushels; spring wheat, 264,516,655; oats, 953,216,197; barley, 136,651,020; rye, 27,616,045; buckwheat, 14,585,082; flaxseed, 28,477,753; rice, 12,933,436; potatoes, 260,741,194; hay, 60,531,611 tons; tobacco, 636,033,719 pounds.

STUDENTS of physical geography as well as skilled mining and railroad engineers are watching with great interest the strange phenomenon of the diversion of the Colorado river into what is known as the Salton Sea, or depressed desert. By the 15th of December nearly all of the river had left its old channel and some water was being diverted into volcanic lakes. It was feared that the water would flood the Imperial Valley, in which case great loss of property would result. The Southern Pacific has abandoned its attempt to turn the river back into its old channel, and will build sixty miles of new road around the sea.

THE latest railroad rate bill to attract general attention is the bill introduced in the Senate recently by Dolliver (Rep., Iowa). It increases the Interstate Commerce Commission to seven and raises the salary of each member to \$10,000. It also extends the term

of office to seven years. Power is given to fix rates after hearing definite complaints, subject to the review of the Federal Court.

THE President's nomination of J. B. Bishop, the present secretary, to be a full member of the Panama Canal Commission, thus enabling Mr. Bishop to draw \$7,500 as commissioner and \$2,500 more for continuing to do the work of the secretary, caused considerable resentment in the Senate, which, in executive session, asked the President to resubmit all nominations to the commission so that its work might be more fully investigated. Chairman Shonts has come in for sharp criticism on the charge that he is still serving as president of the Clover Leaf Railway, and is dividing his time between the management of that corporation and the direction of canal affairs. Prior to adjournment, the President returned to the Senate its notice of the confirmation of the Canal Commission.

A REPORT of the Kansas Department of Agriculture shows that the value of farm products and live stock in that State for the year 1905 is \$408,639,823, the largest ever recorded. The total yield of wheat was 78,178,177 bushels.

IN the case of A. P. Loring, who sued the Boston Elevated for \$150,000 because of damage to his building from the noise of passing trains, the first successful use of the phonograph in court was scored. It was brought in to reproduce the noise made by the trains as they passed. A photometer was also used to show the diminution of light, and an oscillogram showed the air waves during the passing of a train. A verdict of \$45,000 was given, with interest.

THE new Democratic anti-boss administration of Cincinnati has appointed Joseph S. Neave, a millionaire, as superintendent of street cleaning. He is known as an enthusiast on the subject of clean streets.

THOMAS P. WICKES, the New York lawyer of high standing, who was convicted of blackmail, in writing letters of solicitation under the name of Jarvis, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.



THE directors of the New York Central and its allied lines—the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central and Big Four—decided recently to establish a pension bureau to take care of superannuated employes.

IN his first statement to the policy holders of the Equitable Life, President Morton announces that there will be no effort to make it the biggest company in the world, rather than the safest. It will be the policy not to solicit new business at the expense of the present policy holders. Economies amounting to more than \$600,000 a year have been introduced. No further contributions will be made to political parties.

THE Rev. R. A. Torrey, the world-famous evangelist, who recently completed his three years' campaign in England, accompanied by Charles M. Alexander, the singing revivalist, conferred with a committee of Philadelphia ministers recently, who are to coöperate with him in a great revival movement in that city during the months of February, March and April. It was decided to begin work at once upon the erection of a huge tabernacle that will seat 10,000 persons, at a cost of \$30,000. In addressing the committee, Dr. Torrey said that the time was ripe for a great religious upheaval throughout this country, and that a national revival would sweep the nation, beginning with the Philadelphia meetings. Dr. Torrey, six years ago, left his Presbyterian church in Chicago to begin a world's revival mission in far-off Australia. He attributes his success solely to the power of prayer. In explaining to the ministers just what doctrine he preaches, he said: "We stand for the absolute reliability of the Bible. We believe in the deity of Jesus Christ and the actual historical fact of his resurrection. We believe in the personality of the Holy Spirit."

THE teachers of the Hazleton, Pa., high school decided unanimously that they would refuse to accept Christmas presents from their pupils, their reason being that many of the pupils who felt it their duty to give were not able, and that others who could not give were envious of those who could. This is an example that could be followed generally for the coming years.

MANUEL GONZALES, of El Paso, Texas, owner of big holdings in Tamaulipas, on which John Alexander Dowie planned to establish his new colony in Mexico, denounces the prophet in unmeasured terms. Gonzales grows sarcastic and declares that Dowie, although he deserves praise for his ability to hypnotize people in the United States, could not do the same with those in Mexico. He says the "Holy Ghost is not legal tender in Mexico" and that Dowie expected to get land there by the same means he has secured his wealth in the United States. Gonzales also de-

clares the colonization scheme has been given up for the present on account of lack of funds and the failure of Dowie's schemes. He says that when thwarted the leader of Zion is despicable.

JUDGE MURRAY F. TULEY, of Chicago, dean of the Cook county Circuit bench, twenty-six years a judge, and fifty years a member of the Chicago bar, died at the Pennoyer sanitarium in Kenosha, Wis., Christmas afternoon. Mr. Tuley was born in Louisville, Ky., March 4, 1827.

THE President, having brought his "big stick" into play against football, should extend its sphere of usefulness toward abolishing the impersonating of Santa Claus. Several deaths have already been reported as a result of men and boys attiring themselves in flimsy material, which accidentally ignited. It is time that the practice should receive the condemnation of sensible people, and steps be taken to abolish it.

ABE HUMMEL, the divorce specialist, of the New York firm of Howe & Hummel, reached the end of his rope in connection with the famous Dodge-Morse case, when he was recently found guilty of conspiracy to break up the marriage of Charles W. Morse, the millionaire head of the Ice Trust, to Clemence Cowells, who had previously been the wife of Charles F. Dodge. Hummel was immediately sentenced to the law's limit for his offense, namely, one year in prison and a fine of \$500. He was promptly led across the Bridge of Sighs to the Tombs, but in a few hours was out on \$10,000 bail on a certificate of reasonable doubt. During the trial it was shown that the uncle of Mr. Morse, James T. Morse, the wealthy Boston ship owner, had paid Hummel as much as \$77,000 in fees to break up the marriage of his nephew.

A NEW record price for seats on the New York Stock Exchange was made recently when E. K. Schefel purchased a membership for \$91,000.

THE challenge of the Russian Government to the revolutionary proletariat contained in the recent authorization of martial law throughout the country and in the arrests of labor leaders was answered with a call for a general political strike throughout Russia. The rebellion throughout the Baltic provinces continued to gain headway, the peasants plundering at will, and several bodies of Cossacks being literally torn to pieces. The troops at Riga were said to have joined the rebels, and the city was on fire at several points while being encircled with a rebellious army. After weeks of discussion, a majority of the Czar's council voted for the grant of universal suffrage, but the Czar decisively refused.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### GOD KNOWETH.

Into each life some rain must fall,  
If this were all—oh! if this were all,  
That into each life some rain must fall,  
There were faint sobs in the poet's rhyme,  
There were flowers wrecked on the shores of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul,  
Fierce winds of anguish we cannot control;  
And shock after shock we're called to bear,  
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

Many are hid from the human eye;  
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;  
Only God heard when arose the cry,  
Help me to bear, oh! help me to die!  
Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,  
The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie,  
Days of sunshine are given to all,  
Though into each life some rain must fall.



### THE BOY IN THE HOME.

THERE is a general notion that the boy in the home is entitled to greater latitude, more privileges, and certain indulgences to which the girl is not entitled. This is especially true if there be only one or possibly two boys in the home. In the old-fashioned family, where six or eight or ten boys were common, boys were no novelty, hence were treated about as they should be. But in the modern home, where there happens to be one boy and several girls, the boy is very apt to become the idol of the household, and everything is unconsciously done to make an egotist and a tyrant of him.

That the boy should have slightly different treatment than the girl is probably true. His mental make-up is different. The duties of life before him are different. His management should be adjusted to his peculiarities. His training should have reference to his future vocation. In both of these particulars it will be found to be necessary that the details of his treatment in the home should be different from that of the girl.

But the general principle of his training and moral development should be exactly the same as if he were a girl. No misconduct in the boy should be tolerated that cannot be tolerated in the girl. He should be held to the same moral standard. He should be allowed no greater privileges; he should be given no more latitude than is given to the girl.

In some cases the boy is disposed to be a little more self-willed than the girl, although the contrary is often true. But wherever the boy shows restiveness under

restraint he should be managed accordingly. There is no fixed rule for the treatment of boys, any more than there is for girls. Each boy should be considered a separate study, and dealt with in the best way possible.

There are some things that can be said, however, quite positively. For instance, the boy should be held to the same state of purity that the girl is held to. To admit for a moment that the boy must have a season of sowing wild oats is to unfit any parent to bring up boys. There is no reason in the world why the sexual life of the boy should not be just as free from taint or irregularity as that of the girl. Rude language or vulgar behavior of any sort is just as inexcusable in the boy as in the girl. He should not be allowed for one moment to think that things are decent for the boy to do that are indecent for the girl.

Of course, it is very easy to fall into the habit of establishing a double standard of morals for the boys and girls. We have become so accustomed in this generation to see boys do things every day, and hear boys say things which no self-respecting girl would do or say, that we have unconsciously become reconciled to the idea that purity in the case of a girl should be higher than in boys.

But there is no real foundation for such an idea. There is every reason why the boy should be as neat, as polite, as modest as the girl. Boys should never be allowed to think that they are excusable in doing things or saying things that would be unfit for their sisters to participate in. Boys reared with this idea in their minds are much more apt to make good men, successful business men, healthy men, than the boys that are allowed to indulge in coarse conversation or questionable recreations.

The boy should be on good terms with his mother. He should be chums with his mother, if possible. Her sensitiveness and feelings concerning questions of morality should be imparted to him as much as possible. Then when the boy comes in contact with rude boys, who have not been so reared, he will be able to see for himself the folly and degradation of immorality.

We are aware that this is ideal, and can not always be accomplished, but this is the standard that should constantly be kept before the parent. Make the boys as clean, and modest, and respectable, and obedient as the girls are. There is no reason in the world why they should not be. There is every reason in the world why they should be.

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Girls like to be beautiful. Boys like to be strong.



There is no objection to encouraging these natural traits. The boy should be encouraged to develop a strong and healthy body. His little feats of strength should be noticed and properly guided. From the time he takes his first step until the time when he is able to cope with the strongest of his fellows, his physical prowess should be a subject of pride and approval on the part of the parents. He wants to be a strong man.

He should be taught to be a kind man at the same time he is encouraged in becoming strong. Let him fully comprehend that self-restraint and gentleness are elements of strength, and no really courageous boy is cruel or unmindful of the feelings of others. Some boys take great delight in hurting or teasing their weaker sisters. They are continually testing their strength at the expense of their female companions. This should be rigorously discouraged, and in its place means of physical development should be supplied.

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Every boy is a problem, sometimes a serious problem, but there is nothing that goes so far towards the solution of the problem as to keep the boy actively employed in some wholesome, rational way. A task should never be given to the boy for the sake of keeping him busy. He should be given every reason to believe that what he is doing is worth doing, worth doing well, and something that will be of use to him in life further on.

The boy should be taught to work from his extreme youth up. No boy should be reared without work. Every day he should have a task to accomplish. This task should be made as pleasant as possible. He should be given every encouragement in accomplishing it, but it should never be set aside.

Boys like to begin to earn money early in life. They should be allowed to do so. They should have their own pocket money, which they have earned themselves. They should have their own things, their own room in the house, and their property rights should be respected by parents as well as by the other children.

Everything possible should be done to make a man out of the boy. His failures should be overlooked whenever they are unavoidable, and his success should be praised and commented upon.

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When company comes in the house the boy should be introduced, and placed on the same footing with the other members of the family.

It is very wholesome for the boy early to learn the art of playing with girls, and enjoying the games that girls enjoy. If he plays only with boys he naturally gets coarser and ruder than if he were accustomed also to play with girls.

But it is upon the father mainly that the rearing of

the boy depends. If the father be a good man, a gentleman, a man who likes life and makes the best use of life, a man who has not forgotten how to be a boy, and how to play with boys, a man that likes fun but takes a serious view of life in general, if the father be all these things the boy will scarcely need any other instruction than association with his father. The boy naturally emulates the father. The masculine qualities of the boy begin to develop early, and even during infancy he sees in the masculine portion of the family traits that attract him more than feminine traits.

There are some things the boy can tell his mother easier than he can tell his father. There are other things that the boy can tell his father better than he can tell his mother. Blessed is that boy who has both father and mother who are approachable, who are sympathetic with his phases of growth, who are ready to forgive, and patient to begin over again. If the boy has not found these things in his father and mother it will be very doubtful indeed if the Sunday school or church, the day school or teacher, will be able to supply his loss.

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The boy's companions should be carefully chosen. In doing this, however, the parents should not seem to choose them. This can be adroitly done without condemning one associate or selecting another. It is a bad thing for a boy to be told over and over again that he must not have anything to do with such a boy, that he must not play with a certain neighbor's children, that he must not speak to the boys with whom he comes in daily contact. This has a bad effect upon the boy's character. It tends to make him narrow and mean, or else deceitful with his parents. Associates can be chosen for the boy without seeming to do so. By proper management the boy can be started in the right direction without building fences about him, or limiting him by arbitrary rules.

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Whatever aptitude the boy indicates in the direction of a vocation should be encouraged. He should not be continually nagged about it, but every facility possible put in his way to assist him. The parents should not domineer too much over the mental development of the boy. Put him in the way of knowing the best things, of reading the best things, and allow his individuality to develop.

Even though he does not take to the vocation which the parents would like him to follow, sympathy should not be withheld from him in whatever vocation he may select. Many a good professional man has been spoiled by forcing him into business and vice versa. Some boys are compelled to be preachers when they would have made good mechanics. It is very common in reading the biographies of great men to read that in



early life their parents tried in every way to make something else of them.

Watch the tendency of the boy, and guide the forces which are developing in him, but never arbitrarily set aside any deep-seated, long-continued wish, unless it be absolutely pernicious.

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If the boy is properly trained at home in this manner the rowdiness of colleges will be very distasteful to him, if the day comes when he must go to college. Of all the demoralizing influences which the boy is liable to meet, college life is the worst. Parents should remember this. While the colleges, in some particulars, show a tendency to improve in these respects, it still remains true that college ethics and college pastimes develop the lower animal traits. Therefore, whenever a college career is anticipated for the boy he should be fortified in every way possible against the contaminating influence of college life.

The boy in the home is becoming more and more a problem as the multiplicity of modern life increases. To solve this problem is at once the most serious and interesting accomplishment that confronts the parents of to-day.—*C. S. Carr, Editor Medical Talk.*



#### THE DOG TEAMS OF BELGIUM.

A NEVER-FAILING feature of interest is the dog-teaming of the Belgians. When the tourist leaves the city, having his fill of exposition sights, one of the quaint character phases which have made strongest impression upon his mind is this country's use of the dog as a draft animal. Single, double, three abreast, tandem and four-in-hand, with a pair in front of vehicle and pair in rear, the dog is harnessed in this little Netherland kingdom. He draws the cart of the baker, of the butcher, of the laundryman. The oil man takes his supply from store to store with dogs hauling his big barrels. And the vegetable man, his cart groaning under its load of greens and fruits, drives up to the housewife's door, a canine also for his horse. The milk man and the cheese woman use only the faithful dog, and the coal driver, with four or five, draws his heavy carts.

The Belgian dogs are veritable miniature draft horses. Broad of chest, strong of limb, and usually very heavy built, they are capable of pulling astonishingly large burdens. When the master or mistress gives his "chee-up" the faithful little beast throws himself forward, and, with belly almost touching the ground, strains in the harness. Then, when the vehicle is in motion, never a blow, and scarcely ever a word, is necessary to impel him to do his duty. Even when sorely fatigued by long hours and heavy loads, the "gritty" animals rise obediently to their feet and at a word struggle on again.

Though he forces his dogs to perform severe duties, the Belgian is otherwise humane to the faithful brutes. It is a rarity to see man or woman striking one of these canine laborers, while the evidences of kindness are ever apparent. The harness is usually well padded to prevent cutting the flesh or formation of sores. If it be winter, the driver carries a mat for his dogs to lie upon, a protection from the frosted pavements. There is also a blanket to keep them warm if they halt after becoming heated in their work. Then, in the wet season, if it begins to rain, a tiny rubber blanket is strapped snugly about them. Pans are taken in each cart, and when the dogs are thirsty they are given relief, and if the weather is extremely hot, the cool liquid is dashed over the panting creatures. Frequently, where smaller dogs are used, the master, if the animal is severely fatigued, will place his "horse" in the cart and gift him a "lift" on the empty trips.

The two-wheeled cart is the chief vehicle used in this dog teaming. A short tongue may protrude from the front, as in the case of the baker's cart, with one dog hitched on either side, or there may be a pair of shafts for one only, or for one in the center and one on either side, making three abreast. In case loads are extremely heavy, as in meat and coal hauling, a man places himself between the shafts and then a dog on either side and a pair beneath the rear end of the cart. It is not uncommon to see five dogs and one man hauling coal, three dogs being hitched behind instead of two.

The mineral water woman—mineral water in this country is peddled from door to door and shop to shop—places her one dog beneath the front of her cart, the traces being fastened to the axle, while she herself, by means of handles in the rear, pushes and balances the vehicle. Dog and man or dog and woman side by side are also common teams.

There is never any "hitching" of teams, for there is slight desire on the part of the hard-worked animals to run away. At the beginning of the day the dogs are frequently overflowing with spirits and eager to dash along with their burdens, but they seldom attempt to run from the spot where their master stops the cart. All dogs are strongly muzzled. This is a very necessary precaution, as many are quite savage and would bite on slightest provocation. And then, those of milder temper often become irritable and easily aroused to rage during the heat and strain of the day's work.

The dog thus used in this industrious Belgium is of every size and of numberless breeds and cross-breeds. The one most employed, however, is a large, powerful, short-haired brindle, which seemingly is a cross between the great Dane, or mastiff, and the bulldog. These animals are sturdy, but savage tempered. Shaggy-haired canines with St. Bernard or Newfoundland blood are rather common, and then even nondescript



curs are utilized. In order to make taxes equitable, the Belgian government says that the man who can afford to keep a fine dog must pay a higher license. Accordingly, the poor cheese woman, with her mongrel, furnishes a much smaller fee than the teamster, who drives a powerful pair of thoroughbreds, or the aristocrat, who keeps a valuable dog merely as a pet.—*Good Literature.*



### THE LIQUOR CURSE.

How natural it is for us to speak of our boasted America only in terms of praise. We boast of having the most highly civilized and Christianized nation in the world, yet there is a monstrous evil abroad in our land whose influence is felt in the rural homes among the poor classes of people, in the homes of wealthy and society leaders of the city, and even among our law-making assemblies. Its results can be seen in the wrecked lives in the slums of the cities, in our insane asylums, in our almshouses, and in our county and state prisons.

This great evil is intemperance. It is the curse that has wrecked more lives, has caused more helpless women and children to suffer from cold and hunger, has made more unhappy homes, has broken the hearts of more wives and mothers, has caused more murders and suicides, and has damned more souls to eternal destruction than any other.

Then when we think that thousands of men, who profess to have the good of their country and their fellow-men at heart, will go to the polls and vote for granting license to sell whiskey, the cause of this evil, it makes us wonder whether our nation shall be permitted to stand much longer if this evil is not stopped.

What would we think of a man who would feed and protect the wild beasts of the forest that were liable at any time to devour his helpless, innocent children and crush them to death in their awful jaws?

The man who goes to the polls and votes for granting license to the saloon-keeper, who will sell to his children that which will make them not only physical but moral wrecks, and will lead them not only to a natural death but to an eternal death, is just as guilty.

It is said that there are in the city of New York sixteen thousand saloons in sight of the steeple on the Trinity church, and no doubt many of them are arranged in the most elegant style imaginable to entice young victims and draw them into those dens to rob them of their earnings and destroy their characters.

Are you a moderate drinker? Remember there is death in the cup. Remember that from the moderate drinkers come all the drunkards of the land.

It is said that the liquor traffic gives employment to the man that raises the corn and the barley down to the one who deals it out in drink. It also gives employment to the sheriff, the constable, the judge and

the jury. It gives employment to men to enlarge our prisons and asylums. It gives employment to the coffin manufacturers and the undertaker who buries its victims.

This is not all that intemperance does; "it countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer; it defames benevolence, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence." "It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness." "It kills peace, ruins morals, and slays reputation; it curses the world and laughs at the ruin it has inflicted on the human race."

Then can we not truthfully say that intemperance spreads sorrow and woe all around? Does it not cut down the best intellects of our land? Indeed it has been well named "a bar to heaven, a door to hell." If I had the power to depict in all its sulphurous hues, the misery caused by rum, the people would stand aghast with fright and, I believe, with one accord would say, "This traffic must stop." It would stop, and we would have a nation of sober men, happy homes filled with love, happy men, happy wives, happy mothers, happy children. Then would virtue take the place of vice in every human heart. Then every aspiration would be for something higher and nobler.—*Joseph C. Flora, in Botetourt Normal.*



### THE "SPECTATOR" VISITS ELLIS ISLAND, THE GREATEST GATEWAY OF IMMIGRATION IN THE WORLD.

THE Spectator was armed with a special card of introduction. But the fat policeman asked for nothing but to marshal the crowd on to the boat in good order, and when Ellis Island was reached there were no gates or restrictions. The Spectator chose the biggest of the substantial-looking buildings and walked in. No one said him nay, and the only people visible were some men hard at work scrubbing floors. By them he was directed to the room where the official to whom he had a card of introduction could be found—a pleasant, sunny room, full of busy typewriters and uniformed employés coming and going, for the island is a hard-working place. Thirteen ships had come in that day and nineteen hundred immigrants were in the building, but this, the official informed the Spectator as he conducted him up to the visitors' gallery, was not a particularly busy day. "We sometimes have seven and eight thousand immigrants to handle at once," he said, "and then we have to work pretty hard. This year we expect a million immigrants. The eight hundred thousand mark was passed in 1903, and the Russian war will mean a large increase of immigration." Ellis Island, indeed, reflects European complications. The Czar's treatment of Finland sent an instant wave of Finnish immigration; Kishinev meant an exodus of



Russian Jews, and so on. Liberty does not lift her torch, close by in the harbor, for nothing.

He is a poor American who does not feel the thrill of this thought. Yet he is also a foolish American who can visit Ellis Island without questioning as to the future. What America means to the immigrant is simple enough; but what the immigrant means to America is a problem of ever increasing complexity. The Spectator gained a hint of its most obvious and primary factors when his companion said: "You notice the men scrubbing the walls and floor? How often do you suppose we have to clean this building?" Then opening a door into a long gallery running hundreds of feet, with two two-storied rows of wire mattresses upon gas pipe frames and standards. "This is where the women sleep when they have to be detained for any reason, over night. The opposite gallery is for the men. Each immigrant has a blanket allowed him or her. Every blanket is sterilized and laundered in the morning and the whole gallery, floor, walls, beds and all flooded with hot water and carbolic from a hose."

By this time the visitors' gallery was reached, looking down into the great main hall. In the middle, facing the gallery, was a stairway coming up from below somewhere, and up this gangway poured an unceasing stream of immigrants, two or three abreast. Most of the men had small trunks on their heads or shoulders; the women wore shawls or handkerchiefs on their heads and led or carried small children. They came up steadily, slowly, submissively, like so many cattle; and as they came, a couple of inspectors, standing within the lane, defined by gas pipe railings, that led straight from the stairway to the end of the hall, saw that they removed their hats, trunks, etc., from their heads and that they had their tags, with numbers, in sight. "The first thing they see," informed the official, "is the American flag as it hangs below us here, and all hats must come off before it." Sure enough, the Spectator leaned over the gallery, found stretched from its rim a flag of superb size with a cluster of electric lights so placed as to illuminate it at night. Could a symbol be more eloquent? Yet he noticed not one in a score of the newcomers appeared to look at it intelligently, or to understand why hats must come off.

Then the Spectator was taken down and shown the detention pens, where the unsatisfactory cases were kept for further examination or deportation; he felt thankful that America was spared these at least. In spite of the ventilation, of smooth, lately-scrubbed walls and floor, and running hot and cold water invitingly given the women to wash their clothes and their children, the odor and look of the crowds in each pen were enough to discourage the Statue of Liberty. Yet, even if not allowed to enter the land of promise, America was as hospitable to them as

possible. The great dining rooms, with their long tables, hot soup and mighty slices of rye bread at every plate, proved that. "It is so much better than anything they ever had," said the official, "that they weep and lament over leaving Ellis Island at all. They would be quite satisfied to remain in pens the rest of their lives, apparently."

Those who had passed the inspectors were being busily sorted out for their various destinations. The railroads all have agents on the spot, and the government makes special effort to keep any immigrant from going through New York City unprotected.—*The Outlook*.



#### DEPEND ON YOURSELF—NOT ON FATE.

MANY a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game and that no effort, however great, on his part, could materially change the result. But, my young friend, the fate that dealt your cards is in the main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick, if you have the superior energy, ability, and determination, requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined to seize and use your opportunities and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages.

Just because circumstances do sometimes give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians, put commonplace clergymen in uncommon pulpits and place the sons of the rich at the head of great corporations even when they have only average ability and scarcely any experience, while poor youths with greater ability and more experience, often have to fight their way for years to obtain ordinary situations, are you justified in starting out without a chart or in leaving a place for luck in your program? What would you think of the captain of a great liner who would start out to sea without any port in view, and trust to luck to land his precious cargo safely?

Did you ever know of a strong young man making out his life program and depending upon chance to carry out any part of it? Men who depend upon "luck" do not think it worth while to make a thorough preparation for success. They are not willing to pay the regular price for it. They are looking for bargains. They are hunting for short cuts to success.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes towards his port; he rows against it if it flows the other way."—*Success Magazine*.



## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXI.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Sure enough we received a large bunch of letters from home and we spent nearly the whole forenoon reading them. It did us good to hear the news of the neighborhood, and the clippings of the papers that you sent us were devoured in a greedy manner. It has been so long since we saw an American newspaper that they looked like old friends from home.

After our experience at Shiloh with the soldiers, who wanted to arrest us because they thought we had come from Jaffa, we came on to Bethel as I told you in the other letter, and, as we were passing through an old olive orchard, quite an accident happened. We were riding along at a good, rapid gait. I have often told you that the ground is very, very rocky and rough, and it is almost impossible to allow the horses to trot anywhere. However, we did find one place between Samaria and Shechem, and this is the one to which I refer, where we could make real good time. Roscoe and I were riding abreast at a full trot; all at once his horse stumbled and, without any exaggeration, his horse stood fairly on its head and threw Roscoe right over in front on the ground. It frightened me almost to death. I was afraid his feet would get fastened in the stirrups and that he would either be dragged to death or mashed when the horse would fall upon him. It all turned out for the best. He got up laughing and said that he was not at all hurt. He really ran the risk of his life. This was the only accident of the party during the whole trip.

Shortly after this, while Oscar was trying to get some figs from a tree near the roadside, the party got considerably ahead of him, and, as he followed us at some distance, some children threw stones at him and he amused himself by jumping from the horse occasionally and taking after them. They would almost break their necks trying to get away. Did you know that actions of this kind were the fulfillment of prophecy? I suspect you wonder how he got his horse again after he left him. Remember that these are trained Arab horses and will not leave their owner.

When we arrived at Ramleh, it was nearly sundown, and we were so nearly tired out and so were the horses that we hired a man with a carriage to take us the rest of the way. We heard that there was a quarantine line of soldiers around the city of Jerusalem on account of the cholera and that's another reason why we wanted to get in after dark.

The long, tedious journey was finished. To the physical man, it was a severe trial. We had wound our energies to a tension that was equal to the occasion, but after we had arrived at our destination the relaxation came. We arose late the next morning. We felt as if we had gone over the Niagara Falls; but with all of our hardships, trials and difficult problems, the experience of the journey could not be purchased for any money.

There! I was just looking out of the window and I saw a fellow go by that they call a street sprinkler. I told Agnes to hurry down with the camera and take his photograph. I don't know whether she knows how to operate it or not. He has a large goatskin filled with water until the very legs stick out straight. He holds the neck of the goat in his hand and, with a swinging motion, like the men sow clover seed at home, he sprinkles the streets by allowing a little of the water to escape from the goat skin as he gives it the lateral motion,—a very crude comparison to our street sprinklers at home.

Before I tell you anything about the city of Jerusalem I would like to have each one of you who read this make a digram after this fashion: Take a paper and pencil and make a round ring with your pencil and draw a cross in it. The reason I want you to do this is, that you will have a map of the city of Jerusalem before you. You see Jerusalem isn't round or square or any other shape,—it is almost void of shape, so I can represent it by a circle as well as anything. The reason I wanted you to draw the cross is to show you that the city is divided into four quarters. The upper left-hand quarter, or northwest quarter, is the Christian quarter. There is where we find the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and such things as are kept by the Christians. The upper right-hand corner or northeast quarter, is the Mohammedan quarter. Here you find the Mosque of Omar, Mosque El Aksa, Solomon's stables, the Beautiful Gate, etc. The southeast quarter of the city is the Jewish quarter. It is the dirtiest, filthiest part of the town, and is commonly called cheesemonger's valley. The Jews' wailing place, by the old original wall, is in this quarter. The southwest quarter is the Armenian quarter. Here is the Church of St. James, supposed to be built over the grave of the apostle. In this church is an old faded picture of Jesus with Peter, James and John on the Mount of Transfiguration. David's Tomb is also here, and is kept by a people so fanatical that one hardly dares to go among them.

As we pass along the narrow, filthy streets which many times have steps like staircases, and see the bazaars set half into the street, filled with lentils, olives, beads, water skins, tallow candles, earthen lamps, pulse, etc., it seems as if we were in another world.

Jerusalem has 85,000 inhabitants, half of whom live outside of the walls. In the last twenty-five years or thirty years the gates of the city have never been shut at night. This is also a fulfillment of prophecy. The gate on the east side is walled shut within and without. See Ezek. 44:2. It is something wonderful how everything continually inspires one to say, "How beautifully the land and Book agree!" It is a revelation to all of us to know that everything is described in minute detail and not a single word in the Bible is useless. We are going down to Jericho in the morning. Good-night.

Marie.

(To be continued.)



\*\*\*\*\*

## Scissors, Scarcasm and Science

\*\*\*\*\*

### THEIR EXPERIENCES WERE IDENTICAL.

Senator Hale tells a story of two Maine farmers who met in the road one day. They stopped their teams, and the following conversation took place:

"Mornin', Josh."

"Mornin', John."

"What did ye give yer hoss that had the botts?"

"Turpentine."

"Thank ye. Mornin'."

"Mornin'."

A week later the farmers met in the road again. Again they stopped their teams, and then this conversation followed:

"Mornin', Josh."

"Mornin', John."

"What did ye say ye give yer hoss when it had the botts?"

"Turpentine."

"So did I. It killed mine."

"Mine, too."

"Mornin', Josh."

"Mornin', John."—Farm and Fireside.

\*\*\*

### ONE "SMART ALECK" MET HIS WATERLOO.

A boy sat on a rail fence enclosing a cornfield. A city chap passed by and said:

"Your corn looks kind of yellow, bub."

"Yep, that's the kind we planted," replied the bub.

"It don't look like you will get more than a half crop," said the city chap.

"Nope, we don't expect to, the landlord gets the other half," retorted the youngster.

The stranger hesitated a moment and then ventured.

"You are not far from a fool, are you, my boy?"

"Nope, not more'n ten feet," said the boy, and the city chap moved on.—Ex.

\*\*\*

### THE WAITER'S MISTAKE.

"The waiter in the café of the down-town hotel did not mean to be rude," says the San Francisco "Chronicle." "The mistake was purely a social error."

"What will you have next, lady?" the waiter asked, with the courtesy that becomes a waiter.

"Don't address me as 'lady!'" commanded the guest, with some show of irritation.

"Excuse me, ma'am," replied the waiter 'but all of us is liable to make mistakes.'

### A FROST BITE REMEDY.

Newfoundland fishermen get frost-bitten every winter, but do not seem to mind it more than they would a puppy bite. Their remedy consists in the application of molten tallow, plastered on as warm as endurable, half an inch thick, then pressed home by means of tight bandages.

\*\*\*

Little Mary sat on the floor beside her mother's chair, busily dressing her doll.

"Please give me a pin, mamma," she said, and her mother handed her a pin from the cushion, not heeding that it was bent.

"Oh! this is a wilted one, mamma," she exclaimed. "Can't you give me a fresh one?"

\*\*\*

Looking out into the orchard one bright morning in early spring little Mary, aged three, noticed for the first time the wealth of white blossoms covering the plum and cherry-trees. She studied them thoughtfully for a moment, and then, turning her curly head, questioned,—

"Mamma, is that where pop-corn grows?"

\*\*\*

"What saintly faces the women of your congregation have," said the visiting clergyman.

\*\*\*

"Yes," replied the pastor, sadly. "To look upon them no one would ever suspect that deep in her heart every last one conceals a rooted idea that I need a pair of slippers every Christmas."—The Sunday Magazine.

\*\*\*

Little Girl (after watching her mother peel potatoes): "Why, mamma, there's one you didn't unwind."

\*\*\*

It is an old saying that a man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds.

\*\*\*

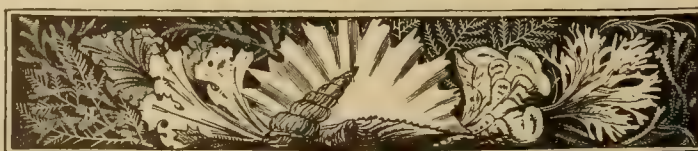
Hot infusion of red clover blossoms, drank freely, will break up a cold and cleanse the blood of grip poison. The blossoms may be fresh or dry.—Hattie Preston Rider.

\*\*\*


It does not necessarily take a good writer to right a wrong.—Earl R. Goshorn.

\*\*\*


What tune makes everybody glad? Fortune.







# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter I.

"HA-A-A-A-H, Y-ige—you Tiger, now come here!" When I heard that, I was very nearly scared to death, for a big, white, wall-eyed, flannel-mouthed, bench-legged bulldog was just ready to demonstrate to me the tension of a masseter muscle of a canine. The speaker was a beautiful young woman of the west. She was hanging out the week's washing on the line that was put up for one who was much taller than herself. She had on her mother's breakfast shawl, tied in the old three-cornered fashion under her chin, her skirt pinned up, which showed one of those checkered petticoats like your old grandmother used to wear. I'll guarantee you that she had no less than five of those wooden clothespins in her mouth and that is the reason she could not talk any plainer, when she was trying to keep the dog from killing us.

Silas had already retreated to the woodshed, where he managed to get hold of an ax and he was holding on to it with a death grip, even when the girl had given Tige a gentle hint with the toe of her shoe, and he had gone under the porch. Silas could hardly think of laying the ax down to enter the house, as we had to go near the porch in order to enter. In a low tone he said, "I tell you what, Eph, that's a mean-looking dog, but he's got a mighty nice mistress; I wouldn't mind bein' bossed around a little by her myself." I told him to shut up and go on into the house.

We had come up from San Francisco on the train and we walked from the little station on the new road which is being built through the valley. It is a long walk and we were tired and hungry. You see that Butte Valley is a great big valley lying between two rows of mountains, in fact, it is nearly a circle of mountains, and the valley itself is just as level as a floor. At the foot of the mountains all around the fertile plain is a fringe of thick, heavy pine and cedar timber like you never saw back in Ohio. We had entered the valley on one side and had walked nearly across it before we reached a single dwelling. Silas said many a time, he thought that no one lived in the place. It soon dawned upon us, however, that the people lived around the skirts of the mountains, and as we had missed the houses on the other side by running past them, we had to walk to the other side to find anybody, and as there are about forty thousand acres there in one little "neck of the woods," it made quite a tramp for us.

As soon as we got into the house and were comfortably seated, the red-cheeked damsel hastily told us

that Dad and the boys had gone to the mountains for a load of lumber they had sawed up there at the saw-mill. She said that Dad had been figuring on building a big new barn like they used to have when they lived in Indiana. After she had relieved herself of her embarrassment a little, I informed our pretty little hostess that we were nearly starved and that we would appreciate a little hand-out, as the other tramps say; and sure as you live she left the washing go and got us a good breakfast. Maybe you think she didn't know how it was done? She is none of your little pinch-faced, white-handed dollies that play on the piano all the time, or till they get tired, then hitch the pony to the buggy and take a ride out in the open air, because they have been housed so long.

When the table was spread, and spread all over, she told us to help ourselves, and she went out in the kitchen and resumed the rinsing of the garments which she had washed before. Poor Silas! His mind was pretty badly divided between the big bulldog and the pretty maiden. Finally he said, "Where are we going from here?" I told him that between the fear of the dog and the attraction of the girl I would hardly be able to get him away at all. As for myself I was going to look around over that valley and see if I could find a nice farm that could be snapped up at a reasonable figure. More than that, I wanted to know a little about the crops that could be raised in this valley. Silas remarked that he thought if I wanted to raise bulldogs that they might be grown here without any trouble. As he said this he pointed out of the window to the object of his hatred lying stretched out on the grass in the sun, and the young lady was pinning the last piece on the line.

"I hear the wagon coming now," said the girl, as she came bounding in from the porch where she dropped the basket in which she had the clothes. So we went out to the barn to ask the men where we had better go to see the most of the country in the shortest time. The farmer hailed us as if he had known us all his life and was as friendly as he could be. "Get down, Tige," said the farmer, as the caresses came thick and fast from his dogship. Silas kept one eye on him as he asked the old man what such lumber was worth out there and he told us that it could be bought for eight and ten dollars a thousand. The man then said, "Boys, water the horses and feed 'em and I'll go in with these gentlemen." Sil. looked at me and grinned. As he threw the door open he said, "Gentleman, this is my daughter—"

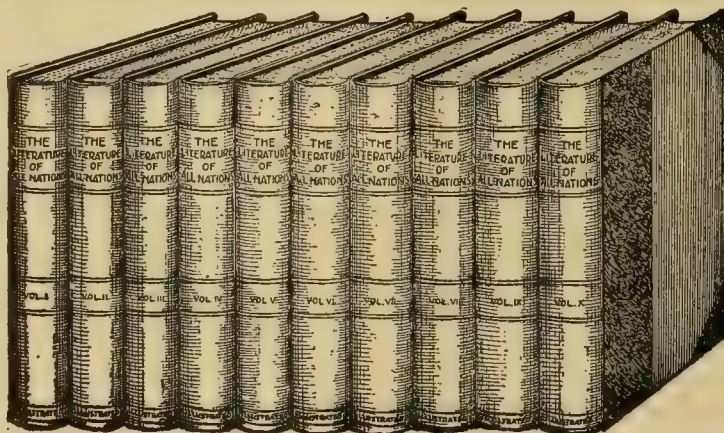
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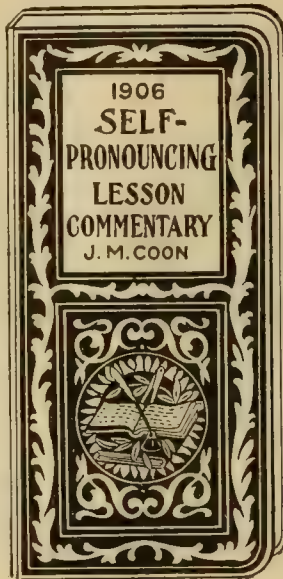
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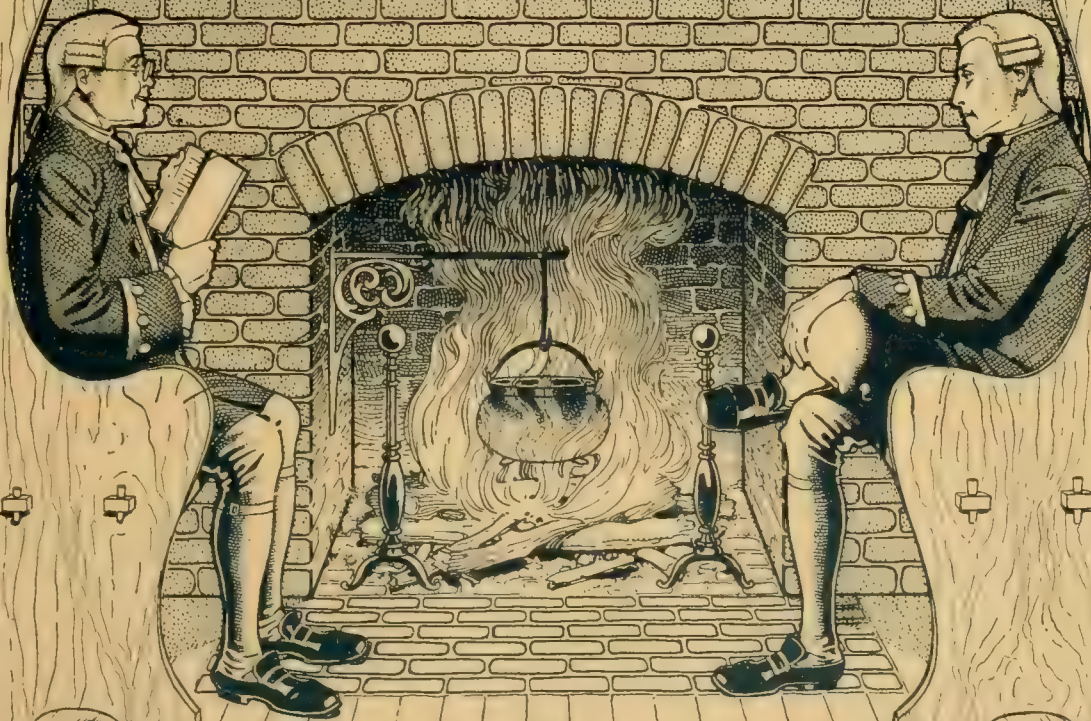
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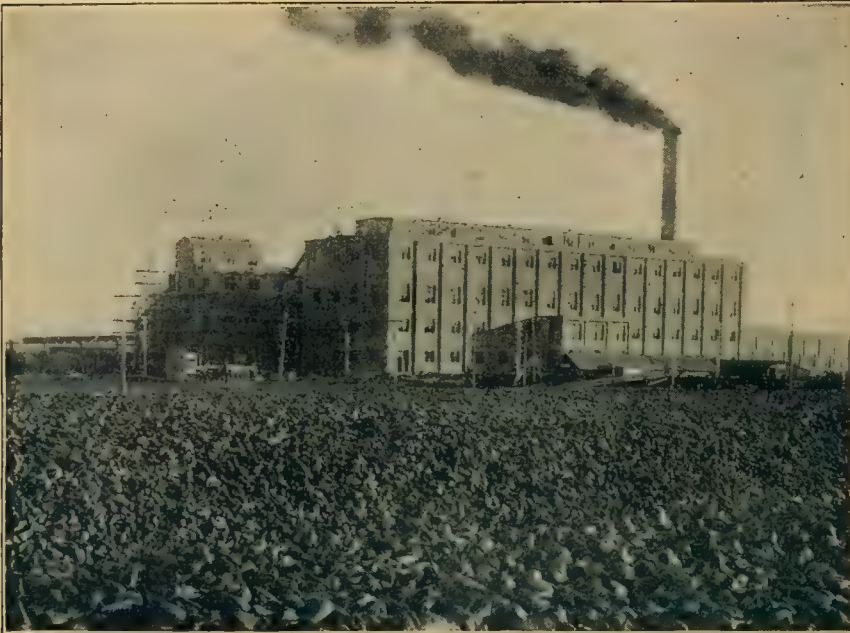
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to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

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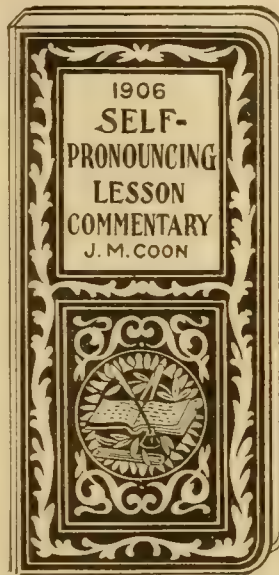
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# On the Wrong Train

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HE was on the wrong train and had traveled many miles until he found out his mistake. He had to get off at a small station, stand in the rain for hours and then retrace his way for miles before getting to his destination. Many a poor mortal travels on and on and finds out, often too late, that he took the wrong road to health. "Three years ago," writes Mrs. E. T. Wise, New Berlin, Ohio, "my health began to fail. We were alarmed about my condition and I went to one of the best doctors in the neighborhood. He told me I had dropsy. I took his medicine for a month, but grew worse all the time. I quit the doctor and commenced using DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. After taking two large bottles I regained my health."

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Yours respectfully,

R. R. No. 9.

B. F. Moffit.

## SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

Ontario, N. Y., March 27, 1905.

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Dear Sir:—I feel it my duty to write you a few lines in regard to my health. I was a terrible sufferer with rheumatism. I could hardly do anything, neither could I sleep. I saw an article in our family paper about the **Blood Vitalizer** and the good it was doing. I sent for some and now, God be praised, I am again in good health. I cannot praise the **Blood Vitalizer** enough for what it has done for me. We shall always keep it in the house as our home remedy.

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Three                      o————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

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The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY 9, 1906.

No. 2.

## TO HELP THE WORLD.

The way for you to help the world is this:  
Live every day as if it were a life  
Within itself complete.  
Each morning when you waken, gladly greet  
The shade or shine, and see what you've to do,  
What mission of sweet service waits for you.  
Welcome each debtor, welcome every grief,  
From yesterdays bring nought of bitterness,  
To-day's are not those things,  
To-day's is life, each enough sorrow brings;  
And every day gives you enough to do,  
Your strength is for the service nearest you.

—M. G. T. Stempel, in Mind.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

No one can return a secret, but he may possibly  
give it away.



Were youth located later in life, it might make more  
of its opportunities.



Hope may hold your head above water, but you  
must swim across it.



Commend not thyself: Success is of God, in the  
strength that commands it.



Reason climbs, supported by that beneath it. Faith  
soars, attracted by that above it.



Difficulties but raise endeavor to the standard which  
success requires of her children.



Working wine cannot be confined: true endeavor  
will open some avenue of usefulness.



If Prosperity would pay its tithe,  
How Charity's great field would thrive!

The duty of the hour is no less a duty if it be to rest.



Greater is he who proves himself worthy of Regard,  
than he who wins her.



Perseverance will clothe you with success and you  
can weave it as you go.



To-day is the handle of opportunity; but some step  
over it without seeing it.



Poor success in a good undertaking is better than  
good success in a bad one.



He does not know the worth of time who holds it  
on par with earth values.



Remorse marks our mistakes with black ink that we  
may see and avoid them.



Our means may be the means of our own destruc-  
tion, or of others' salvation.



The love which does not move us will never get us  
to heaven, nor others either.



Time furnishes its material free, but allows us to  
keep only what we work up.



Because the unkindness of another makes him un-  
lovable, do not allow it to make you so.



Success requires us to trust our earnings in her  
hands until they amount to something.



Why starve the schools which would feed your  
children with the most wholesome food?



Nonconformity to the world may witness for Christ  
where the tongue has not the opportunity.

Flora, Ind.



# THE RENDING OF THE CHAIN

By OMA KARN, Covington, Ohio.

Part V.—The Final Rescue.



“WON'T you come with me, my friend?” he said, laying his hand upon the rugged arm of the one he addressed. “It is much pleasanter than standing out here in the rain. Come, we have a pleasant room and a good speaker.”

The uncouth figure stared for a moment at the gentleman that had accosted him. His first impulse was to roughly repulse him. But a strange, irresistible impulse seemed to hold him back, and almost before he was aware, he was walking at the stranger's side toward a brightly-lighted room, which had once been a storeroom, but was now fitted up into a comfortable, cheerful-looking audience room.

For the first time in many years, Ernest Windom,—for it was he,—found himself sitting under the sound of religious instruction. A number of the most refined and substantial young men of the city were moving about talking to the woebegone, deplorable-looking objects that had gathered in,—both men and women,—pleading, encouraging and stimulating them towards leading a better life.

The young president approached Ernest and spoke a few earnest, manly words to him. Ernest was sober to-night and he listened. As he looked at the noble countenance of the speaker, his mind was carried backwards to his own bright youth, with its brilliant prospects, its grand possibilities. Then there spread out before him the awful misery and ruin he had wrought upon himself and those he loved.

“It is not too late yet, my friend,” the speaker—as if divining his thoughts—was saying to him.

But another voice came in between, pleading, too, in heartbroken tones, “Ernest, Ernest,” it said, the voice of his mother, the last words he had ever heard her utter.

With a bitter cry Ernest broke from the kind hand that was trying to restrain and fled out into the street. On and on he went as if pursued by some avenging Nemesis, until he was many miles from his miserable home. The instinct of manhood, which had never even yet entirely died out, was again awakened, and again he realized fully the awful depths to which he had fallen. Again came the bitter cry, “Heaven have mercy upon me, I can't help myself!” He cried it aloud to the starry heavens as he rolled in agony upon the ground.

But heaven's mighty forces were at work. The prayers of the righteous are never in vain. But Satan

never sleeps either, and he began to feel alarmed and bestir himself over this strange scene that was taking place.

“Drown it all in yonder river,” whispered another voice to Ernest. The thought stopped the wild tumult that was raging in his breast. Could he do that? No, no. Wretched, degraded, miserable, with the consciousness of his awful guilt weighing upon him, he could not take his own life.

Again came his mother's voice in the same pleading tones, “Ernest, Ernest,” and then softly and sweetly, it seemed to him, out of the past he heard her singing an old, old hymn that had often lulled him to sleep in his childhood, “I will arise and go to Jesus.” Again Ernest threw himself upon the ground, but this time with a flood of uncontrollable tears. And there he lay and battled until the darkness began to fade into dawn and the morning light broke over the city. Heartsick, hungry, and hopeless, he dragged himself back to his wretched home.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Eh'h? Who? Mildred Windom, did you say? Bless me, I thought the girl was dead long ago. Show her in, Pritchard. Is that worthless husband of hers with her?”

For the first time in years Mildred stood in the presence of one of her relatives, her father's brother. He was a short, determined-looking man, with iron-grey hair and beard, keen blue eyes, and a sharp voice, the head of the great shipping firm of Harris and Powers.

“Well,” he said, after a cold handshake, with a keen look out of his eyes, “what can I do for you? I judge from your appearance you want help.”

Mildred swallowed hard. This was a trying ordeal—asking this proud man that had once closed his doors upon her for his help. The thought of Ernest's critical condition nerved her.

“I have come, Uncle Caleb, as you say, to ask for help, but not in the sense you infer. I solicit your help in behalf of my husband. I ask you to give him a situation.”

“Ah, a worthy object surely. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, Mildred, but I have no situations to offer drunkards.”

“But, Uncle Caleb, Ernest has reformed. But how can he overcome unless he is helped, unless he is kept away from the temptation that surrounds him on every side? Out here there is not so much temptation. He could not so easily satisfy the awful craving appetite

that comes upon him. Oh, Uncle Caleb, for the sake of the happy times of yore, for the sake of the little child you once loved so fondly, give Ernest a situation. He is willing to do anything. Give him this one more chance."

But Caleb Harris shut his square jaws together and looked steadfastly out of the window, adding to the fierceness of his appearance by rumpling up his iron-grey locks. Roy, who had accompanied his mother on her errand, and whose fingers were fairly tingling with a desire to shake the old gentleman for his insolence, declared confidentially to Ralph that night that their respected relative resembled very much a big, woolly bear, as, cross and hungry, he was just creeping out of his winter quarters.

Mildred arose to go. There was a dull pain at her heart. Hope had almost died within her. Must Ernest be allowed to drift back again when this might be the means of saving him?

"What assurance have you that your husband has really reformed?" growled out the bear at last, as Mildred drew her shabby wrap about her and started to leave the room.

"The assurance that after three months' time, with temptation and inducement on every side, he has come off victor in what is considered the greatest battle a man can fight, the battle of a confirmed drunkard against satisfying the awful craving for liquor."

"Ah! Well, send him to me to-morrow morning. But, mind, he will begin at the lowest rung of the ladder."

For a month after Ernest had made this last start towards a reformation, he had suffered the most severe torture that Satan can devise. He had become so habituated to the use of liquor that to deny himself meant frenzy.

But Mildred, in whom hope had died long ago, felt her spirit lifted up with inexpressible gladness as week after week passed and still he had held out. He kept close to the wretched home, seeming to feel that if he ventured away from it, the beckoning demon that stood on every side, would soon lure him again to its deadly embrace. He clung to Mildred like a child to its mother, wanting her always with him. And she, in turn, waited on him with the most tender ministrations, her spirit alternating between hope and anxiety. A long illness followed, and no doubt was the interposition of providence to save him from again falling a victim to the tempter. Strength was slowly returning and that morning he had expressed a desire to find something that he might work at.

Caleb Harris was as good as his word. He started his once-prominent nephew on the lower rung of the ladder. But after all he had a soft heart covered up by that bristling exterior. He watched Ernest closely, but could detect no signs of a return to the old habits,

and at the end of a year Ernest was promoted to the position of clerk in the great shipping house.

At the end of two years Mildred received a check for one thousand dollars from her stern relative, saying that it was money her father had invested for her. Of the truth of this Mildred always had her doubts. With it she bought a small cottage home out in the suburbs.

And there they are to-day. Scarred? Yes. There are wounds that will never heal. There are marks of the great conflict that can never be erased. But the suffering of the past only enhances the joy of the present.

Ernest is an ordinary working man now—only common clay. And Mildred is an ordinary housewife, busy and happy all the day long. "Thou hast put gladness in my heart," is the song that heart is singing. Together, hand in hand, they are passing through life, seeing in the lives of their noble boys, as they grow up in strength and beauty, the reflection of what Ernest's own life might have been, and ever lifting humble hearts of praise and thanksgiving to him who is able to reach out and save "even to the uttermost."

*Covington, Ohio.*



#### WHY THE LEAVES TURN RED.

"ANKIS, why do the leaves turn red in the fall?"

It was Fritzie who asked the question, one October afternoon, of his friend Ankis, the Indian, as they were walking through the woods.

"Haven't I ever told you?" answered Ankis, in surprise. "It is one of the old legends of our tribe." And, as they seated themselves under a maple tree that blazed with color, Ankis began:

"Long, long ago there were a great many more trees than there are now, and a great many more birds too. And the trees loved the birds, for the little feathered people sang from early dawn till late at night, and flashed their blue and yellow and brown wings everywhere through the green forest. And the trees said to one another, 'Oh, how dull it would be if we didn't have our birds!'

"So the trees spread out their limbs like great loving hands to hold up the tiny nests, and they covered the bird homes with thick foliage to hide them from the prowling squirrels until the fledglings should have grown up and flown away.

"But one night, in the month of the harvest-moon, when the feathery thistle-ships were no longer sailing the ocean of the air, a messenger came running down from the White Country in the North and whispered into the ears of the trees. He was a little Frost Boy, and his words were:

"'Beware! The Chief of the Cold is coming! And he has with him a great snow army! And all their quivers are full of ice arrows!'



"Then the trees made ready to meet the army of the Chief of the Cold, and wrapped their bark close around their bodies and the bodies of their frail bud-children. Suddenly some one thought of the birds.

"Do they know the snow army is coming?' And the trees tried to warn their friends, but trees can not talk very loud, and the mother birds were so busy teaching their children to fly and sing that they heard nothing of what the trees whispered.

"Oh, how can we make the birds hear?' the trees cried in agony. Then a maple tree said:

"I know. Let's light a fire signal as the Indians do, and when the birds see the flame they will come to ask what it means; then we can tell them."

"And they did so, and the next morning the fire signal had been set a-burning among all the leaves of the forest, and everywhere the trees were red and crimson and scarlet. And, sure enough, the birds hastened to learn what it meant, and the trees told them that the Chief of the Cold was on his way. And when the birds heard it they swiftly rose on the wing and started off for the southland.

"Since that time every fall when the Frost Boy brings his warning to the trees they light their fire-signal of red leaves. And whenever you see those red leaves, Fritzie, watch carefully, and you will find the birds every night and morning flying southward to escape the ice arrows of the snow army."—*Herbert A. Jump, Hamilton, N. Y.*

## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi River,  
South Africa.—No. 15.

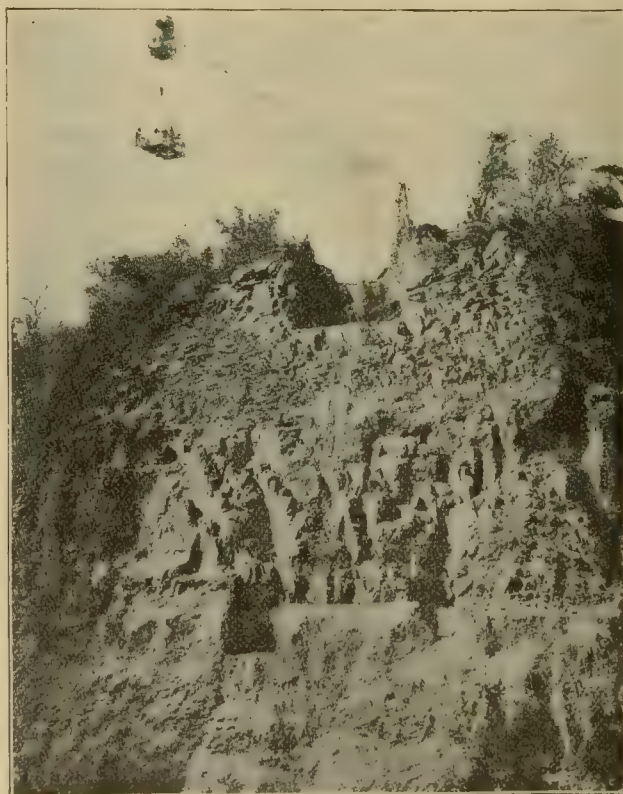


It has long been the boast of Americans that the Niagara Falls are the largest in the world. But after the discovery of the Zambesi and its great falls, named in honor of Great Britain's best, and noblest ruler, our American falls are relegated to a second place in the world's great aquatic displays. A comparison will show how the Victoria outrank the Niagara. The latter are one hundred and fifty feet high, while in the former the water falls four hundred and ten feet. The Victoria are a mile and a quarter wide and when the Zambesi is swollen to high-water mark by the rains, the water rushing over the falls is double that which falls over the Niagara. Height and volume taken into consideration the Victoria would furnish a score of times the power to be set in motion by the American falls.

The natives have very appropriately named the Victoria Falls the Mosi-oa-Tanga, the literal meaning of which is, "The smoke that sounds." The terrific roar of the falls is to be heard for many miles. The water falling from such a great height, much of it is changed into a mist, which, smokelike, can be seen far away as it rises above the great chasm. The sounds seem to come from the smoke or mist, hence the poetical native name. The mist rises to a great height and then comes down in the form of rain.

The falls are a thousand miles up the Zambesi from Beira and the railroad fare is \$100, second class. The railway crosses the river just below the falls over the highest bridge in the world. When the site was selected for the steel truss work that was to span the great gorge a light cord was attached to a rocket and

thus thrown from one rocky embankment to the other. To this was attached a thin wire, which was then drawn across the chasm, and this process was continued until a great steel cable with an electric carriage, with a single wheel suspended, was stretched



Bridge-building on the Zambesi. The Overhead Trolley. Victoria Falls, South Africa.

across the dashing and foaming rapids of the river more than four hundred feet below. To the electric carriage was attached a large rail-enclosed platform and by this means the engineers were carried across the river. It was capable of sustaining a weight of eight tons and over this aerial tramway several thousand tons of bridge material were carried across the deep chasm. The bridge has been completed and thus another link has been added to the great Cape-to-Cairo railway which a few years ago was a dream in the fertile brain of Cecil Rhodes, but which is now one of the possibilities of the near future. From Cairo the railway is already completed to Khartoum and is being pushed toward the equator from the north, while in the south the Zambesi has been bridged and

ited forest suddenly becomes alive with these little people when they are sure of the friendliness of the intruder. It has reminded me of an effect in pantomime. I have gone into the dense vegetation with one or two native guides in friendly relations with the pygmies, or possibly with pygmies who had already become friends of mine. They have uttered cries and signals, and suddenly from under the leaves of the great plants on the ground, and from amongst the branches and leaves of the trees overhead, have appeared little pygmy men; the women were not so courageous and were probably hidden away in the huts."

These little people, the men four feet six inches to five feet in height and the women correspondingly



Victoria Falls S. Africa.

the road is to be carried still farther north. Not many years hence one may take a train at Cairo, Egypt, and without change of cars reach Capetown. With this great trunk line all the principal seaport towns will be connected by rail. Already Mombassa is connected with Ugandi and Lake Victoria in this way. Thus the Dark Continent is being opened up by the harbingers of civilization.

The possibilities of parts of the country are said to be very great and especially is this true of British East Africa and the Uganda protectorate. Parts of this territory are yet but little known and in the interior the race of dwarfs is still to be found in their primitive condition. Johnson, who visited among these strange people, says they are exceedingly agile at tree-climbing and are also quite willing to make friends with the stranger who comes peaceably among them. "One of the striking effects of a visit to dwarfland is the way in which a seemingly uninhab-

smaller, wear no clothing and live in beehive-like huts. But where vegetation is luxuriant they find all the shelter they need without the trouble of building. Unlike most heathen tribes, the pygmies are not given to ornamenting the body. Very often holes are to be seen bored through the upper lip in which are placed quills or flowers.

The following estimate of parts of British East Africa is made by Lord Delmare, who has purchased immense tracts of land at Nairobi on the Mombassa and Lake Victoria railway and holds it for actual settlers. He says:

"There are enormous timber trees, evergreens, grasses, and clovers; perennial streams abound; the climate is temperate—it will grow anything; and this is a chance in a thousand for men with little money. Each person of age in a household may have free six hundred and forty acres.

"Such land in Australia and New Zealand is worth



ten pounds and twenty pounds per acre. English vegetables, wheat, oats, barley, roots, fruit, etc., grow splendidly without irrigation. Potatoes are the staple crop, and command good prices in South Africa. Coffee, in which I am sure there is a future, simply grows like a weed. For sheep grazing, land can be leased up to ten thousand acres at a halfpenny an acre per annum."



### SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EMMA BOCK.



OW often we hear teachers say, "Next Sunday is review, how I dread it!" Just why it is so dreaded we do not know. Perhaps it is because they feel their weakness in getting the best thoughts before their class in such a way as to make them lasting and productive of the Christ-life; or, perhaps it is because they have not thoroughly prepared their lessons as they came to them throughout the quarter, and for this reason they know they have not the proper knowledge to give their class.

If the review is dreaded from the first cause,—the weakness of the teacher,—it can be removed by going to our Father, the source of all strength. As to the second, we can but say we should all, teachers and pupils, prepare each lesson thoroughly, and lean heavily upon the Everlasting Arm for strength and wisdom in the preparation, teaching and ability to remember the lesson.

We need the review, as it impresses the lessons more firmly upon our minds, and prepares us better for the next quarter's work. If reviews are necessary in our public school work, where our children have so much more time for study than is devoted to the study of our Sunday-school lessons, is it not even more essential that we have a thorough review so that we may be brought into closer touch with God and his will concerning us? If review days are dull it is because we permit them to be so. Let us more earnestly concentrate our energies to the work and try some new plans and see if we will not be wonderfully blessed in our efforts. The old, old plan of each class reviewing all the lessons is one in which we have all had experience, much to our benefit, and yet sometimes our hearts were full of sadness at the close of the recitation, because we felt, and sometimes rightly, too, that we had made a failure.

Let us look at some other plans. If each teacher is to review the whole quarter's work in her class, let her assign each pupil a lesson, being sure to give them the ones which will be the most helpful to the pupil; ask them to briefly outline the lesson and give the practical thought and spiritual truths which they find. Besides their individual work, let the class know each

one has the privilege to give practical thoughts on all the lessons, and that she, with the Lord, will be pleased if they improve their opportunities. This plan will prove very helpful in the classes which study the lessons, and it may be an incentive to help those pupils who are not in the habit of studying.

Historical reviews can be made more helpful sometimes than to include every lesson, because there may be a lesson or two used which has no special historical connection with the remaining lessons. Almost every quarter's work contains a temperance, and sometimes an Easter, lesson; and these, of course, have no particular historical connection with the other lessons. Historical reviews give us excellent opportunities of studying God's dealings with his people, and they will draw us nearer him if we apply the truths as we give the historical facts.

Geographical reviews can be made very interesting and helpful. Have a map with places plainly located; point to a place and ask one of the pupils to give the lesson subject; another the Golden Text; another a part or all of the lesson story; another a practical thought, etc.

We think it good to have a review in a public way. Allow one division of the school to give the lesson subject; another the Golden Text, followed by a brief story of the lesson, and practical applications of the lesson. Have them previously assigned so there will be no lagging, but urge upon all to be prepared, as much so as possible, with spiritual truths as they appeal to them.

In order that the primary and intermediate classes may have part in this review plan, other than giving lesson subjects and the Golden Texts, give them each one or two lessons, chosen according to their adaptability to the class, and let them respond to their teacher's questions before the whole school. This may require a little extra time, effort and prayer upon the part of the teacher, but all will be blessed in the end. Such class reviews and individual efforts will give the pupils more courage and strength than perhaps the old way; it would develop better workers for the Sunday school, and bring us in closer touch with each other and the Lord.

Another plan would be the word-picture method, which we find used largely in our public schools. Give practical demonstrations. A number of the pupils would readily respond, and they are as follows:

Thirty men.—They drew Jeremiah out of the dungeon. Fire on the hearth.—Jehoiakim burns the Word of God.

A king rending his clothes.—Josiah, when they read the law to him.

Lots of good things to eat.—Daniel and his three companions in Babylon.

Burning the bones of priests.—Josiah.

Colored man.—The man who saved Jeremiah.

A very sick man.—Hezekiah.

Beating images into powder.—Josiah.

Two men praying.—Isaiah and Jeremiah.

A man with face to the wall, .....Merlin  
An eight-year-old boy, .....Carl  
A dirty, musty book, .....Mamie  
A man sinking in the mire, .....Francis  
Four sturdy boys, .....Mamie  
A penknife, .....Merlin

Let us all strive to live nearer the Master so our quarterly reviews may be more profitable and inspiring.

*Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*



### EVADING THE LAW.

If it were possible to secure accurate information as to what prompted the thousands of young men serving sentences in penal institutions to engage in wrongdoing, we think that in almost all cases the consoling thought in the mind of the perpetrator was that he could succeed in evading the law—to make

it more plain—that he would not be caught, and no one but himself would know anything about it. Notwithstanding the folly of such a course as has been demonstrated time and again by the arrest and imprisonment of a remarkably large number, there are many young men who think they can therefore evade the penalty which the law imposes.

The important lesson to be learned by every young man is that wrongdoing does not pay even though it were possible for him to conceal it. The only safe course to pursue is in abstaining from every appearance of evil and do the right at all times no matter how great the temptation to do wrong. "Be sure your sin will find you out," should be indelibly impressed on the mind and heart of every young man; when tempted to engage in wrongdoing these words should stand out before him in letters of fire; lighting up the darkness which sin brings with it and directing his steps in the way that leads to righteousness.—*Reformatory Record.*

## :: GALVESTON, THE SEA-WALL CITY ::

ELLA S. HALL.

### Part II.

#### THE SEAWALL.

Like "firm rocks in mid-ocean braves,  
The war of whirlwinds and the dash of waves."



AFTER the bulwark and the grade raising had been decided upon, the next and greater problem was to provide funds for carrying on these Titanic tasks. The citizens finally agreed that the expense should be borne by both the city and the county; and Galveston county, through the Commissioners' Court, agreed to construct the seawall at a cost of \$1,500,000, providing the city would pay the \$2,000,000 necessary for the grade raising. In order for the county to issue bonds it was necessary to obtain the consent of two-thirds of all the taxpayers in the county. When the bond election took place there were only twenty-two dissenting votes. However, the citizens of the city purchased the bulk of the bonds. The capitalists and the laborers, the employer and employé, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, all bought seawall bonds.

The work on the wall was begun October, 1902, and that portion built by the county was finished in July, 1904; while the extension constructed by the United States Government was not completed until October, 1905. The Government has over \$10,000,000 worth of improvements at Galveston, consisting of light-houses, deep water, jetties and three forts.

Like the wall built by Nehemiah around Jerusalem,

the work on the seawall was done in parts, but the sections have all been joined together and the break-water now presents an unbroken wall four and thirty-seven-hundredths miles long. The county wall begins at the bay side, at Sixth Street and Avenue A, crosses the east end of the island to the Gulf side, thence westward along the beach to Thirty-ninth Street, where the Government extension begins, which continues directly west through the three batteries of Fort Crocket to Fifty-third Street, the western terminus of the military reservation. The seawall proper measures sixteen feet at its base and is seventeen feet high. The outer or gulf face is concave, curving to a width of five feet at the top. The foundation consists of four parallel rows of round cypress piling, placed three feet apart and driven into the ground forty feet, extending into the clay stratum.

In order to prevent undermining by the currents of the Gulf, this piling is protected by two rows of sheet piling, which are heavy timbers placed close together, forming a tight board wall twelve inches thick, to a distance of twenty-four feet below the surface of the ground; and although unseen, these timbers stand like an impregnable phalanx protecting the seawall. The top of these five rows of piling is encased in four feet of concrete, into which are inserted, at intervals of three feet, steel reinforcing rods one and one-half inches by ten feet long. These rods are to strengthen and connect the narrow upper portion of the wall with the base.



The second protection against undermining is a rip-rap apron of granite boulders, extending twenty-seven feet gulfward. These boulders were put in place after the foundation was built, and in time they will be covered by the sands of the sea, but they will always remain dumb, faithful sentinels guarding the "city of oleanders, roses and palms."

The seawall was built of solid concrete made of crushed granite, Portland cement, sand and artesian water; all Texas products except the cement, which came from Germany. Upon the foundation the wall was cast in solid sections. Moulds were placed and the concrete was poured into them, when the mortar was set the moulds were removed. The second section was keyed and firmly connected with the first, and so on, until all the sections united with the foundation formed one cohesive, massive wall, which hardens and grows more and more irresistible with age. The weight of the wall is 40,000 pounds to the linear foot.

In the construction of this breakwater there were used approximately 13,405 carloads of material—five carloads of reinforcing rods; 400 carloads (4,000,000 feet) of sheet piling; 1,200 carloads of round piling, which if placed end to end would reach over thirty-two miles; 1,000 carloads (28,500 barrels) cement; 1,800 carloads of sand; 5,300 carloads of crushed granite and 3,500 carloads of rip-rap.

Upon the very day the seawall was completed the work of constructing the revetment was begun. The purpose of the revetment is to hold the filling that is to be placed on the Government Reservation by the grade raising, and also to act as a protection in case of submersion by the Gulf. This revetment will be made of rocks and will be twenty-seven feet wide at the base, ten feet at the top and about one-fifth of a mile long. It will have a rip-rap apron fifteen feet wide, sloping to a point. The height of the revetment where it joins the seawall will be seventeen feet, or even with the fill, and will gradually slope northward to the northern boundary of the reservation at Avenue U and Fifty-third Street, where the height will be 14.25 feet.

*1412 Ave. D, Galveston, Texas.*

(To be continued.)



#### DANGEROUS LEGISLATION.

GUY E. MITCHELL.

SENATOR PARIS GIBSON, of Montana, in company with Guy E. Mitchell, Secretary of The National Irrigation Association, called upon the President to discuss the various measures before Congress, affecting Montana, Colorado and South Dakota, and allowing a homestead entryman to take up a square mile of land instead of 160 acres.

Senator Gibson stated to the President that he be-

lieved a 640-acre homestead policy was one of the most dangerous and menacing pieces of legislation which had been suggested. He said that it was proposed to open up the rich western lands in these large tracts and that it would result in the aggregation of great holdings, far worse than anything of the kind which had yet occurred.

No man can say at this time, Senator Gibson declared, what are purely irredeemable grazing lands, and what are agricultural, or may shortly become agricultural lands. Great tracts of country are being cultivated to-day in small farms, which ten years ago were looked upon as utterly worthless, and the future certainly contains even greater surprises. Under our increasing knowledge of conditions, improving methods of agriculture and the constant discovery and introduction by the Department of Agriculture of arid land crops, we are making wonderful progress, and why, Senator Gibson pleaded, should we check this great land-producing development by bringing upon our western country the curse of further great land holdings. No man, he stated, can as successfully farm a square mile as he can 160 acres, and to give men 640 acres would mean that in most cases they would not try to farm it, they would not struggle with the soil and with new crops and succeed in growing anything upon it; it would simply support a few head of cattle or a small band of sheep. Senator Gibson told the President that he spoke from a thirty years' residence and an active and practical farm experience in Montana.

Mr. Mitchell added that the objection of The National Irrigation Association to the square mile homestead policy was that very large areas of good agricultural land where 160 acres was ample for a home, would be included in the 640-acre homesteads and he supported Senator Gibson's contention that with our present knowledge of western lands, a proper and intelligent classification is impossible. He mentioned an instance coming under his notice last summer embracing some hundred thousand acres of high table land in the Cherry Patch Ridge, a day's drive from Harlem, Montana, where the land had been grazed for twenty years, open to homestead entry, but with no thought of its being farming land capable of supporting families. Last season ten acres were planted to various grains, flax, etc., and in spite of very late planting and an exceptionally poor year, excellent yields were produced without irrigation, an utter astonishment to the people of Harlem, and now the country is being settled up with the assurance of a large and prosperous farming community.

*Washington, D. C.*



THE British Isles are said to contain nearly one-million too many women.

## CONCENTRATION.

P. A. KANE.



VERSATILITY has its perils. Every man has only so much power, which he can focus upon one certain task. Or he may take his same capabilities and scatter them over a wide field of achievements. In the latter way he will cover a greater area, but lose in thoroughness and momentum.

No man can specialize in two things, especially if they are antagonistic to each other and require opposite habits. Each one should have his vocation in which he performs his work; an avocation, to be sure, should never be neglected, for it reinforces the vocation. It is a positive weakness to do too many things. He who follows two hares catches neither.

The knife that has four blades, a corkscrew, a gimlet, a screwdriver and a hammer is not usually esteemed very highly for its merits as a knife. It is only valuable as a curiosity. The man who can sing equally well in a quartette as low bass or high tenor will not have church music committees hunting him up very eagerly. The preacher who can be a successful pastor of a large city church, editor of an important paper, lecturer with a hundred and fifty engagements a year, leader of the prohibition party, president of the law and order league, chairman of the school board, and still be a success is not turned out in every graduating class of seminary students. The lawyer who is a real estate agent, stock and bond broker, member of the city council and of the school board, chairman of the local political club, captain of the military company, leader of the village band and member of the fire department will not acquire the fame of Rufus Choate as an advocate or of John Marshall as a jurist. To be sure, a man must be bigger than his calling; he should know something about everything and still, rather, everything about something. The desire of being a jack-of-all-trades, or knowing a little about everything, usually ends in knowing everything about nothing.

De Quincey, with all his learning, never concentrated himself upon a useful purpose, but diffused himself in dreaming over the whole universe. Coleridge, too, although well educated, never directed his mind to any beneficial achievement, and when he died Charles Lamb said that he left forty thousand treatises—philosophical and theological—not one of them complete. Lord Brougham and Lord Canning, although attaining eminence and influence, were recognized to be far beneath what their talents demanded. In the art museum of Cincinnati one section is devoted to the unfinished pictures of Lessing. Joseph II, of Austria, was a jack-of-all-trades. On his tomb was this inscription: "Here lies a man who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan."

From these few illustrations we can see that it is not the best thing to mount two or more horses at the same time, especially if they are a distance apart or travel in opposite directions. To aim at two goals is to miss them both. Better to use a few powers intensely than many powers feebly. It is better to carry out few plans than to leave many undone. "No man can serve two masters," said Jesus. An entire obedience to one destroys allegiance to the other.

Every vocation demands the whole ability of him who follows it. The lawyer before the jury has but one plan, one purpose—to persuade the jury and win his case. The pilot is not supposed to indulge in all other affairs of the ship, but simply concentrate his whole power and attention to that one duty. For forty-six years Noah Webster did only that one thing which to-day stands as firm and exalted as ever. The whole life and soul of Cyrus W. Field were employed in laying his cable.

These men were successful because they did one thing and did that well. Everyone can do one thing, and if he does that well he will be successful.

*McPherson, Kans.*



## RESULTS OF PURPOSE.

THERE are two distinct results of human life—success and failure. A successful man or woman is what you purpose to be. A wretch of failures is what you allow yourself to be.

Purpose and pluck, with their attending actions, are the governing powers that produce successful results in life.

There is a law of nature in the physical conditions of the earth that will not allow water to rise higher than its source. It is true, too, that every cause produces an effect and that every action produces a like result. Now if the law that governs the conditions of nature exterior to man is the same principle by which the interior nature is governed we have a great way open for man to become great. If all causes have equal effects and all actions produce like results, it is a safe conclusion that the greater the cause the greater the effect and the more force there is in the action the more powerful the result. If we apply this principle in man's interior power of nature, can we not reasonably conclude that the man of the greatest purpose in his action will produce the most powerful results in his accomplishments?

I conclude then that the reason so many men and women never rise to any high degree of honor is because they have no purpose in life. Some seem to think that some great mysterious power brought them here and now they must be cared for by this power. Some act as if they thought the world owed them something. The world is debtor to no man. We are



debtors even for the space we occupy in the world and to God we are debtors for our immortal souls.

Study the nations of the past and what do you find? Every one that has contributed to the world's civilization has produced a result equal to the purpose of the individuals of the nation. What was the result of the Grecian empire? What was her purpose? The sole ambition of Greece was qualified only by a high attainment in the study of literature, science and oratory, and Greece gave to the world the purest language that man ever read, science that was almost perfect and oratory unrivalled by any succeeding nations.

What did Rome do? The supreme joy of a Roman was to conquer nations and to spread the wings of the imperial eagle to the ends of the earth. Hence we see them reveling in war and political rule.

The history of the Egyptians and their purpose and result is written in the sculptured pyramids whose summits still kiss the skies and greet the morning sun with their faces worn old by the ages.

Every nation exists by the mass of its people rallying around one common course. Individuals share a part in their nation. Study yourself and find the divine purpose of your existence. The young men of to-day will be the old men in a few years. Good and evil are placed before them. They may choose good and right and become useful men and women, or they may choose evil and become a pest to human society. The personal result of every man's life is what he invests in it. It follows then that the result of his action is an individual loss or gain. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole life. Then do not miss the central issue; start right; ancestry, wealth and titles amount to but little. There are no heirs to the throne of America, the majority of the great men of to-day were poor boys forty years ago.

He who will be president forty years hence may now be a ragged schoolboy learning something about the tests of hardships. A very few senators have ever seen their sons hold honorable positions. Boys and girls reared on silk cushions and Brussels carpet are usually too tender for the rocky roads over which the public service must travel. The boy with mettle and backbone is the one who will become a useful man. He who is dissipated, careless and without a purpose is more than a failure.

There is more honor due the barefoot boy who has an honest heart and industrious hand and a life of purpose than is due the dissipated youth clad in linen and an inheritance of stocks and bonds.

Every young person should have high ideals and a noble purpose in life. Better reach for a star in the firmament and miss it than not to reach at all. It is far better to be a fifth rate something than a first rate nothing. Let not poverty baffle you. Some one has

said, "To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the lap of fortune." Do not be afraid to aim high successward. To succeed is the problem of the hour. Work, honesty, diligence and perseverance are the keynotes to the whole situation.

Carlyle says: "Work is the clear stream which sweetens and purifies the foul swamps of existence." Honesty is the noblest trait of man's character. Solomon says: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings." Jesus says: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

It takes rebuffs and denials to bring a man to a sense of his own weakness, and to an appreciation of the cost of success.

Jacob was thrown back in weakness upon himself at the ford Jabbok, until he halted upon his thigh before he was worthy to be vested with the panoplied strength of God. David was beaten and banged about among the mountains of Judea in order that he might learn how to bear regal honors with soberness and humility.

Grant must needs be defeated at Shiloh that *he* might win at Appomattox. O. O. Howard failed at Chancellorsville, that he might gain at Atlanta, sharing with Sherman in his march to the sea. This principle runs through human experience. To fail in one way is to find another way. To be disappointed to-day is to be exalted to-morrow. The loss of a lesser thing is often the attainment of a better thing. To succeed too quickly is to court final defeat. Nothing that is worth doing is done in a moment.

It takes time to build an individual character or to mature great plans for the betterment of the race. By the slow process of toiling, years of success are built up.

Succeed where you can, but when you fail try to weave even your failures into the scheme and fabric of a larger triumph. Build the ladder and then mount to its summit round by round. Remember,

"Water, falling day by day,  
Wears the hardest rocks away."

—J. M. Henry, *Botetourt Normal*.



#### ARE THERE TIDES ON THE GREAT LAKES?

THEORETICALLY, of course, there are tides in all bodies of water on the earth's surface, large or small. Even in the Great Lakes of this continent, however, we are assured by Clyde Potts, writing in *Engineering News*, these are entirely masked by fluctuations due to other causes, some of which are quite noticeable. Mr. Potts' communication was called forth by a recent paper read before the Western Society of Engineers by Mr. A. W. Shaw on the so-called tides of Lake Michigan. He says:

"There is undoubtedly a tide on Lake Michigan and on all the Great Lakes, for, as some old hydrau-

on the Great Lakes due to the moon may or may not be appreciable, but they are lost sight of in the other disturbances of the water-level, among which is the disturbance or fluctuation noted by Mr. Shaw. This fluctuation is undoubtedly due to a difference of barometric pressure at the extremities of the lake. The water in the lake acts as an evenly-balanced scale and weighs the atmospheric pressure at each end (or side). Frequently preceding a heavy storm the self-registering water-gage recorded fluctuations of two feet or more coming in and going out as large tidal waves with a period between high and high, varying from twenty minutes to more than an hour. It was apparent that the elapsed time between high and high depended on at what points on the lake the barometric pressures created the wave. If the wave was created by a difference of pressure at points on the east and the west sides of the lake (approximately 90 miles), then the wave would travel across and back in a much shorter time than when set in motion by a difference of pressure at the north and south ends. The waves of duration of twenty minutes between high and high were probably waves traveling across the lake.

"It is really the same thing on a large scale as what would happen if we were to take an oblong basin of water and set a wave traveling lengthwise or crosswise by tilting motion. The geographical situation of Milwaukee is such that waves traveling the length of the lake would show on the record going south, and again going north in a less time than the next trip south.

"Lake Erie is much more interesting than Lake Michigan, for here the effect of the wind is added to the barometric pressure in producing violent fluctuations. Lake Erie lies in the direction of the prevailing winds and the variation, such as Mr. Shaw describes as occurring at Chicago, has at Buffalo been more than thirteen feet. This was unusual and was a rare combination of great difference of barometric pressure and heavy winds. One very interesting thing in connection with this great fluctuation on Lake Erie was that when the government gage at Buffalo began to show a rise, the government gage at the west end of the lake began to show a corresponding fall at almost the same instant.

"There are many interesting things in the hydraulics of the Great Lakes which will develop with the mass of information being collected by the United States Lake Survey."



THE man who doesn't love his brother on the other side of the earth, doesn't love his brother on the other side of the street.



RESPONSIBILITY is one of our greatest burdens, but we may throw it off upon conditions of perfect obedience to the One who is able to assume it.

## CATALINA ISLAND.

AMANDA WITMORE.



IN 1542 this island was first discovered and in 1602 it was again visited and given its present name.

An Indian village was found there. These Indians were a fine-looking people, skilled fishermen, the women were attractive and refined, much superior to Indians of the mainland. About one hundred and thirty years ago the Franciscans enticed them to the main land and nothing is left but crumbling bones and old stone implements to tell of the days that were. It has passed many hands since, and now most of it belongs to a company called the Banning Company.

It is twenty miles long and contains about fifty-five thousand acres. There are mountain ranges and peaks, deep canyons and level stretches of meadows. The enthusiastic climber is ever finding delightful surprises.

The location is on the northeast side of the island. The beach is crescent-shaped. Along the beach is Crescent Avenue; it is the principal street upon which are the stores and larger hotels. On the north side is the landmark *Sugar Loaf*, and a high ridge on the south.

There are enormous numbers of campers in the summer and a constant stream of bathers in ones, twos, or dozens, from each morning until late in the afternoon. From the glass-bottom boats one may look down into the water to a depth of one hundred feet and observe the life of the sea; it is a strange world but a busy one. There are more fish than one can name of every kind, color and shape. There are marvelous gardens to admire and to wonder at.

The above is a brief description of Catalina Island as I saw it, and which I gathered from a descriptive booklet. A crowd of twenty-eight took a trip to this famous island, a thirty-mile ride out on the grand old ocean. On this trip we saw many people from all parts of the Union, also from foreign countries, that came to visit this island. There are numerous hotels, rooming houses, tents and boarding places of various kinds, all to accommodate the stranger. There is a clatter and clamor as one lands, all trying to show the best services.

This island has a fame and a great name, but the picture is often overdrawn and tourists are disappointed. It has a delightful climate and picturesque scenery. Houses are built high up the rugged, rocky mountains, appearing as though they are built one above the other. There are many places of amusement to attract and entertain the tourist. Not many lawns, flowers or shrubbery to be seen, hence not as beautiful as other places. They do not have the soil



and water to grow them; even the drinking water is brought to the island.

The submarine gardens that a person can see by going out on the glass-bottom boat are worth any person's time and money to visit this island. The wonders and beauties of the deep form a scene not to be forgotten. The seaweeds or kelp resemble great forest trees fifty to one hundred feet high, leaning, waving and tossing by the wave of the sea. Innumerable throngs of fishes are darting and playing among the forests, mosses, shells and rocks.

If a person envies the home of any living thing it is the home of the fish. They roam, then frisk or lie lazily among the beauties of the deep so contentedly and happily as if no harm could ever come to them.

*127 Elm, Long Beach, Cal.*



## TWO USELESS LETTERS.

THERE are two letters in the English alphabet which are entirely useless in their present form, as they represent no sound which is not as well or better represented by another letter. They are "c" and "q." The letter "c" has no sound of its own, under any conceivable circumstances. It is either "s" or "k," depending upon its combination with a vowel and its position in a word. For instance, take the word "conceivable," as used above. Here are two "c's," the sound of the first one being that of "k," and the sound of the second being that of "s." If the word were spelled "konseivable" the pronunciation would be exactly the same, and the spelling would be logical. If it be objected that the letter "s" has two sounds, the answer is that substituting it for "c" would not make matters any worse. If the hissing sound of "s" is represented by "c," the sound would be retained if "s" were put in the place of "c." We learn to read by the ear quite as much as by the eye, and giving a correct sound of the "s" is a feat of the memory, nothing more. Some one will say, however, "What is to be done with the great number of words in which 'c' is found in combination with 'h'?" How shall we spell 'charity,' 'arch,' and all other words of that kind?" The reply to this criticism is that there should be a new letter to represent the soft sound of "ch," while the letter "k" may be substituted for the hard sound. Perhaps the letter "c" might be left on condition that it be given the Italian sound, which is very near to our sound of "ch," but "c" by itself is utterly useless and valueless, and a sort of constant confusion and annoyance. When it is remembered that of all the many "shun" terminations there are but two words in the English language which end in "cion," it will be seen how readily the "c" could be spared.

The letter "q" is worse than useless. It has to have

another letter with it, and that always the same letter, before it can be used at all in English. The French use it as a terminal letter, but we do not, and wherever it is found in English, whether at the beginning or in the middle of a word, it must be accompanied by its Siamese twin, the letter "u." Of course it is obvious that the real letter, that is, the real representative of a sound, is not "q," but "qu," and there is no sound of "qu" which cannot just as well be expressed by two other letters, "k" and "w." If we make this arrangement of letters, "kwick," it spells exactly the same as "quick," and eliminates the "q" entirely from the alphabet.

It is not attempted in this article to advocate spelling reform in general. The subject is a very extensive one, and is being constantly brought up by some of the leading magazines. Every theoretical consideration is in favor of the reform, but the spelling book and the dictionary still hold their own, and the children learn to spell not merely as their parents did, but "because" they did. Some time there may come a wave of public interest in the subject and a general uprising in favor of phonetic spelling, and then the language will certainly be simplified; but in the meantime there can be no harm in getting rid of "c" and "q," of which it may truly be said that their room would be better than their company.



## TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

TECHNICAL training is to-day becoming of vastly more importance than ever before, and those nations which are offering the best technical training to their youths are making the most rapid industrial progress. A study of the international field brings that fact out with perfect clearness. Where education is lacking, industry is lagging; where education is stereotyped, industry is without initiative.

The necessity for thorough education and the best technical training has become almost as great in commercial affairs as in the industrial field. The methods of commerce can not be as easily compared with the methods of a generation ago as can the process of industry now and at that time, but I believe that the changes in the methods of commerce have, in many cases, been as radical and the improvement as great as in the field of industry. Two generations ago the trained engineer was looked upon with disfavor by the practical industrial manager. The man who grew up in business was thought far superior to the man who got his knowledge from books. The necessity for a technical engineering training is now universally recognized, and no important industrial operations would be undertaken without the aid of technical experts. I believe the same change is coming in commercial life. The commercial high schools of Ger-

many and the start in commercial education which we are making in this country are the forerunners of great technical schools of commerce. These schools will turn out men with as superior qualifications for commercial life as have the graduates of the great technical institutions in their special field. I believe the great masters of commerce will come to recognize the necessity for and the practical advantage of such commercial training, just as the captains of industry have long ago recognized the value of technical training for engineers.—*Scribners' Magazine*.



#### EUROPE'S RICHEST WOMAN.

**Her Name is Krupp and She Holds the Key to International Peace.**

THE gunmaker of Essen is a woman, a young woman, and the richest woman in Europe. She is Miss Krupp, daughter of the famous Herr Krupp, whose death occurred some years ago. Essen exists because of the Krupp gun works, and practically all its 100,000 inhabitants are dependent on her for their work, directly or indirectly. Miss Krupp is more powerful in Essen than many a German princeling in his four-by-nine kingdom. Pretty she is said to be—she is the richest girl in Europe—clever, it is declared—still the richest girl in Europe—wise beyond her years—again, the richest girl in Europe—simple and unostentatious in her demeanor—remember, the richest girl in Europe—and she is to be introduced to society under the direct patronage of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. There will be heart-burnings and jealousies, up-tilted German aristocratic noses, sneers and disparaging comment—but she is the richest girl in Europe, and in these days, when a people tumbles royalty about as King Oscar was tumbled in Norway, the greatest heiress in the land cannot be overlooked even by the court itself. The descriptions of Miss Krupp read much as descriptions of rather plain but very rich American girls do. Perhaps more interesting than her wealth is the fact that by refusing to sell arms to several nations, Miss Krupp could insure their good behavior for awhile. They would not know where to go for guns were she to cut off their credit.—“*With the Procession*,” *Everybody's Magazine* for August.



#### THE NEW LAND LAW IN IRELAND.

THE Irish Land Purchase Act of 1903 was in every respect epoch-making. It was preceded by, and founded upon, the report of a conference held between the representatives of landlord and tenant in Dublin. The Landlords' Convention, the official representative of the landlord party, held aloof and refused to join in the conference. Typical landlords, such as the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Barrymore, and

Colonel Saunderson, refused to serve, ridiculing the project as absurd and quixotic. Lord Dunraven led a saner section of landlords, with the result that, after a session of five days, the conference agreed to a report, upon which the government acted. The official landlords, seeing the reasonableness of the findings and recognizing their own folly, succumbed at once, and fell in with the general tendency for settlement. Substantially, the Act of 1903 accepted the principle of universal sale of the landlord's interest to the occupier. It ignored legal compulsion. But it accepted what was finely called the principle of compulsion by inducement. It placed the sum of £100,000,000 (\$500,000,000) at the disposal of landlord and tenant for the purposes of the act. It went further,—for it enacted that out of a fund called the Land Purchase Aid Fund each landlord who sold should receive a bonus (Latin for gift) of 12 per cent on the purchase money. It appointed a new tribunal to administer the act. And to this tribunal were given powers of resettling congested districts by the purchase of grass lands, the enlargement of uneconomic holdings, and the restoration of certain evicted tenants where possible. It was an act sufficient of itself to make and secure the reputation of any statesman. Already in eighteen months since it came into operation land value for £20,000,000 (\$100,000,000) has been sold under it.—From “*The Workings of the Irish Land Law*,” by Thomas W. Russell, M. P., in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November.



THE church is to teach men to vote as they pray, in the fear of God; to go to the polls or the legislative halls as they go to the sacrament, in the fear of God. She is to speak as fearlessly from her pulpits against the evils of commercial dishonesty and political corruption as she does now against the evils of divorce or drunkenness, let it cost her what it may in patronage, in gifts or in social prestige. And until she does, she will not commend her religion as valid or virile to this age and generation.—*McClure's Magazine*.



ONE reason why it takes so long to save the world is because so much of the preaching is aimed straight at the head.



IF there had never been any slaves except those sold on the auction block, every land under the sun would now be free.



THERE is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, but nothing said on a millionaire's monument has any effect.



IT is beautiful to lay off the future into clean fields, but it is meritorious to weed those of the present.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

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Subscription price, \$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

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## THE EDITOR'S OPPORTUNITY.

EDITORS, in one respect, are probably not very different from other people. Many times they fail to recognize the grand opportunity that lies before them for doing good. Without a question the man in charge of the paper, when writing, ought to always bear in mind that he is speaking to many more people than his subscription list indicates. He would not be safe to conclude, however, that all the subscribers read all of his paper all the time. Oh, no, no, no! The real statistical per cent who do this, if it could be known, would surprise the natives. However, if they do not embrace the opportunity it is not the fault of the editor. He has given them a chance to read it and if they do not do so, the fault lies entirely with them.

Upon the above basis, then, the editor must figure that he has a large audience before him; he has a disadvantage of which the preacher knows nothing. The minister is often painfully aware that not half his congregation is present, also distressingly sensible that half of the half which is present is in dreamland. The editor is blissfully ignorant of all this. He thinks as soon as the postman delivers his paper to the homes of his subscribers that they almost violate domestic rules by falling over one another to get the coveted periodical within their grasp. If he could only visit some of their homes sometimes and see a pile of them on the table or on the cupboard shelf, that never had the wrappers taken from them, his editorial ambition would register much lower than it had previously done.

There may be many reasons for the above conditions. No censure belongs to the people, who have been duped into subscribing for a periodical that is so worthless that it will not entice any one to read it. If it does not have attractive powers about it, to make

the people want to read it, it will have a small following. There may be a few people in the world who take papers and read them as a matter of duty, but their tribe is small and may it never increase.

After all, the constituency which responds to the energy that is spent in the sanctum and the real loss of gray matter by the editor is the constituency that gives the periodical a close reading. An editor usually receives a great many criticisms; some friendly and some otherwise. When a person sees one good article and flies into ecstasy about it and writes a sugar-coated letter to the editor, he has done but very little good. The same thing is true of a person who finds a weak article, or mistake, and sits down and dips his pen into the vinegar jug and writes a sarcastic criticism from the angle of one article to the exclusion of all the good things which he has overlooked. The criticisms that count for good come from the people who are close readers, not one week, but all the time; who take the thing, as a whole, and, who in a good Christian manner, enumerate and outline your faults; who do not magnify but simply call attention in a praiseworthy manner to your virtues; who do not tear your plans to pieces without giving you something better.

So it is evident that the opportunities of the editor are immeasurable, illimitable and innumerable. He has to deal with all classes of people, the rich and poor; the resident of the city and the countryman; the educated and the uneducated; the commercial man and the farmer; the doctor and the lawyer; the capitalist and the laborer. Of course each of these want a paper equally adapted to their wants and needs; and if he succeeds in supplying this, he has won laurels that will never fade and secured a job that will never end. He has use for every empty room in his cranium to search for the current news; to get something good for the Home Department, and see that articles are so arranged as to be equally interesting to little Willie and his grandpa. He must not lose sight of the needs and wants of the young lady and the young gentleman, who are much more mature than little Willie and yet have not entered the dotage of grandpa. It must be solid enough to teach them something, and yet sufficiently shilly-shally to entertain them.

His opportunities consist in improving his own intellect and that of his constituency. Development is usually made by exercise and the only way that the editor can prevent mental exercise is to use the scissors and paste box instead of the pen. This method also insures a decline of the constituency mentally, spiritually and numerically. The work of the editor, like a great many other things, is based on reciprocity. If his work is appreciated and his readers tell him so, their efforts to please him will be reciprocated by him to do him the most possible good.

## ENERGY.

THE universe moves; every planet in the universe moves; everything animate in these planets moves; all this motion requires energy. In order to produce this energy there must be a resource of some sort from which it can come. It must be brought about harnessed and controlled by certain means which are called laws. Science, religion or education have never yet been able to find any better name for the origin of all force than God. Some people claim to have invented certain things, but the fact of the matter is, things are not invented, only discovered. When a thing is supposed to be invented it is just another principle of the divine mind that has been laid open to public view. When the first sight of a new energy is obtained the people are unable to recognize its value, and therefore do not use as much economy as should be used.

When gas was discovered in central Indiana a few years ago, nearly every farmer had a flambeau in his yard, which was entirely unnecessary. Millions of cubic feet of the precious fluid were wasted just because the people did not know the value of their new find because of the profusion of it. The same thing is true in the case of the new discovery of electricity; the people just think that the air is full of it and there is no danger of it ever giving out and it may be that is true, but it remains true, however, that it costs some energy to prepare or harness the stuff for public use and it is the preparation that is so expensive. Thos. A. Edison has well said that when the people find out that it is cheaper to put the power houses at the mouth of the coal mines and send the energy that is to be used by the public to them on copper wires than it is to transport it on the railroad, there will be another revolution in the commerce of the nation as well as a great reduction in the price of the commodities which all people are compelled to have at whatever cost.

It is claimed that water will soon be the fuel of the day and if that is true there is likely to be another foolish and useless waste of material before we learn to economize. Think of the clumsy machinery that our fathers used by the side of the light, convenient ones that we find in the market to-day.

What is true in the commercial world is true in the educational world also. Instead of one man beginning where another has left off we all have to begin at the same place and run the same race and face all the difficulties and practically wear out before we can understand that the same principles are at the bottom of the system that always were. If half of the energy in the way of money and talent were spent in the right way we would have much better school systems in the country than we have. Of course we improve all the

time, but are so slow because we fail to see the waste that we are subjected to all the time.

The religious world suffers from the same thing exactly. Why send missionaries and run on the same vessels to convert the same heathen? We are simply wasting money and precious time. Why, do you not believe in missionary work? Certainly. Is not the heathen to be saved? Yes, to be sure. Well, then what? Cut out the friction here and you have a direct line. Friction always makes energy cost the consumer more in any line. If all the people who claim to believe in missions would set their foot down upon the liquor traffic there would be none in the next five years. Suppose it does cost money. Doesn't it cost to continually fight it at home and abroad? Can anything be done where it is? Will it not always be a hindrance as long as it is here?

Some people waste more than it takes for others to live upon. It is not what is used that makes the world poor, it is what is wasted. It is the energy that is worse than lost. Let us convert our own raw material into units of energy, lessen the friction and save all we can for we need it all.



## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

"It is better to get wisdom than gold; for wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

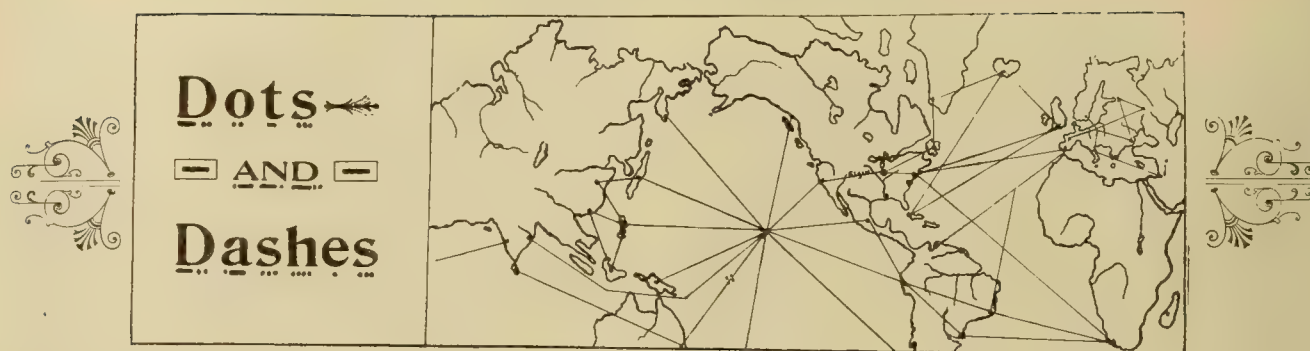
"Depend upon it, there is always something wrong about the young man or woman who looks upon manual labor as degrading."

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune.—*Franklin*.

There is a beautiful tale of Scandinavian mythology. A hero, under the promise of becoming a demigod, is bidden in the celestial halls to perform three test-acts of prowess. He is to drain the drinking-horn of Thor. Then he must run a race with a courser so fleet that he fairly spurns the ground under his flying footsteps. Then he must wrestle with a toothless old woman, whose sinewy hands, as wiry as eagle claws in the grapple, make his very flesh to quiver. He is victorious in them all. But as the crown of success is placed upon his temples, he discovers for the first time that he has had for his antagonists the three greatest forces of nature. He raced with thought, he wrestled with old age, he drank the sea. Nature, like the God of nature, wrestles with us as a friend, not an enemy, wanting us to gain the victory, and wrestles with us that we may understand and enjoy her best blessings. Every greatest and highest earthly good has come to us unfolded and enriched by this terrible wrestling with nature.

"The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that."





#### LIFE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE COMPLETES ITS WORK.

THE committee appointed by the New York Legislature to investigate life-insurance companies doing business in that State concluded its public hearings Dec. 30. From the great mass of testimony deduced, Chairman Armstrong and the members of the committee, with the assistance of the committee's counsel, Charles E. Hughes, will formulate a report to be submitted as soon as possible after the Legislature convenes at Albany.

It is probable that no investigation of any matter in any country ever damaged so many great reputations as has the investigation of the Armstrong committee. Like a match applied to a hay stack, the slight trouble arising in the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, in the early part of the year, started a conflagration of insurance exposures, which, to the public mind, appeared inconceivable.

Alleged rottenness in the Equitable had hardly been exposed before the situation in the Mutual was revealed, and that was even worse than the Equitable, while the New York Life has not been able to show that its affairs were managed materially better than those of any of the big companies.

And the men who have gone down in the wreck:

James W. Alexander, once the respected head of the Equitable, and successor to the late Henry B. Hyde, is said to be in a sanitarium somewhere, broken in mind and broken in body.

The gentle-natured and serene Chauncey M. Depew, possessor, apparently, of perennial youth, has become a worn, haggard and care-burdened old man. With the possible exception of Mr. Alexander, the revelations of the investigation have seemed to hit Senator Depew almost harder than any one else.

Then there is Richard H. McCurdy, whom the investigation drove from the presidency of the Mutual. He has retired to his country place at Morristown, N. J., deeded a great part of his property to his wife, and is said to be tortured with acute nervous prostration.

All of the male members of his family, sons and sons-in-law, cousins and nephews, have followed his

lead, and the name of McCurdy is passed forever out of the Mutual's history.

John A. McCall remains at the head of the New York Life, and strenuously denies the repeated reports that he is going to resign. But George W. Perkins, until recently first vice president of the New York Life, chairman of its Finance Committee and a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., has gone out of the insurance business to give, as he has said, all his attention to the affairs of the house of Morgan.

And then there is James Hazen Hyde, the young man of 27, who, in the beginning, was accused by Alexander and his associates in the Equitable of being the little black man who made them do all the bad things which have since been traced to them.

Young Mr. Hyde has sold his beautiful country place in Long Island and all that it contains, has sent to the auction block all of his fine horses and their trappings, and is now going over the seas to France, where, some of his friends say, he will live for the most of the years of the future.

In a little block of two, clinging closely to each other, standing sorrowfully above the wreck, are Edward H. Harriman and Benjamin B. Odell, Jr. If the one or the other is proud of the reputation which the investigation has left to him, he is easily pleased at the gifts which the gods have given.



ANDREW CARNEGIE announces his intention of spending the winter at Dungeness, Ga. During the winter he will write the story of his life. It is his idea in writing his autobiography to begin with his humble birth, trace his efforts to obtain knowledge from the library of Col. Anderson, of Allegheny, and give in detail as near as he can remember, his rise from messenger boy to telegraph operator, then railroad superintendent, his advent into the iron history, his discovery that steel would supersede iron, how he threw his whole energy into building up the steel industry, and what he accomplished. It is Carnegie's hope that the book he intends to write will become a classic for the guidance of young men, who have energy and ambition, and wish to become something more than plodders.

THE year 1905 has been a bad one for reputations not only in the insurance world, but in other lines of business supposed to be as fully above suspicion. Two senators were convicted of law breaking, the hand of death cheating the penitentiary of one of them,—Senator Mitchell, of Oregon. The other,—Senator Burton, of Kansas,—is still fighting in the Supreme Court. Several congressmen were also found guilty, while numerous trusted government officials, bankers, etc., have been caught in the drag-net of exposure. A refreshing result is that the youth of the land are no longer directed to these "captains of industry" and men of high life as shining examples of success, but rather to the men who stand uncorrupted for the principles of good government. Money and position in public life are no longer considered guarantees of good character.

THE practical joke has claimed another victim. Claud A. Bagby, a Notre Dame University student, was shot and killed by Louis Roquela, a fellow-student, near South Bend, Ind. Bagby and several companions planned to frighten another student by a "fake" hold-up. Roquela happened along and was mistaken for the intended victim. Bagby sprang into the road and, leveling a revolver, shouted, "Throw up your hands!" Instead of complying, Roquela drew a revolver and fired. The bullet passed through Bagby's heart, killing him instantly. Roquela was freed from all blame in the matter.

CHARLES T. YERKES, millionaire traction magnate, creator of the Chicago street railway system and builder of London's underground railroad, died at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on Friday afternoon, Dec. 29. Mrs. Yerkes, who had been estranged from her husband for a number of years, was at his bedside during his last moments. At first she positively refused to come near the death chamber, but afterwards relented. However, when she appeared Mr. Yerkes was unconscious.

SATURDAY and Sunday, Dec. 30 and 31, severe fighting occurred in Moscow, Russia, between the government troops and the revolutionists. A moderate estimate of the killed is 20,000. Women and children were indiscriminately butchered with the insurgents, the latter forming only a small proportion of those mown down by artillery. The object of the government carrying out the wholesale butchery in Moscow was to prevent a similar attempt in St. Petersburg. Some accounts represent the fighting as being no more serious than on previous days, it consisting then of battering down barricades and houses with artillery, but without exceptional slaughter or fury. A St. Petersburg correspondent gives a gloomy picture of

the general condition of the empire. He says despite the remarkable improvement in the affairs of Moscow, when the revolutionary fire was quenched in one place flames unexpectedly appeared in another. Yesterday the center was Moscow; to-day it is Tvar; to-morrow it may be Kieff or Kharkoff. Nearly everything depends on the revolutionary propaganda. Anarchic chaos prevails in the Baltic provinces, where the rebels are spurning all human and several divine laws. They are creating tribunals guarded by executioners and having no exit but the grave. Veritable whirlwinds, leveling with terror, are predicted in the spring. Another St. Petersburg correspondent transmits a rumor in court circles that the Czar is ill. He is said to be suffering from a recurrence of epileptic strokes.

THE Everett Audit Co., of Chicago, which is investigating the records of N. C. Dougherty, the defaulting banker of Peoria, Ill., reports that his accounts for the last seven years show a shortage of more than \$600,000. The auditors are still at work and it is expected that the shortage for eighteen years will exceed \$1,000,000. One of the most interesting features of the report is that in none of the last seven years, it is said, did Dougherty steal less than \$50,000, and in the last three years he got away with \$300,000.

A NUMBER of speakers at the Springfield convention of the Illinois Teachers' Association paid their respects to the college athletic field. The college man was painted as a liar, attempting to defend the athletic reputation of his college by sacrificing its honor in whitewashing the records of disqualified athletes; he was shown on the side lines in the garb of a common gambler placing bets on the favorite team; he was cast in the rôle of a swindling speculator in tickets; he was pictured at the end of his four years' college career as a haggard, gaunt man with the look of dissipation in his face, starting into his greater life with a reputation on the gridiron, but with money-prostituted ideals as his assets.

AFTER a division of almost one hundred years, arrangements were made recently, which, when completed, will unite the Northern and the Cumberland Presbyterian churches. In 1810 the Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized in Dickson county, Tenn., by three Presbyterian ministers who had withdrawn from the Presbyterian church on Feb. 4 of that year. The division arose concerning the extreme doctrine of predestination and certain other questions of practices in ordination of ministers who did not fully conform to the classical standards of the Presbyterian church, those who protested insisting that the exigencies of frontier life demanded occasional exceptions to the established rule.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one whom his mother comforteth."—Isa. 53: 13.

You take the finest woman, with th' roses in her cheeks,  
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice each time she  
speaks;

Her hair all black an' gleamin' or a glowin' mass o' gold—  
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n halfway told.  
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—  
The motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence and fun,  
Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones she wants to shun.  
In pleasure or in anger there is always han'someness,  
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—  
A beauty that grows sweeter, an' that all but glorifies—  
Th' motherlook that sometimes comes into a woman's  
eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,  
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy  
Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams told in its  
face;

She smoothes its hair, an' pets it as she lif's it to its place.  
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave, or gay, or  
wise—

Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.  
There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to  
paint

A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint,  
An' make it still more human—an' they'd have to blend  
the whole.

There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul,  
No one can paint the glory comin' straight from paradise—  
The motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

—Chicago Daily Tribune.



### CAN YOU TALK?

GRACE LONGANECKER.



HE Creator in giving us tongues intended  
we should use them.

As the tongue is a power for evil, so is  
it a power for good. On the day of Pente-  
cost, the distributing of the Gospel de-  
pended upon converted tongues, and does  
to this day. It is generally considered very  
desirable to be a great talker. But luckily all are not  
so constituted.

There are people who talk so fast and continuously  
that it would be difficult, as I have heard said, to get  
a word in crosswise.

There are some who think a hundred times more  
than they say. And there are, perhaps, a few who  
think little and say less. These few, no doubt, heard  
of the song, "Don't talk when you've nothing to say."  
and so they keep very still.

How enjoyable, indeed, to be in company with a  
person who "knows what to say, how and when."  
But to be punished by being obliged to listen to the  
chitchat of Miss Talkative, a sister of Mr. Talkative,  
we read of in Pilgrim's Progress, and then to take a  
rest with one who feels and weighs each word said,  
causes one to feel like "as if taking a cat in your lap  
after having held a squirrel,"—so restful, thoughtful  
and serene. Paul says, "Let your speech be alway  
with grace, seasoned with salt," etc.

The nature of salt is to preserve and make palatable.  
Our words, then, should be impressive, terse and com-  
prehensive, uttered in such manner that we would  
have the power to melt cold and frozen hearts if  
need be.

Hartville, Ohio.



### THE SHOEMAKER AND THE LITTLE WHITE SHOE.

I WRITE down the following story from memory.  
It was related by one of the original Crusaders of  
Ohio in an audience where I was present:

"One morning during the crusade a drunkard's  
wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a  
baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad  
to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My  
husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all  
human feelings; our rent is unpaid and we are liable  
to be put out into the streets; and there is no food in  
the house for me and the children. He has a good  
trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the  
corner near us. He is becoming more and more brutal  
and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin.  
How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms,  
earn bread for myself and children?'

"Quick as thought the question came to me, and I  
asked it, 'Why not have this husband of yours con-  
verted?'

"But she answered hopelessly, 'Oh, there's no hope  
of any such thing; he cares for nothing but strong  
drink.'

"'I'll come and see him this afternoon,' said I.

"'He'll insult you,' she replied.

"'No matter,' said I; 'my Savior was insulted,  
and the servant is not above his Lord.'

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement  
house. The husband was at work at his trade in a  
back room, and his little girl was sent to him to tell  
him that a lady wished to see him on very important

business, and she must see him if she had to stay until after supper.

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?" he demanded, as he came shuffling before me.

"Please be seated and look at this paper," I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then, throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently:

"Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty."

"Do you think you can stop drinking?"

"Yes, I could if I wanted to."

"On the contrary, I think you are a slave to the rum shop down on the corner."

"No, I ain't any sech thing."

"I think, too, that you love the saloonkeeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl."

"No, I don't, either."

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloonkeeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare."

"That's so, madam."

"And you love the saloonkeeper's wife better than you love your own wife. When I passed the saloonkeeper's house I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage awaited her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and carriage. I came here, and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk."

"You must speak the truth, madam."

"You love the saloonkeeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking if you choose, but you helped the saloonkeeper to build for himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumbledown old house yourself."

"I never saw it in that light before."

"Then holding out his hand that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued, 'You speak the truth, madam; I am a slave.

"Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it; but to-morrow if you call I will sign the pledge."

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave and cannot

help it. But I do want to tell you this: There is One who can break your chains and set you free."

"I want to be free."

"Well, Christ can set you free if you'll submit to him and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you."

"It's been many a long year since I prayed."

"No matter, the sooner you begin the better for you."

"He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

"His wife knelt beside me and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from a crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity my wife and children and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me, a sinner." And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and he heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and lifted every burden; and he arose a free and released man.

"When he arose from his knees he said, 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'

"And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday school with white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloonkeeper's till.

"But what struck me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time as ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace."—*Frances E. Willard.*



#### THE INDEPENDENCE OF WORK—THE TWO SISTERS.

THE hardworking girl put down the society page and heaved a sigh.

"Don't envy the idle rich," remarked the wise woman. "Many an idle rich woman envies you."

"Envies me!"

"Let me see. You are rather an important young person, are you not? You design advertisements for a large firm, don't you? And you have a salary which allows you to have a bachelor apartment of your own, with a door key of your own; you have dreams of the future; you are writing a playlet which is to make you famous some day or other; you have your clubs and your friends, and some day you will marry the



lician has said, there is a tide in a teacup. The tides man of your heart and not have to ask any one's permission. In other words, you are as free as a man."

"But—"

"But—one minute! You have an even greater blessing I haven't had time to mention. You need never be afraid of the future. Stocks may go up or down, savings banks may fail, but you have a money-making machine right within yourself."

"I suppose that is a great thing."

"A great thing, my dear! Suppose you had been born and educated among the idle rich; suppose, as many girls do, that you had watched your father's income growing beautifully less, that you had to scrimp and save and put on a bold front with it all; suppose you hadn't been taught to do a thing but shine as a society butterfly. What could you do but watch the future growing darker and darker and worry your heart out? There is nothing so agonizing as the poverty that is helpless and must keep up appearances, and there is a lot more of that among the classes that apparently enjoy themselves than you would imagine. Many a girl who knows that her sole safety and the safety of the family lie in her marrying a rich man would give her soul to be in your place, to have your brains and the right to work, also the privilege to wait for the right man and not to be obliged to smirk and smile and make herself cheap by her efforts to sell herself to the highest bidder. No, my dear, don't undervalue the independence you enjoy. It leads to all that is honest and straightforward and worth while in life. Many a poor soul wishes she had it, and if girls were educated sensibly all women would have it and would be forever free from that awful dread of the future."—*Maud Robinson*.



#### PAP'S PRAYERS.

A POOR but industrious mechanic whose family was large, met with an accident and was laid up for several months. Many words of sympathy were extended. Finally some one suggested that it would be a good idea to pray for the injured man. Accordingly a little crowd gathered at the humble home, and the village minister was called upon to lead in prayer. Just as the "Amen" was pronounced there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, admitting a gust of chilly wind and a dash of snow, a farmer boy was seen standing on the threshold, muffled to the chin.

"Is this where Mr. Brown lives, the man that got his leg broke?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Is this where they're holdin' the prayer meetin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've brung pap's prayers."

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean I brung pap's prayers, and they're out in the wagon. Got anybody to help bring 'em in?"

And when "pap's prayers" were brought in they filled the potato barrel, covered the floor in the coal bin, hung a ham in the pantry and made good the hole in the flour and meal chests.

There were no more oral prayers in the cottage that night, but "pap's prayers" were echoed and re-echoed in the heart of a crippled mechanic, a tired wife and a half dozen well-fed little children.—*Clay City Democrat*.



#### WHAT THE SUNSHINE DOES FOR US.

Do we ever think what we owe to the bright beautiful sunshine, what it means to us and how dependent we are on it for life, health, cheerfulness and happiness?

Sunshine consists of a metallic shower which bathes us with elementary iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, copper, zinc, nickel and hydrogen, the whole surface of the sun being an unbroken ocean of fiery fluid matter, containing a flame atmosphere of vaporized metal and gases such as oxygen and hydrogen.

Nothing thrives without sunshine; plants, animals and man need it and cannot thrive without it.

It is said that the nude races like the Kaffirs of Borneo and others who absorb into their systems the unobstructed power of the sun's rays possess marvelous health, strength, vitality and endurance and power of recuperation, with immunity from disease. With these races, who are so much more pure than the so-called civilized ones, all prurient feelings are done away with, the sun and air kindling the surface of their bodies into wonderful activity, and thus most internal congestions and inflammations which lead to so much animalism are done away with.

It is the sunshine that puts into the grain and vegetables and fruit the chemicals which nourish and sustain and build up our bodies; and the more we eat of those kinds of fruit which can be eaten in a raw or semi-cooked state the better it is for us, because then we get all the virtue that the sun's rays have invested them with intact, and not destroyed by the process of cooking.

Fruit should be allowed to remain ungathered until it has arrived at its full and perfect development, that is, till it is quite ripe, then eaten as soon as possible after being gathered, for from the moment it leaves the tree or plant, the process of decay and loss of its vital particles begins and goes steadily on. The enjoyment also which we derive from eating fresh, sound, luscious fruit with its delightful tinting and coloring, which we owe to the sunshine, makes it of great benefit to us.

Baths given to infants and young children of sun-heated water in those climates where the sun has great

power are excellent; there is no better tonic and invigorator of the system.

We cannot overestimate the benefits which we derive from the glorious rays of the sun which gives us light, warmth, cheerfulness of mind, buoyancy of spirit and vigor of body.—*W. G. Logan, in Medical Talk.*



#### JAPANESE JOTTINGS.

Tokio is a hundred years older than St. Petersburg.

On the Japanese stage male actors play the female roles.

Wrinkles are poetically termed by the Japanese "waves of old age."

Japan has very few millionaires and practically no multi-millionaires.

The Japanese people, even the poor, travel much in their own country.

Sewing on buttons is not a wifely duty in Japan. There are no buttons.

Modern Japanese coins and bank notes bear legends in English as well as in Japanese.

Sixteen cents a day is now good pay for unskilled labor in Japan. Ten years ago it was six cents.

The Japanese "Hello!" at the telephone is "Moshi moshi!" or "Anone!" with the accent on the "nay."

All the food served to a guest at a Japanese banquet and not consumed by him at the time is taken to his home by the servants of his host.

Japanese inns furnish fresh toothbrushes every morning to every guest. The brush is of wood, shaped like a pencil, and frayed to a tufty brush of fibre at the large end.—*Kansas Educator.*



#### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXII.

Jericho, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Jameel told us that our carriage would not be ready before noon, as he had to prepare some food to take along; also some guides had to be arranged for. We spent the forenoon looking around the city. We are right near the Jaffa gate, which is the principal gate of the city. There are many gates, but this one opens to the main thoroughfare which leads down to Jaffa, which is the seaport of Jerusalem. Jaffa is forty miles away by carriage; fifty-two by rail. When the train pulled in this morning and the boys read on the side of the engine, "Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, U. S. A.," Oscar said he felt like shaking hands with the old gal. Agnes thought it would do her good to see a yellow dog from home.

One of the things that no traveler ever misses in Jerusalem is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It is a very large church and is supposed to cover the spot where the Lord was crucified and buried. Whether this be true or not, I cannot say. There is another site outside the wall called Gordon's Calvary, where some think the great tragedy occurred. The boys have a photograph of that one. This church has seven apartments. There are seven Christian denominations worshipping here, viz., Orthodox Greeks, Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Armenians, Abyssinians, Copts and Assyrians. It seems to be a very sacred place to all these people, but in spite of the fact that this is supposed to be the grave of the Prince of Peace and these people the followers of the Prince of Peace, yet they must have a lot of Mohammedan soldiers stationed there to keep them from killing each other. We thought this was a dreadful picture. Miss Gertrude thought we ought to be glad that we lived in America, but after we thought about it a little bit, we remembered how our Christian denominations at home are so jealous of each other that they will hardly speak to each other, and many times brethren in the same church are guilty

of the same thing, and so, on that score, we are not any ahead of the people who shed blood, for "he that hateth his brother is a murderer."

Leaving Jaffa gate, we pass the Damascus gate across the brook of Kedron, pass the garden of Gethsemane, ascend the Mount of Olives, and go on our way towards Jericho. I wish you could see our carriage. Honestly, the hubs of the wheels are as heavy as those on father's big wagon. Three horses were hitched to the carriage. The boys wondered why they had so many horses. Jameel told them that we would not only need the horses, but a good, strong lock as well, before we got to Jericho. We three girls and Roscoe rode in the carriage; Oscar, with the driver, and Jameel rode his horse by the side of the carriage.

At Bethany we saw the house of Simon the leper, where Mary anointed the feet of Jesus, the house of Mary and Martha, and the tomb of Lazarus. There is nothing left of the house of Lazarus except the floor. The tomb of Lazarus is an interesting place. We did not need to use our imagination much when down in the tomb to hear the voice of the Savior saying, "Lazarus, come forth!" Miss Merritt bought some bracelets from some little Arab girls. We asked one of them what her name was, and she said Hagar. This sounded interesting to us, since Hagar was the mother of Ishmael, who is the father of all of these Arabs that now inhabit the land. We asked them how old they were and everyone would say, "God knows, I don't." There is no record kept of the births and deaths of the female children. The birthrights and inheritances are left with the sons. Mohammedan women are supposed to have no souls.

A little farther on we saw the place where Shimei threw stones at David. 2 Samuel 16:5, 6. Presently we came to the Good Samaritan inn, of which we have a splendid photograph. In the rear of this building there is a large open court containing a well that is very much like Jacob's well, and I believe it is of the same age. The



surroundings taken together go to show that this hotel has been here for centuries and served the travelers, who, with their caravans, brought figs, grapes, and raisins from Gilead beyond Jordan. It was necessary for them to have a place to stop on their road to Jaffa, which was their nearest port. Do you know that we believe that the parable of the Good Samaritan was a teaching founded on fact, and that an instance of assault and robbery might have occurred to which the Savior referred, and with which they were all familiar?

After we leave the inn some distance we strike the wilderness where Jesus was tempted of the devil, and it is a wilderness indeed. We saw not an herb, a blade of grass, or a living thing, except some hyenas feeding on the carcass of a donkey. This was certainly a desolate place for the Son of God to stand the crucial test placed before him by the adversary of souls. I almost forgot to tell you about some boys we saw throwing at sparrows with sling shots. You know the Bible speaks of David killing Goliath with a sling shot. 1 Samuel 17:40

In another place you read about seven hundred men of Benjamin who were left-handed and could throw to a hair's breadth and never miss. This always seemed as exaggerated, if it would have been anywhere else than in the Book of God; but we saw these boys kill many a sparrow with their sling shots, and we never saw any of them miss one of them; and, when we asked one of them what he did with them, he said he sold them to the hotel and that he sold two for a farthing; then we remember that that is the price for which they were selling when Jesus was in Jerusalem. More than once we had sparrows for dinner while there, and we dare not say they were not good, except the thoughts of it. All these evidences of the truth of the Bible were almost too much for Miss Gertrude, for you know she has never accepted Christ as yet, although she has been an exceedingly fine character during her stay in Mayville.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### HOW I'D TIE THE SHOESTRING.

W. H. HOOD.

If I a shoestring were to tie,  
I'd pull it good and taut;  
Then I would try  
To tie at first, not—  
A loop and bow,—  
As some might know,—  
How to do most anything,  
But cannot tie their own shoestring.

After lacing up the shoe,  
As anyone would likely do,  
I'd cross the strings—  
From left to right,  
Then pass it under,  
And draw it tight.  
Then, taking it to left and back,  
Leaving just a little slack:  
And draw it over cross you know,  
So as to leave a simple bow.

Then I'd take the other string,  
And do about the selfsame thing.  
I'd pass it through the knot and try—  
A bow the other end to tie.  
I'd look it squarely in the face  
Whene'er a shoe I had to lace,  
As all should be so nice and neat,  
All the way from head to feet;  
The best of all you'd have to show  
Would be your shoestring's double bow.

Marshalltown, Iowa.



### THE HEN AND HER CHICKENS.

A True Story.

N. J. REESE.

LIVING at the same place where I do is an old yellow hen with her brood of little chickens. They had been such happy chickens all the long, beautiful fall, running through the yard and up into the orchard, finding many delightful things to eat among the fallen leaves and long dead grass. They spent their days busily scratching, finding here a bug, there a worm, chirping to one another and following their mother, who was busily clucking.

Life was very pleasant they thought. But one morning there came a change; when they ran out at peep of day, the dear, beautiful leaves, among which they had been so happy, were all white and the white was cold and hurt their feet and it did not taste good. The grass was no better, and somehow the bugs did not seem inclined to rise early, and, as for the worms, if there had ever been any, they had gone into the heart of the earth and refused to come out again. The sun seemed a long way off, and his rays did not warm them as they so much enjoyed before. They stood cheeping and shivering, refusing to dig and scratch, but huddled close to their dear mother, imploring her to cover them.

But a busy mother must not indulge habits of idleness in her children, and she tried to encourage them to make the best of things, assuring them that they would soon be used to the cold and not mind it. Besides, how can a busy hen, who has the living to make

PREACHING experimental religion without experience is as easy to do as climbing pillars of smoke.

for herself and a brood of fluffy young ones, sit down, as it were, and fold her hands(?), because she knows that the bugs will not come to her. She must go to them. So she clucked busily, even merrily, and drew them farther and farther, protesting as they went out into the wet grass.

Had it not been for the appearance of the lady of the house, who occupies a warm place in the affections of her feathered friends, I think there would have been a childless old hen to-day. The lady took the chickens and their mother into the henhouse, and, with a string, tied the old mother fast to keep them there until the warm days came again. Then they all set forth joyously and were not seen until evening came and the shadows with it.

The lady brought them a nice warm supper, and the chicks came to her feet, crying and peeping; they could not be induced to eat their supper; for a while they followed her, peeping shrilly, then they huddled together in forlorn little groups, and the mother could not be found. The distressed chicks ran to and from the barn, begging and beseeching for their mother. At last they were driven into their box in the barn, and the lady set out in search for the mother. By and by she found her. The piece of string left on her leg had become entangled in a low bush and there the old hen was fast. Though she was only a mother hen, I think she loved her babies in her fowl way, just as much as your dear mother and mine love us; because when she found that she could not free herself, she sent her babies to their home for supper, knowing that they would be cold and hungry and that she could not care for them there.

When the old hen was released her feet were almost numb, but she set off on a run for the barn and what a joyful reunion they had! The chickens chirped and cuddled down under the yellow feathers they loved so well, and the old hen, weary but content, gathered her little ones close around her and went to sleep.

*Kansas City, Kans.*



### OUR BOYS.

PERRY J. MILLER.

THERE have been a number of volumes written about the boys. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a very beautiful poem about boys in which he says:

"Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!  
And when we have done with our lifelasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys!"

We consider the boys of very great importance. What is a farm without a boy; he can do all the chores about a house or barn; he can plow, sow the

seed, and can do almost anything that is to be done. He is a great help to his parents, and, after he grows to be a man, he knows how to do his work and can live a happy life.

A boy should prepare himself to become a man, a farmer, or whatever work may become his to do. He should learn to go at his work and not give it up until it is finished. He should learn to be honest with himself and his neighbors. If he does not educate himself when young, he will surely regret it when he grows into manhood. He may be left without father and mother, and should he not be well educated he may not find a position.

So let the boys educate themselves, lest when they grow old they will regret that they have not a better education.

*Bradford, Ohio.*



### "BILLY."

THE goat as an animal is quite a success; "motion carried." The sight of man does not annihilate him with frenzied fear and an irresistible desire to be elsewhere. Nay, "billy" is a heroic little cuss, and will not readily submit to being handled with impunity. A Mexican greaser once undertook to handle "Willie" with impunity and a pair of dirty hands, but the tangled features of a form lying so silent on the grass ten seconds later only the more strengthened the belief in the minds of the onlookers that Mexican sinews could not successfully wrench the laurels from "billy's" brow. They are there yet, unwrenched. "Billy" is very industrious when there is any opportunity to deliver a few samples of concussion among the children of Adam. Society shuns little "William," although he is sometimes worn "a la bustle," he is never worn intentionally so, as the friction against the spine tends to deaden the enthusiasm of the wearer, and otherwise puts him ill at ease. Truly, a fierce-looking billy goat suddenly looming up in one's immediate path is discouraging. There is probably no other animal that satisfies the curious human eye as quickly as this one; one glance of his cold, hard eyes will seldom fail to excite a longing in the beholder to retreat, but the learned victim sees the folly of this, as it would be sure to bring down upon him "billy's" wrath and his total weight. If the victim happened to be an experienced person, which quite often happens, he, "the ladies wish to be excused," will advance upon "billy," and strive to grasp him by the horns. If successful, he is held until another person comes along. This person is requested to hold "billy's" horns, while our hero busies himself by doing some real sprint work, leaving hero number two to bitter recollections and his hands full of goat horns.—*Ivan Recf.*



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### HOW TO TELL A PERSON'S AGE.

Among many ingenious schemes for telling a person's age this is one of the easiest and best. Let the person whose age is to be discovered do the figuring. Suppose, for example, if it is a girl, that her age is 15, and that she was born in August.

Let her put down the number of the month in which she was born and proceed as follows:

Number of month, .....	8
Multiply by 2, .....	16
Add 5, .....	21
Multiply by 50, .....	1,050
Then add her age, 15, .....	1,065
Then subtract 365, leaving .....	700
Then add 115, .....	815

She then announces the result, 815, whereupon she may be informed that her age is 15, and August, or the eighth month, is the month of her birth.

The two figures to the right in the result will always indicate the age and the remaining figure or figures the month the birthday comes in.

This rule never fails for all ages up to 100. For ages under 10 a cipher will appear prefixed in the result, but no account is taken of this.

### MORE HAY.

Two clubmen were praising the pluck of dogs.

"A good dog," said one, "has the same kind of pluck that old Jerome McWade used to show.

"He was a farmer, seventy years old, but still hale and hearty. One morning he and his two sons got to wrangling over their strength, and Jerome declared that he could load quite as fast as they could pitch it.

"So to the fields they went, Jerome got onto a hay wagon with his fork, and the two boys down below began to pitch the hay up to him as fast as they could pitch it.

"The old man stood up to his work stoutly. He loaded with lightning speed, and all the while he kept calling down: 'More hay! More hay!'

"The boys worked hard. Their youth told in their favor. Old Jerome got to loading more and more untidily. Still as he scrambled about on top of the uneven mounds he continued to shout, 'More hay!'

"All of a sudden he tripped as he dug in his fork and fell from the wagon to the ground.

"Ah," said his elder son, "what are you doing down here?"

"Jerome as he rose answered:

"I came down for more hay."—Harper's Weekly.

### STOCKINGS MADE OF HUMAN HAIR.

In northern China every family is said to have a few pairs of stockings made from human hair. They are too prickly to be worn next to the skin, but are used over cotton stockings. When a child's hair is shaved in northern China the hair is preserved in a special hair box of lacquer. As soon as the box is full enough the hair is taken from it and a pair of stockings is woven. Such

stockings have a sentimental, almost a religious value, and are rarely parted with.—Farm and Fireside.

'Little Mary was taken to a colored church for the first time, and was so filled with terror when the "brudders" and "sisters" got religion she had to be taken out weeping. When her mamma tried to comfort her she said with a sob,—

"Oh, mamma, I am so frightened that when I get religion it will be colored."—M. Budd.

Willie's grandfather is a fine old gentleman, with a little bald spot right on top of his head. The boy is fond of the old man, and hopes that some day he will be just like him. Some time ago he went to the barber to have his hair trimmed.

"I want you to cut it just like grandpa's," he said, "with a little hole in the middle."

On account of the warm weather during the fall, the southern chestnut crop is selling in the New York market at two dollars and twenty-five cents to three dollars per bushel. The New York and Pennsylvania crop being less injured by worms, sells readily at four dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per bushel of fifty pounds.

Since the foreign and home demand for the durum wheat is likely to exceed the supply, it is not worth while to find fault with the Secretary of Agriculture for encouraging its more extensive culture in the Northwest. Several million bushels have recently been forwarded to Europe for manufacturing the flour into macaroni and the edible pastes.

O God, with faith the churches bless—  
To work and give and pray!  
And clothe thy saints with righteousness;  
And take all sins away!  
And every Christian land baptize,  
And every heart and home!  
And let the prayer like incense rise—  
O Lord—"Thy kingdom come!"

"What's the matter here?" asked the policeman.

"This tough stole a diamond out of my store, and when I caught him he swallowed it," explained the jeweler.

"Ah, I see!" remarked the policeman, "a diamond in the rough."

"Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,  
I do not pray;  
Keep me from stain of sin,  
Just for to-day."

If hired men know as much as you think they ought, many of them would no longer be hired men.

Why is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter II.

"Oh, you've met her, have you?" said the farmer. "Yes sir-ree," said Sile. "We came here a while ago and the dog was about to get us and the girl rescued us and besides she gave us a splendid breakfast, such as we have not had since we left Ohio." "Ohio! Gee whiz! Ohio! Are you from Ohio? What part?" "Well, you see we are from the Miami Valley." "Is that so; what might your name be?" "Well, my name is Ephraim Brubaker and my friend here is Silas Smith." "Well, well, well, I do declare; I have known the Smiths and the Brubakers down there for many a year, and I almost feel like we are acquainted, or are some relation." At this poor Silas felt that in-



"That blessed picture was before his face continually."

describable feeling that only those who are "smitten" are able to enjoy, not describe.

"Law me, mother, how long is it since we came away already? In one way it seems like a long time and in another it seems it was but yesterday. When I think of the people and how the younger ones have grown it seems like an age; but when I stop to consider what I have accumulated in the way of stock, implements and a good farm and a nice little bank account, it seems like it has come in a jiffy. Mighty well do I remember how I used to work from one end of the year to the other and barely have enough to get through with, and now I have the other fellows coming to me. I tell you, sir, the boys and I have stayed with it, but that's what counts in the long run.

Why, say, I forgot to introduce you to the boys. This one we call Jack, and the other one Alek." Sile said that he was glad to meet them, but one eye would involuntarily make a trip across the room in the direction of Lucile, as her mother calls her.

"Well, how does it come that you fellers are away out here anyway?" said Mr. Wallace. I thought I would give Silas a chance to explain, but he was content to turn that matter over to me, and allow him to do the looking. I told the family that we were out West looking for a good place to live, that the price of land in Ohio and Indiana had gone up so that a man could hardly make his rents any more, let alone the job of trying to pay out on a little farm. The older of the boys said that he had been over the West a great deal and he had never been anywhere that would compare with the Butte Valley. We told him that we had heard of it and we had come to see for ourselves.

"Well, where are you going from here, and how do you expect to see the country, or, in other words, what are your plans? It may be we can help you out." "Well," I said, "we want to get a place to board for a while, and go out from there one way and the other and see all we can. Do you know where we can board?" "You betchye I do—right here," and he brought his fist down on the table to emphasize it, "that is, if the grub's good enough for you." "O my!" said Sile, "this is a fine place to stay," and he cast a kind of watermelon grin in the direction of the girl, who was hanging out the clothes when he came, and who kept him from being swallowed by old Tige. That blessed picture was before his face continually.

"How'd you fellers come? Did you come on the new road?" "Yes, we came to Weed and changed to the new road and came as far as we could, that is, to the end of the rails, but a fellow can soon go farther, for the men are working with all their might and there is a lot of them." "Yes, and when that there road gets through to the Klamath country, where the government is spending \$4,500,000, it will raise the price of this land a time or two."

"Well, come to dinner, fellers," said the old man. "Oh! My goodness!" said Sile, "we just got through with one of the best dinners we ever had." Lucile blushed, but she did not resent the compliment, all the same, and after two or three urgent invitations and refusals, the family sat down while Sile and I walked out to take in the situation if the dog didn't take us in.

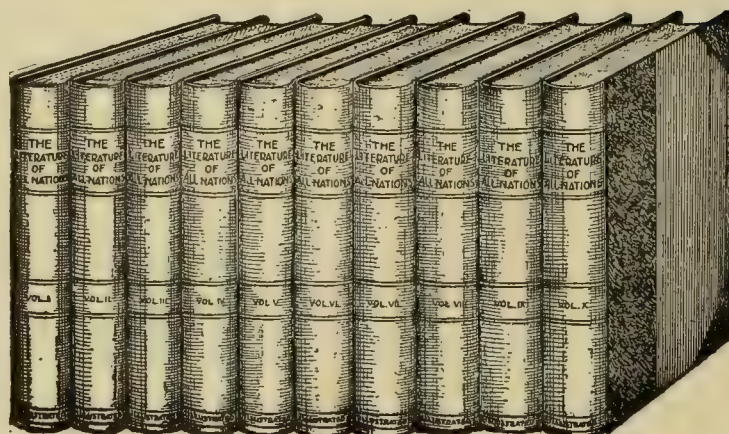
(To be continued.)



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*The Prairie Farmer* contains from 16 to 24 big pages each issue, and has departments for every branch of farm life, each one conducted by experts who have a world-wide fame because of their knowledge of agricultural conditions, and their ability to give THE PRAIRIE FARMER readers practicable and profitable advice. Because it is a weekly its subscribers get timely and up-to-date advice—and not a month too early or too late. Queries can be answered right away by well-informed farmers, dairymen, stockmen, horticulturists, poultrymen and general scientific farmers listed as contributors.

To find out about the INGLENOOK read the journal you hold in your hand. Ask for sample copies of any of these. Address all communications to

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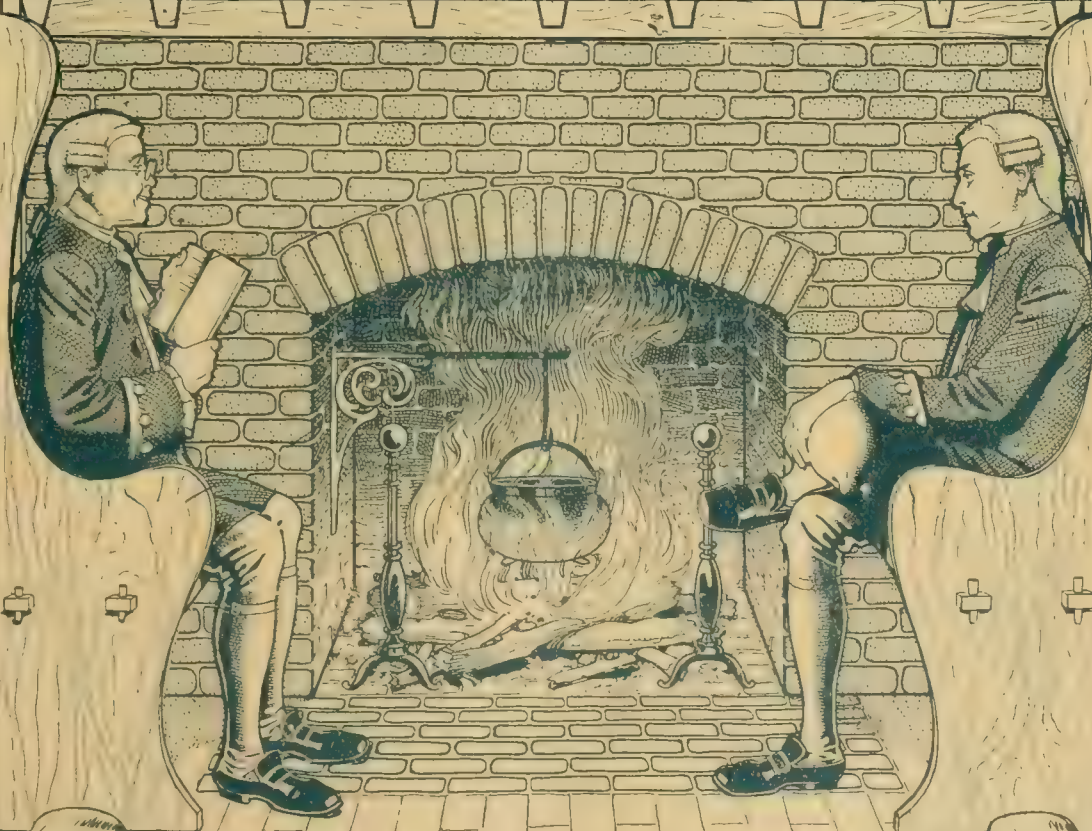
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

A SON OF THE SOIL.—Rilla Arnold.

KODAK AND PENCIL SOUTH OF THE  
EQUATOR.—D. L. Miller.

GALVESTON, THE SEAWALL CITY.—Ella S.  
Hall.



DEXTER & FOLLE, CHG.

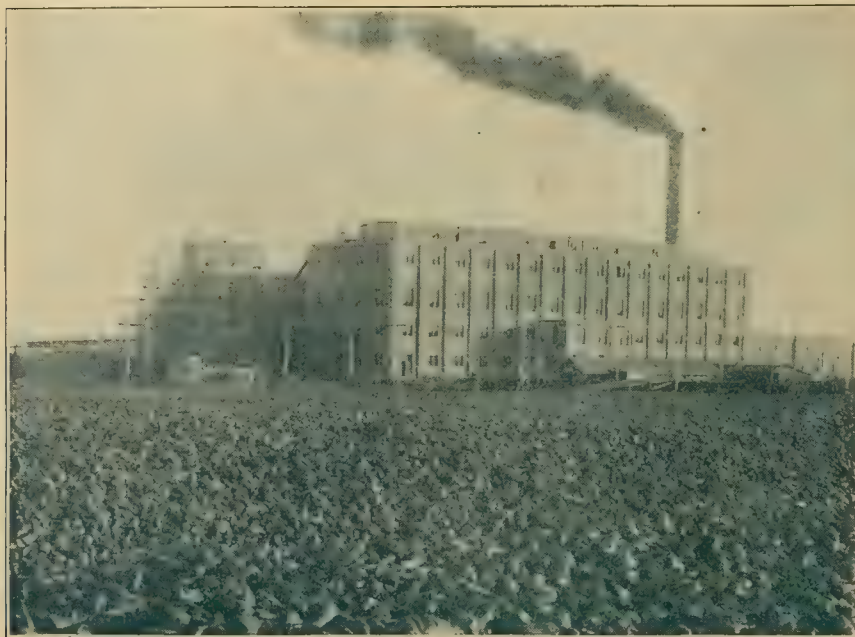
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

January 16, 1906

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New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.  
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

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in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

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To Churches in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois:

Bro. Geo. B. Holsinger, of Bridgewater, Va., expects to spend the next few months in the above states and could teach a few classes in vocal music.

We do not deem it prudent or wise to give any recommendations concerning the ability of Bro. Holsinger to teach. All are more or less acquainted with his ability as a teacher of music.

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Send now for we are sure that we have some books that you will want to read during the long winter evenings.

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# **A Taint in the Blood**

Weakens the entire system. Unhealthy blood fails to nourish and we half live because our vital organs are but half fed.

## **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**

which was discovered over one hundred years ago by an old Swiss-German physician, purifies the blood and makes it warm and life-giving. This remedy, which has been in use for over a century, although not extensively advertised, seldom fails to cure diseases caused by impure or impoverished blood or from disordered stomach.

### **It is Not a Drugstore Medicine**

but is sold by specially appointed agents. Persons living where there are no agents for DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER can, by sending \$2.00, obtain twelve 35-cent bottles of the remedy direct from the proprietors. This special offer is limited and will be filled only once to the same person. Address:

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# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

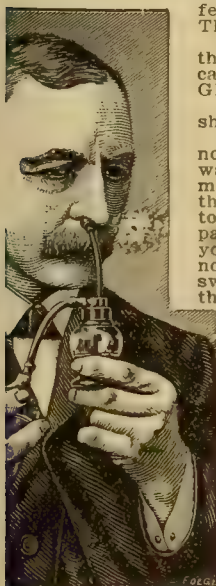
Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making the only common sense offer ever made to the reader of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."

J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

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The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'fg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pains across the front part of the head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## A Perfect Treatment

It stands without a rival in the world for neatness and cheapness and in its effect upon people who are troubled with catarrh or any of the above named diseases. Any child can use it. The medicated air penetrates the obscure places which medicine taken into the stomach cannot reach. Every air cell of the head drinks in its life-giving properties; every inhalation weakens the disease and leaves in its stead new vital force.

If you have a COLD, try it.  
If you have SORE THROAT, try it.  
If you have BRONCHITIS, try it.  
If you have a COUGH, try it.  
If you have CATARRH, try it.

If you have buzzing or roaring in the head, try it. If you have headache, try it. If you are partially deaf from the closing of any of the tubes leading to the inner ear, try it. Hundreds have reported immediate good results and permanent cures.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me, even a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook I will send you, prepaid, my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of medicine, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction, after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2. If you are NOT satisfied, mail me back the treatment (costs only 12 cents postage) and you still have your money. I deal with every one, and want no one's money unless benefited. Write THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO.

NOT sold by Druggists. Big Money for Agents handling my Treatment. Write as above.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthy; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY 16, 1906.

No. 3.

## "THE RETURN."

F. E. HATHAWAY.

So long, so long, with naught but memory  
To keep before me your kind face and smile,  
I've watched and waited, oh, so faithfully  
For some sweet hour to be with you awhile.  
For as the night rose from 'neath the sky,  
And met the day behind the golden west,  
And raised her veil beneath her lover's eye  
The dawn was born to shield the lovers' zest.  
So my faint heart had wandered far away,  
And found no rest all through a world forlorn  
Until your heart, one happy, happy day  
Lent down—we kissed and love was born.  
But now, alas, with you, with you again:  
You've kissed away the stain of silent tears.  
With you once more in silence to remain  
For one sweet hour—'twill calm the wildest fears.  
I cannot feel with what impassioned heat  
The mount and vale are kissed by summer sun,  
Unless your eyes, with love, are turned to meet  
A tear-dimmed light that shines for you alone.  
I did not know how fervently the sea  
Was kissed by stars that nightly shine in heaven,  
Until my heart awoke as you kissed me,  
And now, my very soul to you is given.  
Beloved, with you my soul blooms fresh and sweet;  
Just as a flower fed by morning dew,  
It will unfold your purer love to meet,  
And firmer pulse, and holier calm ensue.  
O, may the kind Creator, who above  
Our every footstep guides, as day by day  
We follow trusting wholly in his love,  
Lead us together in the heavenward way.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Have enough love in your own heart to cancel the  
malice in the hearts of your enemies.*



*Choice is man's true measure—taken unaware by the  
side of that to which he closest stands.*

*He who does not keep his own secret is the only  
one who ever asks another to keep it.*



*Herein is time a friend to all—it carries our dead  
hopes away and buries them from sight.*



*Readiness, although not so famous as Opportunity,  
as a friend at his court should be first sought.*



*"Lead us not into temptation" is a consistent  
prayer for those who do not go into temptation.*



*Ordinary ability worked by Industry is a field that  
will not suffer in comparison with that of genius.*



*Do not mistake stubbornness for firmness: the one  
is mere flint—the other, diamond with good points.*



*No matter how we sling slang, it will scarcely hit  
any point but that it will rebound hard against our-  
selves.*



*Because Laziness tries to pass for Weariness is no  
reason we should not recognize the just claims of the  
latter.*



*Why put on airs, when it is a universal commenda-  
tion for even great men to be common and unpre-  
tentious?*



*Zeal without knowledge may be blind, but knowl-  
edge of duty without zeal hasn't even blindness for  
an excuse.*



*Truth determines the weight of one's words, and  
the weight of one's words shows the estimate upon  
his character.*



*Reason measuring by its own strength is bounded.  
Faith, measuring by the Strength of Him who or-  
dains, is boundless.*

Flora, Ind.



# A SON OF THE SOIL

RILLA ARNOLD, Milford, Ind.



## I. Home from College.

“GET up, Barney!” said Farmer Brant, “them B. & O. trains hain’t *always* late.” It was Saturday afternoon in early June, and old Barney could see no necessity in hurrying. Had he not hauled Farmer Brant and the butter and eggs to town every Saturday afternoon for years, and when had he hurried before? But this was a special occasion—the boys were coming home this afternoon. “The boys” were the farmer’s two sons and they were coming home from college. It was one of those bright, sunny days in spring, when nature is so charming she gently woos the most hardened and indifferent.

Now Farmer Brant had traveled this same road hundreds of times, but never before did the surrounding country look so beautiful to him as now. “Indiana mayn’t have much scenery, but it certainly looks powerful refreshin’,” he soliloquized, as he emerged from a small piece of timber and crossed a little creek. “That Riley man knowed what he was talkin’ ’bout when he wrote that poem ’bout ‘green fields and runnin’ brooks.’”

The hard graveled road stretched before him like a white ribbon with its borders of blue-grass and green meadows and fields of grain on either side. A little farther on and the road crossed a small marsh. “Now talk to folks who’s never seed a marsh, and they’re skeered to death of ’em. Cousin Cy when he was out from Virginy wanted to know if we had many deaths from malarly, ha, ha! and one day when it was pretty windy he turned pale and asked if there was goin’ to be a tornado. Strange, but that man was gifted with hindsight and foresight as concerned Indiana. The malarly was the hind and the tornado was the fore. We’ll get ’em sure enough, if they don’t stop cuttin’ down the timber. It’s gettin’ windier every year. God didn’t intend to have the backwoods made into a prairie.”

Soon the little country town was reached and the farmer drove up to the store where the butter and eggs were exchanged for a supply of groceries. “Well, Brant, you’re early to-day,” said the genial clerk.

“Yes, the boys are comin’ home on the two o’clock train,” answered the farmer.

“O, are they? You won’t need to worry about gettin’ hired help now any more, will you?”

“Do you suppose them boys are going to stay out here in the country and work on the farm? After

I’ve put all that hard-earned money into their heads I expect ’em to go to the city where they can make money faster than here on the farm. Though,” he continued, “I’ve thought since I sent ’em that I had better kept one of ’em to home and made a farmer out of him. In fact, I don’t suppose I would have sent either of ’em if their ma hadn’t been so sot on ’em havin’ an education, even if we did have to mortgage the farm. They’ve cost me a good deal; but I’m thankful they are through now, and didn’t get killed playin’ football, or join any of them fraternities and break us up entirely. They’re able to take care of ’emselves now, I guess.”

## II.

As the two o’clock train neared the little station a boy’s head was thrust out of one of the windows and soon a boy’s hat was waved frantically and a boy’s voice was crying, “There’s Dad! Hurrah for Dad!” Another boy’s head was eagerly trying to get out of the same window as the train pulled in. “Dad looks as sour as a pickle,” the second boy said; “wonder what’s up.”

“O, mad because the train is late, of course,” answered the other as he grabbed a bundle or two and stumbled over his brother in his eagerness to get out of the seat. Soon he had jumped from the train and was dancing a sort of jig on the station platform and shaking hands with his father and all the village loungers.

“Howdy, John, glad to get home?” they asked, giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder.

“Glad! Well, I should say! It’s something like living out here,” he answered, as his brother George came walking up and with a dignified nod to the loungers, he shook hands with his father and asked if he was ready to go home.

They were soon in the little wagon and driving through the town towards home. John was kept busy noisily greeting his old friends, while the elder brother George sat up stiff and straight, with a look of disgust on his handsome face.

“Kid,” he finally said, as John waved his hat at a crowd of country boys who had formerly been his schoolmates, “I would advise you, for the sake of the future welfare of our college if you have no respect for yourself or your family, to act a little less like an escaped lunatic.”

“Thanks, Mr. Dignity, I have no doubt I will profit by your valuable advice in future years. I suppose I shall calm down somewhat after I have milked

a cow or two, but just now I feel like kicking the dashboard off and knocking you and father both out of the wagon."

The look of amazement with which Farmer Brant regarded his younger son at the conclusion of this little speech sent both boys off in peals of laughter.

"Don't mind him, father," said George, "he isn't nearly as dangerous as he sounds."

These brothers loved each other with more than brotherly love. They had been constant companions since childhood, had gone through school and college together, and now at the ages of twenty and twenty-two they were about to begin the struggle in the great world of business together. They were totally unlike both in looks and dispositions. George was tall, broad shouldered, and had a very handsome face, with black hair and piercing black eyes. John was small and slender, he had a large mouth and nose and a swarthy complexion; his face would have been positively ugly had it not been for his kindly brown eyes and curly brown hair.

As we have seen, George was cold and dignified, while John was impulsive, sociable and boyish. At college George was soon known as "Dignity" Brant, while John was "the Kid." Both boys stood at the head of their classes, but George had to work and dig, while John was brilliant in his recitations and didn't spend half the time studying that his brother did. George excelled in mathematics, while English, Latin and composition filled him with dismay. John needed but to look at the vocabularies and translations and they were his; in the literature and composition classes he was in his natural element; but mathematics he hated. They had to be mastered, however, so he went at them very much as he would if he were killing an enemy. His algebra and geometry bore many marks of his violence. When he got very impatient while studying he would throw the books in the north-west corner of his room, that being the only empty corner, and say, "I just wish I had the old codgers who invented those studies here, if I wouldn't give them a piece of my mind—making a fellow study such nonsense, when he could be reading something interesting. What sane person cares what  $x$  is equal to, I'd like to know! I'm sure I don't care if it equals a bottle of ink or a jackrabbit."

"Well," said the father after they had left the town, "what do you fellows intend to do?"

"We are going to Denver in two weeks," they both answered.

"Denver?" the father said in astonishment. "What in creation are you going to do in Denver?"

"We expect to spend some time fighting bedbugs," John answered in all seriousness.

"Fightin' bedbugs!"

As old Barney turned a corner of the road just

then, George was nearly thrown out of the wagon he was so overcome with laughter.

"Don't pay any attention to John, father. Fred Willits, one of the fellows in our class, lives there and he says there are so many bedbugs there. But we really are going. Fred's father and uncle are interested in mines out there and he spoke to them about us and they have promised us both good positions and Fred is going to pay our way out, so I really think we ought to go, don't you?"

"Do as you like, do as you like," the father replied. "Mother and I shan't stand in your way."

After a short silence during which each was busy with his own thoughts, John said, "Say, father, as we got off the train we noticed you were looking rather sober; what was the matter, were you mad because the train was late?"

"No, it wasn't that exactly. The facts are, I've been pretty blue lately. Can't get a hired man to save my life, all the fellows goin' to the city to work,—got behind with the work, lot of fence to build and the corn hain't all up yet; hard up for money, won't have no more than enough to pay the interest; the house and barn both need roofing; lost a cow last week, and everything 'pears to be goin' wrong."

"Poor Dad!" John said sympathetically, as he stole a look sidewise at his father and saw how careworn his father's stern, rugged face looked. They were nearly home now and the rest of the way was passed in silence.

Now the little old house where the boys were born came in view; on they went past the old orchard to the barnyard gate. John jumped down and opened the gate, then he ran up to the porch, where stood the gentle-faced little mother. She had hair and eyes like John. He put his arms around her and said, "Don't cry, mother," which command she promptly disobeyed. John relieved his feelings by pulling the tail of old Tiger, the pet cat.

Both boys were glad to see mother and greeted her in their different ways.

(To be Continued.)



THERE are enough freight engines and cars engaged in the traffic of this country to make a string nine thousand miles long.



THE observatory at the summit of Mount Etna occupies the highest inhabited spot in Europe and is 9,076 feet above the level of the sea.



IN Russia the average price of agricultural land is \$14 per acre. In England farm land ranges in price from \$60 to \$120 per acre.



## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Dar-es-Salaam.

No. 16.



It is this part of South Africa where great herds of zebra are to be seen quietly grazing on the rich pasture lands. These may be observed from the railway train in going to or from Victoria. The zebra, which resembles the horse somewhat in form, is, it appears, to become much better known to the world than it has heretofore been. Their similarity to the horse has been taken advantage of and a successful attempt has been made in crossing the two. The result is a new kind of a mule which is to be distinguished from the one we already have by

spent some time among the natives. There are but two whites living in the village and a short walk away from the seashore brought the travelers to a native village where whites seldom appear. The people, men, women and children, came out of their dome-shaped huts and showed themselves very friendly. They were especially interested in our kodak and picture-taking was to them a source of great curiosity. They are also very observant. One of our party had dental bridge work in his mouth and two gold teeth showed up rather prominently in front and these at once attracted the attention of the observant blacks. The wonder to them

was how such teeth should grow in the mouth of the white man. Then Stover Sahib, who is provided with an upper set of teeth on a dental plate, excited the greatest degree of surprise by allowing these to drop out of place. After a series of facial contortions and a slight pounding on top of the head, the eye of every native fastened intently upon him in the meantime, the teeth dropped down and there went up a great shout from the crowd. To them the thing was little less than a miracle, and from that time until we left for the ship, we had a crowd following us and there came repeated requests



Entebbe, Seat of Protectorate, Victoria Nyanza.

the name of zebrule. It is said to be gentle, kind, hardy, a good trotter, and adapts itself readily to changes of climate, food and environment. It is believed it will in time replace the mule, owing to its being somewhat larger, with more endurance and with none of the stubbornness and wickedness of the latter animal. The Indian government has, it is said, tested the animal and finds it most satisfactory, and a ranch has been started in German East Africa for breeding purposes. It may be said that in a few years the zebrule will be a well-known domestic animal and there is danger that the Missouri mule will lose his supremacy in the world's activities. The zebrule stands fourteen hands high and has a girth measurement of sixty-three inches.

At Parapat we landed on our return voyage and

that the performance should be repeated. I secured, at a nominal cost, several of the native spears used in warfare and also a large knife employed for the same purpose.

At Parapat the natives are engaged in the culture of peanuts and large quantities are produced annually. Several times a year ships put in at the place to carry away the product. We took on board the *Somali* six thousand sacks, each containing about three bushels of the hulled nuts. The natives carried them from the village down to the seashore and into the water to the lighters, which brought them alongside the ship. They were consigned to Hamburg, Germany, where they are made into a first-class grade of olive oil. The hulls are removed by hand and then they are laid out in the sun to dry. While lying on the ground the natives



A Street View in Parapat, South Africa.

crawl over them and pick out the imperfect kernels, after which they are placed in sacks ready for shipment. The harbor at Parapat is good after entrance is gained, but the entrance is obstructed by a bar formed by the river that flows into the sea at this place. The *Somalli* struck the bar and we were compelled to wait for the rising tide, when the boat floated again.

In German East Africa the best harbor is found at Dar-es-Salaam. The harbor is not only good, but it is a beautiful spot. A large German Protestant and also a Roman Catholic church stand close to the water. It is the seat of the German governor and has a white population of several hundred. Here our Boer fellow-passengers armed themselves with rifles and also secured a heavy stock of ammunition.

We visited the native villages in the vicinity and found the people peaceable and friendly, but within a few weeks after our visit there occurred an uprising among the natives and the Catholic bishop and several missionaries were murdered. The German government is at present sending soldiers to South Africa to quell the disturbance, for it seems that the uprising among the natives has become general and a strong force will be required to restore order and to insure the safety of the whites in the territory.

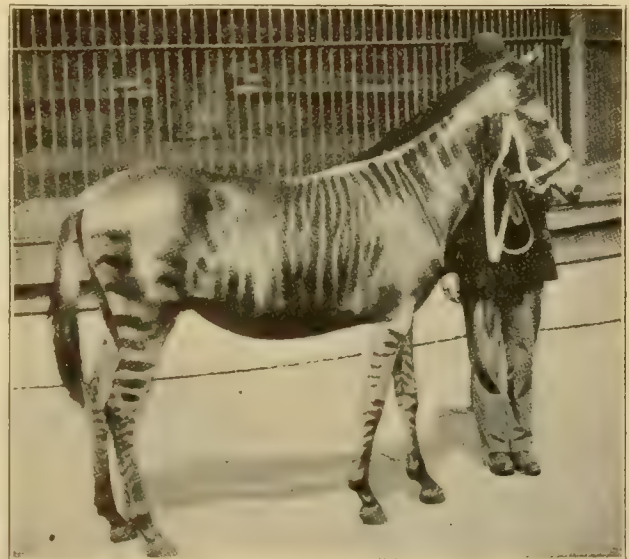
From Dar-es-Salaam our course lay by Bagomayo.



Native Boat on Nyanza, Victoria.

where Stanley emerged from the dark continent, crossing from west to east, and successfully rescuing Emin Pasha. Thence we ran to Zanzibar and lay at anchor a day and a night while we took on board three hundred and fifty tons of cloves for Bombay, the great central distributing point for the spice. The opportunity afforded to revisit the city was taken advantage of and an interesting day was spent ashore.

Our homeward cruise brought us again to Mombassa, the gateway to British East Africa. The city lies on an island and has two very good harbors, one to the north, the other on the south side of the town. Our boat was taken into the south harbor first, where freight was discharged and passengers disembarked for the interior. This was hastily done, as the captain, in order to save time, wanted to reach the north harbor and anchor there for the night, and at the same



The Zebu. A Cross Between the Horse and the Zebra of Central Africa.

time discharge the cargo for that place, for he must have daylight to safely pass the dangerous coral reefs lying at the entrance.

The sun was sinking below the western horizon when we lifted anchor and the *Somalli* slowly turned her prow to the sea. Even before we passed out of the south harbor it began to grow dark, for there is but little twilight so near the equator. The moon had not yet risen and the sky was overcast with storm clouds. A heavy sea was running and the roar of the waves as they rolled landward and broke on the reefs could be plainly heard. Steaming north we soon gained the entrance to the harbor. It was now quite dark and the lighthouse gave out its shining beams, marking distinctly the one side of the passageway, but it was so dark that the buoy on the other side could not be discerned. I was standing at the rail of the ship at the moment and saw that we were approaching dangerously near the surf breaking over



the reef. Suddenly the ship's engines were reversed and the sound of rattling chains told the story that the anchor had been cast. It was found that instead of passing between the lighthouse and the buoy the ship had actually been steered outside the buoy and had been stopped within fifty feet of the reef. It was a narrow escape. Fortunately the anchors held firmly and we escaped the threatened danger of shipwreck and loss of life. Soon after casting anchor the ship veered around and fell into the trough of the sea. Then there came a record-breaking experience in rolling of a ship. Everything movable on the boat moved

light and knew that the sailors had fastened it to the buoy. With the light to steer by the captain made another attempt and at length brought the ship safely to anchor in the harbor.

In my notebook for July 1, 1905, I find written: "I realized this day as never before how good it is to have a light by which to steer in the darkness of the night." The captain kept the red light in his eye, steered the boat by it, and soon brought us in safety into our desired haven. So amid the darkness and storms of life when temptations assail and dangers encompass us it is so good to have the "Light of the



General View of Dar-es-Salaam, German South Africa.

and the first lurch broke all the unsecured crockery and glassware on board the *Somali*.

What was now to be done? This question concerned officers and passengers alike. The captain said: "It is entirely too dangerous to lie at anchor for the night. There is a heavy sea and we may be cast on the reef. I must either get inside or run the ship out to sea and steam up and down the coast for the night and make the entrance in the morning." He determined to make another attempt to enter the harbor. A boat was lowered and four sailors, provided with a red lantern, took their places in the boat and were instructed to find the buoy and place the lantern on top of it. We watched the little boat until it was swallowed up in the darkness and then the red light until that too disappeared. Then after waiting what seemed a very long time we again saw the gleam of the red

world" to guide us and by which to steer our tempest-tossed boats. There can be no mistaking the red light of the cross of Jesus Christ.

After leaving Mombassa and crossing the equator we steered north to Cape Guardafui and from thence took a straight course for Bombay. The southwest monsoon had now set in and for twelve days we were rolled and tossed on the Indian Ocean, but through it all the Lord safely brought us and to him be all the praise, the honor and the glory.



STATISTICIANS estimate that the average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.



NEARLY a million dollars a day is paid by the United States to foreign ships for carrying its products.

## FINISHED HIS WORK. •

It was a hot day, and Mr. Ball and his two boys, Tom and Joe, had been digging potatoes all the morning. Now, at noon, they sat under the big chestnut tree, eating their lunch.

"If we work smart, we shall get 'em picked up by three o'clock," said Tom.

"Oh, father, if we do, can we have the rest of the afternoon to work on our boat?" asked Joe.

"Why, yes. You've been good boys to stick so close to this job, and I guess you deserve a little play-spell."

"I wish we could afford to keep a man," grumbled Joe.

"If Jack hadn't gotten loose that night, he couldn't have eaten meal enough to kill himself and we should have had the two hundred dollars for him the next day," said Tom; "then we should have had a man this summer."

"Yes," said Mr. Ball, "Jack made it a hard year for us; but you boys have been brave, and we shall soon be on our feet again."

"Who is that climbing over the fence?" he asked, sitting up.

"Why, it's Jennie! What d'you s'pose she wants?" said Joe.

"I'm afraid something's wrong at home," said Mr. Ball, anxiously. "Mother would never send her so far alone unless it was something important."

By this time Jennie was near enough for them to see that she had a letter in her hand.

Tom ran to meet her, and in a few minutes they knew that Uncle Timothy was coming that very day, and must be met at Centerville, the nearest railway station.

Uncle Timothy had not visited his brother before since the twins were babies, and it was an open secret that the rich city uncle, who had no son of his own, wanted to take one of his nephews to educate and train up in his business.

"I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Mr. Ball, "but you can get the potatoes picked up by six o'clock, and your play-spell will have to come some other day."

"That's all right, father," answered Tom, cheerfully.

Joe dug his bare toes into the soft ground, and said nothing.

"Oh, by the way, boys," called Mr. Ball, as he started off across the field, "there is a certain potato I meant to look for. Bring it home, if you find it."

"What do you s'pose he meant by that?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it was just one of his jokes," said Joe.

"No, he meant something, and I'm going to find out what if I can," said Tom. "Come on, Joe, let's get at it."

"Go chase yourself!" answered Joe, crossly. "I'm

hot and tired, and I'm going to get good and rested before I begin again."

"Well, then, good-by, lazybones, for we shall have to sprint, if we finish before supper-time."

Several bags were filled and tied up before Joe felt rested enough to help, and even then his work was "steady by jerks," as his brother told him. At last from Centerville came the faint sound of the six o'clock whistles.

Joe straightened himself up and called:

"Six o'clock, Tom! I'm going to quit."

"Why, we can't quit till all the potatoes are picked up!" answered Tom, with one hand on his stiff back.

"Can't! What's to hinder, I'd like to know? Father didn't say they'd got to be done to-night, and besides they'll be home pretty quick now, and Uncle Timothy ain't going to catch me looking like this, now I tell you! First impressions, you know."

"Ma says he was always awful particular about his clothes," admitted Tom, "but father expected us to finish this job. Come on, Joe," he added, coaxingly, "it won't take long now."

"No, sir-ee, not if I know myself. I'm going to look out for Number One. Good-by, old plodder," he called, as he climbed the fence. "You'll be sorry you didn't come, too, when you see me start for the city."

Poor Tom! He did want the promised education, and Joe would certainly get ahead of him in his uncle's favor if he was neatly dressed and ready to greet the travelers.

It was slow work, this picking up potatoes one at a time. The sun seemed hotter than ever, if it was nearly sun-down. Altogether Tom's thoughts were gloomy, but he kept bravely on, and at last had the satisfaction of tying the last bag, and starting faithful Dobbin toward home.

The long-expected uncle had just arrived as Dobbin plodded up the lane. Tom could see Joe shake hands, and then jump to get satchel and umbrella from the carriage. Really, the bright, manly-looking fellow, in his best clothes, was so attractive that Tom felt sure the choice was made already.

"Ready-made boys don't grow on every bush, but it looks as though you had the one I want right here," said Mr. Timothy Ball quietly to his brother.

"Wait till you've seen the other one," was the answer.

"Where's Tom?" he asked, turning to Joe. "Why, there he is now!" he exclaimed, without waiting for an answer. "How is this, Joe? Why are you here with your clothes changed, and Tom only just coming home?"

"I thought you'd want me here to meet Uncle Timothy," said Joe, his face flushing a little under the steady gaze of the two men.



"Did you do your share of the work?" asked the father, sternly.

"I worked till six o'clock," came the rather defiant answer.

"Come, James, don't be hard on the boy; let us see what the other fellow is like."

And, suiting the action to the word, Uncle Timothy disappeared around the corner of the house.

Tom had just finished scrubbing head and hands and feet at the pump in the yard, and now, in spite of bare feet and overalls, it was a bright, healthy, good-natured-looking boy who came to speak to his uncle.

"Well, young man, why weren't you here with your brother to meet me? This is a cool welcome for an uncle who comes only once in fifteen years."

"I know it, uncle," said Tom, giving his hand. "I was dreadfully sorry not to come up sooner, but I've only just finished my work."

"And you never leave your work until it is finished?" Uncle Timothy asked, with a quizzical smile.

"Oh, yes! I might, if 'twas my own work," laughed Tom.

"Yes," said his uncle, "I see."

A week later, when Uncle Timothy started for his western home, Tom was the boy who went with him.

"You see, Joe," he explained the night before he left, "I want a boy who will look after my interests; one who is willing to work over time, if need be. The surest way to advance Number One in this world is to forget all about him. Look out for your father, Joe, and perhaps your turn will come yet."

"Father," asked Joe, one day a week later, "what did you mean about that special potato you wanted us to look for?"

"Oh," laughed Mr. Ball, "the last one was the one I wanted, and Tom found it."—*Young People's Paper*.

## :: GALVESTON, THE SEA-WALL CITY ::

ELLA S. HALL

### THE GRADE RAISING.

#### Part III.

"Our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing."



NORMOUS as was the task of building the seawall, the work of raising the grade was more tedious, arduous and expensive. The city being financially unable to carry on the grade raising, asked the State for aid.

The legislature donated the State ad valorem taxes and a part of the occupation and poll taxes of the city for a period of two years. The legislature again increased the appropriation by granting the same taxes for an additional fifteen years, and authorized the city to issue bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 at a rate not to exceed five per cent per annum, and also declared the money donated by the State to be a trust fund for the purpose of aiding the city of Galveston in paying the interest and sinking fund on said bond issue.

The purpose of the grade raising is to furnish a solid backing for the seawall and to prevent the waters from the bay and gulf from ever again flooding the city. The elevation will also furnish proper grade for drainage and sewerage. Beginning at Avenue A, or the bay front, the new grade is eight feet above mean low tide, and there will be a gradual elevation in the ground to the top of the seawall; a rise of one foot in every fifteen hundred feet from the bay to the gulf, across the island to the seawall right-of-way,

which is one hundred and fifty feet wide. June 10, 1904, marked the beginning of the work of raising the grade, and the completion is not expected until February 18, 1907.

Four seafaring, hopper dredge boats, built in Germany and Holland, were engaged to do the work; but one of the boats, the *Texas*, foundered at sea, off the coast of Ireland, and was lost with twenty-one of her crew. Mid-ocean, too, hath her memories. Another one of the boats, the *Galveston*, after working a short time, became disabled and was sent back to the builders at Danzig. The other two boats, the *Holm* and the *Leviathan*, were more successful and are now busily engaged in their herculean but novel task. They are self-loading, self-discharging and self-propelling dredges. They go out into the bay, pump themselves full of water and sand, then come back, steam through the distributing canal to the different pipe line stations, and there discharge their cargoes through pipes running down the streets and avenues. The water carries the sand over the ground, spreading it out smooth as a sheet, then it again seeks its home in the sea, but the sand remains forever, hiding from view grounds made sacred by fond recollections.

Before the grade raising is completed, 2,156 houses will have been literally lifted in air from one to twelve feet or more, according to location and structure; the humble cottage and the most palatial home fare alike in this respect. One man paid six thousand dollars to have his house raised, which did not include the filling in of the grounds.

All kinds of plants, shrubbery and trees, from the stately live oaks to the low plummy palms, must be taken up or protected in some way, if saved, as the salt water kills all vegetation except the fluffy, feathery salt cedar.

The work of digging the canal was done by the *George Sealy*, a cutter dredge-boat of American type. The canal runs parallel with the seawall right-of-way inside the wall, and the dirt excavated from the canal was placed on this right-of-way. When the grading is all finished the boats will back out of the canal, filling it up level as they go.

When the entire work is completed the seawall will have an iron railing on the outer edge, and beginning at the wall there will be a vitrified brick pavement thirty-five feet wide, of which the five feet next to the wall, and the five feet of cement walk on top of the wall, will form a promenade ten feet wide. The remaining thirty feet of the pavement will be used for a driveway. This boulevard will have a background, or an esplanade of oleanders and palms, then a park sixty feet wide, which in time may become a paradise of roses, a typical field of Elysian filled with statuary, fountains and flowers.

"Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble,  
Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.  
Selah."

1112 Ave. D, Galveston, Texas.



### MARGINS.

ROY H. PUTERBAUGH.



IN the world of achievement there are but few if any factors which play a more important part in the role of progress than paying strict attention to the value of margins. 'Tis sad to comment, but observation as well as experience has told us that the difference between the successful and the unsuccessful man in any walk of life is simply his attitude toward this element.

Competition in the commercial realm has become so sharp that the margin is the daily study of the wide-awake business man. The commercial world has outgrown its old system. There are no monopolies to-day, as formerly, to the little dealer. The few drowsy old shopkeepers, whose stands dotted the thinly settled country here and there, did not tire their brains over problems of competition, but as the wheels of time rolled 'round, each found others trying to succeed in the same line and the study of how to hold and increase business was but a natural outgrowth. As a consequence the wide-awake man sought to diminish his gain per cent and thus draw friends to his establishment.

The most successful houses to-day are the ones that work on the principle of increasing their sales by decreasing their profit per cent, thereby giving their customer that advantage. 'Tis true we have those with us still who are so eager to amass a fortune that they do not fall in line with the spirit of progress, but the truth shall ever remain that the army which is steadily marching to failure shall find its ranks composed of this class.

While a careful study of margins is essential in a business career, it is equally important in the employment of one's time. Think for a moment, if you will, of your own experience with the fleetness of time and see if you can calculate the many precious hours of your life which have passed unimproved. This careless, unthoughted waste is often the result of not having a definite purpose in life. He indeed is unfortunate who has not discovered his powers and possibilities. Lecturers are everywhere urging the necessity of the boy finding his station in life at an early age and I am sorry to say the youth often questions their judgment. But after some years of baffling in the sea of discontent he too arrives at the conclusion that the earlier in life he can map out his line of procedure and the more clearly it is defined, just that much more certain he may be of success in his vocation. It is true, many a man has inscribed his name on the tables of time who could not define his way until in maturer years, but these are largely the exceptions.

The young man who early in life sets out to accomplish a certain thing has just that many years the advantage of his senior in way of special preparation. He may not be taking a special course along his chosen line, but he has opened his mind for the reception of good points and these points are making a foundation for his future career although he may be unconscious of its formation.

Many hours are spent in frivolity that could be directed along profitable channels if the young man had a definite end in view. It pays to have an aim in life and it pays to spend every moment in forging the way. Scores of men are satisfied with the course of study outlined by the college, but the *great* man is he who has energy and will power enough to employ his spare time in personal research. This is the thing that sets him head and shoulders above his fellows.

About ninety-nine men out of every hundred have plenty of spare time (which they spend in idleness) to make them peers in their lines. The student who makes a practice of utilizing every moment for development is forming a habit that will be a blessing to his after life. The college professor who is satisfied with his mental discipline and waits until he faces his class before he asks his memory to recall a point of a year ago is fast approaching the value of a cipher in his line. It takes careful study to unfold even an old subject and make it lively. The instructor who is not



constantly looking for new developments of his subject will soon find himself ahead at the bottom of the profession. I take pleasure in speaking of an old school-fellow who is making his way to the front in the scientific world. This young man, who is now assistant in the science department of the University of Chicago, although unpretentious and not apparently above the average in intellect, has realized in his college work that time passes this way but once, once gone, it never can be recalled, and he has acquired a habit by his diligence that will doubtless nominate him as authority in his field.

How much one might extend his intellectual horizon if he would spend in reading good books the few minutes he wastes each day waiting for his meals, at the post office or for the arrival of a train. These little margins are the footholds whereby one may mount to now dizzy heights. I beg you try for just one year the plan of using every minute, not consumed in the activities of life, in careful outside research and if you do not feel yourself more a man at the end of the test than when you first began, then we may say that the use of margins is not the indicator which points out the successful man and his less fortunate fellow.

Some say they have no margins and should they be so fortunate they would use them for rest. He is a genius who knows how to make margins, but he is a greater genius who knows how to use them. Harriet Beecher Stowe built for herself an enduring literary monument by employing the little margins which chanced to occur while about her household duties.

Young man, young woman, *greatness* is just as near to you as it was to the immortals of the ages past. If you want your *after while*s to find you possessed of knowledge and power, make the greatest possible use of your *NOWS*.

*North Manchester, Ind.*



### THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

Has Agricultural and Mineral Wealth; Needs Only Men.

C. H. BOYNTON,

President Business Men's Association, Helena, Mont.



THE great northwest is a domain as yet but little exploited or developed. No such progress has been made as in the sister southwest; yet the possibilities are probably greater. And in all the large scope of the government irrigation projects now in hand, no States offer finer opportunities than Montana, Washington and Oregon. Montana's great agricultural development is assured, for it has the land and it has the water.

There are three important factors in the future of the Treasure State which are not possessed in larger

measures by any other section. First, there are wide areas of arid or semi-arid lands which under irrigation will become very productive; second, an almost unlimited supply of available water—sufficient, according to the estimates of experts, to reclaim ten million acres in the State; and third, a home market for products. This, in fact, may be said of all four of the far northwestern States, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

This is certainly a winning combination. Of the 145,310 square miles of land within the boundaries of Montana but a fraction has been brought under cultivation. Extensive areas are available for grazing, and the cattle and sheep industries of the State already rank among the first in the country. Yet a large acreage can be reclaimed without interfering with these industries. In fact, irrigation will prove a benefit to them.

#### Stockmen Favor Irrigation.

Stockmen, who are often popularly supposed to be opposed to any change from old-time conditions, are generally in favor of the largest possible irrigation of the arid and semi-arid lands. They are coming to an appreciation of the benefits of a large and cheap supply of winter feed, and to see that with smaller farms cultivated, and "finished" cattle shipped direct to market, their profits would be increased and the percentage of losses from winter starvation and freezing largely reduced.

The mining population of both Montana and Idaho constitutes an excellent market for products. It is estimated that at least \$5,000,000 annually go out of Montana for vegetables, fruit, dairy, poultry and pork products, and but a little less for Idaho, all of which can be produced within the States.

There are in Montana alone as the result of private enterprise nearly a million acres of reclaimed land, and the fortunate owners of which have nothing to complain of. They are prosperous to a degree.

#### Areas Not Requiring Irrigation.

It must not appear from this that all the lands of the northwest are entirely arid. There are many thousands of acres in different sections of Montana that grow good crops without irrigation. Valley and foothill and bench lands in Fergus county, favorably located, for instance, grow the incredible yield of 45 bushels of wheat per acre, without irrigation. Heavy crops of grain and vegetables are grown in the vicinity of Great Falls by the dry farming system. In the Flathead country, in the northwestern corner of the State, as fine fruit as can be found in the country is grown, with large crops of grain, vegetables and hay. In the Bitter Root Valley fine fruit and vegetables are grown, and in the Gallatin valley superb wheat and barley are produced, with large crops of hay and alfalfa. The latter yields three crops a year, aggregating

five tons to the acre, selling in the stack at from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per ton.

#### A Million Acres for Irrigation.

The present projects under consideration by the Federal government look to the reclamation of over a million acres of land in Montana alone. These comprise six large enterprises, and the preliminary work has been commenced on all of them. The Madison river project, so-called, will divert the waters of the Madison river to reclaim at least 250,000 acres of land in the Gallatin, Missouri, and Prickly Pear valleys, including a strip at least one hundred miles long from the head waters of the Missouri to and including the Prickly Pear valleys, in which is located Helena, the capital of the State.

The other projects under way are the Milk River canal, which will reclaim 250,000 acres, the already famous Milk River Valley of northern Montana, and must prove of inestimable benefit to that region. The Sun River project near Great Falls will reclaim probably 300,000 acres in middle northern Montana, where the land is exceptionally deep and rich.

In eastern Montana three projects are under way, the Glendive-Buford, which will reclaim 190,000 acres, mostly in Montana, with a small portion in North Dakota. Another project will reclaim 40,000 acres near Billings, called the Huntley Flat project and the reclamation of a large portion of the Crow reservation, which is to be thrown open to settlement in the near future.

#### Trebling the Population.

Under the stimulus of these great projects the population of Montana will be trebled in the near future. People from the east and middle west who are setting their faces westward will find in Montana an equable climate, bright and exhilarating weather, and many conditions favorable to the making of homes and the building up of a prosperous business.

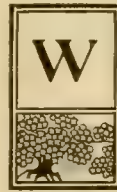
Montana, the Treasure State, is a commonwealth of splendid resources. The first white men to see it, French explorers, nigh three centuries ago, called it "The Land of the Shining Mountains." The sky-reaching Rockies crested with snow glistened in the sunlight like a bank of clouds before the adventurers who had journeyed for weary days over the plains in search of a western Eldorado. These silvered hills hold a fortune of water for the dry land below, and a wealth of minerals is locked up in strong boxes awaiting the hand of industry to unclasp them. Mining is the State's foremost industry, cattle and sheep taking second place, and agriculture third. Spread water over the land from storehouses of the hills and the last shall be first.



ACCORDING to Prof. John Milne, about fifty earthquakes yearly disturb the world throughout its mass.

#### GREAT WARRIORS' REQUESTS TO CIVILIZATION.

CLEVELAND HOLLAR.



E, the people of this present great civilization, as a general rule, know very little about the history of the advancement that has resulted in this great enlightenment, and still less about who its promoters have been. We study the rudiments of civilization without knowing from whence they came, or by what means they were brought into light. We are all very well aware of the fact that they are human institutions and inventions, and that their authors must have been men of more than ordinary mental capacity. But who they were and to what class they belonged is not generally studied or known. Some may think, however, that they were warriors; others may think that our statesmen are to be given this glory, and still others may favor the inventors, the philosophers, or the great educators. But we should not favor either class of men until we have studied all and are able to reach a logical conclusion. Therefore, we shall endeavor to determine first the works of the great warriors and their bequests to civilization.

That these warriors have accomplished much and of such a nature as to arouse our wonder and admiration is not to be questioned. Through the ability to direct the use of the weapons of warfare, one man, such as were Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon, has been able to defy the world, and to rule over the greater part of the same. Nations have been crushed and nations born in a day; kingdoms have been established and their crowns lavished upon some favorites of the conquerors as though they were but paltry gifts. Nations that were formerly friendly have been made to hate one another and to fight with the enthusiasm of infuriated curs; geography, has been completely changed and all the existing institutions that were displeasing have been banished from the land, like so many exiles in the days of ancient Greece.

This, all this, has been accomplished by one man because he was able to use and direct the use of hostile weapons. One man has been able to seize civilization by the throat and direct its powers into whatsoever channels his inclinations might favor. The world has fallen at one man's feet, outwardly praising him for his great success as a hero, and thanking him in advance for the liberties he might possibly grant, yet inwardly, she, at the same time, prayed lest the conqueror might look with a frown upon the people and claim them all as servants and reduce them to the condition of serfdom, from whence men usually degenerate into barbarism and even savagery.

Then to what advantage, may we ask, has all this



grand display of power contributed? Has civilization been promoted by any such deeds? Let us note the life of Julius Cæsar, one of the world's greatest warriors, and see in what respect he gave greater impetus to civilization.

Cæsar was a man of a great deal of ability and tact, and was naturally inclined towards military works. He aspired to prominence as a military leader, and spent the most of his life prior to his forty-fifth year, trying to gain an opportunity to make known his ability as a leader. At this period in his life, through the aid of Pompey and Crassus, the administration of the government of Transalpine and Cisalpine Gaul was given into his hand.

With this much favor gained he was soon able to gain more; for, by being successful in his attempts against the Germanic tribes, north of Gaul, he rid Rome of her most threatening foe, and, of course, he received some honors as well as a high reputation. But certain people were jealous of him in his successes insomuch that they prevailed upon the Roman Senate to denounce him as a traitor. Whereupon Cæsar, with a veteran army, marched upon Rome, overthrew the administration of affairs and made himself thereby master and ruler of the whole known world. He was thus favored so that all but the elements must obey his voice, having conquered all, save his own ambition. But what was there in this that civilization could assimilate?

We are told that Cæsar sounded the depths of fashionable dissipation, and scaled the heights of popular extravagance. Hence he taught the world no lesson from the standpoint of morals. He was not an artist, a philosopher, nor the great statesman that his powers seemed to indicate, for his military exploits had aroused the jealousy of others who wished to be as popular as he, and Cæsar met his death because of these jealousies before his powers as a statesman could fully mature and bring forth fruit, for which civilization might well be thankful. Therefore, we find by investigation that he left absolutely nothing upon which civilization might subsist.

The great Roman empire which he had so carefully reorganized for his own benefit was now distracted by his wars, and the people to whom he had promised great good began to doubt the probability of his veracity, insomuch that they were ready to revolt at any moment, under the leadership of whomsoever would announce himself, a condition of affairs that is not at all conducive to the best interests of civilization.

When the history of Cæsar is told you have the history of the fate of great warriors. They have been stricken by some unforeseen calamity while at the zenith of their power and glory, and have fallen as but showy ornaments from the top of the "Tower of Fame," being cut short from aiding mankind and from gratifying even their own several ambitions.

Therefore, when we have studied this phase of the subject in this light we are shown more fully the truth of the statement that "the greatest gift a hero leaves his race is to have been a hero."

*Hardin, Mo.*



#### THE IMPORTANCE OF PHRENOLOGY IN THE RIGHT SELECTION OF A POSITION IN LIFE.

WE find people all around us struggling to so arrange their affairs that they may change their position for one which they think themselves better suited, either physically or mentally, to fill. Many people are doing work which is drudgery to them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence to have a friend tell you that their work is so unpleasant to them that it seems as if they must give it up, and yet these people are often compelled by circumstances to do this same work for years. Some will say that they have visited many places where a large number of people were employed, and have found them happy, contented, and industrious. This might seem the case to the casual observer being railroaded through some of the large manufacturing establishments of the country, but if he is not too much engrossed with the mechanical wonders presented for his inspection, he must have noticed a great many people who by nature seem fitted to fill much more responsible positions in life. I think he could hardly have failed to notice some broken down in health, but clinging bravely to their work—an occupation for which many of them were entirely unsuited. As you get better acquainted with the people about you, and this one and that one confide their little secret plans to better themselves, you will find that a great many have made a serious mistake in starting out in life. It is not only in the trades that we find people changing from one thing to another, but in the professions as well.

We hear of a man educated for a doctor or lawyer being in the pulpit, and occasionally such a radical change as a minister giving up the pulpit for the stage.

Why do they not choose in the beginning an occupation which would be congenial to them and suited to their physical condition?

This would indeed save much valuable time, and perhaps a great deal of suffering, if they could do so, but in many cases they are unable to wisely choose an occupation, and perhaps those to whom they go for advice know little or nothing of their qualifications. A father looks anxiously forward to the time when his son will be ready to relieve him of the responsibilities of a business which he has successfully managed for years. The son who has no business ability is too often forced into it by his parents, and out of it by his creditors a few years later. Some want the son to stay at home on the farm, regardless of the

son's liking or talent; others believe that every boy should learn a trade, but do not consider whether he has any particular mechanical ability or not.

How often have you heard a mother say (when the child was hardly able to walk), that she was going to make a minister or doctor of her son?

Perhaps nature has fitted the boy for a farmer or contractor.

It matters little how a person happened to make a mistake in the choice of a pursuit. The important question is how can we help them and prevent others from getting into the same unfortunate position?

Phrenology offers a preventive for a large per cent of these cases, and assistance to those who are so unfortunate. Does it not seem strange that a science so broad, so necessary to the elevation of mankind, should receive so little attention from the general public?

What a great relief it would be to parents who have been looking forward to the time when their children should start out into the world, to know that they have chosen the pursuit for which they were best adapted. How great must be the anguish of parents who have planned and toiled, and in some cases almost given up life itself, that a child might be fitted for a certain calling in life, when the child fails or breaks down in health! The burden of those entrusted with the care of children would be much lightened if they would either make a study of phrenology or take their children to some competent phrenologist.

In this way they would learn much of the child's temperament and tendencies which they have been unable to account for before, and be able to proceed with the assurance that they are leading the child in the right direction.

If, when they are ready to take up a life work, they would do so in accordance with the rules of the science of phrenology, we should not find so many restless, worn-out, discouraged people, for whom life seems to have lost all its pleasure. How much more our lives would amount to if we were engaged in an occupation that would call out the best there is in us instead of doing something for which we have little liking or talent! The health is a very important question to consider, in whether we are to make life a success or a failure.

How can we expect to have a strong healthy brain with a tired-out, sickly body? Phrenology does not only judge of the talents which nature has bestowed upon you, but looks ahead and decides the particular branch of the pursuit for which you are gifted that your health would permit you to follow.

The benefit to be derived from phrenology is not by any means all on the side of the worker, for the employer who selects his help by phrenology will have a more competent, better satisfied, interested class of workers. Will not the reading of our daily papers be enough to convince any one that we should be

more careful in the selection of people to fill positions of trust?

Nature's laws have to be regarded in many other things, why should we ignore her in so important a matter as the choice of a work for life? Certainly we cannot expect success or happiness while we are out of harmony with the laws which govern our very being.—*F. C. Small, in Phrenological Journal.*



### SPEAKING FROM THE HEART.

THE NOW is the sum of the past, its average of motive. The NOW is the symbol of the future, and its average of motive shall be our destiny. Apart from theorizing and speculating and weighing of blind beliefs (which are not beliefs, since they are not based on actual knowledge), what can we do to help ourselves and so help the world according to our degree of power?

Perhaps first of all we would better teach our lips to say openly, always, that which is in our hearts. So we would not only avoid the destroying effects of dissimulation, but would learn to look to it that our hearts should hold only clean things. We would anticipate Karma in a degree by bringing directly upon us the effects of the evil by openly uprooting it, and, coming into realization of its noisomeness, learn to avoid it, and purify our hearts until their inherent divinity shall shine forth as in the beginning, and by its light we shall see God and be able to walk in his footsteps.

Which one among us but is ashamed to speak of his hate for his fellow-being? Tear down the veiling shame; take forth the evil thought and behold it in all its miserableness. Then you will be able to slay it with love; and in its place will grow a great strength.

Sometimes the secret thought in our hearts is a good thing which general humanity has seen distorted to evil in the lurid glare of ignorance and fear. Proclaim it and show it; there will be those who will throw stones, but a truth will always make its own way, for it moves by its own light, and sooner or later it emancipates him who upholds it.—*J. H. A. Marshall, in Mind.*



By the unwritten law of Korea, based upon reverent faith in the teachings of his ancestors, every Korean who attains office must provide place for his family, down even to the remotest strain of consanguinity. This is almost equal to our life-insurance grafts, but Japan is now going to reform things.



THIRTY thousand women are employed by the government of England, of whom five thousand are post-mistresses.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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## HEAVEN'S BENEVOLENCE.



ALL the good things that the human family fall heir to, without a shadow of a doubt, come from heaven. Heaven is good to us. In our way of reckoning there are some things that are better and greater than others; even the Bible says that men ought to praise God for his "goodness" and for his "wonderful works" to the children of men. Beside all the works of nature that are so well adapted to our wants and needs, there are all the adaptabilities that are found in the human faculties, in the way of brain and brawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

The arrangement of the members of the body as well as the organs are something that leaves the world in wonder and astonishment after they have made all the study and investigation they want to. The peculiar faculty that men have, to adapt themselves to a certain occupation, is something astounding; while one man is awkward and ungainly at one trade, another is to be found that is adept and expert. Like the wild animals are especially suited to their peculiar climate, so do some men seem to be suited to their chosen profession. They seem to love the one they have chosen, and to have chosen the one they love.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is a great day of specialists too. Specialties are being taught all over the world and the plan has some merits; it elevates the craft and makes the man more proficient. There are now schools in the country that teach one particular branch and no more; in this kind of schools there are teachers who have made that particular thing a study probably for life and that is the reason that he is selected for the position; because he is prepared.

\* \* \* \* \*

You often hear it said, "Every fellow to his business," and it is generally conceded that no one man

knows everything, nor can he do everything; it remains for a woman to possess this almost miraculous quality, of knowing something of everything, and everything of something. When you see the girl who is lighthearted and free because she has not yet seen the cares of life you would never guess that the time will soon come that she will fill such offices as it would require many strong men to fill.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the first place she must be a general; no field man ever marched before an army who commanded a greater commission than the mother; think of the enemies around her camp; think of the scanty provisions of the quartermaster sometimes; the rude quarters where the army has to drill and the meager rations allowed; the daily and hourly drill; the continual mending of arms and the preparation of ammunition.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some men are said to be financiers, but the mother surely must be one, for the success depends upon that nearly; show me a home where the mother is extravagant and it will be no trouble for me to show you one where success never comes. The purchasing of the household necessities, the mending of garments, the care of the table after the meal, and a thousand things like that which enter into the life of a housekeeper that no one else dreams of.

\* \* \* \* \*

She must act the part of a professor, and lay the foundation for an education even before the pedagogue or the kindergarten begin their work. What is done in the mother's department is what tells in after life, more than the other instruction that follows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although she may not get a big salary, perhaps no lawyer, judge, or jury has more important cases come before him than this noble framer of character. The question of right or wrong or of the right of possession of a cookie or a marble, or the assault and battery on a doll's nose requires just as much discretion as the mean, low-lived divorce cases where millions are involved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is she ever called doctor? Well, hardly ever, but she does the work whether she gets the credit or not. Who will ever be able to tell of the poultices, pills, plasters, bandages, baths, and hours of tender nursing and watching that a mother does? No one. No one. Of all the splinters that have to be picked out, the bumps to be kissed, the stubbed toes to be tied up, the fingers to be tied when the new jackknife had not behaved nicely, no one keeps any account but mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

She draws no salary like the other teachers and preachers, nor does she get to go on a vacation as she would many a time like to do; there is always

something that keeps some one at home and of course it is mother that has to stay.

Business men get helpers who are sometimes called substitutes who do very well in the place of the manager, but who will venture to take the place of a good, devoted, loyal mother? Would the home circle be satisfied? Would she even be satisfied? No. Her interests are such that she would not feel safe with anyone else at the helm—no difference how much experience they had had, they are now laboring on her interests and she feels that she ought to be there. It is a lot of good mothers that will save our nation if it is ever saved; and the loss of the right kind of women will ruin us as sure as fate. Protect our girls and educate them. This is our only hope.



#### PRESENCE OF MIND.



PURGEON said once, "You can't catch wind in a net." He wanted to teach the lesson of retaining one's own good sound sense in a time when we most need it. Some of the most appalling accidents that ever occurred in the world have happened on account of some one losing the use of his mind at the time when he should have had the most perfect use of it.

Exciting times are bound to come as long as the world stands and that is when we are most liable to lose our heads. We often hear men who whittle on the street corners tell how they would run the nation if they had the reins a few minutes, and they talk of reforms and prate around as if they could cut a world out of brown paper if they just had a pair of scissors large enough. The crowd of bystanders listen until they are all screwed up to a tension that makes them ridicule the magistrates, who know more in a minute than they would in a week; they impugn motives, deride character and scorn society.

This class of people generally think themselves to be very deep, but are usually as shallow as a washpan and you soon know them as well as if you had gone through them with a lantern and chased all the rats out of their garrets. They think by the ounce and talk by the pound; their tongue is like a pig's tail—going all the day long and nothing done at nightfall. Yet this very class of fellows succeed in causing a better class of people to lose their presence of mind and do and say things that they would not think of saying at another time for anything. It requires a clear head to keep from swimming when things are flying by so swiftly. It is always better, however, to weigh well your thoughts before they are coined into words, for when they are once floated they are hard to gather again.

Some could pay off the national debt in a week or two if they only had a chance, and the next day put

on a pair of halfsoles and drink the price. They will probably tell you that they are going to be rich next year, but when the time comes, they will be behind the month's rent just the same as before. Don't be hoodwinked by such gas, it is only an explosion breaking through the crust and will do no real harm except the kind above mentioned—that is, to cause you to lose your presence of mind just when you need it most.

A man once boiled his watch and stood looking at the egg, just because his mind was somewhere else. You have probably done things very similar that will serve as an illustration to the point. So don't feel that everybody else does this trick and that you are free from fault along this line. Do not allow yourself to say how the church or the world would look if you had the lines and were driving, for the only way you can make a good guess as to that is to suppose that every one looked and acted just like you. So keep what little mind you have where you can use it when needed the most.



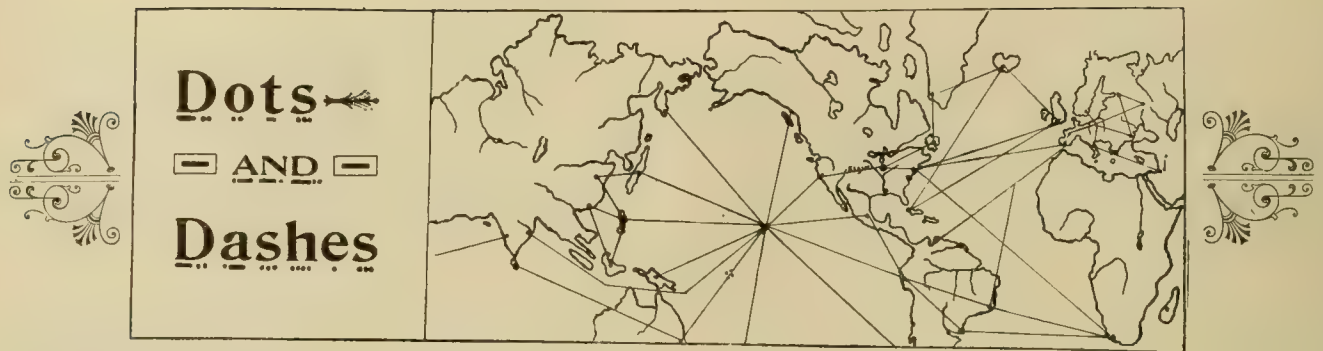
#### LEAVING HOME.

THERE are some people in the world that never left home very far, but they are very few indeed, comparatively. All who have left home to go any distance have made more or less preparation because of the necessity of the occasion. There are some things that must be fixed to take along and there are not a few that must be cared for before they can be left, hence a double preparation.

The same principle is involved when the young man leaves home to make a home for himself. No one is supposed to leave home without a purpose in view and it should be to better the existing conditions in some way or other. This is not always true, but that does not say the principle is not true. It is therefore prospect that leads us away. A better name for it is hope.

It does not stop with this life either; no, it is only the beginning of hope, for what we see we do not hope for, as a rule, but it is that which is in the future and wholly beyond our reach at the immediate present. The length of the journey and the destination have a great deal to do with the preparation here, but it seems that those who are making ready to go to the next world are very indifferent as to their readiness; but the most appalling phase of it all is that such a small per cent are making any preparation whatever when they know as well as they know they are living that they will have to make the journey. You have seen men shout back to their friends, after the train has started, some important thing to be executed, or even write when well on the journey, but there will be none of this when the old ship leaves the wharf to sail the Unknown. How great the stupidity of the human heart!





AN explosion in the Pocahontas mining district, of West Virginia, occurred at Bluefields, last week, when, without a moment's warning, twenty-three miners were killed and eighteen injured.

THE corn crop of the western corn belt has been so great that the railroads of Kansas are unable to furnish cars enough to move the crop of corn as it is delivered at the stations.

Two children in the home of E. R. Werrell, a wealthy coal operator, of Washington, Pa., received for Christmas a Flobert rifle. A few days later this rifle was given the children with which to play Indian. Of course the weapon was supposed to be unloaded, the one child aimed at the other, pulled the trigger, and instantly sent a bullet through the left arm of the child aimed at, the bullet lodging in the chest just above the heart. The wound proved fatal. How very careful parents ought to be as to the kind of Christmas presents that are brought into their homes for the little ones to handle.

THE Indiana Harbor railroad will be opened formally Jan. 22, connecting the Big Four at Danville with Chicago. It will carry both freight and passengers, is built in record time, and is, of course, a Vanderbilt property. With the opening of this road, the Vanderbilts will have a direct entrance into Chicago from the coal fields of southern Illinois, and will be in active competition with the Eastern Illinois for the coal business, which railroad has lately started its new solid train between Chicago and St. Augustine, Fla. This train will connect with the steamers running from the ports of Tampa and Miami to Havana, thus giving a daily service to Cuba. The train is scheduled to reach Tampa in two days and a night, and from there boats leave three times a week for Havana, making the run in twenty-four hours.

GLASS bath tubs are now coming into general use. They are both cheaper and more sanitary than enamel. They are cast solid, the operation requiring but five minutes.

N. W. HARRIS, of the firm of N. W. Harris & Co., bankers, donated \$25,000 to the endowment fund of the Northwestern university, for the purpose of establishing a permanent lecture course for both the students and the public.

LAKE TITICACA, the largest lake in Peru, and the highest navigable lake in the world, is to be tapped for the purpose of securing electric power.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the International Revenue Bureau, Treasury Department, the number of cigarettes manufactured in the country during the year was about 10,811,000,000.

A FORM of flying kite has been constructed, as the result of an experiment by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, in his laboratory in Nova Scotia. He claims to have succeeded with his latest design, the "Frost King," which will carry a man, weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds, from the ground to a height of thirty feet, and support him there steadily. The kite itself, with flying lines and a rope ladder, weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds; thus it has a total lifting power of two hundred and eighty-eight pounds.

THE School Board of Cincinnati is taking some very wise precautions in the way of testing the fitness of older teachers. A rule has been recently adopted that every teacher or employé over fifty years of age shall undergo a physical and mental examination, under the direction of the Committee on Hygiene and Sanitation. This examination is for the purpose of determining the fitness of the person for the responsibilities of his position. A similar examination is to be made every five years after the age of fifty. This will determine the continuance of the employé in the positions. It is to be hoped that our schoolrooms may command and demand more rigid precautions in regard to health and character. The teacher in the schoolroom stands next to the mother in the home, and from the influence and direction of these two sources is to come the strength of our nation.

CONCERNING the suggestion of the President, of joint statehood between Arizona and New Mexico, a large majority of the people of Arizona are bitterly opposed to anything of the kind. It is admitted that the suggestion may be a good one, so far as the Indian and Oklahoma territories are concerned, but the conditions are entirely different in Arizona and New Mexico. There is practically nothing common between the people of these two territories. Their customs are different, they do not agree politically, and there are a number of reasons why a union would be a misalliance. The people of Arizona believe in government by the people rather than by politicians, and cannot believe that congress will commit such an outrage as to force joint statehood against the wishes of the inhabitants of both territories.

ABOUT forty cases of scarlet fever have been reported in Irving Park, a suburb of Chicago. The epidemic started at a children's Christmas party, given at one of the churches. The people of the city are in an alarmed condition.

THE largest tin plate plant in the United States will be opened about May 1, by the National Enameling and Stamping Company. The plant will cost about \$2,500,000 and will employ 2,000 men. It will include all the processes that are involved in the manufacture of tin plate. Former Congressman F. G. Neidringhays, of St. Louis, is the leading figure in this industrial development.

It has been announced that Walter Wellman, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, is commissioned by said paper to build an airship, and with it make another attempt to find the Pole. Several years ago he made an unsuccessful polar expedition, with ship and sledge, but this time his equipment will far excel the former, and he is to report by wireless telegraphy and cable the progress of his effort. In the construction and equipment of the airship, Mr. Wellman is to be directed and advised by the most famous aeronaut of Paris, M. Santos Dumont. The construction is to be effected at Paris, and will be completed by May 1, and the start will be made in July from Spitzbergen. The ship is to be so built that it will carry 5,500 pounds of fuel, comfortably house five men, with food and supplies for seventy-five days; the company will also include in their equipment motor sledges, with which to draw them over the ice in case of need.

EXPULSION of twenty first class men at the Annapolis Naval Academy is threatened as the result of the recent hazing done at this institution. This action is to be taken by the Administration to show its determination to stamp out the practice.

IN the Wells school district, of the public schools of Boston, an organization of parents has prevailed upon the Board of Education to employ a nurse in the four schools of that district for the purpose of caring for the pupils who may be taken ill, or administering to those who may be injured in sports. It would be an excellent thing if in such school districts organizations would be effected, prohibiting the tolerance of any sports that would result in any bodily affliction; then the expense of a nurse and the experience of extreme pain would be unnecessary.

IN September, 1905, the volcano Santiago was in violent eruption, but with no serious results. Word has been received quite recently from Vice Consul Wallace, at Managua, Nicaragua, that the city of Messaiha has been destroyed by an earthquake or an eruption of this same volcano, at whose base the city, with a population of 20,000, was located.

IN three of the provinces in the north of Japan, the population, which is nearly 3,000,000, are suffering from famine, and it is said that the death sentence has been passed on one-third of the people.

W. J. BRYAN made striking impressions among some of the inhabitants of the Philippines. At a banquet given by prominent Filipinos at Manila, he was welcomed as the savior of the island, and they prayed for his election as President of the United States. Mr. Bryan said, however, that, while the result of the election must be respected, the Filipinos should earnestly strive to attain their responsible aspirations.

THE famous Gilhooley trial came to end Friday, Dec. 29. Five labor union officials and two hired sluggers were found guilty of conspiracy to do bodily injury to a workman who refused to leave his situation when a strike was called. They will all be sent to the penitentiary. The district attorney thinks the conviction is destined to become memorable as the opening of a new era of the enforcement of law against violence as a handmaiden of strikes. The trial began Sept. 18, but the taking of evidence did not begin until Dec. 4. It took sixty-six days to get a jury and the expense for securing the jury alone was \$18,609.

EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND has been chosen as rebate referee for the principal life-insurance companies, the Equitable, Mutual and the New York Life. He will be the court of last resort in the settlement of disputes between the companies, their agents and policy holders. Mr. Cleveland is to receive a salary of \$12,000 a year, to be paid jointly by the three companies.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### THE HOME LIGHT.

The light of home's a wondrous light,  
So tender is its shining,  
So soft it follows through the night,  
Our weary road outlining.  
Though lonely and for years we roam,  
Far from the ones who love us,  
Yet ever shines the light of home,  
Like God's grace spread above us.

The light of home's a wondrous light,  
Through life it follows, seeming,  
Yet when with age the hair is white,  
Clear in the front 'tis gleaming.  
It shines from where our loved ones are—  
Oh, this is Love's divining!  
And through the gates of heaven ajar  
At last we see it shining.



### POSSIBILITIES OF THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.



HE watch-dog rouses with a friendly bark, the cat purrs and stretches where she rests on the doorstep, the chanticler's clarion calls from the back fence, the anxious bid-dy spreads here wings with pride, the guinea's clack echoes from the grass; Big Tom swells to his largest size, the porkers grunt with self-content, the cow looks up with a friendly moo. Old Jack neighs from his stall, while over fruit-laden trees and rose-blooming gardens, the great round sun sends its glimmering beams.

On some such scene the little country lass first opens her eyes. Be her curls golden or raven, her eyes blue or brown, she is the pride of the home. With what eagerness is her first tooth greeted, and when the first step is taken and the first word uttered what a prodigy she is accounted!

Carefully is she nurtured while her life is unfolding to the influences of nature around her until she reaches her sixth year, when she is sent to the public school, where life's experiences begin. She now learns that there are others besides herself in the world; that she must modify her life to harmonize with the temperaments and wishes of others.

So the character grows while she is passing through the school course and when she has received the paper that says she is fitted for life, she steps out into the world to face its trials.

It is to be hoped that there are no other demands upon her now than to go into the home to be mother's

help, father's joy, and brother's companion. If she is clear-eyed and clear-brained she realizes in a short time that the country people are every bit as good as the men and women of the city and in many cases much better. She learns that common clothes and rough hands do not bar the owners from true manhood and pure womanhood, and that honesty, virtue, purity, courage and helpfulness are not confined to any class of men and women.

She has the power of knowledge within her and should not neglect her talents. The simple human duties usually to be found at home should not be neglected, but the housework should never be the end and existence of a girl's life; there must be a more inspiring motive and this motive must be there,—something that makes the world a different place to her from any one else's world, because she sees it through her own individuality. There should be the power to say, "My mind to me a kingdom is," and whatever the ruler—music, literature, nature, analysis of human life,—this germ should be cultivated, and the greater the improvement the happier the girl.

Then household tasks will come in as a sort of athletic exercise. Developing the muscles as she bends over the ironing board, she may be communing with the noble characters of literature, or planning a pleasant social time while milking the cows, or appreciating some good entertainment while feeding the chickens.

Such work, as found in the life of a farmer's daughter, when the higher needs are not neglected, is an onward movement in life, for then there is an all-around development in which she will reach a loving, tender, simple womanliness which will endear her to all.

Briefly stated, such is an ideal life for a farmer's daughter. But perhaps when her education is finished she realizes the necessity of bread-winning and goes out into the world to battle with humanity for the means of existence. If she goes into the commercial life she must be accurate, for incompetence is unpardonable. The interest of the employer must be her interest and there is no better place to judge people by their true merits. In such a position she will have some advantages in culture that will be enjoyed more because of the rich life of appreciation that has been developed during her early association with nature on the farm.

If she enters the list of teachers she should possess such love for humanity that she can see the divine in the humblest. Success will then crown her efforts and many a life will be made brighter for her living.

The most trying place to earn one's living is that of servant, but here, as elsewhere, there should be that nobility of soul and mind that will elevate the position, for

"Nothing mean and lowly is,  
But as one makes it."

"Possibilities of a Farmer's Daughter," a broad question, but it is not unreasonable to say there is nothing but what is possible to the farmer's daughter, even to being the president's wife; but only a few can attain such a position. But every farmer's daughter can grow into a woman whose very name is a whisper of virtue, and live her life in true womanliness so that she may be an inspiration, a strength, a blessing, not necessarily to the world, but, what is infinitely better, to those within her immediate reach whose lives are touched by hers.

#### With Highest Honor.

Give me no strong, swift wings  
Of eagle, or of dove!  
Mine be the humbler heart that sings  
Amid all sweet and homely things,  
And clear, and free, its music flings,  
Nesting beside the hidden springs  
Of loyalty and love.

For me, no hand of might,  
To batter down the wrong!  
Fain would I, rather, keep the light  
Of willing service burning bright,  
Make glad the day, serene the night,  
With faith unswerving point the right  
To those who shall be strong.

No lonely glories, mine,  
Cold stars that cannot warm!  
I claim the heritage divine  
Of those who pour their life like wine,  
That other lives may fruit, and shine,  
Rich clusters on the ripening vine—  
Brave beacons 'mid the storm.

*Idaville, Ind.*



#### ANOTHER POINT.

LINA WAGONER.

WHILE I was reading the article of J. G. Figley on "School Teaching" in the INGLENOOK of Dec. 12. I was wonderfully impressed with the truths so forcibly presented there, and in a way that only a few dare to give the facts; but it just occurred to me that another good point ought to be made in connection with it; not because it belonged to that subject, but because it follows so closely and so intimately with the school teacher and that is the "Cares of the Mother."

What was said of the mother was but the slightest glimpse of the life and appreciation of the work of the mother. The teacher's trials are for six hours a day and the mother's twenty-four; the teacher's for six to

nine months, the mother's for life; the teacher bears the censure of the neighborhood, and the mother of the world.

The teacher is developing citizens, while the mother is raising the next crop of fathers and mothers. There are no two people in this world that ought to understand each other better than the mother and the teacher unless it is the father and the mother, for their work is so joined together that it is by nature inseparable.

*Pyrmont, Ind.*



#### BIBLE READING ON MARRIAGE.

I. J. ROSENBERGER.

1. The Original Marriage Law.—"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." Gen. 2: 24.

2. This law is incorporated in the New Testament by Christ. Matt. 19: 5; by Peter in Mark 10: 7, 8, and by Paul in Eph. 5: 31. Hence it is a New Testament law.

3. This basic law is emphasized by Christ. Matt. 19: 6; Mark 10: 8.

4. This marriage union cannot be severed. Matt. 19: 6; Mark 10: 9. "Let not man put asunder."

5. The marriage union severed alone by death. Rom. 7: 2; 1 Cor. 7: 39.

6. God hates "putting away." Mal. 2: 16. Paul urges "not depart." 1 Cor. 7: 10.

7. Christ allows a companion to be put away. Matt. 5: 32; 19: 9.

8. Paul allows a companion to depart. 1 Cor. 7: 11.

9. Christ forbids marrying persons divorced. Matt. 5: 32.

10. Christ forbids marrying persons put away. Matt. 19: 9; Luke 16: 18.

11. Christ forbids persons to marry who put away. Matt. 19: 9; Mark 10: 11; Luke 16: 18.

12. Paul bids those who depart to be reconciled or remain unmarried. 1 Cor. 7: 10.

13. Death alone annuls the marriage contract. Rom. 7: 2; 1 Cor. 7: 39.

14. Persons married are eligible to remarriage only upon the death of their companion. Rom. 7: 3; 1 Cor. 7: 39.

15. A fact of creation.

God in creation set up three unions.

1. The union of the members of our physical bodies.

2. The union in the home by marriage.

3. The union with Christ in the church. They each and all are nonseparable. The penalty of separation in either case is death.

*Corvinton, Ohio.*



“WE’LL READ WHAT FATHER READ.”

“HUMPH! Aprons and pants! Both of ’em home-made!”

Robbie’s face flushed; he had felt so happy about that pair of pants! But in a minute he smiled brightly and said, “I don’t care. Home-made clothes are best, for they’ve such lots of love sewed in; and lots of men wear aprons—butchers and image-men.”

“What?” exclaimed the boys.

“Oh, I don’t know the right word, only I saw a gentleman in New York making beautiful things in marble—only he makes ’em first in mud—and he had an apron on; I guess *his* mother made it to save *his* pants.”

The boys laughed, but it was a good-humored laugh; they did not care to tease Robbie when he took it so kindly.

“You’ll be a man before your mother,” said Jack, thinking he had been very smart.

“To be sure I will, ’cause she’ll never be a man; she’ll only change to an angel,” answered Robbie.

Will, the little boy’s brother, who was really very fond of him, whispered, “He’s as smart as he can be;” and Jack condescended to invite Robbie into the workshop.

“No, no,” said Will, hastily. “Rob’s too little; besides, he’ll—” and the boy whispered a few words to Jack.

“Oh, please let me come; I won’t tell, if that’s what you mean; maybe I can help. Mother says I’m a born carpenter. Perhaps some of these nails would help you;” and Robbie pulled out a lot of old rusty nails from his pocket.

“Oh, let him come; he won’t be in the way, and we’ll talk a while, any way,” said Jack. So the three went to the workshop, where Jack and Will amused themselves with Robbie, who was a little man in spite of his apron, for he let them laugh at him and laughed with them. But by and by the boys grew tired of talking, and Jack proposed reading.

“Why, I thought you were making something out here,” said Robbie.

“No,” said Jack, while Will looked rather ashamed and uneasy. “I’ve brought a few books along with me this vacation, and we come out here to read. You’ll like the story, Robbie, and, any way, here’s a piece of cake for you.”

Robbie stared in astonishment; cake between meals was unknown in the family. “Did mother give it you?”

“Oh, we’re not children. We eat when we choose,” said Jack, impatiently; but Will could not look at his little brother.

“Well, I’m not going to make my stomach work extra times,” said Robbie gravely. “You needn’t

laugh, Jack; mother told me all about it, and we must let our insides rest, just as we let our hands and feet rest. But I’ll sit still and hear the story. I wish mother was here with her sewing; she likes reading out loud.”

The boys said nothing, but Jack began to read. It was a story for boys, written to excite them and make a quiet, steady life distasteful to them. The hero, Bill, was making the acquaintance of two escaped housebreakers, who put an oath or rude slang expression into almost every one of their phrases. Jack read the words all out; they did not seem so very shocking to Will, but Robbie’s eyes grew bigger and bigger, and at last he said, “Jack, mother wouldn’t let us read that; it’s bad.”

“Oh, nonsense! These are the books men read; mother’s only a woman,” said Will.

Robbie seemed staggered a moment, and then, turning to his brother, he said, “Will, you remember father; did he read such books?”

The sweet, innocent face looking so trustingly into his, the earnest eyes which every one said were “his father’s over again,” drew the truth from Will, though he did want to finish the dime novel: “No; I don’t believe he did, but—”

“Well, I guess we’ll read father’s book,” said the little fellow; and without another word he walked out of the shop.

The two boys looked at each other in wonder and some alarm; had he gone to tell? Will almost hoped so, for he had not felt happy since his cousin had persuaded him to read those books in secret. They waited anxiously, expecting every moment to see “mother” come to the door and call them; but by and by they saw Robbie come out staggering along with an armful of books.

“Here, Will and Jack!” said the child, putting his burden down carefully. “I can’t read, but I’ll listen. These are all father’s books, and this one is the best of all;” and Robbie held up a worn, much-marked Bible. “See!” he added, “there is father’s mark;” and he held it open to Will.

“‘My son,’” the boy read—and it seemed like a voice from the grave—“‘if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.’”

Standing with his hands behind him—his favorite attitude—Robbie waited to hear the reading, but neither of the boys began. Will was too much moved by the text he had read, while Jack turned over the books.

“Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*. Stupid, I guess! Here’s a book of travels! Pshaw! there isn’t anything as interesting as *Buffalo Bill* or *The Red Hand*. Anyhow, we’ll just finish the one we are reading; what do you say?”

Will had his father’s Bible in his hand, his little

brother's innocent face before him; and though it was not easy to say it, he answered, "I guess I won't hear the end of that novel; it's not a fit book for us to read. Mother says we lose our liking for really good books by reading poor ones, and I don't mean to read any more. These travels—" and he took up Livingstone's *Travels in Africa*—"are very instructive, I've heard; they'll seem stupid at first, perhaps, after *Buffalo Bill*, but they're true; and then we needn't hide up our reading."

"But it's no fun if it isn't a secret," argued Jack.

"Pshaw!" said Will, who already felt stronger to resist temptation; "anything mother knows about is

twice as much fun. You try it! We'll go in and ask her to read Livingstone with us."

So, after a little more argument, the boys went in, and mother agreed to read with them. She knew just how to make the book interesting, and had many anecdotes to tell and curiosities to show them in connection with the reading; so that even Jack agreed that the afternoon was much pleasanter than when spent in the workshop. But it was not until months after, when Jack had gone away, that Mrs. Lewis learned how Robbie had saved his brother from reading the cheap, trashy novels which lead so many boys to ruin.—*Hope Ledyard*.

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXIII.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

We staid all night in Jericho in the Jordan hotel. It would be worth a dollar to everybody in Mayville if they could see the town of Jericho; but the best you can do is to take a good look at a photograph of Main Street. You remember that this is the place where the walls fell down at the command of Joshua after they had been surrounded according to the commandment of the Lord, and the Lord said that the city should never be rebuilt. One attempt after another has been made, in vain, to have a city there; but this is the nearest that they have accomplished it. The stores are made of poles and brush and canvas. The Bedouins of the Jordan valley will not live in houses, neither will they enter one. They are afraid the houses will fall down upon them; but we think the danger is on the other side of the question.

We had a magnificent trip to the Dead Sea. I had often heard of its being so salty. We decided that we would test the truth of this statement that we might be able to face all kinds of inquiries. It is the very picture of desolation. Nothing grows upon its banks. No buildings are on its shores, not a boat on its bosom, and not a fish in its waters. The slime pits spoken of in the Bible, into which the soldiers fell when Abraham's servants recaptured Lot, are there unto this day. You can hardly see one of them until you are into it. The carriage came near upsetting several times. The boys said that anyone could swim in the Dead Sea, so we girls donned our bathing suits and tried it, and indeed the water is so dense that one cannot sink if he wants to. We walked several rods from the shore where the water was very deep and we sank into the water only about waist deep. We had to go to where the Jordan river flows into the sea to get some fresh water to wash the brine off before we could dress. This sea marks the spot where Sodom and Gomorrah used to stand. These were the cities destroyed by fire in the time of Lot.

The Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the ocean. The Zered, Arnon, Jabbok, Hieromax, Kedron and the Jordan all flow into it; but it has no outlet. That is the

reason why its waters are so salty. In all probability it was once connected with the Gulf of Akaba, an arm of the Red Sea, and probably will be again when the Mount of Olives splits in two (Zech. 14: 4) and waters will go out from Jerusalem and fill up this valley (8th verse).

We drove north along the Jordan river for about five miles. When we arrived at the place where the children of Israel crossed the Jordan river under Joshua's command, we read the account of it from the Bible. After this Agnes read the beautiful account of the baptism of Jesus by John. The scene was very impressive. Miss Merritt was overcome with the overwhelming evidence of the truth of God's Word and the conviction that she ought to be a Christian and expressed a desire to become a Christian. In a party of tourists not far away was a minister. The dragoman sent for him immediately and she was baptized at the very same spot where Jesus was baptized, as near as could be ascertained. Of all the beautiful things we saw, nothing was half so beautiful as to see a soul born into the kingdom of God. While she was walking out of the water we four formed a quartette, walked up to the river until our toes were fairly into the water and sang "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand." This scene will never be forgotten by any of us. It makes us happy to know that we are now all Christians.

In the distance we can see Mount Nebo, where the angels buried Moses. We can see the table-lands of the Moabites and Ammonites. To the west of us about two miles is Gilgal, where the tabernacle was pitched during the siege of Jericho. This is where the Israelites ate their first meal of popcorn, after they had been eating manna for forty years. There is nothing left to mark the spot save the general direction and distance between Jericho and Bethabara.

There are three Jerichos. Jericho of the present day, Jericho at the time of Christ, a little way off, where blind Bartimæus sat by the wayside begging, and where Zacchæus invited Jesus to dinner with him. About a mile up the valley is the site of ancient Jericho that fell before the hosts of Joshua. Here we saw the fountain of Elisha where the bitter waters were made sweet. Although all the springs in the



Jordan valley are briny, bitter and brackish, yet this one is as sweet as any water we have ever tasted. When God does a thing, he does it right. All the way from Jericho up to Jerusalem we saw the ruins of cities on every hand, showing that at the time when this land was a "land of milk and honey" about 10,000,000 people lived here; but to-day scarcely two millions inhabit the land.

The boys wanted me to tell you of the blacksmith shop in Jericho. It is right in the middle of the street. It consisted of two men, two goat skins, two pieces of gas pipe, a rock, and a hammer. The goat skins were used for bellows, the pipes for tubes, the rock for an anvil, and, with a little charcoal, you have the entire outfit. The blacksmiths, of course, seated themselves crosslegged upon the ground.

No wonder Jesus said "down to Jericho." You see Jerusalem is 2,600 feet high. Olivet is at least a hundred more. The Jordan valley is 1,300 feet below; altogether making about four thousand feet of a grade from Jericho up to Jerusalem. The brook of Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens, is a huge gorge far beyond description and was certainly a lonesome place for the old prophet to wait until the Lord should call him thence. Just as we entered the gates of the city the sun fell down over the mountains and the sable curtain of night was drawn around the holy city and we repaired to our hotels well repaid for the tiresome trip to the Jordan. Roscoe bought that boy's sling to bring home with him.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### CHARACTER BUILDING.

ZACH NEHER.



ANY young men who start out to get an education do not seem to realize the necessity of developing a good character. His knowledge in books seems to be of little value (in some cases), as it seems that the effort put forth is what develops strength of character with which to fight the battles of life. Some boys have bright memories and they learn very easily; others are seemingly dull in books and it practically requires five years to accomplish what the bright boy accomplishes in three years. Yet in the struggle of life, years afterwards, we see (in many cases) the dull boy, who, in his school days was called a blockhead, far in advance now of the seemingly bright boy.

It seems to me the reason of all this is that it is not necessary for the brighter boy to make the effort, that it requires on the part of the dull boy to make even a reasonable showing. The efforts put forth seem to develop the strength of character and mind that the other lacked, which is the foundation of success. Success in life is indirectly the result of continued effort properly directed.

Why should it be necessary for a man to struggle under adverse circumstances through life to accomplish his aim, and then fail, unless incidentally he develops a true character thereby.

There seems to be so much gross in our make-up,—we call it the old man Adam,—which must be burned and that burning is going on every day, if we allow it. Then in the end there will be no more burning, when all will be consumed except the true character which alone can survive. Character must be pro-

tected also during the growing season. We grow corn, and shucks, too, for protection, but they are cast off when the corn is ripe. Plain dressing, religious meetings, associations, communion, good books and papers, etc., are character protection, and in the end are cut off. We may have to do some things that may seem useless, but in the end may appear the golden grain of character under the (useless) shucks.

*Harlin, Mich.*



### INDIAN SUMMER.

B. F. STOVER.

IN looking through the interesting pages of the INGLENOOK of Dec. 19 I notice something in regard to the origin of the term "Indian summer," claiming that it is not very definitely explained in regard to the delightful season called Indian summer, being associated with the North American Indians.

In referring to the early history of our country, and especially to that of the great West, we find this explanation: Sixty and seventy years ago, and long before that time, there was usually a skift of snow early in November and sometimes as early as the latter part of October, when there would be several cold days that we called "Squaw Winter," after which would come the beautiful weather called Indian summer, when the Indians would make their last deadly and destructive raid on the white settlements and cause so much death and suffering. Hence the term "Indian summer." It would be difficult for the present generation to conceive of the suffering and hardships our fathers and mothers had to undergo during the early settlement of this great country and especially during Indian summer.

*Linton, Ind.*

## THOMAS.

J. EMERSON COBB.



THOMAS was a cat and a black one. With little difficulty his ancestry could be traced to the Revolutionary war and probably farther.

Thomas was getting old. For many years he had kept up the battle-cry on the back fence and many times in his younger days had he been numbered with the transgressors and was silently slipped into a bag and carried into obscurity from which he had always returned, not in the least daunted by his plotting foes. He had learned to know the air-gun and would invariably sneak to some hidden corner on the approach of a combination of a boy and that deadly weapon. Experience had taught him better than to run up a tree and there be exposed to full view. But he had lost all fear of dogs. Even Bruno, the large Newfoundland on the neighboring farm, would lower his tail at half mast when "Old Tom" appeared on the scene. "Shep," too, would surrender his corner at the approach of the regal feline.

A quicker and slyer cat never waged war on the birds. You might think that the birds would in time learn him, but as he never failed in capturing his prey the other birds would have no chance to learn of danger. He used system in his hunting. Mice also became his victims. Many have been the times that he has brought them triumphantly from under the barn or shop, but never was he known, since he was a kitten, to eat one of them. He disdained the idea, al-

ways merely getting them for the practice and for the fun.

But now his time had come and he was soon to be no more. Is it not a shame that such a faithful carrier of the banner of progress should die like a thief? Aunt Martha thought so, and she did not hesitate to express her opinion either. He was to be chloroformed! What a less-to-be-desired death could have been meted out to him? And much as I hate to tell you, nevertheless it is so. For the last time he had trimmed his toenails by scratching them on the old plum tree. Never again shall he lord it over his fellows when milk is poured out to them, and make the others wait till he has his fill. Oh, how lonesome we will be when the sun has gone down behind the hills, to go to our slumbers without first dashing a pitcher of water out of the upstairs window or hurling a slipper into the darkness in hopes that it would reach him broadsides! No! All these things will be soon over and life will be again a dolesome monotony. Can he not be saved his fate? No, he must die. How awful and how terrible!

The hour is drawing nigh. The poisoned milk awaits his disposal and the avenging boys have gone to the barn in search of "Tom." Here they come! How horrible to believe! They put him down and call him to the dish! O fate! He goes up! He sniffs! O why does it have to be?

But lo! He turns! Joy! Ah, yes, he is too old, too wise. Yes, throw at him, boys. We know you're mad, but bear in mind, he has had years of experience. Go your way and try this no more.

*Elgin, Ill.*





# Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

## OUR OWN PRIMER.

### First Lesson.

A is for Andy,  
Our library brother,  
If you raise a million  
He'll give you another.

B is for Booker,  
Of Washington fame,  
A shining example  
Of what's in a name.

C is for Cassie,  
A lady of note,  
Accused by the bankers  
Of rocking the boat.

D is for Douglas,  
Who never once flinches,  
And tells Massachusetts  
Just where the shoe pinches,  
—New York Mail and Express.

✿ ✿ ✿

## SWIFT ONE WAY, SLOW ANOTHER.

There is a fine stroke illustrative of Christian perfection in the very expression, "swift to hear, slow to speak." It may be applied along a good many lines, such as, swift to detect error, slow to constitute ourselves heresy-hunters; swift to do good, slow to criticise other people's way of doing good; swift to obey the Spirit, slow to take every emotion or impression as from the Spirit; swift to believe, slow to the putting of our faith on a basis; swift to fire the loaded rifle of truth, slow to take aim at the right object before we shoot; swift to receive the light, slow to condemn others for not receiving it; swift toward God, slow toward self.

✿ ✿ ✿

## CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

Sleeplessness on a cold night is often caused by the head, which is exposed, being cold while the rest of the body is warm. In nine cases out of ten if a silk handkerchief is put over the head it will induce the much-desired sleep

✿ ✿ ✿

## WANTED HER OWN WAY.

"What do you think you are going to hatch out of that doorknob and that piece of brick?" sneeringly asked the old rooster.

"I'll hatch a skyscraper if I want to!" squawked the old hen, fiercely. "You go and attend to your own affairs. I'm running this branch of the business."—Chicago Tribune.

✿ ✿ ✿

## NEVER SATISFIED.

Wife: "It's a measly shame that women are not allowed to occupy the presidential chair."

Husband: "Huh! They ought to be thankful for the privilege of keeping out of the electric chair."—Columbus Dispatch.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—J. R. Lowell.

✿ ✿ ✿

## FLY, FLEE, FLAW, FLUE.

A fly and a flea in a flue  
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?  
Said the fly: "Let us flee!"  
"Let us fly," said the flea—  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue,  
—Puck.

✿ ✿ ✿

## BREATHE PROPERLY.

Nervousness and a sallow skin come frequently from the lack of deep breathing. Deep breathing stimulates the circulation and helps the body throw off its impurities.

✿ ✿ ✿

Charles Edward Russell, whose articles on "Soldiers of the Common Good" are now appearing in Everybody's Magazine, was discussing socialism, and told a story to illustrate neither understanding nor sincerity. It have neither understanding nor sincerity.

Two casual acquaintances were discussing politics. One announced that he had turned socialist.

"I don't know what a socialist is," said the other.

"A socialist is one who believes in dividing up with the other fellow."

"Does that mean that if you had two farms you would give me one?"

"Sure I would."

"And if you had two houses?"

"I would give you one."

"And if you had two shirts what would you do with them?"

"Ah, gwan! you know I have two shirts."—Everybody's.

✿ ✿ ✿

Missouri papers tell a story of a young man who went to work for a stingy farmer in Knox county. At 3 o'clock the next morning the farmer called him to begin his day's labor. A few minutes later the hired man came downstairs with his grip. "You ain't goin' to take that grip to work are you?" "Naw," replied the man scornfully, "but I'm goin' to find some place to stay all night."

✿ ✿ ✿

It is up to you to win the prize; let others explain how they lost it.

✿ ✿ ✿

What two letters do boys delight in, to the annoyance of their elders? Two T's (to tease).

✿ ✿ ✿


If you were to ride a donkey what fruit would you resemble? Answer—A pair.

✿ ✿ ✿

Anybody can fire off a gun, but it takes long practice to learn how to shoot.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter III.

As we stepped off the porch old Tige stuck his head from under the step, cocked his fox ears and turned an eye upon us that had fire in it, but the girl had followed us to the door, and with a stamp on the floor sent him back with a two-step time.

Well, say, I always thought that California was a country where the people raised fruit of all kinds and nothing else, but great scott! You ought to see that man's farm and the stock he has upon it. The mows are full, the granaries are full, the pens are full of stock, and they all look as though they had the right kind of care, and orchard—if you ever saw a place where fruit grows to perfection, it certainly is here. There was a large potato patch near where the tubers were straining their eyes to see out, and we just examined the ground while we were there. In the meantime the folks had finished the dinner and Mr. Wallace came sauntering out where we were, and he said, "Right there, gentlemen, is some of the best soil that you will find out of doors; you see this whole valley is surrounded by a chain of mountains and the soil is like it had been crater silt from some volcano which was active some thousand years ago. The whole valley is this kind of silt; there is not a stone in it big enough to throw at a chicken and it is a long ways to the subsoil. We can tell that when we try to dig a well. A few fellows have dug wells in the valley, but not very many, because up to the present time the inhabitants of the valley live along the edge of it and we all have springs fed from the mountains. You see old Mt. Shasta up there? When other people are famishing of thirst, because of the hot weather, we are happy in the Butte Valley, because the hotter the sun shines the more snow melts on the mountain and the more pure, fresh mountain water we have in the valley."

We started to climb over a rail fence, at the command of Mr. Wallace, who wanted to show us a load of fine lumber that he had just brought from the mountain. Just as Sile raised his foot to climb over the fence his heel cracked against the lower jaw of the bulldog, who had ventured just as close as he could to Sile, and when the unexpected lick came it was

hard to tell which was scared the worst. The dog gave a y-i-p-e and Sile gave a jump. The poor fellow got no peace the rest of the afternoon on account of continually keeping sentinel on his bowlegged foe. After we had looked at the load of lumber, Jack and Alek saddled a horse apiece and we took a ride across the ranch. Your farms are called ranches out here. I tell you it may sound fishy, but we rode right through standing timothy that was tall enough that I could tie a knot over the pommel of my saddle and pull the timothy up by the roots. Wallace said that that timothy would grow five tons to the acre and that he had put up that much off of his ranch more than once and other people had done the same thing. Silas thought that if some of the farmers in the Miami Valley in Ohio could see that timothy and the clover that we saw, they wouldn't any longer pay two and three hundred dollars an acre for their land when they could get five acres here for that price.

It looked rather odd to us to see the farms around the edge of the valley fenced in with good, substantial fences, and some of them the old-fashioned rail fences, like we have always been used to, while ranches out in the middle were largely open to the public. These are the lands that we want to look into, because Sile and I have come to the valley for the purpose of investing a little money. I always make a mistake when I try to pronounce that word "Butte." Mr. Wallace has told me a half dozen times that that spells "Beaut." There are so many names out here that are strange to us.

Mr. Wallace told me of all the work he had to do during the season, and gave several hints how much he would like to have assistance, but I was not ready to take the hint, for we hadn't made up our minds whether we were going to stay in the valley long or not. Of course we liked the looks of things very much since we had been here, but everything is so different from what we have been used to that it takes a fellow a little while to get acclimated to the place.

The old gentleman began again to rehearse about some of the people he had known back in Ohio, that we knew, and one word brought on another until he began to pry into our family relationship, and finally he came right point blank out.

"Hain't nary one of you fellers married yet?" said the old man. Sile never said a word, so I told him that I was not and neither was Sile now, but that he had been, and that his wife and little blue-eyed girl were both dead two years ago. Poor boy, he turned and slowly walked away and I told the rest.

(To be continued.)



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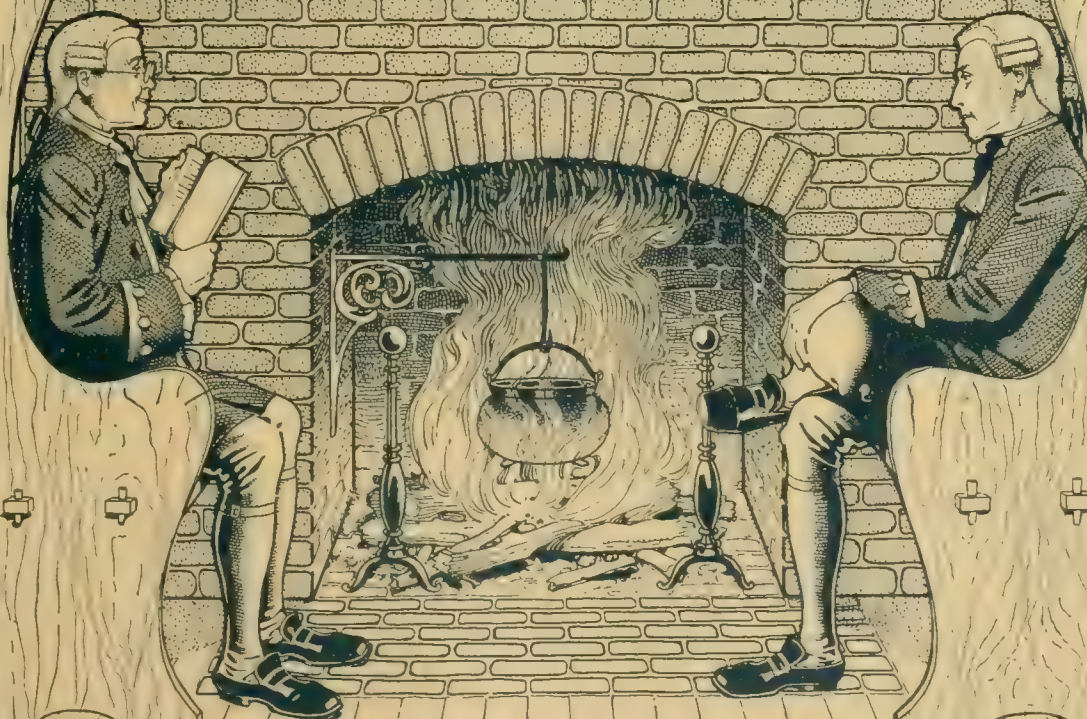
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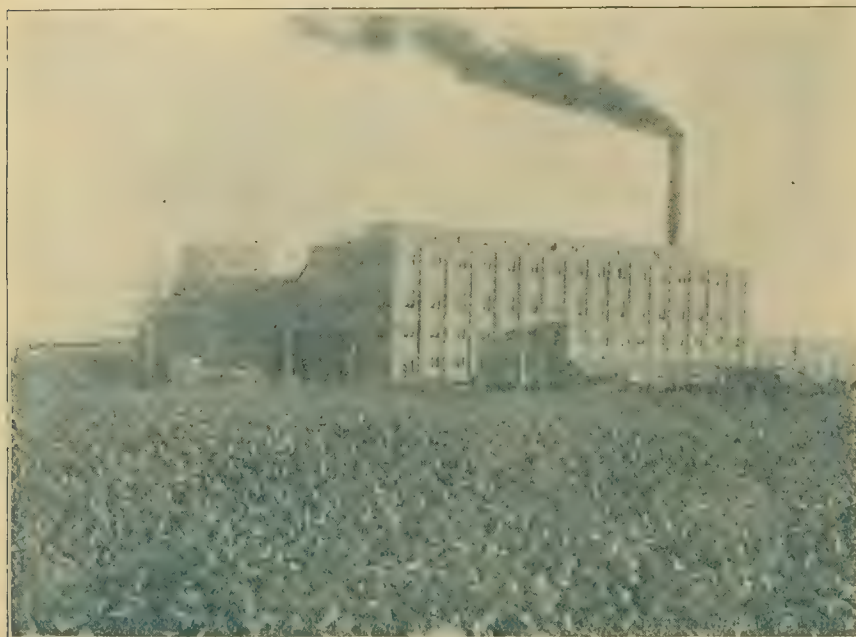
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## First and Third Tuesdays January and February

From Chicago,.....	\$19.55
From St. Louis,.....	17.25
From Omaha,.....	10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in mid-winter. Go and see for yourself—it need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific  
Railroad**

## WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

## YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

## THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

## THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

## TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for information.

PRINTED MATTER FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,  
Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?  
Take the

**Union Pacific Railroad**

♦ ♦ ♦

**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.

♦ ♦ ♦

## ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15  
to April 7

From Chicago, .....	\$33.00
From St. Louis, .....	30.00
From Missouri River, .....	25.00

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

## The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the "OVERLAND ROUTE," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**

♦ ♦ ♦

Printed Matter FREE.  
Write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

**Union Pacific Railroad**  
Omaha, Neb.

# The Mayville Class Abroad

By E. M. COBB

The Mayville High School class make a tour through Europe and Palestine and write letters home of the most interesting character. It is just the thing for young people. All will find the book captivating and very instructive.

Reading this book is just like reading letters from a friend traveling abroad. You can only imagine how interesting and instructive such a book would be, unless you have actually had the experience. It is a book that will interest the whole family.

The book is finely illustrated and contains 288 pages. It is bound in fine cloth and has a beautiful cover design stamped in white. You had better send for a copy now.

Price per copy, prepaid, only \$1.00.

**Agents Wanted. Good Commission. An Easy Seller.**

Just one agent wanted in each community. If you want to make some money real quick write at once for terms on this book. **ACT NOW** or someone else will. Address,

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Start the New Year Right

**Take a Trip to California**

It is not an expensive trip—It costs less to live there than here. If you cannot stay six weeks, stay two—you will never regret it. The trip there and back is a rest and recreation in itself. The through train service via the

## Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

offers a variety of interesting routes: Via Omaha and Ogden; via Omaha and Salt Lake City, and via Kansas City and through scenic Colorado. Another interesting route is via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Why not go one route and return via another?

Write to-day for rates and folders showing through train service, mailed free on request.

**F. A. MILLER,**  
General Pass. Agent,  
CHICAGO

## WANTED---TAXIDERMIST

Will give some student his tuition to do some mounting. Enrollment between 450 and 500.

McPHERSON COLLEGE,  
McPherson, Kansas.

4t2



**26th Successful Year!**

**Dr. J. L. MILLER,**  
SMITHVILLE, OHIO,

## Eye Specialist

The oldest and most successful headache optician. Prices reasonable.

Treatment sent on trial on receipt of a small amount to pay postage. Send for question sheet and particulars; free.

4t4

**Very Low Rates to Denver, Colo.,**

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold on Jan. 27, 28 and 29, limited to return until Feb. 15th, inclusive, on account of Wool Growers and Live Stock Association Meetings. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

**Homeseekers' Excursion to the Northwest, West and Southwest**

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates are on sale to the territory indicated above. Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars and "The Best of Everything." For dates of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## Bookbinding

Do you have some magazine that you would like to have bound? Perhaps you have some books or Bibles, of special value to you, that you would like to have rebound. If so we can accommodate you.

We have an equipment equal to the best, in the book-binding line and can give you good and prompt service.

Write us, giving full particulars, size, etc., of what you want bound and we will quote you prices.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.



# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

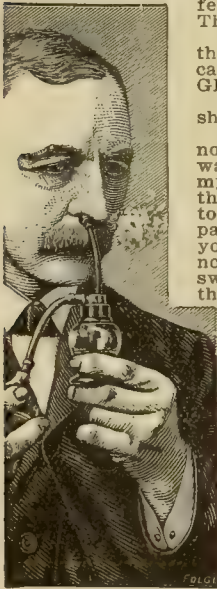
Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making the only common sense offer ever made to the reader of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

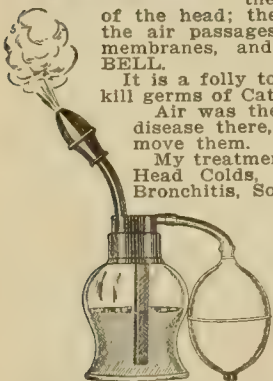
Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."

J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.



The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pains across the front part of the head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## A Perfect Treatment

It stands without a rival in the world for neatness and cheapness and in its effect upon people who are troubled with catarrh or any of the above named diseases. Any child can use it. The medicated air penetrates the obscure places which medicine taken into the stomach cannot reach. Every air cell of the head drinks in its life-giving properties; every inhalation weakens the disease and leaves in its stead new vital force.

If you have a COLD, try it.  
If you have SORE THROAT, try it.  
If you have BRONCHITIS, try it.  
If you have a COUGH, try it.  
If you have CATARRH, try it.

If you have buzzing or roaring in the head, try it. If you have headache, try it. If you are partially deaf from the closing of any of the tubes leading to the inner ear, try it. Hundreds have reported immediate good results and permanent cures.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me, even a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook I will send you, prepaid, my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of medicine, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction, after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2. If you are NOT satisfied, mail me back the treatment (costs only 12 cents postage) and you still have your money. I deal with every one, and want no one's money unless benefited. Write THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO.

NOT sold by Druggists. Big Money for Agents handling my Treatment. Write as above.

# Had Seen Six of Them

"AND don't you know what ails you?" asked a woman the other day of another, who was looking poorly. "Why don't you see a doctor?" "That's the trouble. I've seen six of them, and they all say a different thing," was her reply. And she thereby depicted vividly the exact truth as to much that passes, nowadays, for scientific medical treatment and diagnosis. Mrs. Anna Cipra, of 60 Wheatland St., Cleveland, Ohio, had a somewhat similar experience, but she found a way out of the difficulty. Read her own words: "I had been under treatment by six different doctors: one said I had heart disease, another said it came from confinement, and the next said I would have to undergo an operation and so on. About this time I got so discouraged that I decided to quit the doctors and commence using DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, which I had heard so much about. It began to help me at once and to-day I am stout and well. Everybody who saw me in my sickness wonders at my good appearance. Since that time the BLOOD VITALIZER has helped many in our family. No doctor has crossed our threshold since we got the medicine."

## NOTHING BUT PRAISE.

Linehart, Pa., March 20, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—About a year ago I happened to get hold of a copy of your paper, "The Surprise," which had been sent to a neighbor, Mr. Nicola Colafigli. I read about your medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer**, and decided to send for a trial box.

For four years Italian and English doctors had been treating me, but the trial box of **Blood Vitalizer** did me more good than all the doctors together. I suffered with stomach trouble, headaches and rheumatism; towards evening I would feel so weak I could hardly stand. Since curing myself, I have sent for the **Blood Vitalizer** for my friends and neighbors and they, like myself, have nothing but praise for it.

Yours very truly,

Teresina Iannacci.

## FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

Preston, Kans., June 29, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I am going to try to let you know how much your **Blood Vitalizer** has benefited my dear husband and myself. When I sent for the medicine we were both very poorly. My husband had not been able to work a whole day for three years. He had been a strong man until he overexerted himself in the harvest field about four years ago. He doctored right along without getting any better. Then a year ago he took the grip which left him still worse, and with a touch of heart trouble. After working an hour or so, he was all fagged out. When I saw how much good the **Blood Vitalizer** was doing me, I begged him to use it too. Finally he consented and now he can work all day on the farm and everybody declares he looks so much better. He says himself that he feels much younger. What a grand thing that we can enjoy good health, even if we are old.

Yours truly,

R. F. D. No. 2.

Mrs. Wesley West.

Such is the record of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. It is not a drugstore medicine, but is sold to the people direct or through local agents, by the proprietors,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthy; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY 23, 1906.

No. 4.

## ODE TO JANUARY.

F. E. HATHAWAY.

Welcome, faithful month!  
With faith we look again to thee  
To bring us signs of hope renewed.  
Now, glad our hearts are wont to be,  
Our wildest murmurings subdued  
For thou art come.  
Thou breathest new life upon the land,  
Thou fillest with pregnant hopes, the breast,  
Thou rulest with such a steady hand,  
That all domains are brought to test.

Thou welcome friend!  
Past, present, and so long to be.  
We live that thou art come again,  
The strong world waits to march with thee  
And forms no resolution vain.

Strong, two-faced measurer!  
Just as a temple once was placed  
Beside the city gate of Rome  
With one head toward the city faced,  
The other sought the journeyers home,

Thou seem'st to be.  
From unknown glens with noiseless tread  
Thou comest close to time's oped gates;  
And gaze upon a year now dead,  
The while you face the future's fates.

Mysterious wanderer!  
Far off thou wast, but ever nigh.  
Thy voice beneath the surges falls,  
And thou hast come again to die,  
To pass beyond the reverend walls.

Chicago, Ill.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Love your enemy to death and get rid of him.*



*Endeavor should not outrun Strength; she will need her help.*



*A poor way for us to preach "the one thing needful" is chasing the many allurements of this world before our audience.*

*Hearts are more easily softened by melting than by pounding.*



*Leave your mark upon time—it leaves its mark upon you.*



*When we place our reason over God's power we misplace it.*



*Care may have sufficient exercise in her own field of responsibility.*



*Incredulity wise? To untraveled incredulity the world itself is flat.*



*Patience and Perseverance are twin children of Purpose and Endurance.*



*Difficulties make good dumb-bells, and pay well for their handling besides.*



*Character, not circumstance—the diamond, not its setting—is of importance.*



*Would you rather place your child, a dwarf, upon a forty-acre farm, or a perfect man upon his own resources?*



*Hunger would be better fed if appetite were not a glutton: the superfluities of the world would easily cancel its necessities.*



*Man-made preachers are to be known from God-made preachers; the former are at ease in Zion, the latter travailing for souls.*



*Whether in family or fraternity, resemblance is a desirable proof of kinship, if the relation be sufficiently esteemed to make it so.*



*We only need to glance backward to discover the weakness of our purpose, or forward to discover the strength of our imagination.*

Burlington, Ind.



## A SON OF THE SOIL

RILLA ARNOLD, Milford, Ind.

### III. Gold Near the Surface.

THE next morning after breakfast John went out to milk the cows and George went for a walk; after the milking was done John started out to find his brother. He went through the fields and the little piece of timber, with his head uplifted and shining eyes, taking in the great draughts of pure air laden with the fragrance of the soil, and as he trampled the soft plowed earth beneath his feet and walked over the velvety bluegrass, he somehow felt as if he were a part of the earth. The air was vocal with the songs of robin, bluebird and meadow lark and from the meadows came the tinkle of sheep and cow bells. Once he stopped, took off his hat, looked around him and said, "O, it's glorious, glorious! It means something to own a farm. That mortgage must be lifted."

He was hearing the call of the soil, "Come to me. You belong to me." Many men, worn out with work in shop and factory, have heard the same call. He found George down by the creek, lying on the ground with his hands under his head, apparently lost in thought. John came up and sitting down on the bank, said, "Isn't it glorious out here in the country?"

"Glorious!" George answered, "I think it's most mighty lonesome. Don't see how I'm going to stand this sort of thing for two weeks. Wish I could hear a trolley or an auto horn this minute."

"That would spoil it all. I hope there never will be a trolley within five miles of this place," John said earnestly.

"Kid, I always knew you were soft, but I didn't know you were as sentimental as that. What a nice little girl you would make."

John's face got very red and the brown eyes flashed, but he only said, "I don't care. We always did see things differently."

"Yes, that's it. Funny, too; same blood in our veins, always together; brought up under the same influences and yet so different. But do you know, Kid, I feel as if you were a part of me and I don't see how I could live without you, so don't get huffy. Let's talk about Denver and the 'wild and woolly West.' Aren't you anxious to start?"

John turned away to pick up a pebble and there was something very much like tears in his eyes and his voice was a bit unsteady as he answered, "George, I can't go with you."

"Can't go with me! What do you mean?" exclaimed George as he sprang to his feet. "Are you afraid you will get homesick or what is it? You were perfectly crazy to go yesterday."

"I know, but I changed my mind last night, something seems to tell me to stay. I can't explain just what it is. It seems to be partly a sense of duty and partly my love for the country and especially the old place; but anyway I have decided to stay till the mortgage is lifted and things fixed up. Can't you see how worried mother is? And father is getting old and can't get any help."

It was true, Farmer Brant was getting old, being much older than his wife, and his years of usefulness were nearly past.

"Look here, Kid," said George earnestly, "if you really want to pay off the mortgage and fix up the old place you can make more money out West in a year than you can in five years here. Then if you stay here you will become a regular old hayseed. It's the duty of everyone who has the talents and education that you have to get out into the world and use them. And how in the world am I going to get along without you? Be ruled by reason and not sentiment."

"No, George, I'm not going. You shall get along very well without me. There will be Willets and his friends, and if I would be with you, I would always be saying something ridiculous to make you feel ashamed of me. You will be busy and meeting new people all the time, you will get along all right, George; but I'm afraid it will be pretty hard on me. You know the people who stay at home always feel the separation the most. Concerning my talents and education, I think you are a little mistaken. When you go out into the world of business you will find all the men have as much talent and education as we have—probably more. Nearly every young man has talent and education these days, and it's just one hard fight. There are enough to do the scheming and fighting—too many—without me. I tell you, George, it's the farms that are being neglected and it ought not to be. As to making money faster in the West I don't know. It is a good deal like gambling, seems to me, many get very rich and more get very poor. I think it is safer to stay here on the farm. I know money can be made if it is only worked right. No, you go out to Denver, marry a rich miner's daughter who has a younger sister and I will come out to visit you."

### IV.

That day at the dinner table John told his parents of his resolve to stay at home and work on the farm. To his surprise, his father opposed it strongly. "After all that money you've got into your head, then stay at home and not make anything of yourself? And I'd

like to know how you could stand hard work?" he added in disgust as he looked at John's slender body.

"O, I'm lots stronger than I look, father, indeed I am. I love the country and I know I can stand the work, and we will soon have the debts all paid and everything repaired," he said enthusiastically.

The father would have offered further objections but he happened just then to look at mother, and the look of joy on that gentle face silenced him. John saw the look also and he felt repaid for any sacrifice he might make.

"Next summer," he continued, "I'm going to try to raise onions on Miller's marsh."

"I'd like to see you or anyone else raise anything on that muck," the farmer said dryly.

"You'll see," John answered, "they are using the marshes in other places."

After dinner when John and his mother were alone for a few minutes, she said, "You don't know how happy you have made me, my son."

The following week was quickly past. Most of the country and village people were surprised when they heard that John Brant was going to stay at home and work on the farm. A few approved, but most of them thought he was making a mistake, and John heard a good deal about "not making any use of an education."

"Education! They don't know the meaning of the word," John thought. "They think it's something out of which people make money without working and that's all."

The next Sunday morning John went to the little country Dunkard church, of which his parents were members. There he had attended church and Sunday school when he was a child; but after he got to be about fourteen years old, he got the idea into his head that he was too old to go to Sunday school, and that church was too slow and old-fashioned for him. His brother thought that way yet; but John had changed. While he was in college his mind would often come back to the little church out here in the woods, on Sunday mornings, and in imagination he could see his mother sitting with the other sisters in their bonnets and little white caps, while the men sat on the opposite side of the house.

This morning there was a strange preacher, a young man with the natural gift of oratory. He preached an eloquent sermon and John was much impressed by it. As he was going home he thought, "I believe these people have the right idea of how to live the Christian life. If they would all live up to what they profess they surely could do a great deal of good in the world."

The day of George's departure came; it was hard for both of them, but they bore up bravely, and the next day John began work in earnest. He worked hard all that summer and got stronger and happier

every day. It was a good season and when autumn came the barn and house had been roofed, some other repairs had been made, and there were five hundred dollars in the bank to be paid on the mortgage in the spring, besides the interest and taxes. During the winter months he read and studied.

In the meantime George was doing well in the West. He was making money and investing it all in mines and expecting to be a millionaire some day. He also wrote to John a great deal about a certain Agnes King, a rich banker's daughter. He was very enthusiastic over the beauties and the business "in the town called Denver," and vividly described the grandeur of the scenery after a flying trip to the mountains. "Everything is hustle, hustle, out here, it seems to be in the very air. I enjoy it. Come as soon as you can," he wrote. After reading these letters, John would get down the atlas, turn to the map of Colorado and look long and thoughtfully at the map, trying to imagine just how things looked out there. "As soon as I get out of debt, I will go, unless father fails very fast before then," he would say to himself.

The next spring after corresponding with some onion growers in an adjoining State, he got one of them to come and examine the soil in Miller's marsh. He told him it was fine onion ground. John then leased the marsh for five years, broke the ground and sowed the seed. Then the weeds began to grow—faster than they ever had before, John was sure. He got an army of little boys, paid them by the row for weeding and the weeds were conquered, then they had to be thinned, then plowed. It was hard, dirty work, but to the surprise of the farmers the onions grew rapidly and what had been an eyesore to the country became a well-cultivated field, with long straight rows of green pipes. After the onions were marketed John found himself in possession of a thousand dollars, enough to lift the mortgage; what was made on the farm that year was spent on improvements.

In June of that summer John called on the elder of the little Dunkard church and after an earnest talk he told him he desired baptism. So one Sunday morning at nearly the same place where a year before he had told George he could not go with him, John and the elder went down into the creek and John was baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

On the evening before, out in Denver in the splendid mansion of Banker King, George Brant and Agnes King were made husband and wife. Agnes was a sweet young girl who had not been spoiled by the wealth and luxury which had surrounded her all her life, as was shown by her marrying a poor young man in spite of her father's protests. She had lost her mother when she was a child and she was very anx-



ious to learn to know the little mother back East, whose picture she had asked to see.

George was a little ashamed of that picture with its plain dress and little cap, it must be confessed, but he was glad when Agnes said, "What a sweet, noble face; tell me about her."

One day during the following winter a letter came to the Brant home, it was from Agnes. George had been overworking; the mine he had invested all his money in had proven worthless and the shock had made him ill. He wanted to come home, so they would start the next day.

For several weeks after his arrival George lay very ill with nervous prostration. "How tenderly they nursed him back to life! One morning after he was able to sit up, John came in with the mail and handed George a letter. He opened it, and after reading a few lines he uttered a cry and sank back unconscious. Hurriedly picking up the letter John left the room, leaving his mother and Agnes to apply the restoratives.

As Agnes came out of the sick room, John called

to her, and after learning that George was better, he said, "Agnes, my sister, can you be very brave?"

A slight tremor ran through her body, she clutched the back of a chair and said, simply, "I will try."

"Of course you know that letter contained bad news; it concerned your father."

"He is dead?" she asked.

"Yes."

"When? How?"

"The bank has failed—"

"O, my father! Then he has killed himself!"

"This should help us to remember that the simple life is the safest and happiest after all," he said, as he gently laid her on a couch and called his mother.

In the spring, George having almost regained his health, it was decided that he and Agnes should remain at the old home, he working on the farm, while John went away to study the Word of God under competent teachers; for one day he heard the call of God—"Feed my sheep," and as a few years before, when he heard the call of the soil, he listened and obeyed.

(Concluded.)

## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Boers.

No. 17.

It occurs to the writer that the readers of the Nook may be interested in a brief description of the Boers of South Africa, a mere handful of people, as populations are reckoned, who gave Great Britain a harder blow than did the American colonists in their successful fight for independence, or Napoleon the Great and his veteran soldiers of France in the twenty years' war. Prophetically true were Paul Kruger's words when he said to the British Commissioner: "You may defeat us in the end, but it will be at a cost that will surprise and stagger the world."

As is known, on our recent trip to South Africa, we landed at Durban, one of the most beautiful harbors on the coast, and journeyed across hills, valleys and veldt to the city of Pretoria, the one-time prosperous capital of the Transvaal Republic. Visiting the battle fields and the homes of the Dutch farmers, passing by the silent resting places of the Boer and Britisher, "who sleep their last sleep and have fought their last battle," standing by the grave of one of the most heroic personalities of modern times, Paul Stephanus Kruger, noting the location of the concentration camps, where, declares W. T. Stead, the great English writer, the lives of twenty thousand helpless women and children were cruelly sacrificed to the exigencies

of an uncalled-for war, there came to mind with the fulness of detail the great tragedy enacted on kop and veldt with all its horror, its bloodshed and frightful destruction and desolation of the homes and country of the Boers. Kruger's armies were defeated, but at a cost that surprised and staggered the world.

A very brief historical sketch of these remarkable people must be given if we are to have even a superficial knowledge of the forces that have made them the heroes of modern times. We cannot appreciate the Boer without a knowledge of his past history. And that we may start with an impartial view of his characteristics an Englishman, an American and an Australian are allowed to speak a foreword.

Take a community of Dutchmen of the type of those who defended themselves for fifty years against all the power of Spain at a time when Spain was the greatest power of the world. Intermix with them a strain of those inflexible French Huguenots who gave up home and fortune and left their country forever at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The product must obviously be one of the most rugged, virile, unconquerable races ever seen upon earth. Take this formidable people and train them for seven generations in constant warfare against savage men and ferocious beasts, in circumstances under which no



Paul Stephanus Kruger, President of the Transvaal Republic for Eighteen Years.

weakling could survive, place them so they acquire exceptional skill with weapons and in horsemanship, give them a country which is eminently suited to the tactics of huntsman, the marksman, and the rider. Then, finally, put a finer temper upon their military qualities by a dour fatalistic Old Testament

religion and an ardent and consuming patriotism. Combine all these qualities and all these impulses in one individual, and you have the modern Boer—the most formidable antagonist who ever crossed the path of Imperial Britain. Our military history has largely consisted in our conflicts with France, but Napoleon and all his veterans have never treated us so roughly as these hard-bitten farmers with their ancient theology and their inconveniently modern rifles.\*

The Boer was a splendid type of the human animal. It took all the power of the greatest empire on the earth to crush a handful of Boers; and even then Great Britain was able to subdue them only at enormous cost of men and money and irreparable impairment of prestige. They were glorious fighting men, these Boers. The blood that flowed in their veins was unadulterated Dutch—the only unconquered blood in history. For you will remember that Cæsar could not overcome them, and with the genius of the statesman-soldier that he was, he made terms with them, and the Batavian legions of the Roman army were Dutchmen. These Boers were a great deal more than fighting animals. They were perhaps the most religious people on earth. If they were mighty creatures physically they were exalted beings spiritually. They knew how to pray as well as to fight. They made their living, too, and asked no favors. Also they builded a state.†

Hales, in his "Campaign Pictures of the Boer War," has this to say of these strenuous fighters among whom he lived for some time as a prisoner of war: "Our men, when wounded, are treated by the Boers with manly gentleness and kind consideration. When we left the laager in an open trolley, we, some half dozen Australians, and about as many Boers, all

\*Conan Doyle, in "Great Boer War."

†Senator Albert J. Beveridge, in "Young Man in New Home."



Kamala, the Capital of Uganda.





A Road in Uganda.

wounded, were driven for some hours to a small hospital, the name of which I do not know. It was simply a farmhouse turned into a place for the wounded. On the road thither we called at many farms, and at every one men, women and children came out to see us. Not one taunting word was uttered in our hearing, not one braggart sentence passed their lips. Men brought us cooling drinks, or moved us into more comfortable positions on the trolley. Women, with gentle fingers, shifted bandages, or washed wounds, or gave us little dainties that come so pleasant at such a time: whilst the little children crowded round us with tears running down their cheeks as they looked upon the blood-stained khaki clothing of the wounded British. Let no man or woman in all the British Empire whose son or husband lies wounded in the hands of the Boers fear for his welfare, for it is a foul slander to say that the Boers do not treat their wounded well. England does not treat her own men better than the Boers treat the wounded British, and I am writing of that which I have seen and know beyond the shadow of a doubt."

(To be continued.)



THERE is not one chance in fifty-four billion of two finger prints being alike.

#### KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY.

ONCE more the ancient throne of Norway in the Drontheim Cathedral, vacant for more than five hundred years, will hold a sovereign. Prince Charles of Denmark has accepted the Storthing's proffer of the crown, the approval by popular vote took place on November 12 and 13, and the coronation will probably be celebrated on New Year's day, 1906.

Who is this man Charles, what can he do, and why was he chosen by a parliament which has always shown republican tendencies?

Prince Charles is a young man of thirty-three summers, of gentlemanly appearance, in excellent health, and of a very easy-going, liberal turn of mind. He is by nature well fitted to rule over the stubborn Norsemen, who do not mind the harness so long as they don't feel the whip. The very thing that is going to make Charles popular in Norway before he shows his face there is the fact that he, as a typical "sailor prince," is considered a proper and natural connecting link between the old viking spirit of feudal Norway and her present-day peaceful love of the sea. Another circumstance in favor of Charles is that he understands the language of the Norwegian people, and their traditions and history are a part of those of his own country, Denmark, under the dominion of which Norway remained for four centuries. Charles is the second son of the crown prince of Denmark, whom he strongly resembles, and this also counts in his favor, for the crown prince is a scion of the House of Sonderburg-Glückburg, whereas the crown princess is a daughter of the Bernadotte, King Carl XV, of Sweden,—and the Bernadottes were never popular in Norway.

It was my fortune to make the prince's acquaintance when he was an apprentice in the Danish navy. I was a midshipman at the time, and just one notch higher rank. We were thrown a good deal together on various ships, and I believe it is this rough-and-ready training in seamanship at an early age which contributed strongly toward making a man out of the prince, who as a boy was very much like what middies call a "piece of court furniture."

There were seven apprentices in the mess to which the prince belonged on shipboard, and of which I the eighth and mess-master. We all called him by his first name,—that is, Karl in Danish,—and he had to eat the same "grub" and stand the same hardships as all the other apprentices. He was allowed to have no advantages or "extras" over and above his comrades, and although everybody knew him to be a prince of the realm, no deference whatever was paid him as such. On the contrary, he was "hazed" and made miserable in good, old midshipman style. He took his medicine bravely enough, though there were times when, by his looks, he must have wished

for "home and mother," or that he was ashore, where he, as a prince of the realm, would have a right to command a salute from any man and any officer in the fleet!

On board the ship he had to mend his own clothes, darn his socks, sew on buttons, and keep his weapons and accoutrements in order. He slept in a regulation sailor hammock, with his clothes, rolled up under his head, for a pillow, without a nightshirt, and wearing only a sailor's woolen striped under-shirt, and bundled up in a woolen blanket, sometimes with his sea-boots dangling by the hammock rope. As an apprentice, one of his duties in cleaning ship early at dawn was to pass buckets of salt water and go over the quarter-deck with a sage-broom. When polishing would begin he was assigned to the big binnacle lantern on the bridge, inside which the compass is. He became quite an expert at polishing, and used to make that brass binnacle flash like silver mail. He could never quite get used to chewing tobacco, which in the eyes of every true apprentice is one of the cardinal virtues; and whenever he was seasick, which often happened, he used to sit in the gangway on a bucket and chew rye bread.

This close intimacy with boys of his own age, and subsequently when he was appointed midshipman and cadet, his contact with manly naval men and real human conditions of life, are the factors which eventually made out of this boy,—who was originally little more than a "court kid,"—one of the most real and natural of living royal princes. It opened his eyes to the forces and exigencies that govern real life. It substituted within him for the lassitude of the courtier the ambition of the healthy young man of action.

Charles loses his baptismal name and his hereditary title as a Prince of Denmark, whereas Maud retains both, and gets a queenship in the bargain. This is the effect of an old court ordinance in England, which prescribes that a princess of Great Britain and Ireland in marrying shall have the right to append this most envied of all English feminine titles to whatever name or title she may receive by marriage.

The Queen-to-be of Norway is a pretty, stately girl, who seems to be quite devoted to her husband, though it was said before her marriage that she was in love with a British noble who did not rank high enough to marry her. She has been reared almost exclusively in the atmosphere of court life, and takes only a perfunctory interest in the outdoor life which her husband has made his by preference. Very likely the fresh breezes of Norway will have a salubrious effect on Princess Maud. They may tend to make her more of a real human being and less of a court personage. The couple have a two-year-old son, Alexander, who will be crown prince of Norway, and who as king will probably wear the title of Harald IV, as the Haralds and the Haakons, it has been decided, will

hereafter alternate on Norway's Court Roster.—*From "The New King of Norway," by Hrolf Wisby, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for December.*



#### "NORTHWEST PASSAGE UNIMPORTANT.

CAPT. AMUNDSEN'S discovery of the "northwest passage" around the arctic coast of the American continent if it had been made a century ago would have been greeted as one of the greatest achievements in the annals of bold exploration; coming as it has in this year 1905 it has aroused nothing but a sentimental interest. This is because the "northwest passage," which was at one time regarded as offering a quick and direct route from Europe to eastern Asia, has ceased to be of any commercial significance. Railroads and steam navigation have completely changed the routes and methods of trade and even if there was a safe and easy passage by the north of America, which there does not appear to be, it would not be used in competition with established routes.

Capt. Amundsen also located the north magnetic pole, just about where Sir John Ross first located it 74 years ago. This is about 1,200 miles south of the actual north pole, and a little north of Hudson bay. It is well known that the magnetic pole is constantly changing within certain limits, and the subject is being studied by various scientists.—*Pathfinder.*



#### WE WANT TO SEE THE DAY COME—

WHEN there will be as many men attend church as women.

When no church member will rent his property to those who sell whiskey.

When none of the preachers will say slighting things of one another.

When all the children will know that their parents have religion.

When every Christian will be as outspoken for the Lord in his daily life as he is in revival meetings.

When people will be as religious in their pocket-books as they are in their pews at church.

When people will know where they stand in religious matters as clearly as they do in politics.

When it will not kill a prayer meeting to mention the fact that the church needs money.

When all men everywhere will find out that God so loves them that he gave his Son to die for them.



A HOG in a pen never tries to be anything else, but the one in a street car tries to pass himself off for a man.



"Character is the diamond that scratches every other substance."



# HARRY'S VICTORY

By ETTIE E. HOLLER

## Chapter I.

"SAY, why don't you ever go to meetin' and Sunday school with me, papa? You just sit around on Sunday. I allus have to go by myself. It ain't mor'n half a mile. I've went now for four years by myself. Won't you go to-day?"

Aaron Turner opened his eyes and looked at his only child, a lad of eleven summers, and the very image of his father. "Well, Harry, I don't hardly know why I don't go, but I don't see much sense in going to Sunday school, and I ain't a-goin' neither. You'd better stay at home with your daddy and mammy once. It won't hurt you to miss once. It hasn't helped you, nohow."

"Oh, papa, I just can't miss. And I do learn lots of good things, too. My teacher I know loves me mor'n you or mamma,—well, maybe not, but she likes me, I know,—I can tell, and she wants me to be a good boy, too. She said the other Sunday it was wrong not to go to meetin'. She still asks why you and mamma don't come, and I don't hardly know what to say. Seems to me you ain't too good nor too bad to go; and I just can't miss, papa."

"Well, go then, if you can't miss. Better get a hustle on you, it's about nine now. Better go in time if you go at all. I don't believe in this thing of getting there late."

"Is that why you don't go, 'cause you can't get there in time?"

"Shut up, you're too little to talk so much."

"Well, I'm almost ready, papa." And off he went to change his clothes. It just took him a few minutes, and he was ready. He was always very particular about his appearance and was always dressed neat and clean.

"O, mamma, mamma!"

"Well, well, what now?"

"I purt' near forgot; teacher said I must go home with her to-day, and I want to go. May I?"

"Well, it's a wonder you didn't say something sooner; but you've been a good boy, so you may go. But be sure you come home before dark. Remember."

"Well. Good-bye, mamma." So off he went.

Aaron Turner felt a little uncomfortable, but was careful to keep it concealed. Mr. Turner was a well-to-do farmer. In his younger days he was just as anxious to attend church services as his son was now. But after his marriage he seemed a different man. It seemed that his greatest desire was to make money, and he had become so hardened that he did not care

how he got it; just so he had it. Of late years he had begun to visit his neighbors' premises in the late hours of night and get into his possession things that belonged to them. It mattered not to him what it was, just so he could turn it into money. Just to talk and be with him, one would think there was no better moral man to be found. He was a man with a determined will; what he decided to do was just as good as done. Harry had a disposition like his father.

"Well, mother, I believe I'll take one of my expeditions again to-night. I'll go to several different places, get a little at each place, so they won't miss anything: corn, chickens, and maybe a turkey, too."

"Well, pa, I just think you'd better quit such business. I am just ashamed to go any place on that account. I just know the neighbors suspicion you. And we have such good neighbors, too. They are about all Christians, and they have to work hard for what they have. You know just as well as I do that it is wrong. We have plenty and to spare, and I could enjoy it, too, if we had gotten it all honestly."

"Well, Mary, don't get so queer. You know I never stole much; no one ever missed what I took, and they don't suspicion me either. O, pshaw! Ha, ha, I ain't afraid of any one finding me out. I'm too slick for that."

"Yes, pa, I know you never stole very much, but just that much too much. Remember it's the little leaks that count. Don't go to-night, anyhow. To-day's Sunday, too. And you will just monkey around until you get hurt or caught. Just mark that down now. Just think what a character you are making. Just think of our Harry, such a good boy. And we don't help him one bit. It would be no wonder if he would turn out to be bad. He was just talking to me the other day about his character. He had been reading a piece, and his teacher tells him so many good things. Really, I am ashamed that we do not help him more to be a good boy."

"Well, now, mother, this is the first time since we're married that you have said a word to me about my character, or about being good. Seems to me it's a late day to begin. You know I wanted to join the church before we married, and you wouldn't do it. You know how you talked, don't you? You said, 'You'll know it when I join church.' You told me just to quit talking such stuff, or quit coming. Now, didn't you, dear? Well, I wanted you, and so I just took you at your word, and to this day I haven't said a word, have I? And since you have begun it, I'll just remind you of some more. I also told you before we married I never would join another except the one I mentioned. And as close as we live to the meeting-house you nor I have never been inside of it. Now, what have you got to say? Say away. I am not so bad after all, am I?"

This was more than Mrs. Turner could bear. She

began to weep and could scarcely speak. Yet she said, "I know what you have said is very true, too true, too true. God pity me if I am the cause of your being where you are. And I'm not one whit better than you are. But you know there must be a first time for everything. But I did not think so much about it until here lately. Harry has been talking to me so often about what his teacher tells him and what the preacher says, and he asks me so many questions that I cannot answer. And I never can if I don't read my Bible more. It worries me, pa. Poor child! Just the other day he said one of the boys asked him if he was going with you pretty soon to visit somebody's hen-roost, and he didn't know what to think. I told him you didn't visit hen-roosts, and told him to keep still. My! I've felt miserable ever since. Just think, Harry has been going to Sunday school ever since he could go, you might say. Sarah Henly took him lots. Say, I just love that woman, if she does belong to church. I just know she does what is right. I honestly believe she has been praying for us. She often comes over and talks to us, and think how we bluff her off. But she don't get mad,—always the same. It didn't used to worry me, but it hurts me now somehow. Maybe I'll get over it again, but don't go to-night anyhow, Aaron. Seems to me Harry ought to be coming."

"Somehow you made me feel a little serious, so I guess I won't go to-night. But I am going sometime again though."

"Hello, sonny! Back the same day?"

"Did you have a good time, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, fine. Her whole class was there. There were ten of us. Ralph was there, and I came home with him. Oh, I've got something the bestest to tell you. Alice told me."

"It's time to do the work. After we get that done you can tell us; we haven't time to listen now."

## Chapter II.

THERE was an interesting scene in the Turner home that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Turner had always been very devoted to each other. Their greatest joy was in their only child, Harry. There was no sacrifice too great for them to make for him in a temporal way. But they had always turned a deaf ear to the many earnest petitions he had made concerning spiritual things. True, they had always let him go where he pleased, and do as he pleased. But Harry's chief delight was in doing good. How many young souls are forever lost for the want of proper early training! All the spiritual training Harry ever received was in the Sunday school, and what some of his good neighbors had told him. He was now nearing the age when he wanted to do some of the things he had learned and believed were the only things to do, in spite of the discouragements he received at home. He had

always loved to go to Sunday school. His parents were always kind to him and were, it seemed, unconscious of the untold grief they were causing Harry to have. But this Sunday was a turning point in each of their lives.

"Well, Harry, dear, you can tell us your piece now," said Mr. Turner, as he seated himself in a comfortable chair.

"Well, papa, I hardly know how to begin. But it just seems to me teacher is determined to make great and good men out of her boys, as she calls us. And that's just what I'm going to be, I don't care what you say, and—"

"Not quite so strong, Harry."

"Well, if you'd a seen her and heard what she said you'd want to be gooder, too. There was no one there but us boys an' Alice. She had dinner ready before she went. Her folks were gone."

"What did she have for dinner? I'd like to know. I imagine it was good if she got it before she went," said Mrs. Turner.

"It was just awful good too, now; mamma. She had cold sliced ham, fried chicken, potatoes fixed some way and baked, bananas, oranges, pie and walnut cake, and I just don't know what all, lots mor'n we could eat, and only one of us boys drank coffee. Wasn't that funny? We called him 'the old man.' Ha, ha."

"Then after dinner we all went into the parlor and sang a lot of nice songs. My! Alice can sing so nice, I wish you could hear her. Then she got to asking us questions,—what we wanted to be when we got big, and talked about our Sunday-school lessons and I could just tell that she wanted us to be good and useful men. Then she got to talking about our characters. She said the reason she was going to say something about character was because when we are young is the time to begin right. I can't tell it just like she did, but I've got the most of it anyhow. She said character is a great thing. It is like a great building; each one is making one for himself and every thought or act is like a stone. And if our deeds and thoughts are pure and noble every day, when we die we will have a great temple honored by God and man. But she said if we do anything mean, steal, lie, or swear, or anything wrong, no matter how small it seems, it will forever leave its mark on our characters. She said lots of parents forget or neglect to tell their children anything about their characters, but she said they will find out some way, often too late."

"That hits us, don't it, Mary?" Mr. Turner squirmed about uneasily.

"Getting tired, papa?"

"No, I guess not. Maybe it will help us, too. It seems to do you lots of good anyhow."

"She asked us whether we knew what a foundation



to a house was. We said, 'Yes, it's what you build on.' 'Yes, that's it,' she said. We must have a foundation to build our characters on, too. It must be good and solid, too, for she said we must be careful not to build on it altogether for the time we live here in this world, but for that hour of revelation, when we shall be seen just as we are. Say, what does that mean, mamma? I don't just understand that last part. I was going to ask her, but forgot it."

Mrs. Turner wiped the tears from her eyes, and said, "Well, I ought to answer that for you, but I just can't."

"Why, you're older than Alice. I know she could. You used to go to college, didn't you?"

"Yes, but they didn't teach such things there."

"Why, Alice said there was church colleges. Wasn't there then, too?"

"Yes, Harry, there were. The time was I would have gone, but father thought the one nearest home was good enough."

"Wouldn't he let you go then, mamma?"

"No."

"Didn't he belong to church?"

"Yes. Don't be so inquisitive."

"Well, mamma, they say the way to find out is to ask. You know I want to go to a church college. I wouldn't give much for a school that I couldn't find out what I wanted to know. Well, I haven't told near all yet. She said that we make our character of many little acts and efforts. She said we would be sure to have either a good one or a bad one; it would be just as we made it. She said that God gives us our minds, but we make our characters. 'Now, boys,' she said, 'you're getting bigger every day and will soon be young men. Always keep a high estimate on your characters; never stoop to anything that will stain your characters. A good character is worth more than riches, crowns, or kingdoms. It's a power that no one can steal from you, if you don't let them.' She told us as we get older we would find that there was just lots of people that have many ways and means to steal our characters. She said they are the worst people there are. She said there was no stealing like it. Of course she said it was wrong to steal anything, but she said that the person that tries to steal the good name of a person was hardly fit to be called a man."

"My! us boys just set there and never moved. I honestly believe, mamma, I didn't breathe for half an hour. I just felt like I'd down the fellow that would try to steal my character."

"Well, I think that will do now. You'd better go to bed now, Harry. You know you couldn't live no half hour without breathing," said Mrs. Turner.

"Well, maybe not. And I can't tell all she said. But I'm going to join church next Sunday, if you

don't. She said there was no character like a Christian character."

"It is just enough now for this time. Get off for bed now, Harry," said his mamma.

"I ain't as sleepy as you are, but I guess I can go." But it was very reluctantly that he went.

After Harry had retired Mrs. Turner began: "Well, pa, we've gone just far enough this way. And we've got to do something different. I just can't endure this any longer. You and I both have a good education, as far as that is concerned, and we could teach Harry more than any one else if we would just do it. It's our duty, too. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' You need not blame Harry for being self-willed. He didn't steal it. I hope we will not be a stumbling-block in his way. He's got his head set on being a good man, and we want him to be, too. I hope he will always have a high ideal. You know it pays to have a high standard in life."

"Well, Mary, I've been thinking lots and thinking fast. I'd a been a Christian long ago if it hadn't been for you."

"Yes, now Adam-like again, put it onto your wife. You had better been stronger yourself. But I can stand it. For I've made up my mind to be a Christian and help Harry along. You had better renounce at once your stubborn will, Aaron."

They were both weeping. Finally Mr. Turner spoke.

"Well, I know it's the only thing to do, but it will take me a good while to get ready. I know what is right just as well as you do, and to be honest, I'd hate to die this way. I know I've made character a secondary matter, but I'm a pretty good moral man now anyhow, so I don't know what I will do yet. But you can do just as you please, and so will I, and I just believe I'll go and hook a turkey yet to-night; we want a roast Thanksgiving."

"O, Aaron, don't go. I'd much rather do without. Chicken is just as good. I never can stand it if you go. You will get hurt or caught yet, I just know."

"Well, it's twelve o'clock, and I'm going once yet anyhow. Then I'll repent. Ha, ha!"

"There will be a last time, too, remember that. It may be too late then," said Mrs. Turner.

So off he went. Mr. Turner tried to appear brave, but within his heart he was penitent. But his revengeful nature had control. As he was driving along he was saying to himself, "I don't believe I'll take anything, but I was determined to get even with Mary. I know I ought not to be this way. Poor, dear Mary. I never will forget how she looked. She didn't want me to go. My, but it is dark! I wish I was at home. I believe this is the place. I noticed Mr. Johnson had some fine turkeys that roosted on his corncrib. I'll just climb up and see about one anyhow." So up he went. The roof being straight,

he walked with ease, and—bang! bumpety bump, down he went; he thought he never would stop.

(To be Continued.)



#### WHEN LIBERIAN AGRICULTURE FAILED.

THE subject of agriculture is creating much discussion among all classes of Liberians, for it is of vital interest to all. The rich and the poor, the high and the low are all concerned about the paramount question which pertains to perpetuation of the Liberian Republic. For many years the coffee industry was a most profitable pursuit to Liberian farmers. In truth it was the main dependence of the masses of the people. Ginger also was cultivated with some degree of success, but results from this commodity were only meagre toward supplying the demands of so many people. Palm oil, rubber, and palm kernels are the articles over which the natives have maintained a monopoly since the days of yore until the present; but the growing of coffee and ginger has always claimed the attention of the Americo-Liberian except in a few cases where civilized natives have joined them.

At one time the price of coffee was twenty-five cents per pound, and ginger from ten to twelve cents per pound. It was then the coffers of the farmers were filled and the hearts of the people rejoiced because of prosperity. Some procured handsome livings, others who were frugal and economical accumulated considerable wealth which to-day serves them well in what is known as "hard times." When the price of coffee fell like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky it was a time of lamentation. To be highly elevated and then to be suddenly dropped to the ground, is a very startling shock, and one from which humanity of all classes slowly if ever recovers. Had the people been prepared or had they expected that coffee would drop from twenty-five cents to five cents and ginger from twelve cents to four cents they evidently would have been prepared for the emergency when it came. As the result of non-attention to the other profitable agricultural interests the sudden decrease in the price of ginger and coffee is the cause of great financial distress which affects all classes of citizens and the vital interests of the state as well. Farming is the fundamental basis of the independence of any country. When the farming industry is affected all other interests are moved by an impulse commensurate with the current which obtains either from the successful or the unsuccessful operations of this great industry. The country that pays no attention to agriculture or whose soil is too poor to bring forth must depend upon other countries for the maintenance of life and national existence. However the nations may boast of their numerical greatness and with arrogant pride

assume to believe that they are an independent people, they are not wholly so unless they are an agricultural people.

The farmer is the most independent individual on earth; all the gold, silver and precious stones in the world cannot be converted into foodstuffs, neither can they be worn with any degree of satisfaction with the appetite unappeased, and the person unsheltered. To supply the absolute necessities of life we must look to the farmer. Luckily for Liberia it is a farming country. The fertility of its soil is only exceeded by the richness of the Nile valley; but unfortunately her industrial pursuits are not diversified by the introduction of manufacturing enterprises, for which reason manufactured articles must come from other sources. Without exaggeration it may be affirmed that Liberia relies upon foreign manufactories for every thing that is worn, and for everything that is eaten with the exception of a few garden products which barely meet the demand of the Saturday market. Since Liberia is not a manufacturing country there is all the more urgent need that it be an agricultural state. The people must be fed and clothed, and since the country produces no manufactured articles, it must have something to exchange for these commodities. At present farming is the only hope for Liberia. It is imperative that the people go into it for all it is worth. Raw material must be had for European markets and in order that our well-being be perpetuated, our commercial relations be increased, and our independence be made more secure there must be mutual and reciprocal exchange between us and these countries.

In regard to the agricultural problem of Liberia, there are one or two thoughts which deserve special emphasis. The first is, it is to be regretted that the farmers of Liberia made the mistake that other countries have done. It was the wrong step for every one to rush into the cultivation of coffee and ginger to the exclusion of all other agricultural products, equally as lucrative; but the sad experience of the past has taught a lesson never to be forgotten. Could the past be recalled and the steps be retraced, no doubt that the rubber and indigo culture would now receive some attention, as well as tobacco and cotton, both of which can be grown here with much success, and which will always have a ready market both at home and abroad. Others again might go into the cocoa and fruit cultivation, etc. From such endeavors as these there would be a variety of agricultural products from which all concerned might reap good results. But if everybody cultivates the same article, when it fails all is lost.

The fall in coffee and ginger placed the state in an awkward predicament, and it is to be hoped that the farmers will not make the same blunder again. We may intimate here that from the chief of the agri-



cultural bureau, Rev. W. T. Hagan, D. D., we look forward to better regulation and some helpful hints to the farmers. One great disadvantage is that the farmers are so distantly situated from the market centers, and there being no mode of conveyance except that of the canoe which at certain seasons is attended with great peril, this, with the difficulty of getting labor and the expense of going to and from market places, has greatly militated against the highest farming interests of the country. This state of affairs places the distant farmer at the mercy of those small farmers who live in close proximity to the cities and who in so many instances require exorbitant prices for their garden produce. This is a matter which we hope will claim the attention of the superintendent of agriculture. The present state of agricultural affairs need not necessarily cause entire discouragement. The old motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," may be aptly applied. There is no individual, nay, there is no nation but what has made a wrong move at some stage of its existence. Mistakes are stepping-stones to success if we profit by them. The crying need of Liberia, next to her religious and Christian educational interest, is her agricultural interests. Agriculture commands our most serious attention and calls loudly for immediate action. Let the farmers go back to the soil, begin afresh. Let them cultivate tobacco, indigo, rubber, fruits, and any other commodity that will command profitable sale.

We are not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but we venture to say that if agriculture is taken hold of at once and carried out on broad and scientific lines in a short while the results will simply be marvelous.—*Prof. W. F. Hawkins, in "Liberia and West Africa."*



#### WHY DO INSECTS FLY TOWARD THE LIGHT?

THE fatal impulse of the moth to singe its wings in the candle flame has been noted and duly employed by poet and moralist for many centuries. Yet apparently its cause is not yet fully known, for the numerous theories that have been proposed to account for it are inharmonious or even contradictory. Some of them are discussed briefly in *La Nature* (Paris), by Dr. L. Laloy, who says:

"Réaumur remarked in 1748 that it is the nocturnal moths, those that shun the daylight, that are attracted by artificial light. Romanes thinks that it is curiosity that drives birds against the lanterns of lighthouses and leads fishes to assemble near boats that carry torches. Forel shows that natural light is always more or less diffused, and that animals are not accustomed to see light concentrated in a point. They are deceived, and their small brains are not able to interpret so new a sight. Hence their repeated attempts to approach the flame. Domestic insects, like

the housefly, are accustomed to see artificial lights and so are not deceived by them.

"Loeb has recently given a mechanical explanation. He ascribes the phenomenon to a phototropism analogous to that of plants. If a moth is struck laterally by a beam of light, this will put into action the muscles that direct the creature's head toward the source of the rays. When it has once been turned in the direction from which the radiation proceeds, the light will strike both sides of its body with equal intensity. It thus can not turn to right or left, and will continue toward the flame until the powerful heat again drives it away. This explanation is quite in the line of present scientific tendencies; it has an appearance of exactness that pleases some minds and it attempts to refer biological phenomena to mechanical causes. But, in the first place, there is nothing to prove this action of light on the muscles, and if it exists it does not appear why these creatures should not also fly toward the sun or the moon.

"Again, it is not true that insects fly straight toward the light, then away again, and so on indefinitely if they do not fall into the flame. In reality they approach obliquely, describe one or more circles about the luminous source, and then withdraw, if their wings have not been scorched by contact with the flame. Experiments with walking-insects like 'lady-birds' show the same irregularities of motion.

"In Kiesel's theory the compound eye of the insect is supposed to be much less sensitive than ours. It can, in fact, bear the direct light of the sun. But each of the simple component eyes receives only a very small part of this light. As for terrestrial objects, although feebly illuminated, the insect distinguishes them because they present themselves usually with a visual angle greater than that of the sun (thirty-two minutes); each simple eye receives more light as the surface is larger. Thus, lack of intensity is made up by size of illuminated surface. The insect is thus not blinded, by the sun, and yet it sees terrestrial objects. In the case of artificial light, this appears to the insect, when only a few decimeters away, with a visual angle much larger than that of the sun. It is dazzled, or, more exactly, it sees nothing else, while in daylight it sees not only the solar light but terrestrial objects. Likewise the birds that fly by night see only the light of the lighthouse and are invincibly attracted by it.

"It is remarked by Raël that every creature that wishes to move has its direction determined by some exterior force. Thus at every moment we direct ourselves according to our sensations, tactile, auditive, and visual. For creatures that fly or swim, optic orientation is much more necessary, as tactile impressions are wanting. In daylight their surroundings furnish a great number of illuminated surfaces by

which they can guide themselves. But when only one source of light shines in the night the creature moves instinctively toward it and follows in its neighborhood more or less complicated paths, according as it yields to the attraction of the light or tries to escape from it. This theory has the advantage of explaining why aerial or swimming creatures (insects, birds, and fish) are especially attracted by luminous sources.

"It must be noted that the attraction of light is felt only on creatures that are governed chiefly by instinct. Those in whom intelligence is highly developed may seek to approach a luminous source with a determinate aim, but they never feel that irresistible and quasimechanical attraction to which so many inferior vertebrates and insects succumb.

"Such are the different explanations that have been proposed of this frequently observed phenomenon. Some are psychologic; others make use of physical and mechanical considerations. It is probable that most of them have some degree of truth and that the problem will not be entirely solved except by a combination of these various elements."—*Translation made for The Literary Digest.*



### ECSTASIES OF MECCA.

#### A Vivid Picture of the Holy Place of Islam During the Annual Pilgrimage.

MECCA, at the season of the annual visitation of Mohammedan pilgrims, is thus described in the December number of *Everybody's*; in "With the Pilgrims to Mecca," transcribed from the narrative of Ibn Jubayr Ali of Bandar Abbas:

"Like a gigantic catafalque, somber, shrouded in mystery, the Kaaba rises out of the seething sea of white-garbed humanity that crowds the great Sacred Square of Mecca. Its door is covered with plates of solid silver, studded with silver nails. From the exterior of the roof, above a stone marking the Sepulcher of Ishmael, which lies at the base of the northern wall, there projects a horizontal, semicircular rain spout, five yards long, twenty-four inches wide, made of massive gold. Within, the roof is supported by three columns of aloë-wood; the walls are hung with red velvet alternating with white squares in which are written in Arabic the words: '*Allah-Jal-Jelalah*'—'Praise to God the Almighty.' The building is packed with pilgrims, praying, weeping, beside themselves in an ecstasy of passionate devotion. Mingled with their voices there rises from outside the chant of Talbih, the Song of the Winding-sheet, which every pilgrim must sing on entering Mecca, on donning the sacred *Ihram*, on entering the Haram, and on starting for Mina, the Valley of Desire, and Arafat, the Mountain of Compassion.

"Mecca lies in a blistered valley among the bare

brown hills, a city filled to overflowing with an ever-growing throng of the faithful gathered from all Islam. In the teeming streets, arriving pilgrims, forgetful of all things save their desire to reach the sacred gates, press by in frantic haste, heedless as to whom they jostle. Noiseless swaying camels surge through the crowds as a ship sweeps through a restless sea. Water-carriers, laden with their bloated goat-skins, shriek their wares into the tumult; close in the shadow of the walls of the Haram, the Great Mosque of Mecca, squat the public scribes, each one surrounded by eager, dark-skinned men awaiting their turn to bridge the distance between the remote corners of the world by the power of the scribe's ready pen. Pariah dogs roam in packs through the streets, seeking what they may devour. Women, bundled beyond all semblance of human forms, amble by, bunched on grotesquely small donkeys. Men and beasts are powdered with gray, gritting dust that fills the eyes and chokes the throat to parched smarting. Under the smell of dust and heat is the musky scent of camels; with it a blend of garlic and odors from the refuse that litters the streets. The sun beats down in blinding heat on the steaming streets; the air throbs with the din of a score of thousand throats; a pandemonium split at times as with a knife by the savage scream of an angry camel.

"The pilgrimage to Medina is not obligatory, but is to be commended as an act of faith, whereby the devotee may acquire additional merit. But the Hadj, being one of the four fundamental decrees of Islam, is a religious duty which every true believer keeps before his eyes as one of the things in life necessary to be accomplished. If, for various reasons, he is debarred from making it, he will send a *Wakil*, or representative, to pray in his name at the Kaaba. On returning, the *Wakil* hands over the *Ihram* in which the pilgrimage was accomplished; this his patron will use as his shroud. Theoretically, if not practically, the number of Moslems that go upon the Pilgrimage is limited by the following conditions: The pilgrim must have attained his fifteenth year, when, according to Moslem law, the boy becomes the man. He must have no debts, and must possess a sum sufficient to defray his own expenses. He must also start with an absolutely clean conscience, leaving no wrong behind him. 'Every pilgrim must take with him a rosary, the square of unbaked clay called *mohre*, and a copy of the Koran, for from this a passage must be read after every prayer.'



THE perfect man should weigh twenty-six pounds for every foot of his height.



"Everyone is the son of his own works."—*Selected by Cyrus Grove.*



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## VIEW POINTS.

BELOW Harper's Ferry, at Weaverton, at the locks where the boats are raised and lowered in order to carry on navigation, there stood a few people who were compelled to wait on a train; among them there was a boy about six years old who was standing near his father and holding to his hand; all at once the lock was pulled to allow the water to lower that a boat might go down stream, and the little boy who saw only the lowering of the boat, began to cry to his papa that he did not want the ground to go up; for it seemed to him that the ground was really going up, while of course it was the boat going down; he began to cry, for the situation to him was becoming serious; his father was unable to comfort him or induce him to see the thing as it really was.

The boat was soon through, and another one was there ready to go up stream. It went through the lock, and when the gate was shut the boat began to rise, and of course just the opposite thing occurred; the little fellow now began to request his papa to make the ground quit going down; he was just as confident as before that he was right.

Who can say that the boy was not right from his point of view? Who of you have not seen the train, beside the one in which you were seated, start off and later you were surprised to find that it was your train that was in motion, or vice versa, as the case might be?

A hog is the finest animal in the world, if you look at it from the hog standpoint. The very same thing that happened to the little boy has happened to many a person, and the only difference between them and the boy is that the boy lived to see his error and the other unfortunate never has, and will not listen to the arguments of those who have had a world of experience.

According to the opinion of some, the axis of the world rests upon their ideas of things and no amount

of argument will induce them to believe that they might be wrong, and all of this comes from their being unable to see that they are looking from the wrong view point. No question but that it looks that way from where they are, but they are not in the right place.

There is a place in lower Canada on the railroad where one can look from the car window and see the ships on the lake upside down just as plain as if you had the photograph on paper and would turn the page upside down. Can it be that the ships are really in that position? Common sense of the most common kind would say that this is nonsense, for it cannot be. It is simply an optical illusion and the observer is at a disadvantage and is worried as to whether he has lost his mind or whether it is all a dream.

Many a time through a war of words, or word painting, some apparent proposition is forced upon some unfortunate who being unwary is duped into the very thing he is trying to avoid, because he is looking from the wrong point of view. A broad-minded man is one who is able to see a proposition from both sides. This is sure to relieve him from prejudice, and reach judgment by way of conviction instead of by the way of prejudice. Be able to put yourself in the place of the other fellow and it will amazingly assist you to render a righteous judgment.



## IMAGINATION AND EXPERIENCE.

THIS would be a cold, matter-of-fact world indeed without imagination. It is this faculty that enables the artist to dream and make others dream; it makes the poet sing and the architect to see the building before a single stone is laid. The youth, through it, sees himself in middle age a thorough business man, with a good education, filling a place in the world. This faculty is one of the very strongest that hope has to hold it up.

However, there is no faculty, whether strong or weak, but has its weak points. As useful as the imagination is, nothing is more faulty than is it. Every day of a man's life is evidence of that. For example, when you hear of a friend that you never saw you invariably form an opinion as to how he looks, and when you see him, how seldom you find your imagination able to photograph his visage correctly! Along lines of general principles sometimes a good guess is made, but when it comes to weight, size, distance, strength, etc., it cannot be depended upon. In looking at a map of the United States as often as a scholar does before he leaves school one would think that his imagination would enable him to have a fairly good idea as to the distance across the country and the lay of the land; but it only requires one experience to demonstrate to the fair-minded man that his

imagination is far more faulty than he ever dreamed it was. As one disappointment follows another through life he realizes each year that it does not make things tally up as he had planned. It did far more to hold him up and get him ready for the disappointment than did the facts, but after all it is the facts and not the imagination in which we trust and which makes us suspicious of the future; so much so that we say, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

You imagine that you know how the ocean looks and how deep it is and all about the important features connected with it; but listen! how deep is it in the deepest place? You say about nine miles. Correct, as far as we know; but do you know how deep that would be? If you were to jump down nine feet, let alone nine miles, you would say you had made a good leap; now get upon the Eiffel tower, more than nine hundred feet high, where the houses and the people look like fairies instead of real things, and you find for once that your imagination has done a poor job of the work which you had left in charge. When you get through threshing it for deceiving you, just turn around and let it play on the depth of the sea. If you had six of these Eiffel towers one on top of the other it would be but one of the nine miles of the depth of the father of waters.

Look at the pictures of mountains all you please and you will never appreciate the real mountain until you have climbed the rocks and breathed the thin air and overlooked the valleys below.

Your imagination would lead you to think that other people have a better place in life than you, that they have no troubles nor sorrows; that their trials are mere trifles while yours are loads compared with them; but you get acquainted with them; live with them awhile; get a glimpse of their everyday life and you will see that all men are mortal; that their wants and needs are similar; don't imagine that others do not love, hate, envy, suspicion or admire as well as yourself. Robert Burns said:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us."



#### LIVING LIGHT.

SCIENTISTS have discovered that the light we call fox fire and phosphorescence is no more than an accumulation of animalculæ which are highly colored and by colonizing or getting together in vast assemblies they are not only visible but they become highly luminous.

This age demands that we use all the means at hand in order to promote the welfare of the people we serve. Therefore our chemists have taken water, supposed

to be pure, destroyed the germs which are enemies to the little microbes of which we have spoken, and then secured a good selection of these little animals and placed them in the water under the proper conditions and have allowed them to reproduce and accumulate in a glass jar until they form an illumination in the room where they are hanging.

While this living light was produced only to satisfy science, we may draw a lesson from the incident with profit. First, that every one should possess a light-producing power of himself; that of himself he amounts to but little, and that he should not play the part of a hermit, but unite with his fellows and do something.

Again, all foreign substance that interferes with progress should be eliminated at any cost. No individual or nation can afford to be hindered from doing good by trifles. Be a light; show your light; preserve your light.



#### AT YOUR BACK.

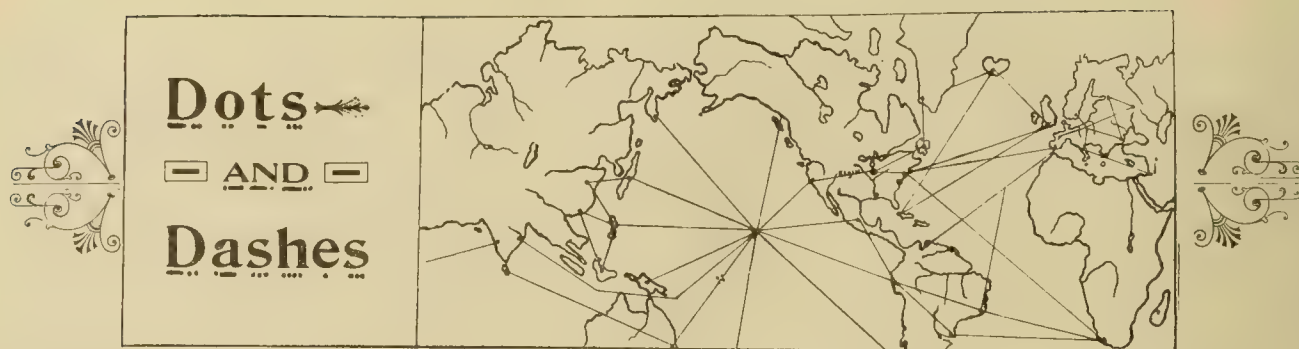
IN the early days when our forefathers were settling up the frontier they were continually in danger of the "bushwhackers." There was considerable amount of trouble between the Indian and the white man; of course there was cause for this, but we do not propose to discuss that now because it does not belong to this subject. At any rate there was an enmity between them which almost asked for the life of the other, and the Indian usually attempted to take spite out on his neighbor after the bushwhacker's style.

An enemy in open style is not considered so dangerous as one who is in ambush. It is generally conceded that civilization has driven the American Indians into close quarters in the West, but the Indian blood is not all out of us yet. It seems to be easier for us to fight in ambush than to get on the battlefield of Christian warfare and thresh out difficulties on the basis laid out by the great Savior of mankind.

Slander is a blighting sirocco; its pestiferous breath pollutes with each respiration; its forked tongue is charged with poison like that of a venomous snake; it searches all the corners of the world for victims; it sacrifices the high and the low, the rich and the poor, living and dead; it scales mountains, crosses oceans and traverses deserts.

The poor soul, who is continually scandalizing his neighbor publicly or privately, is not in a lonesome crowd by himself either. There is a sad propensity in the fallen nature of the rest of us to want to listen to the retailers of petty scandal; somehow it spices conversation to the extent that it leads finally to gossip. All of these are traces of animal nature and just as far distant as is possible to imagine from the true Christian spirit of which we ought to be in possession.





THE entire complement of the battleship *Massachusetts* has been transferred by the navy department to the battleship *Indiana*. The *Massachusetts* is to go out of commission for repairs, which will probably require two years.

A CONTINENTAL RUBBER COMPANY has been incorporated in New Jersey, with a capital stock of thirty million dollars. The corporation papers say that its object is to make rubber and different products of it.

WITHIN the last week a little valley in Nevada, which heretofore has not been blessed with more than twenty inhabitants, has suddenly sprung into a mining camp of about five thousand people. The little valley is about eighty miles north of Goldfield; the place is known as Manhattan. Tremendous surface finds of gold have made prospectors hysterical. Building lots have advanced from twenty-five dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars. The gold is free and is obtained on the surface with but very little work. Reports, as yet, do not say whether the values continue to pay at any great depth.

ANYONE asking for premiums will please note three things:

First. His own subscription should be paid one year in advance.

Second. A premium cannot be secured for one's own subscription.

Third. Read carefully the conditions governing the giving of premiums BEFORE SENDING.

We are glad so many are working for premiums and sending us such good lists. We appreciate what they are doing for us.

If each of our readers would send us just one new name, our list would be doubled and we would be able to forge ahead to greater and better things. Will YOU send the NAME?

WHILE we are sending missionaries to India and other heathen countries, to convert the Hindu from the error of his way, he is kindly remembering us by returning the compliment. A Hindu temple has

now been built in San Francisco, and although it is a one-story building, and the membership about fifty, yet it is the beginning of Hinduism in America, and we may expect, in the next few years, to see something of idol worship in our own country. This shows two things, first, that the Hindu zeal is greater than ours, and second, that while we are not doing enough missionary work abroad, we are more sadly neglecting our home mission work.

THE weather bureau is making considerable headway in the new work of collecting observations systematically. By means of wireless telegraphy, ships at sea are able to forecast to other vessels results based upon observations they may be able to make. It is more than wonderful how the whole world is conversant with itself through this new medium of communication. Many a vessel will be saved from being wrecked in a storm by the use of this wonderful discovery.

THE dissolution of parliament was proclaimed by King Edward last week, and the necessary legal steps were taken to create a new parliament, which will meet February 13. One John Burns, the labor member of the cabinet, presented some important matters for discussion, such as the payment of a salary to the members of the House of Commons, woman's suffrage, triennial parliaments, an eight-hour work day, the abolition of the House of Lords, as well as all hereditary authority, which would include the Crown itself. It is something wonderful how this republican form of government has taken effect in northern Europe, Russia, and is now at headquarters in Great Britain.

HARRY SHOEMAKER and George White, both of Jersey City, have certainly made their mark in the world. They are reported to have perfected a torpedo boat, which is operated by wireless telegraphy. Five boats after this pattern have been built and shipped to Japan. The boats can be guided in any direction for a distance of two miles, can be made to completely encircle the ship of any enemy, and can

be exploded at will or be returned to the point of starting. It can be given a speed of twenty knots an hour, while carrying five hundred pounds of nitroglycerine, which is enough to completely destroy the best battleship in the world. The boat is thirty-two feet long, and twenty-three inches wide at the widest point. A single operator at the keyboard starts, stops, guides, explodes or returns the vessel at his will. The wireless apparatus consists of two poles, a network of wires and a narrow float made of cellulose, which is always visible above the water line. The torpedo boat is submerged seven feet. This promises to be one of the greatest achievements of modern naval warfare.

DR. WILLIAM R. HARPER, president of the University of Chicago, died recently at his home in Chicago, after an illness of a year from cancer. His last thought was of the university, and his last words were, "God always helps; he always helps." Dr. Harper was the most conspicuous one among those college presidents who have secured large endowments from men of wealth. From childhood he was known as an intellectual prodigy, graduating from Muskingum College at the age of fourteen, and taking his degree as doctor of philosophy at Yale at nineteen. At twenty he was president of the Masonic College, at Macon, Tenn. He taught at Dennison, Ohio, and in 1891 became the first president of Chicago University. He was born in New Concord, Ohio, in 1856. Just about a month before his departure he said these words: "I should like to be a part of it one hundred years from now," being interpreted by those who heard him that his bones should lie near the institution of his own origin and making. Plans for a memorial building are being duly considered, which will be constructed as soon as possible.

OLD Father Time has placed the hourglass by the bedside of another great man. All the world knows Marshall Field, the great Chicago millionaire, who reached the age of seventy last August. While his life compares favorably with others in the fact that it was not without mistake, it differs principally from a great many other lives, in that he has climbed from nothing to a hundred millions; from a clerk in a dry-goods store to the drygoods king of the greatest city of America. He reached three score and ten in spite of the wonderful financial strain upon his mind and the unusual amount of domestic trouble. Like the weakest of men, he was meekly resigned to the common fate of all.

THE Russian Government is up against a condition of affairs that is likely to result in a long revolutionary struggle. Both the Baltic and Caucasus regions are living under revolutionary forms of government; even

the judges perform marriage ceremonies under the red flag. Plots are continually being made to take the life of the Czar; anarchy prevails along the Siberian railway, and the returning troops are in a state of mutiny.

THE B. & O. railway is trying its hand on a twenty-hour train between Chicago and New York. They made one hundred and twenty-eight miles in one hundred and twenty-six minutes, and in a few places made a hundred miles an hour.

M. JULIAN TIERSOT, a visiting French composer, is just a little bit hard on the white man of America, especially the one who is stuck on himself because of his musical ability. He says in all of his research he finds nothing original in American music except the Indian and negro melodies. He is now going South to study "coon" songs. Of course some medicine is bitter to take, but it often proves good for what ails us.

A HUGE mound of sea walrus tusks has been found while excavating for a new coast line railway in southern California, a branch of the Southern Pacific. The tusks range from two to three feet in length, and from nine to twelve inches thick. The remains of a huge mastodon, which was petrified, were also discovered. It is supposed that these are relics of the glacial era, when this region was devastated by a huge glacier. The ivory is said to be in a fine state of preservation.

ACCORDING to Dunne's review, the cost of living in the United States has increased thirty-five per cent in the last eight years. It is intimated that the advance is due to the fluctuation of the wholesale market and not due to either consumption or production. Evidently a little tincture of graft figures in the problem.

FRANCIS MERCIER, famous as an Alaskan explorer, died at Montreal, a few days ago.

THE government of Portugal has authorized its engineers to inspect available airships in England, France and America, with a view of purchasing two for the expedition against the revolted tribes in West Africa. This, if proven satisfactory, will make Portugal the first country to employ steerable airships in warfare.

THE trustees of Harvard College have sounded the death knell to football, calling it a menace to morals and health. And there are more to follow.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### "LOOK OVER THE HARNESS FIRST."

SELECTED BY J. S. FLORY.

When old Uncle John starts off to town,  
He looks at the straps with care;  
"For you never can tell," says Uncle John,  
"What trouble there may be there.  
I've saved a runaway many a time,  
Where worst might a-come to worst,  
By not forgetting to just  
Look over the harness first."

Is there not a lesson that he who starts  
To scatter wild oats away  
May learn from the plan of Uncle John  
Which will stand him in stead some day?  
In setting forth on the long trip where  
There's many a break and burst,  
Make sure, as nearly as mortal may—  
"Look over the harness first."

And for him and for her who take the step  
That must lead unto joy or woe,  
The plan that is followed by Uncle John  
Is a good one on which to go.  
There are many weary women and men  
Who are counting themselves accursed  
Because they didn't, before the start,  
"Look over the harness first."

For him and for her who have come to the place  
Where the ways appear to part,  
The lesson we learn from Uncle John  
May well be taken to heart.  
The joys they have lost may lie ahead;  
Perhaps when the bond is burst  
The eyes that are sad may brighten—but  
"Look over the harness first."

In war and in love there are many defeats  
Which lead to shame and despair,  
That never had come if the buckles and reins  
Had only been kept in repair.  
Whoever you are, if it's glory or gold  
Or power for which you thirst,  
Try Uncle John's plan when it's time to set—  
"Look over the harness first."

—S. E. Kiser, in Leslie's Weekly.



### A SALOON KEEPER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

#### Number One.

I SHALL undertake at short notice and for a small sum, and with great expedition, to prepare victims for the asylum, the poorhouse, the prison and the gallows.

I will furnish an article which will increase the amount of fatal accidents, and multiply the number of

distressing diseases, and render those who are harmless, incurable. I shall deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, most of property, and all of peace, which will cause fathers to become thieves, wives widows, children orphans, and all mendicants. I will cause mothers to forget their offspring, and cruelty to take the place of love. I will sometimes even corrupt the ministry of religion and obstruct the progress of the Gospel, defile the purity of the church and cause spiritual and eternal death.

#### Number Two.

Friends and neighbors: Having just opened up a commodious shop for the sale of liquid fire, I embrace this opportunity of informing you that on Saturday next I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers and beggars, for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of the community to support. I shall deal in familiar spirits which will incite men to deeds of riot, robbery and blood by so doing; diminish their comfort, augment the expenses and endanger the welfare of the community.

The spirit trade is lucrative and some professing Christians give it their cheerful countenance. I live in a land of liberty. I have license and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will. I purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom. I pledge myself to do all that I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified brought upon themselves, or their dearest friends are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with certain means of doing so.—*Exchange*.



### COURAGE, THE LIFE WORD.

It would seem that we are to regard life as a military campaign in which the rewards are all in proportion to the active service. We are not to seek for sluggard ease or stagnation of peace, knowing that that way is losing ground to the enemy which later will have to be fought over and recovered with heavier pains.

Neither peace nor pleasure is to be sought as an end, but higher and ever-higher ideals discovered, fought for, attained, finding a constantly enlarging and more satisfying joy in spiritual gain, in wisdom, courage and moral strength.

When a little boy, I conceived a daily prayer for

strength, courage and wisdom, and it returns to me that these are still the greatest of human needs.

As the soldier does not ask for lazy comfort and routine promotion, but the glorious struggles and deathless fame of true war, so do we. Life is a battle and we accept it and thrill to the clear-voiced bugles and step to the throbbing drums. After all nothing so awakens our admiration as to see the fire of courage kindle in a dauntless eye and great obstacles steadily and skillfully overcome. No sybaritic idleness, no *dolce-farniente* can ever so allure.

In the past the world's worship has gone to the victor and the pioneer, and it will be so to the end, only on ever-higher and more spiritual planes.

The old battles of club and gun, of blood and brawn, will die out, but soul will struggle with soul in sublime agonies of stress and sacrifice, of enlarging liberty and uplifting ideals.

I must know! I must be! cries the God-kindled one, and then the issue with that which remains and that which reacts is joined. Every lifting of even a foot forward means tears of blood and we must all shed our share. We must trample down our terror, though it hiss with vipers, sting with scorpions, and blast with fire through eye and brain. Courage is the life-word of and the only countersign of those who proceed.

Life is not for peace without pain, life is for that peace which accepts and includes pain, which is above, which is itself the fruit and spoil of pain forever.—*Wm. Lloyd, in Mind.*



#### A GOOD FARMER'S CREED.

I WILL make every day count at something.

If I can not work with my hands, I will keep my head busy making plans for the future.

I will do what I do, well.

I will not work too hard myself nor require any one about the farm to do so.

I will be economical, but not close nor miserly.

I will do the best I can to make my land and my cattle bring in the greatest possible return, every year.

I will keep my buildings and fields looking as trim as I can.

I will not get the blues if it rains right along for a week at a time. The bow of promise was set in the clouds for me, as well as for Noah.

I will be fair with my horses. They shall not be overworked, if I can help it.

I will deliver everything I promise to deliver when I say I will, or give a good reason why I do not.

I will starve neither my brain nor my body.

I will not be above taking a hand in the political affairs of my town, county and State, remembering that it is just as important to have a good postmaster as it is to elect an honest governor.

I will love the boys and girls, the horses and the cows—yes, and every living thing—as I would like to be loved myself.

I will do the best I can to keep my heart and my body pure.

I will sing the cheeriest song I can and try to leave the world a little better than I found it.—*Farm Journal.*



#### NATURE SPEAKS.

"COURAGE is a great attribute and involuntarily exacts a generous forbearance whether met with on the crowded plane of human, animal or vegetable life. I was at work in my little garden plot the other day after an absence of two months from home. Five years before, when I bought the place this special plot had been an Eden for a certain native vine, against which I had waged a relentless war of extermination, and had from season to season indulged in a too sanguine hope that I was well rid of it, only to find the plucky little shoots springing to the surface again and again. However, just before I left home this time, I had had every part of the ground not occupied thoroughly sifted and, as I thought, the last white fiber uprooted. So you may imagine my surprise when stepping close to the water's edge there was a thick net of the vines on the ground, while others had crept to neighboring shrubs and were well on their way from the earth. I lifted my hoe, determined to strike a deep and a death-dealing blow if possible, but one of its bright blossoms caught my eye as it waved on a branch of the tree; I noticed the aspirations of its tendrils that seemed to be reaching out for a sustaining branch higher yet and more exposed to the sun. I dropped my hoe. This sturdy refusal to accept death as the inevitable called for recognition in the human plant who was also trying to demonstrate over the darkness of past beliefs. I said, 'I will train you so as to keep this exuberance in bounds, but my hand will never be lifted against your life again.'"—*Hester Annie Bernard, in Mind.*



#### THE WIDOW'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

It was the last evening of the old year. The home of Mrs. Lucas was not a rich one. Should you have entered that humble abode as the sable shadows were gathering your sympathies would have been aroused. There were sad hearts there. Just one year previous the father died, leaving a bright boy of fifteen and two little daughters to be cared for by their mother, and she not very strong. There was not much means left, but by careful management and industry they were comfortable. Best of all, Mrs. Lucas was a



Christian woman and tried to train her children aright, so that they would be a blessing to herself and the world. But James, like many boys, did not heed her instructions as he should have done, and instead of spending his evenings at home he was on the street where bad boys gather, and of late the awful truth was apparent that he had either been to the saloon or with the boys in some other place where drink could be had,—for he really came home *drunk*.

James did not want to be a bad boy and grieve his mother. He had noble impulses, and had a kind heart, but the tempter came in the shape of an invitation to an evening party with some chums, and the wine bottle was passed around. At first he thought of his mother's teachings and refused, but the boys laughed at him and called him babyish, and some boys can't stand ridicule. Finally he tasted, and at the next social a little more, until the habit was formed and he was too weak to resist. "For habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."

When the mother fully realized that her child—that only boy in whom she had centered such great hopes—was a drunkard her grief and anguish were painful to behold. It seemed as though the light of her life had passed into darkness. Like David, who went up over the gate weeping and saying, "Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son," her cry was, "O James, I would gladly give my life if that would save you and restore you to your former innocence and purity."

On this, the last evening of the year, a party of young boys and men had arranged to have a good time, and had invited James to be among them. The mother and sisters planned too, and prepared a good supper and tried to make the home as cheery as possible. Then at the supper table the mother said, "James, this is the last day of the year. One year ago this evening your father passed into eternity, and you remember his last request. It was that you spend your evenings at home, and never taste strong drink. To-night is the meeting at the church, that church where your father and I often carried you, and I have a special request to make of you. I want you, in memory of your father, to go with me and your sisters to the service as you did when he lived. Perhaps before another year rolls around you will have no mother, and that will mean no home."

James was touched by this speech, still he said he must not break his promise to the boys, for that would not be truthful, and said, "I must go yet to-night, mother," and walked out.

"Mamma," said Eva, "my Sunday-school teacher says we must believe God will answer our prayers, and he says, 'Call upon me in time of trouble and I will deliver thee.'"

Then the mother got down her Bible, they read a chapter and then, in the twilight hour, a group of three were kneeling in their humble sitting-room and asking God to take care of James that night, and keep him from sin and the accursed drink. "Spare my boy to me," was the mother's cry. Soon the mother and daughters started to the church, there to meet with those of like precious faith and to worship with them.

After James left his home he went into the street, which was crowded, as people were hurrying to and fro; some going to church, some to places of business, and others to places of revelry. It was a dark night, but the stars had come out one by one and seemed to be looking right down upon him and telling him to go home to mother. He could not forget the little speech his mother had made and down deep in his heart he knew he was doing wrong. He knew he was not obeying the command, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right," but still Satan urged him on to the place where he promised to meet his evil associates. The boys did not fail to notice that something was wrong with James, who was usually so full of fun and sport. One said, "He is going to get religion," and another, "He will turn out preacher," until he could stand it no longer.

Finally he said, "Boys, I want to tell you something. This night one year ago my father died and his last request was that I was to care for and comfort my mother, and here I am learning the ways of sin. This evening she begged piteously of me to go with her to prayer meeting, and I refused and came here and now this is the last time. Ever since I came into this place the picture of my mother's disappointment and her tears have been before me, and now good-night, I am going to her," and he rose up and walked out.

Let us go to the church and join the worshipers at the last meeting of the old, dying year. At that service there were other burdened hearts and Mrs. Lucas found that she was not the only mother who had a wayward son. It seemed there were many others who had griefs and burdens to bear. One gray-haired woman asked to have sung that pathetic song, "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?" and after it was finished Mrs. Lucas arose, and amid tears and sobs told of how she had plead with her only son to go with her to the meeting, but he would not. Then she said she felt she must tell Jesus about it, and how they had knelt together in their humble home and asked him to keep her boy from sin and cause him to think upon his ways, and like the prodigal return to his Father in heaven and share the joys and sorrows of mother and sisters. She added, "God has ever been my support, and I believe in his own time he will answer my prayers." Many hearts were touched at the recital of this poor widow, for they knew James

was a noble-hearted boy and would make a brilliant man.

Then there were a few minutes of silence and an old, gray-haired father, leaning on his staff, arose and started the hymn,

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender shepherd's care."

At the close of the first verse of that grand hymn there walked up the aisle a young man, tender in years, but with a joy beaming in his face. It was James Lucas. After leaving the boys in their den he went to the church, entered quietly and took a back seat unobserved. While his mother thought he was at the saloon, he was sitting in church and heard all that was said. Like the prodigal, he made the resolve and said, "I will arise and go to my Father," and arose and went. He said, "Mother, I am here."

I heard you tell the people how you plead with God to keep me from sin to-night. I could not enjoy the company at the saloon, and now I want to tell you that hereafter my evenings will be spent with you and I want to worship the same God that has answered your prayer to-night." He sat down, and the congregation sang, thrillingly,

"But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven.  
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'"

The new year dawned, but on a happy group, for her boy who had wandered away had returned home to the Father's house, and all day she was singing,

"Tell it to Jesus, all of thy sorrow,  
All of thy cares, whatever they be,  
Surely and sweetly he will deliver,  
He will sustain and comfort thee."

*Newburg, Pa.*

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXIV.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

This morning we visited the quarries of Solomon. We had been out north of the city to see the tombs of the kings. We found forty-three rock-cut tombs which answered to the description of the "valley of dead bodies" spoken of by Jeremiah. The graves are closely connected, and some of them are protected by a round stone something like we often see pictured to illustrate how the women came to the Savior's tomb on the resurrection morning. As we came out of the tomb Miss Merritt found a nice large bunch of hyssop on the wall low enough that she could reach it, so she pulled it off to bring home. It will make another nice specimen for the Maynor museum. When we came back to the city, instead of going into the city we went under the city into Solomon's quarries, as I started to tell you in the beginning. We traveled for rods and rods back in this cavern, first in one room and then another for nearly half a day; and we walked over tons and tons of chips and spalls, where thousands of Solomon's workmen had dressed the great stones for the temple building. The Bible says that this building went together without the sound of a hammer, consequently these workmen must have dressed the stone here, and took them to the building already dressed. We saw one large rock suspended from the ceiling, partly ready for use, but never used. The people evidently had no stone saws, for the marks of the chisels are still in evidence here; they drilled behind the stones, underneath them and at either end; they literally chiseled them out. How they moved these great rocks is more

than we can understand, but when we read the account of it, we remember that Solomon had thousands and thousands of men.

Visitors are always shown "Golgotha, or the place of the skull." This is not far from the Damascus gate. It is a small hill of rock in which there is a resemblance of a human skull made by the hand of nature. Until recently Bible students have supposed the place where Jesus was crucified and buried to be under the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, but Dr. Gordon thinks this is the real place, and many Bible students are beginning to favor this location. The reason our party favors this being the true Calvary is, because near to this place is a garden in which may be found tombs. We went in to see these tombs which were cut out of the solid rock and among them was one which has no mark of decomposition in it. We call to mind that the Bible says it was hewn out of stone, and these answer to the description exactly. Another reason why we like this is because it is quite in sympathy with the line of march from the judgment hall.

We went over to the Garden of Gethsemane, and of all the sacred places around Jerusalem this one seems to have the preference. It was here that Jesus fought the real battle. It was here that he agonized until he sweat blood. The sins of the whole world were carried while upon his knees here in this garden. We all knelt down under an old olive tree and read the account of his betrayal and arrest. While we have attended many love feast occasions, yet these scriptures never seemed to mean so much as at this place. There are six large olive trees in the garden, two of them measure as much as twelve feet in diameter. They must be very old. If the ones



that we saw up at Bethel were three hundred years old, as the dates show, then these could easily be as old as the Christian era. The garden is much smaller than it used to be, and a high wall now surrounds it. The Roman Catholics have placed fourteen stations around it, representing different acts in the great tragedy.

We ascended the Mount of Olives to the top. At the very summit we find what is called the Dome of the Ascension; in this little rotunda is supposed to be the spot where the Lord ascended to heaven. This, of course, is tradition, largely, but we know it was somewhere on the mountain. When Jesus was lifted up between earth and heaven the whole panorama of his life was spread out before him. We ascended the tower of a Russian church near by and from here we could easily see the church spires at Bethlehem, where he was born. To the east we could see the Jordan, like a thread of silver in a ribbon of green. Dropping our eyes a little, in the same direction, we could see Bethany, where he lived with Martha, Mary and Lazarus. At the foot of the mountain to the west we could behold the garden where he was betrayed and arrested. We could see the temple platform, where he often preached. We could see Calvary, where he was crucified. How beautifully his Father reviewed his

life as he left the earth, and the angels promised those standing by that he should come in like manner and receive them unto himself!

On Friday evening we went down into the Jewish quarter of the city, for this is the time when the Jews may be seen at the Jews' wailing place. There is about one hundred and fifty feet of the original wall of the time of Solomon there unto this day, and here the Jews come, bringing their Bibles, reading prophecies of their doom, promises of their return, amid prayers and groans which give no uncertain sound as to their real sorrow. We thought we saw among them some who had come because the rest had, and others because it was a custom; but it was sad indeed to see these old fathers and mothers of Israel clad in their scarlet, purple and blue, reading of the golden age of Israel and God's promises to make the land of Palestine like the Garden of Eden again.

The whole land is occupied by a stranger and the Jew has become a by-word among the nations of the earth, but the time will come when we will be glad to accompany the Jews on their way to Jerusalem. Zech. 8:23.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### "KEEP AGOIN'."

SELECTED BY J. S. FLORY.

If you strike a rose or thorn,  
Keep a-goin';  
If it hails or if it snows,  
Keep a-goin'!  
'Tain't no use to sit and whine  
When the fish ain't on your line,  
Bait your hook and keep on tryin'—  
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,  
Keep a-goin';  
When you tumble from the top,  
Keep a-goin'!  
S'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,  
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;  
Tell the world you're feelin' prime—  
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-goin';  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-goin'!  
See the wild birds on the wing,  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,  
When you feel like sighing, sing—  
Keep a-goin'!

Did anybody ever see me stop a-goin'?  
Although I've tumbled down,  
I've always kept a-goin'  
Till I've won the crown,  
And still I kept on a-goin',

And, shall until I die;  
Even then I'll keep a-goin'  
Till I reach the sky.  
Yes, I'll keep on a-goin' and a-goin'  
Till all the stars are passed,  
Beyond sorrow and the mournin',  
And Time's old wintry blasts;  
Then I'll reach the gates of day,  
Where earth's changes never go.  
I'll be a-goin,—I shall ever say—  
Until there is something yet to know.

Denver, Colo.



### "THE KIND OF A TEACHER I LIKE."

DORA MAY MILLER.

I LIKE a kind-hearted, friendly and sociable teacher; one that has good will power over all the scholars; the teacher that tries to do all he can in order to get the scholars to come to school every day, so they will be more interested in the work. If some do not come for one or two days, when they come I think it is in the teacher's place to try to find out why they were not there, whether it was because they had to work or if they were sick. In this way I always feel like the teacher thinks that if I miss school I will always be behind in my books and would not take as much interest as if I were there every day.

There ought to be more than one way in order to get a scholar to come to school; these are some of the ways that encourage me to go to school every day.

Trimming the schoolhouse up in some way that the scholars enjoy and keeping the house as clean as he can in order to freshen up the scholars' mind, having a library in the school, plenty of good singing and music and not so many rules that a scholar need to be fearful of disobeying unawares. The teacher should also be friendly and jovial.

*R. R. No. 2, New Madison, Ohio.*



### SELF-DENIAL.

NORA KINGERY.

EVERY one who wishes to become a Christian must deny himself of worldly things, and be prepared to follow the teachings of the Gospel.

The Bible says we should not love the world or the things that are in it, but should love God. "The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world." Therefore we should be willing to give up all and take up the cross and follow Christ.

He is a good and kind Shepherd, that watches

faithfully over his flock, and will never lead us astray. He came to this world to teach us the Christian religion and faith, by which we might be saved. But some are not willing to follow his teachings. They prize the beauties of this world above the beauties of that heavenly home.

Those who wish to follow Christ must not follow the fashions of this world, for they cannot do both. They cannot serve both God and Satan. Trouble must sometimes come upon us before we are willing to deny ourselves of the worldly things and accept Christ.

When we begin to realize what the Lord has done for us, what he is doing, and will do for us, it is easy for us to give up all worldly things and think of nothing but spiritual things. We are then converted, or in other words we have turned from the sins of this world and are ready to follow the teachings of the Gospel.

We are willing then to open the doors of our hearts and let the Savior come in and guide us heavenward. We have gained a great victory over sin, for we have fought off our burden of sin by putting on the Christian armor.

*Bringinghurst, Ind.*

## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### THE LEADING QUESTION.

Dis is de way de roun' worl' run—  
Some got money, en some got none;  
But which er de lot is de happy one?—

Answer now, believers!

Dis man live in de mansion high,  
Dat man—yander, in de desert dry;  
But which er de two gwine ter shout bimeby?

Answer now, believers!

Trouble knockin' at de big house do'  
Same ez de cabin, whar de wild grass grow;  
Who is de rich man, en who is de po'?—

Answer now, believers!

### FUGITIVE ESCAPES IN AIRSHIP.

At Los Angeles, Cal., recently, Harry Burke, who was pursued by a policeman, leaped into an airship, soared away over the tops of the tall buildings of the city and escaped arrest.

Burke had been distributing hand-bills on the street and the officer tried to arrest him. The fugitive ran into a department store, jumped into an elevator and was taken to the roof, where Alva Reynolds was preparing to sail his airship. Burke jumped into the small craft with the aeronaut, and the airship cleared the roof of the building just as the policeman was climbing through a skylight. —Farm and Fireside.

### GAME OF PRONOUNS.

1. What pronoun is a part of the face? I (eye).
2. What pronoun is a tree? You (yew).
3. What pronoun produces ore? Mine.
4. What pronoun makes day and night? Ours (hours).
5. What pronoun is a kind of pitcher? Your (ewer).
6. Which is the smallest pronoun? We (wee).
7. What pronoun is a musical character? Me (mi).
8. What pronoun is found oftenest at church? Him (hymn).
9. What pronoun, if repeated, makes a laugh? He (he-he).
10. What pronoun, if it should lose an eye, would become a beverage? It (t-tea).

### WOMEN CHIMNEY SWEEPS.

The vocations to which our latter-day women are devoting their energies are increasing in number, and realms unthought of before are being invaded. A guild or union of women chimney sweeps has been started in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Its founder is a widow of a sweep blessed with six daughters. All seven belong to the guild and are active members. No woman chimney sweep is to be less than fourteen years old or more than thirty-five, but girl assistants may be admitted at eight years. As soon as a sweep marries she must leave the guild. All must sign the temperance pledge and be members of the Orthodox (Greek) church.



### THE READER.

Neither staff nor scrip I take,  
But a little book instead;  
This the heavenly bread I break,  
This the brook where thirst I slake.

All alone I walk this way;  
Yet a joyous company,  
Heroes, martyrs, bold and gay,  
Are my comrades day by day.  
—Richard Kirk, in August Lippincott's.

### EVERY BOY NEEDS A TRADE.

A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial.

"Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to pilfer and do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

### PROGRESS.

Here is a letter from a Parisian, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who states that he is learning English by the aid of a small text-book and dictionary, without any other instructor, and he adds:

"In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will to come at the London and go on the scaffold to lecture."—Tit-Bits.

### DESSERTERS.

Deserters from the United States Army in the five years that ended Dec. 31, 1904, numbered 27,305—more than 5,400 a year. What is the matter? Who is to blame? The officers or the men? Neither,—the reason is that there is no more fighting.

### HELP WANTED.

Mother: "Don't let me catch you at that jam again!"

Tommy: "Well, maw, if you'd keep it lower down, I could get away quicker."—New York Sun.

A Scotch bricklayer asked his foreman for a day off, which was readily granted. Afterward the latter learned that the workman had taken the holiday to get married, and asked him about it.

"Aye, mister, I was awa' gettin' marri'd."

"I hope you got a good wife, Sandy."

"Weel, I maun say she is God's handiwork, but she is nae his masterpiece," answered the bridegroom with the air of one determined to do perfect justice.—Everybody's.

God gives us ministers of love,  
Which we regard not, being near;  
Death takes them from us, then we feel  
That angels have been with us here!

—James Aldrich.

Sin looks smaller and less offensive after we have committed it. The sins we have not committed look monstrous. How much time we spend trying to fool ourselves!

A child is like a rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. Inspired teaching should be the gentle alchemy that brings to light the shining gold.

Proverbs, like glass, should be handled with care. "One swallow does not make a summer," but it has often made a sot.

Professor Liberty H. Bailey, of New York, says: "What we call 'slow' and 'dull' may be the saving grace of the nation."

When a man takes a drink of intoxicating liquor to drive "dull care" away he only adds another brick to his hod.

Why are fowls the most economical creatures that a farmer keeps? Because for every grain they eat they give a peck.

I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.—Socrates.

What is that that has neither flesh nor blood, yet has four fingers and a thumb? Answer.—A glove.

No man who faithfully follows Christ will go to heaven alone. Others will follow him.

What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? Answer.—A ditch.

The Southern States raise seventy-five per cent of the world's cotton.

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.—Carlyle.

What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet? Answer.—A coat of paint.

A man's ideal during courtship is apt to be his ordeal after marriage.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter IV.

I TOLD the family all about it, how the grip had waged war on the happy little family of Sile's and left him alone to tell the story. He went back home to live with his folks for awhile, and they were as nice as they could be to him and all that, but the fact of the matter is, that when a man wants to do for himself, back there where the land is so high, and then give half to the other fellow, it is rather an uphill business. So Sile told his father that he believed he would sell off his share of the stock and go West to see if he couldn't find some land that was as good as that and not be so high in price, that a poor man couldn't reach it. There was a Mr. J. P. Massie, of San Francisco, Cal., who wrote him; I don't know where he lived. He told of the new features of this valley, and Sile was on his ear at once. He came over to our house at once and begged me to come along to see



"Old Tiger saw her, and began to wag his stub tail."

the prospects. Of course I have no one to look after but myself so I came along, partly as company and partly to look after my own interests.

While I was telling this to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and the boys, Lucile went out on the porch for something and old Tiger saw her and began to wag his stub tail. She felt a little condemned for kicking him when the strangers first came, and now she thought it was a good time to make up, so she sat down and began to pat him, and I guess Sile thought also it would be a good time to make up, and, using Tige as an excuse, he went around to that side of the house and asked Tige (of course) whether he would bite now. Tige answered through Lucile that he guessed he was safe, but Sile was sufficiently suspicious that he sat down on the opposite side of her from the dog.

Now it is not to be supposed that they talked all the time about the dog and the weather, but perhaps we will never know all that was said. At least we know that they were not so bashful after that, and were frequently to be found somewhere talking over some very interesting subject.

When we saw that the couple were so interested we did not bother them, but I worked a little for the interest of Sile, by getting the old man to talking about the country. I asked him how it came that if this valley was as good as they claim it is, that it was never taken up before. I couldn't see that for my part, to save my soul. But when I got the old man's answer it did not seem so bad after all. He said that the rich bankers all over the West used to own the rich valleys, because they were so rich for pasture lands, and it could be bought from the government for a song and sing it yourself. You see they would brand a lot of cattle and put them on the land and let them multiply and round them up once or twice a year; in this way they grew rich as fast as they wanted to.

There was another day came, however, when civilization pushed its way into the valley and the land increased in value until the grazers could ill afford to use that land for grazing purposes, when they could just as well move back a little and get more cheap land and sell this to some men who have the money to colonize the section and make a lot of good homes for people who are striving to get a start in the East, and, having failed, are ready to go where they can at least pay for a small farm in a short time.

Another thing that is causing a rush to this particular section is the new railroad that enters the valley of which I spoke about in the beginning. I think it will be fairly into the valley by February, and lucky is the man who gets a farm before the price goes beyond his reach. There are lands now in California worth one thousand dollars an acre, and it has no better future than this has right here in this Butte Valley.

I told the old man that I didn't want to get excited and that I would remain here over the fall and winter, and maybe the year round, so that I could see what the climate is. After he had told me a great many things of interest that I cannot tell in this short letter, he said, "Say, why can't you fellers work fer me? I will have a large harvest and a lot of other work." I said I'd see Sile. So I asked him, and he raised one foot off the ground and slapped his knee and said, "By jove, that's the stuff."

(To be continued.)



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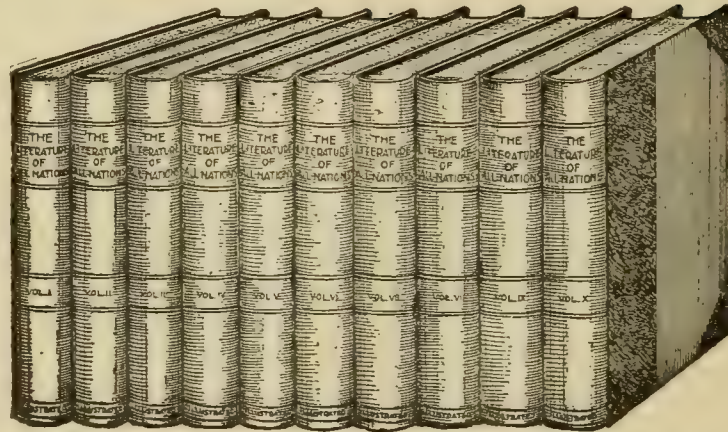
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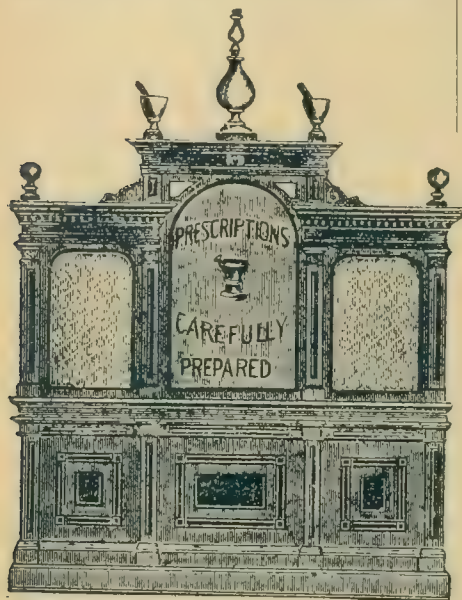
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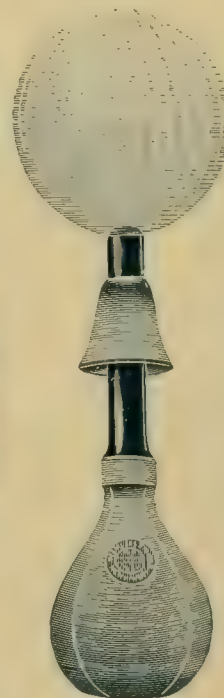
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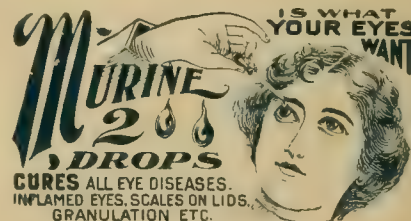
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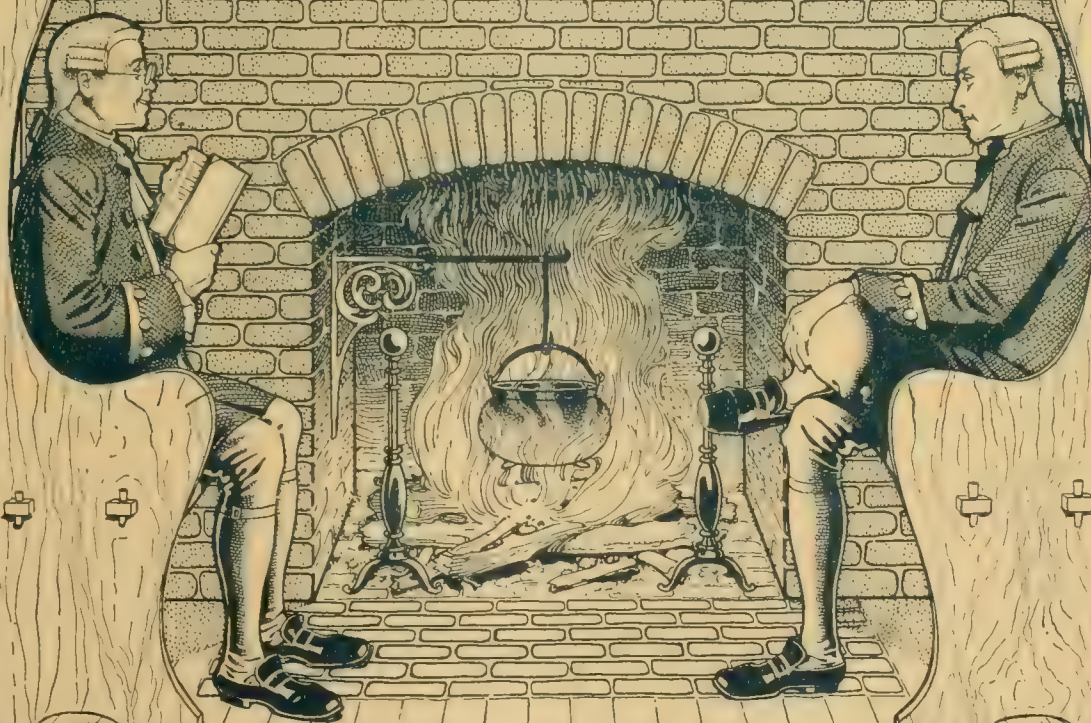
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EQUATOR.—D. L. Miller.

"THRE EIGENEN."—Mary L. Senseman.



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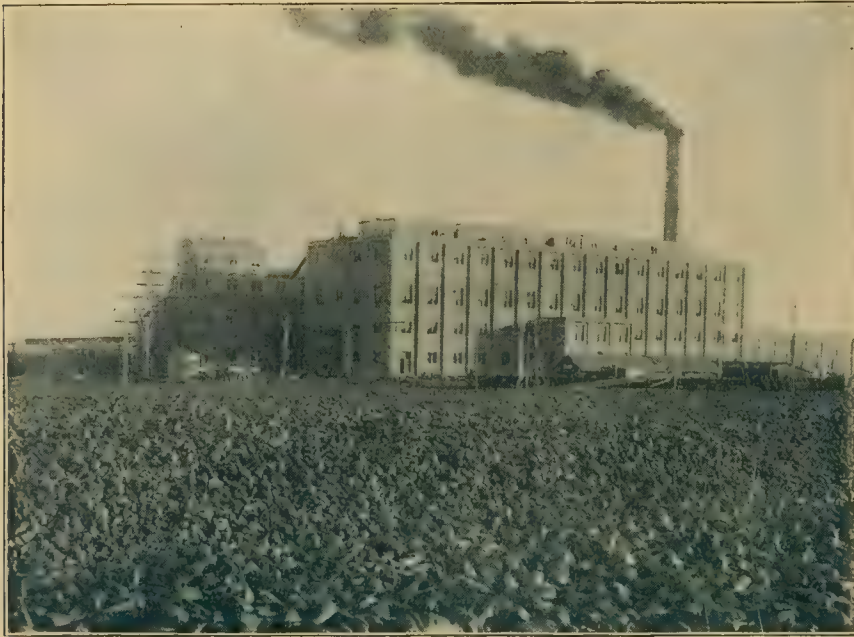
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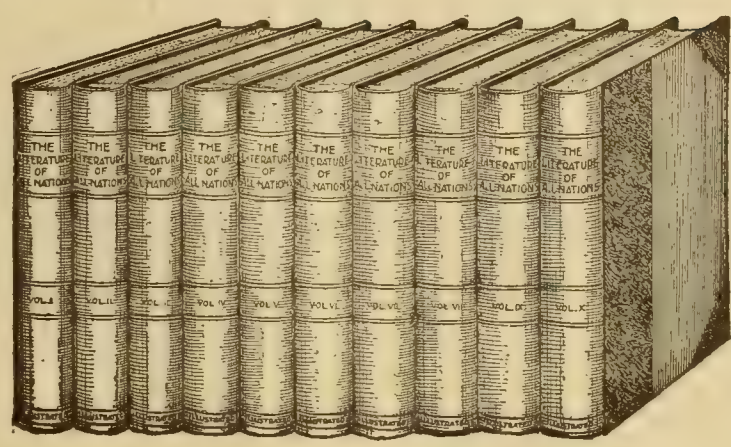
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Madisonville, Ky., June 6, 1905.

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Your friend and agent,

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### IS HAPPY OVER THE RESULTS.

Hazelhurst, Wis., March 1, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Please send me some more order-blanks, as I am all out of them and wish to place a new order for the **Blood Vitalizer**. One of our neighbors is thanking his luck in finding out about the medicine. He said to me the other day: "I have always been troubled with eruptions on my face and body, but since using the **Blood Vitalizer** look how clear and free of eruptions my face is. I am happy over the results." I could write you about many other cases but this will have to do for this time.

Yours truly,

Albert Adam.



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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY 30, 1906.

No. 5.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WALTON F. STOVER.

(Air: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee.")

In the stillness of the night  
The shepherds saw a light  
Near Bethlehem;  
And lo! a star on high  
Brightened the azure sky,  
And o'er Judea's hills  
Came silently.

They left their flocks afar,  
Followed this wondrous star  
To Bethlehem;  
And did hear the angels sing  
That they glad tidings bring,  
For in a manger lay  
The new-born King.

Oh, may our lives instill  
Sweet peace on earth, good will  
Unto all men;  
Let right o'ercome the wrong,  
And mortals weak be strong,  
And let the star of old  
Shine on and on.

Linton, Ind.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Seed-thoughts sometimes, like boomerangs, fall near  
the one who casts them.*



*Were there such a thing as Luck, it, with all its  
gold, could never make a crown for hero Pluck; 'tis  
Success must crown Endeavor.*



*"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand  
doeth," is intended as a veil of modesty for gener-  
osity, not a screen for selfishness.*



*We easily recognize Prudence in company with  
others, and as quickly note her absence. A closer  
acquaintance with her, however, would be more profit-  
able to ourselves.*

*To ascertain a man's veracity, compare his adver-  
tisement with his goods.*



*Indolence is not merciful to enterprise, in that she  
puts it to sleep to kill it; she but gives it the less  
chance to take its own part.*



*Not because sinners are lovable, but because God  
is love, does he love them, and he asks us to love our  
enemies upon the same principle.*



*Reason, seeking to find its way from creation out-  
ward, may become lost in space. Faith, following  
creation's open way inward, will become concentrated  
in God.*



*To be liberal with our own is honorable, but to be  
liberal with that which belongs to another is not so.  
Some, however, are censured for not being liberal in  
doctrines of God's Word.*



*Some men are God's faithful stewards; others run  
their own business upon his wealth, while dealing out  
to his cause,—as a matter of charity,—money for stilts  
upon which it may cripple along.*



*Some people have no eye for opportunities until,  
when in bloom, they are found in the fields of those  
who transplanted them,—small and insignificant in  
appearance though they were,—at growing size.*



*How would you like to leave your choicest dish  
upon the sideboard forgotten and unobserved? Whole  
lives—of talent which would bless the world—are  
sometimes thus left upon fancy sideboards, to spoil  
unserved.*



*We should not wait to "mount on our dead selves,"  
alone, "to higher things": living passions may be  
trodden under foot, to good advantage, in this noble  
undertaking; and indeed none achieve sublime heights  
otherwise.*

Burlington, Ind.



# HARRY'S VICTORY

By ETTIE E. HOLLER

## Chapter III.

THERE was great consternation in the Turner home before morning. No sleep came to the eyes of Mrs. Turner. Morning came. Mr. Turner failed to appear. Finally when he came it was almost nine o'clock.

"What in the world does all this mean, pa. You look like you had been killing sheep," said Mrs. Turner.

"Don't mention it, Mary. If I had obeyed you and staid at home, the disgrace that is now upon me would have been avoided. It went just like you said. I tell you I would have sold out pretty cheap,—for about twenty cents, I guess. I was Mr. Johnson's prisoner. I crawled up on his corner after a turkey, not thinking about a door on top, and down I went, and couldn't get out no way until Johnson came and helped me out. You ought to have seen him laugh. I guess it was funny, but I couldn't laugh. He said, 'Hello, Turner, caught in your own trap. Ha, ha!' I'd like to know how he knew me, but I had to spunk up and beg his forgiveness, and told him not to tell anyone. My! it took all the starch out of me to talk that way. He promised, and said I had better quit prowling around, that I was young and had better repent and do better. He invited me down to church Sunday." They both wept.

"I am determined to do better. I've got to pay every cent I got dishonestly and beg forgiveness. I realize I have a great task before me if I ever regain my character. I once had as good a character as anyone, and it's like Harry said, any mean, trifling act will forever leave its impress and work its influence on men's characters. I can't make anything truly right until I get right with God. Then with his help I can make everything right with everybody."

"O, Aaron, I'm so glad to hear you talk that way and I'll help you, too. How happy Harry will be!"

"God bless you, Mary. I know you will; you have already helped me. I just feel like I had to get down on my knees and pray." So they both prayed.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was much surprise at the Poplar Grove church the next Sunday when Turner's came to church. There was much whispering and unbecoming gestures, but Mr. and Mrs. Turner did not care. They came to be benefited, and they got what they went after. The preacher took for his text Micah 6: 8. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and

what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Mr. Turner thought the whole sermon hit him. And when the invitation was given the surprise was turned into rejoicing when three souls came forward and demanded baptism.

## Chapter IV.

FIFTEEN years have elapsed since Aaron Turner's conversion. Many changes have taken place in the Turner home. Mr. Turner is now a man of forty-nine years, and Harry a young man of twenty-six. The scene in the home when Harry brought his wife home was quite different from that of fifteen years before.

"Well, well! Why didn't you tell us you were going to bring Esther along?" said Mrs. Turner.

"Why, mother, I wanted to surprise you a little, is all."

"Well, God bless you both, children. It has seemed like a long time since we saw you, Harry. Of course we received your letters and they were a comfort to us. And then we knew where you were, and we knew you would not do anything wrong, which was a great comfort to us," said Mrs. Turner.

"These fifteen years have been our happiest days. And if we would just have started like you did, Harry, and had not been so headstrong to do what I knew was wrong, I would have avoided lots of unnecessary sorrow and heartaches. I have worked hard to regain my character, and have been amply repaid, and if God spares me yet a while I can continue to do good. Harry, we are both very sorry that we did not help you when you were younger," said Mr. Turner.

"Well, father, you have helped me though, and I would not lament over your past life so much. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"No, Harry, it was you that helped me. Of all things, my son, keep in view the value of a good character. I know, Harry that you have always been, and are now, respected and honored by all who know you for your noble character. And now since you have started out for yourself, I want to give you a bit of advice: Do not do as your father did. Of course you have started better, but never turn back. There is nothing better on earth than a true Christian character."

"Well, father, I never intend to turn back. As long as I live I shall continue to do what is right. I have a lucrative position offered me which, not boasting, no one but a person of great strength of character can hold. I intend to secure it and keep it."

"Well, that is it, exactly. There are just lots of positions that only men of sterling characters can fill, but that kind of men are too few. True, there are lots of them, but not enough. The value of character is the

standard of human life. He who would prostitute character to reputation is base. Deportment, honesty, caution and a desire to do right carried out into practice are to human character what truth, reverence and love are to religion. Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence,—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now don't get it wrong as lots of people do, it seems, and think strong feelings are strong character."

"Well, father, I thank you for your advice, and will try to do that, and more, too. I have a good Christian woman to help me along now. So with God's help and your help there is no such thing as fail."

"Good resolution, and that carried out you will surely succeed," said Mr. Turner.

"Now, Esther, I hope you will pardon me, for talking so abruptly. When Harry and I get to talking we forget that there is any one else about," said Mr. Turner.

"O, that is all right, I didn't think anything of it at all. Just continue talking if you care to."

"Well, how are they getting along at the college now?" asked Mr. Turner.

"O, just fine," said Esther.

"Did you go to the same college Harry did?"

"Yes, and my brother is going there now."

"Well, these church colleges are certainly the thing, but it seems to me they are great match-making places. What do you think? Ha, ha!"

"Well, it often terminates that way, but it does not interfere with the school work," said Esther.

"O, well, I didn't mean that," said Mr. Turner.

"Did Harry tell you he was elected to the ministry?"

"What! You don't say! No, he never whispered a word to us."

"Yes, last Sunday he preached his first sermon. They all said it was fine and I thought so too," said Esther.

"What was his text, Esther?"

"Prov. 22: 1: 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.'"

"Well, that's good. Ever since he was a little child he would talk about his character. And he's trying to live it out now, and will try to teach others as he did me when he was a little boy. Well, just as a man prizes his character so is he."

*Hagerstown, Ind.*



THE population of Germany has increased sixteen million since 1871, but no additions have been made to the territory of the empire.

## THE "TABLET" SYSTEM.

AN interesting change has recently been made in the signaling system in New Zealand's railways, which it is thought will make collisions absolutely impossible, according to F. Dillingham, American Consul General at Auckland.

For a long time, up to a recent date, what is known as the "block" system had been generally used, but the "tablet" system has now been introduced. The essential point in the new system is that no engine driver is allowed to leave a station without a tablet in his possession, and the element of safety rests on the fact that the machines are so made that it is impossible for two of the tablets to be out at the same time.

If a driver leaves Auckland for Newmarket with a tablet that tablet has to be deposited in the machine at Newmarket before another tablet is issued allowing a return train to leave that station for Auckland, and the electrical connection between the two stations makes it impossible to extract a tablet from the Auckland machine until the tablet has been put into the machine at Newmarket.

It is claimed by railroad experts that under the new system two trains cannot be on the same section at once, so that the danger of collisions is entirely done away with.



## THE FOUR AGES.

*So Life Goes, Always Has Gone and Always Will Go.*

HERE are man's four views of time:

"You still have forty years to live," said the guardian spirit to the youth.

"It is a long, long time," the youth replied, "and I will do a great deal before it is past."

"You have thirty years yet to live," the guardian spirit said to the still young man.

"Well, that is quite a while," was the reply. "Probably I cannot do all I had intended, but I will make quite a showing."

"You have twenty years to live," the spirit said to the middle-aged man.

"Only twenty! Well, I suppose I will have to do the best I can in that length of time."

For the last time the guardian spirit appeared. "You yet have ten years left," he said to the rapidly aging man.

The man sighed. "But ten years," he whispered in reply. "And what can one do in those few days?"

And when the end had come the man looked backward and moaned, "I am leaving it nearly all undone!"

And so life goes, although youth will not believe it, and only old age fully realizes that it is so.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

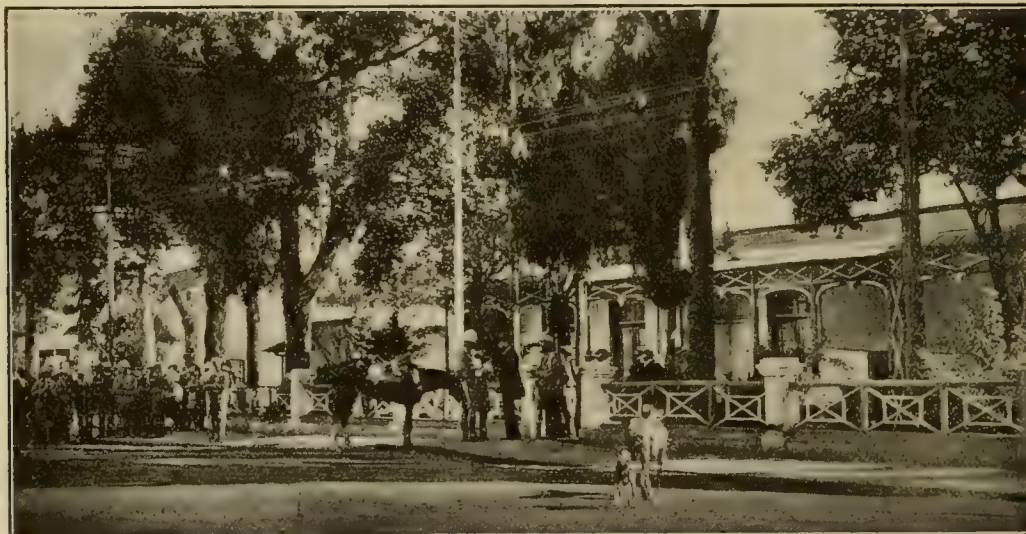
By D. L. MILLER.

The Boers.  
No. 18.

### Chapter IV.

AND now for a few cold facts concerning the way the Boers came to be in South Africa. First of all, the discovery of the country. The earliest reference is found in the annals of the Great Portuguese navigator, Diaz, who sailed to Cape of Good Hope in 1486, six years before Columbus won imperishable fame by the discovery of the New World. Eleven years later, Vasco de Gama, a fellow-countryman, rounded the cape, sailed north and finding a small bay entered it and landed on Christmas day, 1497. He named the

the new settlers put up a half-hearted fight and lost in the end. At last in 1542 the country fell into the hands of the Dutch East India Company, where it remained until the beginning of the last century. When the general peace of 1814 was declared, after the titanic struggle between France and England, lasting twenty years, Cape Colony was ceded to Great Britain. A sum equal to thirty million dollars was paid to the Stadholder for the newly-acquired possessions, and the Imperial Government was established over Cape Colony. On three sides the ocean marked the



Residence of the Late President of the Transvaal, Paul Stephanus Kruger, Pretoria. A Short Distance Away is the Church where the President Preached for Many Years.

place Natal in honor of the birthday of Christ. For a century and a half the records are silent as to events in connection with the newly-discovered territory. It is known that small colonies settled at Natal and Capetown and these became ports of call for sailing vessels in those early days. To-day Natal, now called Durban, and Capetown, are large cities and are the principal ports of the country.

The Portuguese, although the greatest navigators of the fifteenth century, made no permanent settlements at the Cape. The climate was much colder than that of their native land. Like the Spaniards they were lured on by their thirst for gold and searched all the western coast for hidden treasure. At the Cape there were savage men and ferocious beasts, the swamps reeked with malaria and the winters were rough and cold. Against these difficulties

boundaries of the Colony and it would have been well if the fourth had been as well defined. Then there had been no Boer war. The "Hinterland," the vast regions lying to the north of Cape Colony, was not thought of in those days of treaty making. Had Great Britain bought the vast territory, an empire in extent, lying north of Capetown? She answered, unhesitatingly, "Yes!" The Boers, with equal spirit, said, "No!" And so the trouble began.

With the coming of the Dutch, Hollanders and not Germans, as is sometimes thought, the country began to grow and prosper. They were a sturdier race than the Portuguese whom they supplanted. They had done battle with the elements in their native land and had in them the qualities which go to make strong men and women. Of these there was no lack. The rudeness of the climate, the savagery of the natives, and

the ferocity of the wild beasts brought to the fore the sterling qualities which count most for success in a new country. And they succeeded. They had the spirit of our own Pilgrim Fathers and were as successful in overcoming difficulties. "Cold, poverty and storm are the nurses of the qualities which make for empire. It is the men of the bleak, barren lands who master the children of the light and heat. And so the Dutchman at the Cape prospered and grew in that robust climate."

They were few in numbers and their needs were reduced to a minimum. Self-denial and self-reliance were dominant. They found at the first near the coast all and more than they needed to supply their wants. They built houses, founded homes and after the manner of the fathers worshiped God. They held tenaciously to the religion of the reformers and added to it a good deal of the Old Testament doctrines. They believed that they were in close affinity with the Israelites. They believed in human slavery and were absolutely certain that the negro bore the curse of Cain and that it was their inalienable right to subdue him and make of him a servant of servants unto themselves. They held war to be right because the Israelites fought against and drove out the inhabitants of Palestine. They sought for a Canaan where they might maintain their own notions about religion. To these strenuous men and women modern religion was full of corruption and worldlyism, and they sought to isolate themselves as far as possible from these influences and to preserve, in an uncorrupted form, the good old religion of their fathers.

The following incident is so strongly illustrative of these characteristics of the Boers that a digression is made in order to tell it. On our return voyage from South Africa we had as fellow-passengers one hundred and eighty Boers on their way to the German possessions in Africa. They were making a trek and had with them all their earthly belongings. Among the number were two families of the well-known Joubert name. They held religious services every day when possible and also attended our English service. The Jouberts spoke English fluently and were intelligent people. The men had been in the war, were made prisoners and had been transported to India. One evening we sat together on deck and spent an hour in singing. Among other hymns was the one in which this line occurs, concerning the old-time religion:

"It was good for our fathers and it's good enough for me."

After the singing closed Mrs. Joubert asked with a good deal of feeling the following question, "Do you think we shall be able to maintain the old-time religion when there is so much worldliness crowding into the church? Will the old-time religion be good enough for our children?"



At the Grave of one of the Most Heroic Figures in Modern History, Paul Stephanus Kruger, Pretoria, South Africa.

Then she spoke tenderly and feelingly of her family and said: "My boys and girls are all with me except my firstborn. He was but a lad of eighteen when he went into the war to fight the English and he was the best boy I had. In a battle he was shot and instantly killed. He was a fine-looking lad, the best of all my boys, a true Christian *and then he was such a good shot.*" The tears rolled down the cheeks of this Spartan mother as she told of her sorrow, and we went to our cabin, leaving her alone with her grief and the memory of her dead boy.

(To be continued.)



#### HIS HOUSE WAS ON A ROCK.

"I ONCE met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me he read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he would have become an infidel but for three things: 'First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all that such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley, where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I know that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel.'"



A MESSAGE in going from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other consumes about three seconds of time.



## “Ihre Eigenen.”

MARY I. SENSEMAN.

THE facetious grin on Percy Kelton's face broadened at every step as he hastened to overtake the group of dainty, immaculate young ladies sauntering out of Rectors' Hall.

“You'll have to wash your hands, won't you, Miss Helen?” he gaily exploded to the daintiest, most immaculate one of the group, checking his pace alongside her.

As Percy's volcanic utterance bounded into the ears of a girl descending Rectors' Hall stairway a shadow of exquisite pain came into her one clear, brown eye. The other was unsightly and unseeing.

Amy Boomersshine shrank from the blow with a peculiar movement, as if she was huddling into herself. Her firm, quick step became awkward and dragging. At the foot of the stairs she stopped to con a manuscript, held upside down.

She was afraid that if she went outside the building Percy and the girls might turn and see her and be stricken with remorse!

She was a girl of angles and muscles. Besides the discolored blind eye, she had straight dark hair, drawn tightly back from her forehead, and large, wind-roughened hands whose deep lines were filled with ocher-hued stains.

Percy's features regained equilibrium under the sobering influence of the scornful curl of Helen Garland's crimson, anger-silenced lips.

Less far-sounding were the deep-throated cadences with which he continued: “You would have been perfectly justified, I am su'e, if you had blandly refused to revise Miss Boomersshine's manuscript. A girl with such hands as hers is a disgrace to ou' select ten, and an instructo' who requi'es even a fo'm of equality between a gentlewoman and a slovenly person is a disgrace to this instityution.”

It was really a pity that Amy Boomersshine did not overhear that oratorical emanation. The slighted r's and the somewhat guttural resonance of the tones that issued from Percy's bottomless throat would have brought the flicker of a humorous smile to her patient countenance.

As it was, she had to endure the torture of self-consciousness while she spent an hour in the day-students' public study-room. Then came the algebra recitation in company again with that little band of girls and boys who drew aside their garments and often their bodies, at her approach.

However, she did not need fear being humiliated by a classmate's refusal to handle her papers, as the lesson was to be expounded orally and by blackboard work.

Whatever other means should arise of enacting spite against her might be *carried out*. For the algebra teacher was immaculate and deep-throated and inclined to shun contact with Amy's faded garments and dark-seamed hands.

A. Richard Marvin, A. M., LL. D., Ph. D., S. P. A. S. (A stood for Aaron), was altogether unlike Professor “Fritz” of the classroom where had occurred Helen's being called upon to examine Amy's manuscript.

The latter instructor was a stocky, gray-bearded man who smiled while he scolded and growled ferociously while he cracked innumerable, mirth-provoking jokes.

There was no German in his veins except the German words and rules he dealt in. But a dozen years of smiled scoldings, rumbled jokings, genders, umlauts, and rules of order had so germanized Professor Timothy Ginger in the hearts and minds of pupil-friends that they endowed him with the more appropriate appellation, Professor Fritz.

Perhaps it was because she held herself in such extreme aloofness from the “select ten” and their associates, fearful of offending them, that Amy escaped insults and sarcastic remarks the remainder of the week.

The pain of Percy Kelton's gibe had spent itself.

They all—Amy and Percy, Helen and the other girls and boys—were each to write a short story and translate it into German for Monday's recitation.

And Monday was not Tuesday. Every girl and boy who ever sat on the benches facing Professor Fritz knew that Monday was not Tuesday.

Helen Garland always had to go “down town” on Saturday.

That Saturday—the one just before the story Monday—her blue eyes were like blue fire as she burst into the room on her return and said to her roommate, “I'll write a story, and a true one. It will be so true that Professor Fritz himself will consider it well to ostracize that Ame Boomersshine and her dirty hands from our class.”

Helen's lips were curled into a vindictive sneer that came and went involuntarily all the while she wrote and revised, translated and corrected, and, at the end of four hours, copied with little flourishing curves that made the points of the German script blunt with shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Marguerite,” Helen said as her roommate came in from a recitation on Tuesday, “what does ‘ihre eigenen’ mean? I've been comparing the mistakes in my story with Professor Fritz's corrections and—”

“Oh, what did Professor Fritz say, or do, Helen? Are you going to be rid of your odious classmate?” interrupted Marguerite, smiling down into the spoiled-baby face.

"Not a word, look, or sign, Marguerite."

"Perhaps he doesn't know it is a true story. Did you use the real names?"

"No, because that seemed so unladylike," replied Helen. "But my descriptions of the people and of the locations were accurate, and Professor Fritz could not have helped recognizing Arne Boomershine and the log cabin she lives in."

"I didn't use any surname for the boy in the tree, for I did not know at all whether he was Amy's brother or not. But a girl who is *criminal* enough to throw large stones and heavy sticks at a boy in a tree ought to be *sued*!"

Marguerite arrested the smile on her lips by asking, "What was it you wished to know about your story?"

"Why, this 'ihre eigenen.' I understand the most of the corrections. But 'ihre eigenen' surely means 'her own—'"

"Yes," assented Marguerite.

"Well, at this place I described Amy Boomershine. I have 'Ein Mädchen mit den dreckigsten Händen,' and Professor Fritz enclosed those words in brackets and wrote 'ihre eigenen' above them."

"I don't understand it either, Helen. Why don't you take your story to Professor Fritz now, and use this means to make it clear to him that you saw Amy Boomershine clubbing and stoning a child in the tree?"

"All right," complied Helen.

Older young men and women were pouring out of the German classroom as the slender Garland figure sprang gracefully to the head of the stairway.

Professor Fritz himself came in the rear of the students, but Helen stopped him authoritatively.

"I wish to speak to you in private, please," she said.

He turned, and then silently, because his eyes said it, bade the girl enter. He followed, closing the door.

The black eyes were now questioning, and Helen uttered her polite reply in assumed innocence.

"I don't understand one correction you made in my story."

"What is it?" gleamed from the black eyes.

"This phrase, 'Ein Mädchen mit den dreckigsten Händen,' you enclosed in brackets and above it wrote 'ihre eigenen.'"

"Yes. What about it?"

Helen made up her mind that she would require Professor Fritz to speak with his tongue when she quit again. The black eyes were getting on her nerves—or her conscience.

"I see no connection whatever between 'her own' and 'A girl with the dirtiest hands.' Will you kindly explain the matter, Professor Fritz?"

The black eyes had been sharp, like pieces of broken glass one looks at. Helen discovered the tongue was like a knife as it slashed her pride.

"So you see no connection between your own hands,

Miss Helen, and 'A girl with the dirtiest hands'?" The Professor's tone was quite mild.

He continued even more gently: "Your hands are very dirty with the insults you have been casting at a fellow-student. Your description was so noticeably accurate that I gave my written sanction."

Helen sank down on a bench and began to wail.

Professor Fritz's laughter burst forth cheerily, ceasing when Helen stifled her wailing.

"Ach, mein Mädchen! Let us take a walk."

To the outskirts of the town they went until they reached a little log house in a little, cleanly yard. In the yard there were numerous flower-pots, now bare. But thrifty plants, secure from frosts, bloomed unchecked inside the small-paned windows.

A commodious vegetable garden was at the rear of the house, and a large tree, bare like the flower-pots, stood majestically in the garden.

The Professor and Helen entered the yard and the former rapped at the door.

Neither had spoken since leaving the classroom. Helen told herself it was an adventure, and not to be marred by chatter.

A child of five or six years opened the door, and a woman, sewing in an armchair by the window, smilingly invited them in.

"Mrs. Boomershine, this is Miss Helen Garland," said Professor Fritz.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Wednesday. Every one of the "select ten" was in his or her place in the German classroom. Amy Boomershine was there too. Professor Fritz was speaking:

"One correction I made in a certain story was not agreed to, at first, by the writer of that story. That writer is now going to read the story as she wrote it in English. When she has finished, the one on whom I call will respond by making explanation of a particular part I designate of the story. No one among you, pupils, knows who is to make that explanation. Helen Garland is going to read her story."

She was all bewildered as she read it. The call at the log house, Professor Fritz's subsequent request that she read her story in English to the rest of the class, he agreeing to have a certain one of her classmates explain about the boy in the tree,—all together had so aroused Helen's curiosity that the excitement benumbed her into acquiescing to the request.

When she had gotten well through with the beginning of the story, the face of one listener was ghastly pale.

Amy Boomershine sat rigid, held thus by the agony of hearing herself publicly described in Helen's sarcastic phrases.

As the reader spoke of "the boy in the tree," a question came into the suffering girl's eye, and then a little color slowly crept back into her face.



So fierce was Helen's attack at that point in the story, so vivid her description, that Amy, all at once calling to mind the actual scene, laughed aloud.

The laughter wavered somewhat hysterically at first, then Professor Fritz supported it with his jovial ha! ha! and the merry peals brought wonderment to nine attentive faces.

Helen stopped reading. This was a new thing to rouse her curiosity.

"Miss Boomershine is now prepared to explain a part of the matter," stated Professor Fritz, controlling his laughter.

"It wasn't a *boy* in the tree," began Amy, instantly at her ease as she stood to address the wondering boys and girls.

"But first, I wish to explain about my hands." Some of the old pain and shrinking came as she said that, but Amy knew no future day was this Wednesday, this very moment in which the "select ten" were waiting expectant.

"We are poor, you know, and mother is kept in her chair by rheumatism. I am the oldest of the children. We have a garden where we raise vegetables, most of which we sell to help buy clothes and other articles. So my hands become all stained caring for the garden and the vegetables that grow there.

"And we have just one fruit tree. It is a large one, a cherry tree; and always bears an abundance of fine fruit. One limb broke off a short time ago and since that I cannot climb to that part of the tree.

"The birds frequent our cherry tree while the fruit is ripening. I can throw sticks and stones, and I was throwing them up there into the tree where I can't climb to dislodge the scarecrow."

A moment's hush of uncertainty, a gurgle of hilarity, and then the ten-fold comradeship of the recitation-hour-modulated voices:

"What are we here for?  
Who'll we cheer for?  
Ya! Ya!! Ya!!!  
Ame Boomershine!"

*Plcasant Hill, Ohio.*



#### WHAT IS IN A NAME?

S. Z. SHARP.

##### Number One.

"A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet," is an old and trite saying and implies that there is not much in a name, but when we turn to the Bible and read that God gave to Christ "a name that is above every other name: that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and of things in earth, and of things under the earth," then we are led to believe that there may be a great deal in a name after all. At any rate, it is interesting to study the

meaning of names, trace them to their origin, and learn how and why they were applied. In this, different nations employed different methods.

The oldest names we use are Hebrew. It is claimed that the first man also named himself when he named his wife, Eve. Her name, *life*, or *living*, was given her because she was the mother of all the living human race. In Hebrew, the name of a person usually denotes some characteristic of that person; hence, when the character of the person was changed, his name was changed also. For example: Abram, *exalted father*, was changed to Abraham, *father of multitude*, when he was told that he should be "the father of many nations." For like reason the name of his wife, Sarai, *contentious*, was changed to Sarah, *princess*. Jacob, *supplanter*, or *one that undermines*, was properly so called because he undermined his brother, Esau, and his father-in-law, Laban; but when he changed his character and prayed and wrestled with the angel of the Lord on the banks of the river Jabbok on his homeward journey and prevailed, then his name was also changed to Israel, *prevailing with God*.

In the early part of the history of the Israelites, we find that a single name was used to distinguish a person, but later on, the name of some characteristic of that person was also added; for example, his office, as John the Baptist, Matthew the Publican; his locality, as Araunah the Jebusite; the Ninevites; ancestry, as Bar-Jona, *son of Jonah*; Bartimeus, *son of Timeus*; personal quality, as James the Less, Simon Magus, etc.

Next to the Hebrew, the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian names are among the most ancient and, like the Hebrew, they distinguish some of the characteristics of the person named. It is an interesting fact that the name of the second son of Noah, Ham, means *brown*, or *sunburnt*, and the name of Ham's oldest son, Cush, means *black* and that Africa, the home of the black man, was first inhabited by the descendants of Ham. This fact, coupled with the statement of St. Paul, Acts 17: 26, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," should settle the question as to the origin of the colored man and lead us to think there may, after all, be something in a name.

Nimrod, *valiant*, a grandson of Ham, was well named, as he succeeded in establishing the great empires of Babylon and Assyria and of building the great cities, Babylon, Acad, Erich, Nineveh and others.

Among oriental nations the names of great personages were often associated with the gods they worshiped. For example, Potiphar, the name of the prime minister of Pharaoh, meant *bull of Africa*, which animal was worshiped in Egypt as a god. From this worship the Israelites obtained the idea of making a golden calf to represent Jehovah.

The sun was also worshiped by the Egyptians and On, or Heliopolis, on the banks of the Nile, was the chief citadel of sun worship. Here was its great temple and here yet stands a beautiful obelisk erected before the temple four thousand years ago. Here officiated the priest of On, Potipherah, *belonging to the sun*, whose daughter Asenath was given to Joseph for his wife. Rameses II, the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," being the oppressor of the Israelites and whose body in the form of a mummy was discovered in 1881 and so graphically described in D. L. Miller's book, "Wanderings in Bible Lands," as well as Rameses III, had his name associated with the sun-god of the Egyptians, as it means *child of the sun*.

Among the Babylonians and Assyrians the same custom obtained of associating the name of the king or prominent persons with the name of the god they worshiped, hence we have the name of the great king, Sargon, *prince of the sun*; Belshazzar, *prince of Bel*, or Belus, Belteshazzar (Daniel), *favorer of Bel*, Shalmanezzer, *fire-worship*.

In Greek we have Theophilus, *lover of God*, Timotheus, *honor of God*. The Greek name for the goddess Diana means *perfect* and the grandeur of her temple at Ephesus was such that it was reckoned among the seven wonders of the world.

Among the Romans the great emperor, Cæsar, was so named from the manner he was ushered into the world. This name became the title of honor used by the Roman emperors following him. It is also the origin of the title given to the emperor of Germany and of Austria, kaiser, and is pronounced almost the same as the word Cæsar when the Latin pronunciation is used. The title, czar, of the emperor of Russia, is only a corruption of the Latin word Cæsar. The name Paul, or Paulus, meaning little, corresponds with what he says of himself. 2 Cor. 10: 10.

*Fruita, Colo.*



### EMOTIONS.

ROY H. PUTERBAUGH.

EMOTION is the greatest moving factor in the world to-day. In ages past this has ever been true, and what is more, it is destined by the very nature of life to be the great promoting agency in all ages to come.

Our sensibilities, which are the source of our joys and sorrows, pleasures and disappointments, happiness and misery, constitute our emotional nature. Therefore our emotions are fed by the five senses as well as by the great source of life and being, God the Creator.

Emotion is a moving of the mind or soul, hence an excitement of the sensibilities. Emotion is of the mind alone, being the excited action of some inward feeling. Ah, yes, it is the language of the soul. The

mind's capacity of feeling depends essentially upon the range and vigor of the intellectual powers. Great leaders have broad minds, strong wills and deep feelings. All men to be great *must* possess deep feelings.

I need but refer to any of the vocations of life and pick out her champions to find men possessed of strong feelings and deep sentiments.

Invariably the best literary productions have been written under the pressure of intense feeling whether its nature be joyous or sad, because that only appeals which portrays to us the language of the author's soul, for all else is insincerity. Our heartstrings can never be touched except the heartstrings of the author are first set in motion and then it is that ours tend to catch up the strain. From heart to heart and from soul to soul is the fundamental principle which underlies our feelings. No man can move another more than he is moved, for the direction of the flow of a current is always determined by the one of highest potential. God has so shaped our natures as to make us susceptible to impressions—as greatly as our development will permit—and therefore, being sympathetic, we will be moved inwardly by the expression of the author's "soul language," and will tend to have the same mood which he had when the subject was being unfolded. Read "Enoch Arden" and see if you do not find engendered within yourself a feeling of love and pity. Of what mood do you suppose Tennyson was possessed when he gave expression to that beautiful little story in verse? Read the "Psalm of Life" and, could you explain your feelings, doubtless yours would tend to harmonize with those of Longfellow which occasioned its writing. A man's power to portray to the world, in his own unique way, his deep-seated emotions is the thing that indelibly stamps his existence upon the human race, whether the influence be for good or evil.

The orator of the past has been the man who could put his whole soul into his work and make every word, whether eloquent or not, a symbol which stood for a real feeling which he had down deep in his being. Life means more than mimicry, it is a reality, and he who is satisfied to live on the surface is surely missing the sweets which the fountain contains. The orator of to-day does not differ essentially from those of bygone days, and finds that his words of eloquence fall like drops of water on a cold, stony pavement unless he gives them the warmth of birth from his own breast. A man only has *power* to sway the multitudes as he possesses its real *spring* (the soul), for one can give his own handiwork with the force of full possession, while another's can be presented with but half composure. Oh, yes, the orator's strength, too, lies in the expression of his deepest emotions, whether joyous or sad. The orator of the future will realize ere he becomes a man of influence that he must give to his people the expression of his inner



life, if he would be a leader. The *great* orators are possessed of strong sentiments and deep emotions.

The musician who sits before the great organ running restlessly over the familiar keys, touches his listeners only as he enters the heart of music. God has armed him with a musical soul—after years of labor—through which the Creator wishes to speak to the children of men. Music can be appreciated only as it comes from the *soul* which has communion with God, its Author. Those deep, stirring notes would not be such, could they not trace their origin to the soul. It matters not whether it be in the composer or the one who executes, the work must have deep feeling ere it can touch man's better nature, and to do this it must be the expression of a divine message through human agency.

The man with the brush swiftly traces here a line and adds there a tint until he has presented on the canvas his perfect work of art which found its spring deep in his inner being. The reason we are moved with unspeakable feeling when we gaze on a work of art, is because every line on that canvas had its mental origin in the soul of the artist and we are moved by its magnificence according to our own "soul development."

Never imitate—be yourself, for God has given every man a soul and if man will but develop that inner life rightly, the Almighty will accomplish through him a grand work of art. It is his will to give expression *now*, for he has placed the essential elements within every human breast.

Don't live on the surface, drink deep, and your habit of living will open up new worlds of which you never dreamed before. I believe the elements of true greatness are within every man that comes into the world, but the habits of life in him are so conducive to surface living that his soul is never given a chance to live and develop and therefore it never can be the source of deep, uplifting emotions.

Whether you be an author, an orator, a musician, an artist, or what not, your emotions are the language of your inner life and shall therefore be, as in ages past, the greatest moving powers in the world.

*North Manchester, Ind.*



IN Belgium wood for all purposes must be imported, as there are no extensive forests or timber lands.



THE Japanese system of letters derives its name from the first three, "i," "ro," "ha," and is called Iroha.



THE hide of a cow produces about thirty-five pounds of leather and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

## WE MUST ENTER THE "OPEN DOORS."

LULU C. MOHLER.

WHAT is the meaning of the "open door"? So far as I know the phrase is of modern coinage. For a practical demonstration of its meaning let me cite you to conditions in China a few years since.

Mr. John Barrett, in *Review of Reviews*, explains that several strong nations may create a sphere of influence. Like this, Russia might, by the consent of the sovereign of China, control the trade in several large cities, and other nations shall be subject to Russia in the right of import and export. Great Britain, France, Germany or the United States might do the same and by a slow, subtle system of "grab," China would be shorn of her strength.

In just such a condition did China find herself. Then, more to further her own interests and hold her own, than to allow China the right of what President Roosevelt calls a "square deal," the United States steps in and reminds China that she and the United States have a treaty agreed on between them, and the following words are to be found in that document:

"If additional advantages and privileges of whatever description be conceded hereafter by China to any other nation, the United States and the citizens thereof shall be entitled thereupon to a complete, equal and impartial participation in the same."

When the United States looked at it carefully she found herself, says Mr. Barrett, the determining force in the arbitrament of China's future and face to face with a mighty responsibility, for the following reasons: First, we have never demanded the cession for our exclusive use of any port in China or any part of Chinese territory; second, we have never claimed any particular field of political or material operation, and we have never recognized the right of any other nation to claim such spheres; third, we are the first power to take steps that will limit one of the principal objects of the spheres—the control of trade therein—and insist that other powers will respect the treaty rights of the open door, or freedom of trade, throughout all China; fourth, we are hence the only country that stands unreservedly for the integrity of the empire, for if we should consent to actual delimitation of spheres and to the lapsing of treaty rights, China would be speedily divided among the great powers of Europe and Japan; and, fifth, by possession of the Philippine Islands and Hawaii supplementing our Pacific coast line of California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska, we are politically and commercially located to be the paramount power of the Pacific, and cannot, without serious detriment to ourselves, permit any curtailment of our legitimate field of commerce, exploitation, and influence.

We now see that America understood the "open

door" to mean "nothing more or less than that no one or more nations shall enjoy any special or privileged rights of trade over others." You who cared to know remember how she firmly stood by her belief in that doctrine.

"The different powers gave verbal assurances that the 'open door' would be maintained, but this did not content Secretary Hay, and he asked for similar assurances in writings. Some of the powers demurred and so showed that the writings were needed. They intimated that instead of them they would like to give the United States an equal slice of the territory of China. Secretary Hay made them understand that the United States would not participate in the division of China and must have the written guarantee of the 'open door.' The United States, acting simply for herself and the conservation of her rights under treaties with China, has not only fully protected them, but has preserved the integrity of China's territory and preserved the peace of the nations."—*Henry McFarland, in Review of Reviews.*

We now perhaps understand the "open door" politically, let us now look at the spiritual "open door."

Let China represent the entire world, the mighty powers who are trying to create "spheres of influence" represent sin, and God and his people the paramount power that demands an "open door" and that no power shall deprive any man of the free right to choose the future of his soul.

In this day, God in his power has opened the door to every part of the world, that his disciples may take the glad tidings to every man.

In the past the door to Africa, China, Australia, India and the islands of the seas was firmly closed, and in some lands it is still perilous to enter the door. The Boxer uprising in China in the year 1900, as well as the massacre of missionaries in the same country last autumn, will prove that fact.

Many hearts would tremble to enter Persia, and Turkish territory, but it is possible.

To go among the black man in his jungles would be an undertaking worthy careful consideration; but with the artillery and mighty authority of God back of us, we will find it possible and we *must* enter the "open doors."

Sin will seem to be hiding his "claws in the velvet" because he must promise to give us rights, but sin will never give us a written guarantee. Watch or Satan will strike a deadly blow and close the door forever.

We pass by many open doors. Some hungry soul may open the door asking for the Bread and Water of Life and if we fail to have the wise insight into human emotions, we do not enter on our errand of love and the starving man closes the door in sad despair.

We do not enter the door to the tiny sacred cham-

ber of their hearts that father or mother and our nearest ones purposely leave ajar, where one might often see them bend to the earth pleading to God to touch you to enter that door with your words of love and gifts of earthly happiness before it is closed by the angel of death.

In a little child's heart is a pure, clean room. Enter there in company with God, and adorn it in jewels and gold, with hangings of velvet and lace, with pictures glorious and sublime; make it reëcho with music divine.

There is a black man in Africa, in America, and Australia and in the beautiful isles of the moaning sea, that you may transform into an angel so white. A brown man in India—so unrefined, a yellow man in Asia, and a white man in every corner of the earth who needs a long and pleasant visit from you and your heavenly King, with the royal invitation to occupy a mansion in the Eternal City.

The door is now open. Come with love in your heart, with the Bible and the heavenly messages to the rich and poor: a man or a woman in the "brown-stone front," or a touching, pitiful little heap in an old barrel in the wintry, windy city of Chicago; in every city, hamlet and cottage that is bounded by the seas.

Every child of God is an ambassador and in his name may we "enter the open doors," and close the doors of the saloons that we pass with the thought that we are powerless to oppose: close the doors of the evil hearts who wreck manhood, who ruin and then despise womankind.

To preserve the integrity of God's territory and preserve the peace of the nations, do the work God asks you to do in entering the "open doors" with his gifts, and close the ugly, vile-smelling doorways of sin and shame, with their sure burden that crushes every individual who does not throw it off.

*Leeton, Mo.*



#### THE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

SORROW, indignation and—shall I say it?—a tinge of despair, were the mingled emotions which filled my mind on reading in *Munsey's* the article by Herbert N. Casson, describing the researches of Miss Adele M. Fields into the habits, traits and customs of the ant family.

After describing the high degree of development of the ant, its "marvelous intelligence," its brain and nervous susceptibility, and its "elaborate social organization," including nurses for the young, its "wonderful memory," its system of sanitary rules and regulations, and how it "spends hours on its toilet," how it "has feelings and ideas, loves and hates," how it "grieves and rejoices," how it shows affection for its comrade by "snuggling close up to its side, feed-



ing it and patting its head," and how its grief for the death of its mate is "pitiful."

After all this description of the highly developed faculties of these creatures, the writer goes on to tell of certain experiments on them by the above Miss Field—experiments of the most barbarous and inhuman character, aping, as it were, some of the worst atrocities of the professional vivisector.

The various organs and limbs were cut off "to see" what would happen. One "lived for a month with two legs gone." A "queen" ant "lived two weeks without her abdomen," and one, with its head cut off, "ran about aimlessly for more than five weeks." Some she killed by drowning, and found that it took a long time—one was resuscitated after being "eight days under water."

Not satisfied with the above experiments, this woman subjected numerous individuals to a slow death by thirst and starvation, "to see" how long their well-known powers of endurance would keep them alive. They lived all the way from eight to one hundred days; and I confess that the description of one, of exceptional tenacity of life (as well as "intelligence" and "civilization"), as he "ran up and down for one hundred days" in his dungeon, without food, till death came to his relief—touched my heart, and his pathetic image is still in my mind. There is also in my mind the image of this woman, taking her ease and comfort, enjoying her food and drink and rest, while the little creatures in her power die miserably in order that she may "see" this and that.

One of the most lamentable features of the article I refer to is, not only the apparent callousness with which these cruelties were performed, but the flippant and jocular style of the writer of the article in describing them—a style doubly strange in a man whose religion is supposed, by those who know him, to be a sort of deification of the principle of justice.

Is the above what our civilization in the end amounts to—the thirst for knowledge (hand in hand with the thirst for wealth) marching on regardless of cost, regardless of justice, compassion and all the nobler parts of human nature? Is this the result of nearly two thousand years of Christianity? Is it this to which our humane societies and bands of mercy, laboriously founded by the true lovers of mankind, are doomed; that the lessons of kindness to all creatures which they implant in the minds of youth, are to be torn up and scattered to the winds by the example of so-called "educators," who inflict the worst cruelties, not only unrebuked but applauded, upon the "dumb creature" they—the children—have been taught to love!

But he who can without compunction slowly torture an insect to death, soon finds he has capacity for expansion in that direction of which he never dreamed. The unhallowed and ungoverned thirst "to see" has not only blackened the world with the deep-

est infamy of modern times—the cruel vivisection of dumb animals—but has and is to-day desecrating with its pestilential influence the sacred rights of the hospital poor. So has the trend ever been—the abuse of the human species, excused by various false and unworthy pleas, leading to their torture for mere curiosity's sake, resulting finally in the vivisection of the friendless and helpless human. The trend is natural and inevitable.

This thirst for knowledge, without the guidance of the higher faculties, is, like the thirst for gold, proving to us a curse, dwarfing in its frightful results any physical thirst for liquor or drug. For many years our civilization has been relaxing all restraint in this direction. We have set up material "science" as an idol, forgetting that it forms but a part of that broader science which includes the domain of morals, conscience and duty. We, as a nation, have fought for material wealth, material success, material glory almost exclusively, and as a result are drifting to that ignoble destiny which in the past has always been in store for those nations which have traveled the same road. Such articles as the one I criticise, as well as the deeds suggesting them, help us on this path. They build for the future, and do their part to pave the way which leads to the precipice.—*J. M. Greene, in Medical Talk.*



#### "THE POPE THAT IS TO BE."

UNDER this caption Mr. Philip Sidney, F. R. Hist. S., discusses certain imaginary reforms which, he assumes, will be brought about in the Roman Catholic Church by the selection of "an energetic English-speaking Pope, who will endeavor to wrest the government of his church from the thralldom of an Italian Jesuitical clique." In the whole history of the papacy, but one Englishman has ever sat on Peter's chair; and other nationalities have been almost as markedly passed over in favor of Italians. If this condition of affairs endures, says Mr. Sidney, the Catholicism of the church must suffer. Therefore the day must come, he claims, when such a pope as he describes will have to be elected, "if the Roman Church is to be saved from sinking into the depths of degradation and disruption." Such a pope, he says, would have "a tremendous and most difficult, but most noble task to perform." We read further (*The Westminster Review*, January):

"He would have to put into execution the long-delayed reforms of over a thousand years. He would have to clear the Vatican of its evil counsellors and their malign influences. He would have to inspire confidence in a world which for centuries has had the strongest reasons to distrust papal diplomacy. He would have to clear monasteries and churches of spurious relics. He would have to abolish the 'final vows'

taken by monks and nuns. He would have to prevent poor people from being imposed upon by extortionate demands for the payment of sums of money to deliver souls out of the flames of purgatory. He would have to curb the restless ambition and despotism of the Jesuits, and to check the sloth of some of the monastic orders. He would have to regulate the donation of indulgences. He would have to put a stop to the frightful cruelties practiced on dumb animals by his coreligionists in Italy and Spain.

"Such a pope would have to reverse the policy of his Italian predecessors. He would have to bury the bull of Pio Nono proclaiming himself infallible. He would have to recognize, once and for all, the just rights of a united Italy. He would have to surrender the last fragment of his temporal power. He would have to make a huge bonfire of the forged decretals and the contradictory bulls. . . .

"The Inquisition would be abolished, and the *Index Expurgatorius* no longer published. This latter list, in fact, has for some considerable time past degenerated into a mere farce, since it has become almost impossible for its editors to find room for all the heretical works they would like to denounce, and the gross absurdity of the situation was realized at the accession of Pope Leo XIII, when one of the Pontiff's first acts was to remove from the Index one of his own works, which had long ago been judged and condemned as heretical! Putting books on the Index, moreover, does not in these freer days stop their being read, and in some cases serving as an advertisement even aids their circulation."

Mr. Sidney summarizes in the following concise list the most urgent of the reforms which he believes some future pope will have to institute:

"(1) The restoration of the cup to the laity, at holy communion.

"(2) Permission to married convert clergymen to take holy orders, on joining the Roman Church.

"(3) The resignation of a pope on reaching the age of seventy.

"(4) The surrender of all claims to the temporal power.

"(5) The appointment, in every country, of a commission to examine into the authenticity of the relics preserved for the adoration of the faithful.

"(6) Raising the age limit of confirmation for children, and thereby preventing their approaching the altar for communion, and entering the confessional too soon.

"(7) Restriction of the powers and numbers of the Society of Jesus.

"(8) The publication of an annual balance-sheet, minutely showing the distribution of the funds collected under the name of 'Peter's Pence.'

"(9) The abolition of the taking of 'final vows'

by monks and nuns. By this I mean vows binding men and women, young or old, to conventual seclusion for the whole of their lives."

Mr. Sidney detects already signs of a coming storm within the Roman Catholic communion. "Americanism" and "Liberal Catholicism," he points out, are movements gradually growing in intellectual force and vivacity. Although from time to time denounced and retarded, they revive and continue to flourish. He concludes:

"Until a pope, such as we have now described, shall sit in Peter's chair, all schemes so constantly discussed concerning the so-called reunion of Christendom, and reunion with Rome, can never assume any practical form. . . . In the sixteenth century Rome fell from her proud position simply because she refused to grant reasonable concessions to the reformers, and unless some great liberal pope be elected in this century, or early in the next, her further fall will be by then far more disastrous than it was in Luther's day. It will not be a further decline, but a complete collapse."—*The Literary Digest*.



"FINANCIALLY, valuable things are worth what they are because human efforts have made them so. Every dollar is a concrete representation of human effort and thought, and everything called wealth is the product of the work, the heart-throbs and the mental powers of some men. Money is the tally-stick of muscle-contractions, of heart-beats, of lives worn out; from everything purchasable with money the dead eyes of a human soul who fashioned it look out with significant demand, with every board or brick that shelters us, with every woven thread that covers us, with each morsel of food, and each pleasure we enjoy, the shadowy ghost of some other humanity calls out to us—"Take, eat, this is my body; drink ye all of this my blood which was shed for many." Our life is but the surface embroidery, worker upon the strong warp and woof of other men's services and of dead men's deeds. A spiritual eye can see the bones of buried miners glowing deep among the burning coals of our own hearth-fires."—*Mind*.



EVERY man has a right to stand up for his God-given rights, no matter who wants to take them away from him. A poor man has as much right to his own as a king.



FORTY-ONE men and 112 women out of every million persons born reach the age of one hundred years.



VEGETARIANS claim that one acre of land will comfortably support four persons on a vegetable diet.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

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## CONFIDENCE MEN.

DURING a recent trip to California we fell in company with a young man on the train who had been a victim of the confidence men, who had relieved him of thirty-five dollars. While walking down the street he was suddenly approached by a stranger who asked to be directed to a certain place which he knew our friend knew nothing about. Of course the young man replied that he did not know where it was, whereupon the gentleman said, "O, you're a stranger here, are you? So am I. Where are you from?" The young man answered that he was from Toledo. About this time the second confidence man approached the couple and asked number one where such and such an office was. Of course number one told him that he was a stranger and could not direct him. He then turned to the young man, with the same result. Then he seemingly flew into a rage and was thoroughly disgusted that he could not find the parties he wanted. He at once belittled a friend of his there, who was from Ohio, because he could not direct him.

Number one cautioned him to be a little careful about how he referred to Ohio, as he and the young man were both from that State. Number one and number two had some hot words and then parted. Number one took the young man to the office of a friend near by, hoping to find his way to the parties whom he wanted. Of course his friend was not in; the secretary told them to be seated, as he would be in in a moment. Some men were playing cards, and they were betting on the game. Number one incidentally became interested. Strange as it may seem, number two happened to drop in the same office. He became interested also; they both soon engaged in games, had some trouble, and number two left, saying that he would be back presently. In the meantime number one told the young man how he could help him to win the game the next time from number two, and offered him an equal share in the profits if he

would play to suit him. Of course the young man refused, but shortly he yielded to the temptation. He was then in the devil's grasp; he had yielded and put his foot in the trap; he was relieved of thirty-five dollars. They heard footsteps coming and number one said to the young man that they better go, which they did through another door from which they entered. When on the street he advised him that they should separate, one going each way, that they might not be discovered, and that they would meet at a certain point.

Well, he hasn't met him yet, and his money is gone. You may say that this young man was an easy mark; perhaps he was, but there are thousands of them; there are organizations of men whose business it is to play that kind of tricks on strangers who come to the city. You think perhaps you could not be induced to do a thing like that, and yet in some way or other you may be inclined to follow the path laid out by some one who has gained your confidence. Why is it that people are so much more given to believe the wrong than the right? A minister once asked a lawyer why it was that he preached the truth and no one believed, while the lawyer could gain every case he had in court by telling falsehoods. The lawyer replied that the reason was very simple; he said, "You tell the truth as though it were a lie, while I tell a lie as though it were the truth." After all, perhaps that is the reason. Perhaps the people are so indifferent to the truth that men are not induced to believe it. But confidence men are in such dead earnest about their business that everything they say seems very logical and plausible, and the tenderfoot who has not yet learned to be suspicious is easily duped.

For two reasons we have given this much space to the recital of this incident. One is to emphasize the fact that we ought to live the truth and speak the truth more emphatically, so as to impress the public with the importance and value of the truth. And the second reason is, to afford a word of warning to our young men and women that they may not be taken in by any of these strangers, who brush imaginary cobwebs and pick imaginary hairs from your coat, who run against you and excuse themselves, or who call you by name and ask you whether you are from —. It is always safest to show these earnest inquirers a policeman, who ought to be able to furnish them with the desired information. You cannot afford to run any risks in taking them into your confidence.

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## IDEAS.

IDEAS are conceptions of certain things which the mind grasps in different ways and from different sources, which, when animated and brought into usefulness, often become great deeds that are a blessing

to mankind. But ideas are just like the people who possess them; they are of different quantities and qualities, some of them are exceedingly valuable, while others are worse than worthless. It seems queer how some men are able to see far into the future and figure out what the people are going to need many years hence, while other men have the same feeling about things, but their concepts always come to failures. Whether the whole thing rests in the quality of the brain or not, or whether it is a special gift of prophecy, no one seems to be able to tell.

To illustrate the point in question, let the mind go back a few years when some of our present commodities or luxuries were not only undreamed of, but would have startled the best-thinking people of that age, had their attention been called to them. Had a phonograph been placed before a crowd of people fifty years ago, in its present stage of perfection, the people would almost have worshiped it instead of thinking it was a creature of the hands of men. It would have taken a great deal of argument those days to convince a man that a person could ride on a vehicle of two wheels, one following immediately after the other, as our bicycles do now; and yet some man, before anybody else ever dreamed of it, figured it all out clearly in his mind how this could be done and demonstrated it. Of course he was sneered at, was scorned and was considered crazy, but millions of people soon saw the practical use to which the seemingly impossible project might be applied. This wonderful discovery caused other minds to act because it was such a wonderful revolution.

A certain man at Pasadena, Cal., conceived an idea which he thought was fully as great as that of the fellow who had preceded him. He undertook to build a bicycle tramway from Pasadena to Los Angeles. By setting poles or posts a proper distance apart each way, he was enabled to get this tramway sufficiently high that it did not interfere with traffic. He conceived the idea that by having this nice, smooth, plank roadway protected on either side by a railing, that a cyclist could cover the distance, which is about eight or nine miles, in a very few minutes. At the rapid rate at which people were purchasing bicycles it was evident to him that if he charged the most meager sum as toll, that in a short time he would be independently rich. The fact is that a great many people, and possibly the majority of the people who knew about this, thought it as great an idea as the invention of a bicycle. After all, as a matter of consequence, it generally follows that finding the use for a thing or the practical application of it, is as great as the discovery of the original principle.

The fact is, however, that ideas are air castles until they have been sifted to try their intrinsic worth. A portion of that overhead roadway may be seen by the traveler in Pasadena; it is counted a monument to

somebody's mistake. The bicycle, on the other hand, gives credit continually to somebody's clever invention. Before these ideas were really tested they virtually weighed about the same in the public mind. But one bursted like a bubble, while the other ascended like a balloon.

Yes, ideas are queer things; even the man who conceives them guesses widely at their size. When Robert Fulton could not get the consent of any one scarcely to even ride with him on his steamboat he certainly thought that his invention, or his ideas, were not weighing much in the scale of public opinion. But if he were to awake out of his long sleep to-day for a few moments and see how the people are applying his ideas to the welfare of the people to-day he would not probably call his ideas air castles. A great many ideas are good, so far as the idea is concerned, but it is not always practical as applied to the immediate wants of the people.

If you have any ideas which you think are great and useful do not let them sour for the need of ventilation; neither should you ventilate them so much as to let them dry out, but hitch them up at once in the public harness and see if you can break them to drive. If they will pull up under a good tight rein they will probably help to move the world, but if they do not have enough pulling qualities to stretch a tug or a trace they will not amount to much.



#### IT GROWS.

STILL it grows. The INGLENOOK. It's spicy, clean, broad and moral. It has doubled its number of readers and we want it to do so again. It can if you will lend a helping hand. Will you speak a good word for the INGLENOOK to your friends? It may do them good and can do you no harm. See how eagerly some read it!

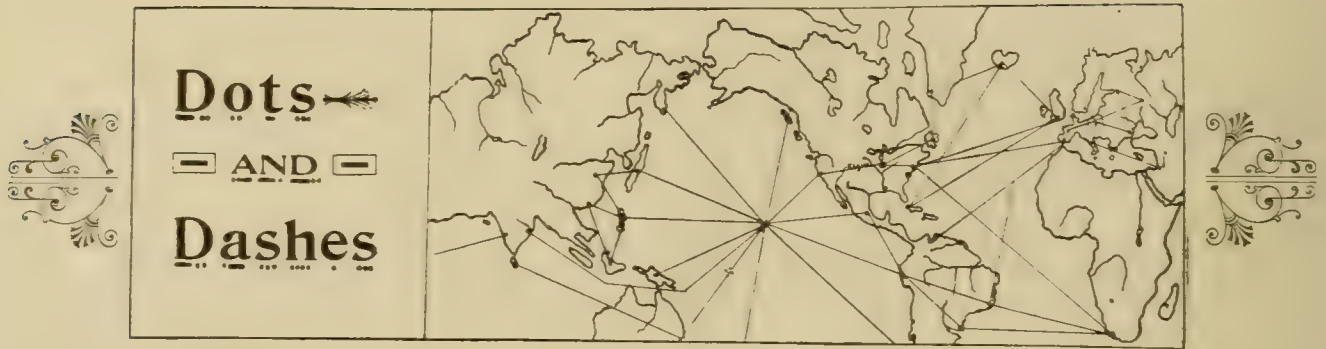
"In a recent editorial I notice the editor entertains fears that a visit to some of the homes of the readers of the INGLENOOK might find some magazines with their wrappers still on; there may be some homes where that would prove to be a fact, but if we ever have the pleasure of entertaining the editor in our home, he would probably find the rules of etiquette outraged by seeing several reading over another's shoulder."—Oma Karn, Covington, Ohio.

Many a home would be brightened if the paper rack were supplied each week with good magazines. If you appreciate what the INGLENOOK is doing will you help to put it before the eyes of others that they may receive good as well?



THE poorest people in this world are those who are discontented.





MISS CATHERINE WILLIAMS, of Lima, Ind., has been elected president of the LaGrange National Bank. She has been vice-president since her father's death, and her choice as president is purely a recognition of ability.

THE sixth battery of the United States Artillery reached Houston, Texas, fifty-five days after having left Ft. Riley, Kans., having marched eleven hundred miles. This breaks all the records ever before made, except Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. The men stood the trip much better than the horses, although they were looking haggard and their clothing was somewhat tattered, and covered with mud. The officials wanted to test the powers of endurance of the army. Another march of this kind will soon be made from Chicago to the Atlantic by another division of the army.

THE Chinese and Japanese have arrived at a conclusion of peace measures, and the new treaty was signed at Pekin. The State department has been officially notified. Japan must restore the property of the Chinese seized during the war, also the Russian transfers to Japan must be recognized.

A MOVEMENT is on foot, and is being promoted by Randall Morgan, of Cincinnati, to form a company which will absorb all the traction lines of Ohio.

DURING a recent hotel fire in Minneapolis eight lives were lost. Total loss by fire, \$30,000.

ONE of the greatest snowstorms of recent years has lately visited southern Canada, northern Michigan and Wisconsin. Four and five feet of snow has fallen there and general business is practically suspended.

A RAY of hope for Russia is entertained by Louis Nixon, who is a ship builder. He has just returned from St. Petersburg. He has completed his contract of constructing a squadron of torpedo boats for the Russian navy. He was at Sevastopol during the

mutiny and at St. Petersburg during the riots, and he says that he has the utmost faith in the Czar's sincerity to establish reforms. The Czar is reported to have given him a personal interview. It is to be hoped that he has the right view of the situation and that the internal eruption will soon reach its height and begin to abate.

DR. DOWIE and Dr. Speicher, of Zion City, have been keeping the wires hot for a few days. Great rumors are afloat concerning the condition of the Christian Catholic church, but time will reveal the truth of all these statements.

LAST Saturday southern California had the experience of a downpour of rain for twenty-four hours. Car lines were blocked, streets converted into rivers, storm drains damaged and sewers overflowed, and several thousand dollars' damage was done in the city of Los Angeles. Many buildings in the lower part of town were flooded.

MR. ROCKEFELLER again indicates his continued interest in the University of Chicago by a very liberal gift of \$1,450,000, one hundred thousand of which is to be held in trust by the university for the widow of the late Dr. Harper, whose entire estate was estimated at \$12,000.

JAN. 22 the city of Chicago was in the tight grasp of an alternating storm of rain, sleet, and snow, which tied up all transportation lines. The sleet belt extended two hundred miles to the west, northwest and southwest, and in other directions it extended over a sweep of seventy miles. The storm resulted in a number of injuries to persons, and a few deaths, being attributed to the ice and cold.

It seems that all the gold has not yet been taken from the earth. Last week we mentioned the great discovery at Manhattan, Nevada, and now come reports of richer discoveries at the mines of Senator Clarke and also the Inglenook camp at Camp Verde, Arizona.

## A GREAT CALAMITY.

It is a real calamity to a family of growing-up children not to be supplied with good reading matter, that they might spend many happy and profitable hours with the happenings and facts of the great world which lies just beyond their reach. It cannot be seen. The mind's eye readily takes the place of the natural eye; but that must be supplied with good, clean reading matter.

The parents spend money to feed their bodies, and for clothes to protect them from the weather. Is it not far more important to feed the mind and make it strong and rich to meet the difficulties and struggles of actual life? And is it not of greater importance, to clothe the mind in youth, that at maturity it may not be found uncultivated, than to feed and clothe the body, though feeding and clothing the body be necessary? A mind filled with knowledge is much better prepared to withstand temptation than one which has little else to boast of than his ignorance.

The call of the INGLENOOK is for good, clean literature for the coming generation. We believe it is the duty of every man to help spread wholesome literature. Every good book, paper and magazine has a mission and does something to fill somebody's mind with knowledge. No money can be better spent, no better sacrifice can be made, than to place good reading matter before the boys and girls. This the INGLENOOK seeks to do. Whatever the readers of the INGLENOOK can do to increase its usefulness will be very much appreciated by the publishers. We want ten thousand subscribers by Annual Meeting time. We can reach that number easily if each of our present subscribers will send us just one new subscription. WHO will be the FIRST to speak to a neighbor?

FRANCE has a new president for the first time in a long while. His name is Clement Fallieres; he was chosen on the first ballot. He had been president of the senate. The president enjoys the distinction of coming up to present prominence from a very commonplace position in life. His grandfather was a blacksmith and his father a clerk; he became a lawyer, rose rapidly, was a good financier, and now owns large estates.

THE battleship *Dreadnaught* is to be launched by King Edward, Feb. 10, and is to revolutionize the whole science of naval warfare. Despite the efforts of other countries to elicit information in regard to details of construction of the ship, England is silent. But her design is sufficiently known to convince many that she practically renders obsolete all existing warships. She is not only the biggest, but the fastest ever built, having a displacement of 1,500 tons and a

speed of twenty knots. It is supposed that the *Dreadnaught* could lie at ten thousand yards' range and sink the entire fleet of the British warships as easily as the Japanese sank the Russians in Japan sea, and in all probability could give battle single-handed to the entire German fleet. It is unique in its construction, being the first battleship to be driven by turbines, and built in record time.

CASSIE L. CHADWICK has begun her ten-year vacation from active life by serving a sentence in the Ohio penitentiary. She has been placed in the section devoted to needlework, and is devoting her time to the stitching of buttonholes in shirts. She has had experience in buttonholing bankers, and this slight change may be relished by her; perhaps not.

It is reported that earthquake shocks were distinctly felt in western Missouri, eastern Kansas and some portions of eastern Nebraska, a short time ago.

THE Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, who are the inventors of the latest airship contrivance, have disposed of the exclusive ownership of their aeroplane to one Arnold Fordyce, of France.

JAMES HILL, of the Great Northern, says our nation is selling and exploiting our natural resources in a profligate way, without building up industries and trade relations to supplant the natural resources.

A GROUP of capitalists have become associated with the Standard Oil, the Rock Island Railway and the General Electric Company, and have projected a company with forty million dollars capital for the purpose of developing water power and extending irrigation facilities in California. Not less than four hundred thousand horse-power will be developed and used in the use of the Sacramento Valley. They may decide to continue operations through Oregon and Washington.

THE war department will not interfere with the sentence passed on Lieutenant Sidney F. Burbank, of the Sixth Infantry, viz., fifteen months' imprisonment and dismissal from the army. Burbank received this sentence as a penalty for deserting his Filipino wife and engaging himself to a Kansas girl. It is a good thing the war department did not interfere; it would be a better thing still if men and women, who sue for divorces, would lose whatever job they had and be compelled to serve a few years' imprisonment. This would stop the great evil which is next to intemperance in its ravages upon society.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### GRANDMOTHER'S EDUCATION.

In this age of "finish"  
 For lasses and for lads—  
 Of "higher education,"  
 Of "processes" and "fads,"  
 Of boarding school and college—  
 I wonder, do you know  
 How grandmother was "polished"  
 In long, long years ago.

"Home study" was the system  
 In favor then, for maids,  
 And grandma entered younger  
 (Her hair not yet in braids).  
 The first course she completed,  
 Procured degree B S,  
 Which meant, those days, Best Sewer—  
 As some of you may guess.

To B S next she added  
 A proudly gained B A;  
 Bread Artist is the honor  
 The letters two convey.  
 And still not quite contented,  
 A bonny, happy bride,  
 For G H—Good Housekeeper—  
 Successfully she tried.

A year or so of marriage,  
 And now a baby wee  
 Conferred A M—A Mother—  
 (Post-graduate degree).  
 But she not yet is "finished";  
 For waits the grandest one  
 Of all degrees: the message,  
 By God pronounced: Well done.

—Edwin L. Sabin.



### THE JAPANESE WOMAN.

DELLA VANIMAN.



HE Japanese are a cheerful and contented people, lovers of nature and always ready for a holiday. They are of a very courteous disposition. Hand-shaking not being a custom of the Japanese, the women and lower classes when they meet some one of high standing bow down on their knees before them.

The dress of the Japanese is not burdensome. Their garment is a loose-sleeved garment known as the kimono and bound about the waist with a sash tied in a large bow. The cloth of which the garment is made is, if the family has an abundance from which to buy, of a very fine quality and has large designs, such as

pictures, flowers, etc.; some have been known to own garments that cost from \$100 to \$200 each. As the style never changes, none of the precious time of the Japanese woman is ever spent in studying the fashion plates as the poor woman of America is obliged to do. But instead, garments are handed down from mother to daughter and from daughter to daughter.

The women of Japan wore no jewelry whatever until the missionaries went to their country and some, in order to imitate the good missionaries, began the wearing of rings, stickpins and other kinds of jewelry which the missionary wore, and from thenceforth jewelry has been worn by the Japanese women.

One of the principal occupations of the woman of Japan is that of hair-dressing. The hair-dressers are usually kept busy from daylight till dark, and I should think would be very weary of their labor until the day is fully done. The hair is usually roached in front and rolled in a ball on the top of their heads and is decorated with combs and flowers, as Japan is a land of sunshine and flowers. In order not to dislocate their hair in any way they have stools about a foot long and from four to five inches high, padded with matting which they place under their neck and thus use them for a pillow while sleeping.

The married woman, in order to distinguish herself from the rest of her sex, shaves off her eyebrows and colors her teeth black with the juice of the persimmon tree. Perhaps it would be well for some Americans to take the Japanese plan in distinguishing themselves as to their standing in life.

The Japanese houses are usually of one story. The floor is about two and one-half or three feet from the ground and is formed of soft, thickly-padded mats, and on these the family sit, eat and sleep. They have no tables, chairs or bedsteads; thick-wadded quilts serve as mattresses and blankets.

The Japanese woman serves her meals on little stands about a foot high and they are eaten with chopsticks. Rice, with soup of seaweeds, beans, vegetables, or hard-boiled eggs cut up into pieces, with a little fish, with soy and the like, served daintily, constitute the meals of the Japanese.

Thus we leave the Japanese woman to live her peaceful and happy life in the land of flowers and sunshine.

McPherson, Kans.



It is as much the duty of a Christian to be cheerful as it is to keep out of jail and pay his debts.

## WE AIN'T A-SCAIRT O' PA.

Us boys ain't scairt o' pa so much;

He only makes a noise

An' says he never did see such

Onmanageable boys.

But when ma looks around I see

Just somethin' long an' flat

An' always makes a point to be

Some better after that.

Pa promises an' promises,

But never does a thing,

But what ma says she does, she does,

An' when I go to bring

Her slippers or her hair brush when

She says she'll dust my pants

I think I could be better then

If I had one more chance.

Pa always says nex' time 'at he

Will have a word to say,

But ma she is more apt to be

A-doin' right away.

Pa turns around at us an' glares

As fierce as he can look,

But when we're out of sight, upstairs,

He goes back to his book.

Ma doesn't glare as much as pa

Or make as big a fuss,

But what she says is law, is law,

An' when she speaks to us

She's lookin' carelessly around

F'r somethin' long an' flat,

An' when we notice it we're bound

To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' pa at all,

Although he thinks we are.

But when we hear ma come an' call,

No difference how far

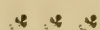
We are away we answer quick

And tell her where we're at,

When she stoops down an' starts to pick

Up somethin' long an' flat!

—J. M. Foley, in New York Times.



## A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

I ONCE asked an eminent violin instructor in a Chicago conservatory what became of the thousands of pupils that are turned out yearly from the various schools in the country. He replied that only about ten per cent of the entire number enrolled had the intention of following music as a profession, and about half of that number persevered long enough to realize any fruits from their labors. And knowing that three-fourths of the enrollment are girls, the greater number of whom are following music for a mere accomplishment, we can easily see, after all, even considering the enormous numbers that are graduated yearly, why few are ever heard of afterwards.

At the beginning of every season, conservatories

open with a blare of trumpets, and private teachers have their nets cast, and traps set, they have their little song and dance learned; studios are varnished and repapered; the anterooms are made ready for the ante, and all have returned from their vacations, abroad and elsewhere, including those who never went away. Flaming advertisements fill the papers and tempting circulars flood the country, "fakirs" are in abundance and guarantee to teach pupils to play by the short cut method, no more hard work or practice, —and alas, many are the victims thereof. Many an honest, painstaking teacher has been forced to sell his office furniture to pay his board bill while the false prophet flourished. The rich will wax fat and grow richer, and the poor will be none the worse off because they have caught it in the neck already, and as Bill Nye says, "God help the rich, the poor can beg." There will be the customary influx of people invade these city conservatories, and private teachers, anxious to get something for nothing, and wind up by getting nothing for something, and there is no end to the embryo Sembrichs, Beethovens, and Paganinis, and young persons who are born musicians(?) and need only a few finishing touches—and little do they realize how near to their finish they are. The first question they ask is, Will it pay? Certainly it will pay somebody. And the young composer is abroad in the land with symphonic poems that are neither symphonic or poetic, and will never be performed. The young violin virtuoso, and the piano "wunder-kind" flock to the studios, to have the same old beverage filled into new casks, and made to represent a new article in new packages. Then comes the idiotic talk about the marvelous artistic atmosphere that cannot be found here, and so away go the pupils across the pond, some to return in a short time, sadder but infinitely wiser than before, while others will remain, and raise a luxurious crop of hair, learn to play the "Paganini first," and return to their native soil. Then if they do not see success ahead of them in the music business, they are well on the road to making good lion tamers.

Before discussing the importance of beginning correctly, a word as to the requisite qualities that go to make up an ideal violinist might not be out of place. The various qualities that are essential in the making of such an instrumentalist are quite too numerous to mention. There are besides a correct ear, the power of making mentally, correct calculations on the finger board, a bow arm, sensitive to the minutest shades of pressure, long arms, a strong wrist, inexhaustible energy, perfect control of the powers of emotion, and above all genius and sufficient love for the art.

Acquiring the art of violin playing is vastly different from learning what is so-called scraping. How many violin players, both professional and amateur,



find that after wasting several years of study with an indifferent teacher, though quite unconscious of their mistake at the time, suddenly wake up to find that they have learned next to nothing, and what little they have acquired will have to be unlearned.

Then we will look at the pupil who returns from abroad, with high ambitions, visions of the concert platform floating before his eyes. Paderewski and Ysaye ovations, flowers being showered upon him by fair women of strange cities, how he will be recalled times innumerable after the performance of his concert, how after the concert he would be lionized and made the idol of society, fair ladies and lords, counts and countesses, maids and matrons, and all the smart set of the great cities, vieing with one another to take him by the hand. How expectation is keyed to the highest pitch in the cities he is to visit and his vision of the receipts of this "series" of concerts would stagger Paganini. How he looks with a sneer on the "common" fiddler of the theatre, hotel, or concert hall, with his salary of twenty-five dollars per week. He will criticise galore, crusty and trusty, deep and cheap, natural and unnatural, wise and otherwise, probable and improbable. But dreams have an ending. Likewise has this. He suddenly realizes that his pocketbook presents a flat appearance and that he must get busy, and in a week or two, we see this same day dreamer, in a summer garden, filing out rag time, and scraping popular songs on his "beloved Stradivarius," and only a short time before, he had declared that he would never pollute its strings with such trash as popular music and airs.

Then there will be appointments and disappointments, normal and abnormal, methods and schemes without end, and everybody grinds an ax of his own, and a Corsican dagger for his neighbor. And when it is all over an echo asks what it was all about. "*Cui bono?*" The young enthusiast has not only learned but realized that "heaven is not reached at a single bound," and another season has turned the corner in that long corridor of time which has swallowed up so many hopes, expectations, anticipations, and illusions.—*Merritt S. Miller, in College Campus.*



#### AN EYE FOR COLOR.

HAPPY is the woman who has an innate sense of harmony, who knows not only one tint from another, but knows what colors will blend and what colors will quarrel. Happy is the woman who does not spend her strength trying to have an attractive home or pleasing wardrobe and all to no purpose.

The woman who has an eye for color can work the happiest effects and often with very small means. Her home is restful and inviting, with an indefinable charm which money alone can never buy. She would

no more think of compelling purple to stand with blue or scarlet with crimson than she would think of inviting into her parlor two persons who were sworn enemies to each other. She would avoid loud colors in her furnishings as she would a loud-mouthed individual full of self-assertion and overbearing ways.

Instead of envying and aping the rich, the woman who will study the nature of colors and the laws of harmony and make her selections in accordance with them will be gratified with a beautiful home, simple, perhaps, but wonderfully pleasing in its air of cheerful comfort and expression of refined feeling.

The woman who has a sense of harmony, either native or acquired, will not make the mistake of overloading her rooms or her garments. True art demands the absence of whatever is superfluous, meaningless, or contradictory and fretting. It may not be easy to give up what vulgarity, and coarseness have so long exacted, but refined taste once acquired has no use for the tawdry, the worthless and the oppressive weight of decoration.

Simplicity does not signify bareness nor any form of Puritanism, but it does mean a harmony that produces peace on all who come under the influence.



#### ABOUT HICCOUGH.

HICCOUGH is not ordinarily regarded as a serious affection, yet sometimes the persistence with which it continues and resists all sorts of remedies and devices employed for its arrest becomes a very grave matter, even threatening life itself. Hiccoughing is what is called a reflex act, that is, it is an effect produced in one part of the body as a result of irritation applied to the nerves in another part.

The exciting cause is usually an undue stimulation of the nerves of the stomach, resulting from indigestion or from the presence of some irritating substance in the stomach. It is sometimes an accompaniment of inflammation of other organs in the abdomen or of peritonitis, and then it is exceedingly distressing and often most obstinately resistant to treatment.

The gouty are prone to have hiccough after the slightest indiscretion in diet; the same is true of those suffering from diabetes, and often the subjects of chronic malaria are similarly afflicted. Sometimes hiccoughing is a purely nervous act, one of the manifestations of instability of the nervous system, and is associated with the laughing or crying of an hysterical attack.

It is generally a very easy matter to stop the hiccoughs, if they do not cease spontaneously. As it is a reflex act, anything that makes a strong impression on the nervous system or distracts the mind temporarily will often put an end to the attack. Children recognize this when they shriek at a playmate and

scare the hiccoughs away; and adults show the value of concentrating the attention on some other subjects when they subdue the hiccough by seeing how near they can bring the tips of the little fingers together without allowing them to touch.

In very severe cases these simple devices will not avail, and then if there is some offending substance in the stomach it must be got rid of by an emetic. Drinking a glass or two of hot water may act well if acid dyspepsia is at the bottom of the trouble. A lump of ice placed over the pit of the stomach, or the alternate application of an ice bag and a hot-water bag to the same place is an effective measure in many obstinate cases. Another useful expedient is to breathe deeply and very rapidly.

In very intractable cases it may be necessary to put

the sufferer under the influence of ether or chloroform, or to prescribe powerful opiates or other quieting remedies.



"CHRISTIANITY is now the prevailing religion of the world," says *The Church Economist*, which continues: "Its adherents, according to Dr. Roberts, amount to 477,080,158. The next religious faith in point of numbers is Confucianism with 256,000,000 adherents. Hinduism is third with 190,000,000 and Mohammedanism fourth with 176,834,372. Buddhism is given 147,900,000. The various smaller heathen faiths count up only 118,129,470. This is on the basis of a population of the globe of 1,430,000,000. In other words, the adherents of Christianity comprise just about one-third of the world's population."

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXV.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

The dragoman planned a nice drive for us to Hebron via Bethlehem. Hebron is the place where Abraham lived for so long. When Lot chose the plains of the Jordan, Abraham remained in the hill country. He grew immensely rich, and it is no wonder that he did, for it is a splendid country for grazing, and the plains are exceedingly fertile. There are many nice fields of lentils and pulse in this vicinity. We were shown an old oak tree called "Abraham's Oak," and they tell us that this tree was standing there in the time of Abraham; but this is hard for us to believe, for according to the nature of the oak it is hardly probable that a tree would live to be that age.

About twelve miles up the mountain range south of Jerusalem we found Solomon's pools. We have a photograph of one of them. It is said that this one is large enough to float the largest ocean steamer in the world. These are connected with the city of Jerusalem by an underground duct with which Solomon supplied his city in time of siege or famine. It is astounding when we think of the amount of water that could be stored away here. In Jerusalem there are many pools, such as Upper and Lower Gihon, Hezekiah, Siloam and Bethesda. These were of great importance. It is no longer a question with us how it was possible for Peter and his helpers to immerse three thousand souls on the day of Pentecost.

The city of Bethlehem is rather a picturesque little city on the side of a hill, overlooking the field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned, who afterwards became the great-grandmother of David, which made it possible for Jesus to shed Gentile blood on the cross. These fields are also where "the shepherds watched their flocks by night" when the heavenly choir sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" It is in this city of David that our Savior was born and,

because the khan was so crowded, was cradled in a manger. To-day the Church of the Nativity stands over this sacred spot; and, like the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, is owned by several Christian denominations. In the solid stone floor of the cavern, which was once used for a stable, is a silver star set, which is supposed to mark the exact spot where Jesus was born; whether it is or not, it cannot be far from the place.

On the streets of this town we saw a man making water bottles and wine bottles out of goat skins, and repairing old ones. Miss Merritt thought we ought to have a photograph of that, so you will find it somewhere among the rest.

On the road back to Jerusalem a sight met our eyes which was peculiarly striking. Roscoe stopped the carriage, and, pointing to a figure coming down the road, said, "Of what does that remind you?" Almost with one accord we answered, "Joseph and Mary." He quickly snatched the camera, alighted and asked the Mohammedan the privilege of taking a picture, which was granted. We gave the lady a büshlech (twelve cents) and the gentleman half that amount, with which they seemed perfectly delighted. They were nothing but Palestine Arabs on their road home from Jerusalem, but the donkey, the woman's veil, her entire costume, the little child, the shepherd's club, the man's turban, all went to make a picture that was so striking in character that we could ill afford to miss the opportunity that we might never have again.

In a few moments we had reached Rachel's tomb; here you remember is where Benjamin was born, and the beloved wife of Jacob died. This spot is sacred to Jews, Christians and Mohammedans. As we cross the brook Kedron into Jerusalem we are compelled to pass the tomb of Christ's mother. This spot has been kept sacred by the Roman Catholic people; the walls are covered with hyssop "which springeth from the wall." 1 Kings 4: 33. There is something queer about that hyssop; it grows right out of the stone wall where there is neither crack nor crevice. One would naturally think it would follow



the mortar joints, but it does not. We saw it on the tomb of Absalom, where there are no joints.

A little farther to the north is the great Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here again the boys almost went into ecstasy over the beautiful description of the destruction of Sennacherib's army, when one hundred and eighty-five thousand were destroyed in one night. After Agnes read the account from the Bible, Miss Merritt recited for us that beautiful poem by Lord George Byron, which begins like this:

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

In the southwest corner, in the Armenian quarter, is the tomb of David to which the Bible refers, "His tomb is with us unto this day." We had to make three trips to this place before we could gain an entrance. About a hundred and twenty families of the most fanatical people

on earth live here. One of these families is always in possession of the key. Of course the traveler is expected to pay a heavy tip to see the tomb of David. They all want this tip, they fight over the key; indeed they have bloody fights. The average American does not have time to stand around and watch people quarrel and fight; we walked off in disgust, only to be followed by several of them who tried to coax us to return. Oscar was so angry with them that he told them if they did not go away and let us alone he would have them arrested, and told them that whenever they could act decently we would come to see the place. The scene was repeated the next day, and we left, leaving them under the impression we would never return; but they came to the hotel after us, on the third day, promising that they would behave themselves if we would go down, which they did.

Sincerely yours,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### OUR MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

QUITE sure am I that it is the desire of our editor as well as myself that the musical department of the NOOK for 1906 be not found wanting in edification to our many readers who are especially interested in the most beautiful of all art languages. We should not neglect the literary side of our musical education, and I wish to suggest that more of our young people, who are making music a specialty, send in articles for publication.

The following "thoughts" were collected during our school of music, at Waterloo, Iowa:

—What a wonderful help music is to us in the everyday duties of life!—*Mrs. A. P. Blough.*

—Sing unto the Lord *all the earth*. Song was implanted in man by his Creator. Why not use this beautiful art to his praise?—*Ephraim Lichty.*

—One thing I greatly admire about music is that it is a means of saving souls.—*Emma Knop.*

—If music does not illustrate noble thought and honor God, it misses its aim.—*Dennis Schrock.*

—As a rule we have better sermons when we have good music. It is one means of helping our ministers to preach.—*Samuel Fike.*

—A song that will bring a tear is one that God will hear. A heart that is not touched by song is a heart that is void of love.—*I. C. Johnson.*

—I suggest that we all make a greater effort to memorize the hymns we sing. By so doing we not only receive, but are able to give a great deal more of the real worth of a hymn.—*W. H. Lichty.*

—If we have the opportunity to sing and do not improve it in this world, how can we expect to sing the glad song with the white-robed throng around the throne?

—There is no sweeter way to praise our Maker than in song service; it brings us nearer to him.—*Elsie Lichty Schrock.*

"Then all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!"



### LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

ANNA M. HUTCHISON.

BLEST, indeed, is he who has that happy disposition to look on the bright side of things, let come what may. The life of such an one is thereby made richer and fuller, and to him are opened up avenues of usefulness that forever remain closed to the pessimist.

Looking on the dark side never lessened a burden, never rolled away a cloud, never dropped a ray of sunlight, never made any one better. On the contrary, it has magnified ills, making mountains out of molehills, imaginary ills where none existed, rendering unpleasant and disagreeable hundreds of homes and as many lives.

Would you level the mountains of difficulty and trial? Would you give hope to the fainting and discouraged? Would you fill your own life with peace and happiness and thus shed joy and gladness into the lives of those about you? Then cultivate a happy disposition. Always look on the bright side. If there

is no sunshine without let it beam forth from your soul. Life is too precious and too full of real blessings to dwell on its ills. Remember, life is what you make it, and usually gives what you most look for. Then,

"Do not look for wrong and evil,  
You will find them if you do.  
As you measure to your neighbor,  
He will measure back to you.

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while.  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To the glass, you meet a smile."

Look for the good in every one, for it is there. Fill the mind and heart with pure and beautiful thoughts. Live one day at a time. Be content with what you have. Trust in God. Do your best, and having done that, know all things will work together for good.

Some one has said, "Many of our troubles are but the strain which we endure when God would carry us the right way and we insist upon going the wrong." But, what though real trials and disappointments do sometimes come, think not how bad they are, but rather, how they might have been worse. Accept them in the light of God's providence, as the furnace in which we are tried to purge us of all dross, as his discipline for us that we might come forth in richer flowering. Sorrow reveals forces in us that we never dreamed of—victorious powers which are all the time working for us in our deepest pain. Then look for the silver lining, for,

"Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,  
The inner side of every cloud  
Is bright and shining.  
I therefore turn my clouds about,  
And always wear them inside out  
To show the lining."

Whatever comes, let us be happy in the thought "that the sufferings of this present are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

"Just to be happy! 'tis a fine thing to do;  
To look on the bright side rather than the blue,  
Sad or sunny musing is largely to the choosing,  
And just being happy is brave work and true.  
Just to be happy helps other souls along,  
Their burdens may be heavy and they not strong.  
Your own skies will lighten if other skies you brighten,  
With a heart full of song."

*Union Bridge, Md.*



#### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

D. Z. ANGLE.

ONE Sabbath on a certain occasion we were with Mr. A going home from church.

On the road we overtook Mr. H.

Mr. A said, addressing Mr. H, "Go along home!"

Mr. H answered, "I am going home."

Then Mr. A corrected himself with, "I mean, Go along home with us!"

Whereupon Mr. H remarked respectfully that that sounded differently, but declined to visit Mr. A at that time owing to home affairs.

What a difference two more words made in that invitation, and how easily they repaired an awkward misunderstanding between two sober, earnest friends. And how we all did laugh, for even our icy reserve was for a time broken by a few loud smiles. Though we ought not to laugh at the mistakes of others, occasionally it is often unavoidable, especially when the erring one himself laughs.

Instances like the above cause us to think what a difference one or two little words sometimes cause by their use or omission in the intercourse between men and nations. It is said, "Mighty trees from little acorns grow," and a little error of speech, a hostile or spiteful word has caused the enmity of bosom friends, separated men from their wives and families, and plunged mighty nations into the horrors of bloody and costly wars.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



#### A MISSIONARY TRIP.

NORA KINGERY.

WE often hear of people making trips. Some go far and near to visit relatives; others take trips to large cities for sightseeing, and others go to lakes and rivers for pleasure, but we seldom hear of people making missionary trips.

A missionary trip is the kind of trip I would like to make. I would like to go some place, where the people know not God, and tell them of our Savior's life on earth and teach them how to love him.

If we love God we will certainly want others to know about him and love him, and one of the best ways to show our love for him is to be his missionary.

Christ once said to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are his disciples now, and should be willing to tell each and every one of him.

We do not always need to make our missionary trip to some foreign country, but can make short trips, on missions of love, around our own homes. If we look about us, we may find several who are in need of a kind friend to tell them how to love God. We should give them words of encouragement, and speak to them in a kind way. Never think such words are wasted, for they are as bread cast on waters, and both gift and giver God will bless.

If we wish to be a missionary, we should have Christ as our Shepherd, and he will guide us all through our missionary work and all other work while on earth, and in the end give us a beautiful home as a reward.

*Bringinghurst, Ind.*



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### KNEW THE PRICE.

They had been to church, and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given.

"It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money."

"Do you have any idea how much?"

"I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I should imagine."

"No, it didn't either," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost fourteen dollars and ten cents."

"Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?"

"Because, mamma, it said at the bottom of the window, 'Job 14.10.'"—New York World.



Water pipes lined with chinaware and which are imbedded in cement in iron pipes are being used in Coburg, Saxony. They are thought to be indestructible.



The Great Salt Lake, in Utah, is now crossed by a trestle bridge over twenty miles long. It is the longest trestle bridge in the world, and bears a railway, thereby saving a circuit of forty-four miles.



Vaccination is a medical graft and humbug. It should not be tolerated by a civilized people.



### THE CHINESE TALLOW TREE.

In China a certain tree called the "Tallow Tree" produces a thick oil, or vegetable tallow, which is capable of being used for making candles. The capsules are internally divided into three cells, each containing a nearly hemispherical seed, which is covered with a beautifully white vegetable tallow. This the Chinese collect for the manufacture of candles, in order to do which, the capsules and seeds are crushed and boiled, and the fat skimmed off while in a melted state. To give it a firmer consistency, wax is added to it in the proportion of three parts to ten of the vegetable tallow. Linseed oil is also added. The candles made of it are beautifully white. This tree presents a very beautiful and remarkable appearance at the approach of winter, when the leaves become bright red, and the pericarps falling off, leave the white seeds suspended by threads.



### REWARD OF IRRITABILITY.

The corpulent man who had ordered crullers and buttermilk in a Park Row "quick lunch" was very irritable.

"Beg pardon," said the waiter, rushing up in some agitation, according to the New York Globe.

"Get away from me," interrupted the irritable man, "I can't bear for any one to talk to me while I am eating."

"But, sir—"

"No buts about it. I don't want to hear anything and don't want to answer any questions—understand?"

"If you will—"

"No, I won't do anything. I told you I didn't want to hear you talk, so clear out. If you don't I'll tell the boss."

The waiter mumbled something under his breath and disappeared toward the kitchen with a tray of dishes. When he returned ten minutes later the corpulent man was in a better humor.

"Bub," he said, "I am through eating now and you can tell me what you wished to say."

"Oh, nothing much," responded the waiter.

"But what was it?"

"Oh, I wanted to tell you that you were sitting on a piece of fly paper. You wouldn't listen, though, and now I guess you'll have to get a new pair of pants."

And the waiter grinned revengefully while the corpulent man got busy.



"All things die not; while the soul lives, love lives; the song may now be gay, now plaintive, but it is deathless."



In an Episcopal church in Peoria it is an Easter morning custom for the ushers to greet incoming members of the congregation with, "The Lord is risen." An old lady who was deaf and who had but recently united with the church was met by Dr. Tyng with the salutation.

"What is it?" she asked, pausing and placing her hand to her ear.

"The Lord is risen," repeated the doctor.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady absently, as she moved on down the aisle. She was met by another usher who gave her the same greeting.

"What did you say?" she demanded.

"The Lord is risen," returned the usher.

"Oh, yes, so Dr. Tyng tells me!" she remarked complacently as she entered a pew.



I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth; I dreamed that it was the new city of friends; Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led to rest; It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,

And in all their looks and words.

—Walt Whitman.



### IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

Robbie's father, according to "Lippincott's Magazine," had a friend call.

After they had chatted a few minutes the only cigar on the table was offered to the guest, so Robbie went upstairs for a fresh box. As the boy reached the top stair his father was startled to hear:

"Which kind, papa? Do you want those you smoke yourself or the kind you give away?"



God can do great things with any man who will always do his prayerful best.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter V.

SILAS and I finally hired to Mr. Wallace for the season, with the understanding that we were to have an occasional day to look over the valley and see the bargains that were to be had, which was very satisfactory to our host and overseer. Among some of the pleasures we enjoyed during the summer, were some fishing excursions that Lucile and the boys had planned for us and they were certainly fine. There are some of the finest black bass and mountain trout in the streams of the Butte Valley that there are in the West, and they say that other fine resorts of this kind may



One of the Small Tenant Houses on the Praether Ranch.

be found up at Klamath Falls, though we have not been there yet.

During harvest we put up over five hundred tons of hay, timothy and clover mixed, and it averaged over five tons to the acre; so you may know that it was no light work. More than once Sile said, "I wonder what the folks back east would say if they could see this hay, for you know we used to think that if we got two tons per acre back there we were doing fine." This hay was sold; besides this we filled the large barns with which we were to feed the cattle of the ranchers as they stopped with us on the road from the ranches in the fall, to their homes over the Siskiyou mountains. Then there was the alfalfa and the grain hay, as they call it; it is barley, rye and wheat, mostly the former. It makes very fine feed and the stock are very fond of it.

One day, after we had a very hard day's work, the young folks proposed that we spend the evening at the Praether ranch, and, as it was agreeable to all, we did so. To say the least we all enjoyed the social intercourse very much, especially Sile and Lucile. Mr. and Mrs. Short, who have the Praether ranch in charge, gave a fine reception, and one would have hardly thought that it was on the frontier, to see the electric lights all over the house and the conversation interspersed with an entertainment from a graphophone, and supplemented with a treat to some fine ice cream. I wondered so much where Mr. Short got the ice, that I could not refrain from asking the pertinent question. To my surprise he said it was a product of the Butte Valley, and it was on this wise: In the southeast corner of the Valley there is a cave, made a few thousand years ago, by some volcanic action, and the cave is so protected from the sun that it does not melt in the summer and it may be quarried any month in the year. This may seem incredible, but it is a fact as I am a living witness to it. The ice is of the finest, for the water is from the mountain streamlets which are pure and clear as crystal. As an auxiliary to the banquet Mrs. Short set out some of the finest strawberries that we ever saw, with the remark that they were raised in their garden, and that they feed the ranch hands from the patch every day.

As we left the ranch that night the moon shone out in all her splendor from the beautiful blue sky, which blue is peculiar to the Butte Valley, for they certainly have the most perfect sky here that we ever saw; the tall pines and firs cast their long shadows across our trail like so many phantoms. Old Tige led the way, here and there, chasing some vermin of nocturnal habits, while the boys and I followed closely after. Sile and Lucile followed at a respectful distance in the rear, with their horses so close together that it seemed as if they might be yoked together—that is, the horses. Had Sile been a scholar he might have been rehearsing Evangeline or Maud Muller, but as it was he was content with the quietude of the evening, the splendid moonlight, and the presence of the one who had been the heroine in the first drama in the Butte Valley, in which he had figured so largely.

The trail led us by the "Tule Marsh," and, as we stopped to listen if they had lost their way, we heard a clear feminine voice say, "How nice it would be if our lives could be reflected as perfectly as our shadows are mirrored by the water." A male voice answered, "And that they might be as close together as the shadow seems to place them!"

(To be continued.)



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Dr. J. L. MILLER,  
SMITHVILLE, OHIO,

## Eye Specialist

The oldest and most successful head-  
ache optician. Prices reasonable.

Treatment sent on trial on receipt of  
a small amount to pay postage. Send  
for question sheet and particulars; free.

# BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE

A Christian School for Christian People

We Offer Standard Courses in

LITERATURE  
LANGUAGE  
HISTORY

THE BIBLE  
MUSIC

COMMERCE  
SCIENCE  
BUSINESS ART

OUR TEACHERS ARE SPECIALISTS.

Trained in the best Colleges and Universities in the United States. Our College Courses are recognized by the Universities of our own and other States; our courses in Business Branches, Music, and the Bible are equal to those of schools devoted specially to these subjects.

OUR TOWN HAS NO SALOONS.

Two large brick buildings and a new heating plant have recently been added to our equipment. A healthy moral and religious atmosphere pervades the school. Prices are low.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Special Term for Teachers will begin April 18.

BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE.

Bridgewater, Va.

## NOTICE

To Churches in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois:

Bro. Geo. B. Holsinger, of Bridge-  
water, Va., expects to spend the next  
few months in the above states and  
could teach a few classes in vocal  
music.

We do not deem it prudent or wise  
to give any recommendations con-  
cerning the ability of Bro. Holsinger  
to teach. All are more or less ac-  
quainted with his ability as a teacher  
of music.

Here is an opportunity that you  
may not have soon again. Write at  
once, stating how large a class you  
could insure and what date you prefer.  
Address, Geo. B. Holsinger, Bridge-  
water, Va., or

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## CAP GOODS!

Our business has almost doubled it-  
self during the last year. We are send-  
ing goods by mail to thousands of  
permanent, satisfied customers through-  
out the United States. The reason is  
simple.

Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is  
Large. Our Prices are Low.

All orders filled promptly, postpaid.  
Satisfaction guaranteed or your money  
refunded. Send us a sample order and  
be convinced. Write us for a booklet  
of unsolicited testimonials and new line  
of samples, which will be furnished free.  
Send at once to

B. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

## FIFTEEN YEARS



In the watch business  
means that I sell all kinds  
of good watches cheaper  
than other dealers do.  
Watches from 88 cts. to  
\$35 each. All kinds of  
cases and all sizes of Elgin,  
Waltham, Illinois and  
Hamden works. Write for  
free catalogue of watches  
and learn how to save mon-  
ey on watch orders. Address  
H. E. NEWCOMER, 41-13cew Mt. Morris, Ill.



## FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE  
HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE

We cure you of chewing and smoking  
for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly  
harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford,  
Indiana. We answer all letters.

Cancer on Both Sides of the Face  
and One on the Nose.—Cured  
in Two Weeks.

Amboy, Ind., Aug. 21, 1903.

Dear Doctors:—I rejoice to say  
that I am entirely well. I had a  
small sore on each side of my face  
and one on my nose. About two  
years ago it began to itch, had some  
burning sensations in it, but at times  
it would heal up and I would think it  
had entirely disappeared, but in a  
short time it would break out again,  
so I went to my home doctor and  
began treating it. I could not see  
that it was changing any, so I quit.  
All the time it gave me some annoy-  
ance until a few months ago I no-  
ticed that it began to spread very  
rapidly. I called on my physician  
again and he gave me some medicine  
to apply to the diseased parts, but it  
was so very painful that I could not  
stand it, and by this time it had  
grown to the size of a silver dollar  
on either side of my face and nose.  
I began to think something had to be  
done soon. I heard of Drs. Rinehart  
& Co. After investigating I con-  
cluded to try their treatment, and for  
the benefit of those afflicted I want to  
say that after the first application of  
the medicine I could notice a differ-  
ence. After the first day I could see  
that the cancer was dying out and  
in two weeks my face was perfectly  
well. The treatment did not give me  
the least pain at any time. I heartily  
recommend Brs. Rinehart & Co. as  
cancer specialists. Anyone desiring  
further information concerning my  
case may have the same by sending  
self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Yours truly,

Mrs. A. R. Rife.

Anyone can have their free book on  
cancer by addressing

DRS. RINEHART & CO.,  
Kokomo, Ind.



# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

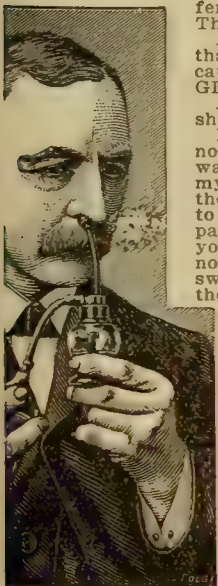
Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making the only common sense offer ever made to the reader of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

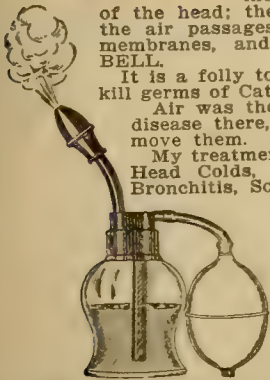
The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time." J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.



The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'fg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pains across the front part of the head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## A Perfect Treatment

It stands without a rival in the world for neatness and cheapness and in its effect upon people who are troubled with catarrh or any of the above named diseases. Any child can use it. The medicated air penetrates the obscure places which medicine taken into the stomach cannot reach. Every air cell of the head drinks in its life-giving properties; every inhalation weakens the disease and leaves in its stead new vital force.

If you have a COLD, try it.  
If you have SORE THROAT, try it.  
If you have BRONCHITIS, try it.  
If you have a COUGH, try it.  
If you have CATARRH, try it.  
If you have buzzing or roaring in the head, try it. If you have headache, try it. If you are partially deaf from the closing of any of the tubes leading to the inner ear, try it. Hundreds have reported immediate good results and permanent cures.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me inclosing 12 cents postage, mentioning this paper, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of medicine with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost 12 cents postage and you still have your money. It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands and I have not one cent profit, except on future orders. I deal fairly with every one and want no one's money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

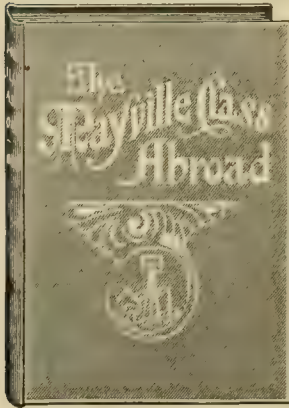
Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO.

NOT sold by Druggists. Big Money for Agents handling my Treatment. Write as above.



# The Mayville Class Abroad

By E. M. COBB



The Mayville High School class make a tour through Europe and Palestine and write letters home of the most interesting character. It is just the thing for young people. All will find the book captivating and very instructive.

Reading this book is just like reading letters from a friend traveling abroad. You can only imagine how interesting and instructive such a book would be, unless you have actually had the experience. It is a book that will interest the whole family.

The book is finely illustrated and contains 288 pages. It is bound in fine cloth and has a beautiful cover design stamped in white. You had better send for a copy now.

Price per copy, prepaid, only \$1.00.

**Agents Wanted. Good Commission. An Easy Seller.**

Just one agent wanted in each community. If you want to make some money real quick write at once for terms on this book. **ACT NOW** or someone else will. Address,

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Start the New Year Right

**Take a Trip to California**

It is not an expensive trip—It costs less to live there than here. If you cannot stay six weeks, stay two—you will never regret it. The trip there and back is a rest and recreation in itself. The through train service via the

## Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

offers a variety of interesting routes: Via Omaha and Ogden; via Omaha and Salt Lake City, and via Kansas City and through scenic Colorado. Another interesting route is via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Why not go one route and return via another?

Write to-day for rates and folders showing through train service, mailed free on request.

**F. A. MILLER,**  
General Pass. Agent,  
**CHICAGO**

## WANTED---TAXIDERMIST

Will give some student his tuition to do some mounting. Enrollment between 450 and 500.

McPHERSON COLLEGE,  
McPherson, Kansas.

## Very Low Rates to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, to Mobile, Pensacola and Winter Resorts,

Via the North-Western Line. On account of the Mardi Gras, excursion tickets with certain stop-over privileges will be sold to New Orleans, Mobile and Pensacola, Feb. 21 to 25, inclusive, also on Feb. 26, for trains arriving at destination by noon of Feb. 27, with favorable return limits. Excursion tickets are also on sale daily, at reduced rates, to the principal winter resorts in the United States and Mexico. For full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## LOW RATES TO COLORADO AND RETURN

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. One fare plus \$2.00 to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return account Annual Convention National Live Stock Association and National Wool Growers' Association at Denver, January 29 to February 3. Tickets will be on sale January 27, 28 and 29 and will be limited for return to February 15. Liberal stop-overs allowed going and returning. Ask nearest ticket agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway for further information or write to-day to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

## Very Low Rates to Denver, Colo.,

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold on Jan. 27, 28 and 29, limited to return until Feb. 15th, inclusive, on account of Wool Growers and Live Stock Association Meetings. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## Homeseekers' Excursion to the Northwest, West and Southwest

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates are on sale to the territory indicated above. Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars and "The Best of Everything." For dates of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

# THE LAST WEST

---

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three yearss' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

## PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

440 Temple Court

Minneapolis, Minn.

People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.



# DRUGS



**DO NOT FORGET OUR MAMMOTH DRUG DEPARTMENT.**

Try us for **SOMETHING** you want and you will buy from us **EVERYTHING** you want in this line.

**OUR GOODS ARE RIGHT.  
OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.**

We can furnish anything from the simplest drug to the most complex prescription.

**WE ARE NOT A MEMBER OF THE DRUG TRUST.**

Some questions one should ask himself or herself, "Am I buying my drugs from a reliable source, where the drugs will be **PURE** and there will be no **SUBSTITUTION** and from one **QUALIFIED** to compound medicine which is to deal with life?"

**OUR DRUG DEPARTMENT** is under the personal supervision of a Registered Pharmacist of 20 years' experience in drug-stores in small country towns and Chicago, who has met nearly every phase of the drug business and one who has the confidence of those who have and are dealing with him.

## GUARANTEE.

If any of our medicines, those put up by us, Albaugh Bros., Dover & Co., do not do all we claim for them, providing the directions are obeyed fully and we mean all we say in the directions (we are just as careful what we put on the label as what we put into the bottle) we will refund the price paid for the medicine. All we ask is a fair trial, and we will prove that we have a line of remedies that are without superiors and few equals.

Send to us for your **DRUGS**.

Send to us for your **Patent Medicines**.

Send to us to have your **Family Receipts** and **Prescriptions** filled.



A 100

This Cough Syrup is one of the most reliable, speedy and permanent cures for Coughs, Colds, and most species of Throat and Lung Disease.

Price for 50c Bottle, 39c; \$1.00 Bottles, 78c.

We guarantee goods of our manufacture to be just what we claim they are. There are no **"CURE-ALLS"** in **OUR LINE**, but you can rely upon what we say for them. When we say "cure," we mean cure. When we say relieve we mean relieve. Some diseases are incurable but can be relieved.

This ointment should be in every household for Burns, Colds on the chest, Cuts, Sore Throat, Piles, Catarrh, Barb-Wire Cuts, and Flesh Wounds. Good for man or beast.  
Price for 25c-Box, 19 Cents.

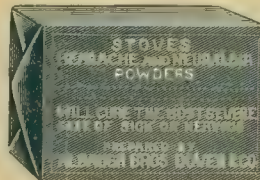


This is an enemy to Colds and will Cure La-Grippe. If used once you will not be without it. **PRICE FOR 25c Box 19c. A102**

Sometimes a cold becomes so fastened upon the lungs that it is necessary to use Dr. Holland's Golden Rheumatic Oil. Where the cold has become so that the soreness and tightness on the lungs is not relieved by rubbing it with Dr. Holland's Camphorated Ointment, then apply the Dr. Holland's Golden Rheumatic Oil, and "Good-bye" then "Mr. Cold." Dr. Holland's Golden Rheumatic Oil, price, 25 cents.

**PILOL** for piles in any form is without exception the best remedy I know of and I have been behind the counter of drug stores for the past 25 years, have filled thousands of prescriptions and have had doctors prescribe it in their practice. For piles in any form, hemorrhoids, internal or external, itching, bleeding or protruding. Dr. C. E. Sibbit, of No. 20 West 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, in a letter to his father says of **Pirol**: "He is considerable better of the Hemorrhoids, from which he has been suffering for some time." His father bought three \$1.00 boxes. **A103**

A sure, safe, reliable cure for Headache and Neuralgia, it will not affect the heart. **PRICE FOR 25c Box, 19c.**



A104

**Fountain Syringe No. A113. Guaranteed.** 3 slip pipes, rectal, vaginal and infant.

2 qt. Reg. Price 75c, Our Price 57c  
3 qt. Reg. Price 85c, Our Price 63c

**Tooth's Toothache Cure** will relieve toothache where there is a cavity (hole) decayed in the tooth. Price, 10 cents. **A105.**

**Giddings Family Medicine** for Rheumatism, Cuts, Diarrhea, Cold on Chest, Wounds, Nausea, Earache, Toothache, Bruises, Sprains, Neuralgia, Frost Bites, etc. This medicine is made of roots and herbs and is what we term a vegetable preparation, and put upon the market with a view of meeting the requirements of a family emergency medicine. It is good for man or beast. Should be kept in every household to save suffering as well as money. You remember the saying, "A stitch in time saves nine."

Price, 50c size, .....44 cents  
Price, \$1.00 size, .....88 cents

**Foot's Corn Eradicator** will remove the corns. Price, 10 cents. **A106.**

Write us and let us know how our medicine has helped you.

**WHITE'S CREAM LINIMENT. A107**

For man or beast. For Sprains, Swellings, Bruises and Lameness. The farmer will find this a friend for himself or horses.

Price for 50c size, .....39 cents  
Price for \$1.00 size, .....78 cents



A101

## FARMERS' BLACK OIL. A 108.

Good for man or beast. For barb-wire cuts, bruises, wounds; fine for a horse when it runs a nail into its foot. It will save veterinary bills. No farmer should be without it.

Price, 50c size, .....39 cents  
Price, \$1.00 size, .....78 cents

## A. B. D. & C. HOG CHOLERA REMEDY. A 109.

This will prevent hog-cholera, and we believe it is the best remedy for hog-cholera on the market.

Price, 1 gal., .....\$1.00  
Price, 5 gal., .....4.00

## GIDDINGS' SOOTHING NERVE TONIC PILLS. A 110.

For nervous, run-down people. For women during "change of life." Nervousness by this remedy is overcome by building up the nervous system. A tonic. A nerveine.

Price, 50 cents and \$1.00.

**ORDER BY NUMBER AND NAME TO AVOID MISTAKES.**

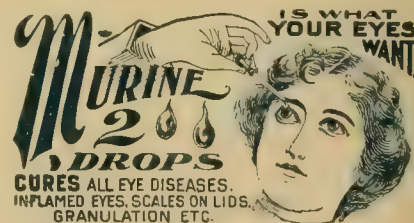
**PURE IMPORTED OLIVE OIL.** 1 qt., 75c; 1 gal., \$2.75. This oil comes to the customer in imported packages.



A 112

## LADIES' SPRAY SYRINGE

One advantage **Dr. Holland's Vaginal Syringe** has over all others is the short time it takes to be filled with the fluid which the lady wishes to use. It has also all the other good points. It has sliding guard. It is all rubber, has no metal parts to corrode. It is truly the ladies' friend for convenience. Explanatory booklet free. Regular price, \$2.50. Our price, \$1.50. If by mail, postage 18 cts.



Price 50c postpaid. **A111.**

And anything else in the drug line at prices 20 to 50 per cent less than the regular retail price.

Transportation charges extra unless otherwise noted. Save this expense by including with other goods or get your friends to order with you.

**See Our Drug ads. in the Scientific Co-Operator**

# ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER CO., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention the Inglenook.



# THE INGLENOOK

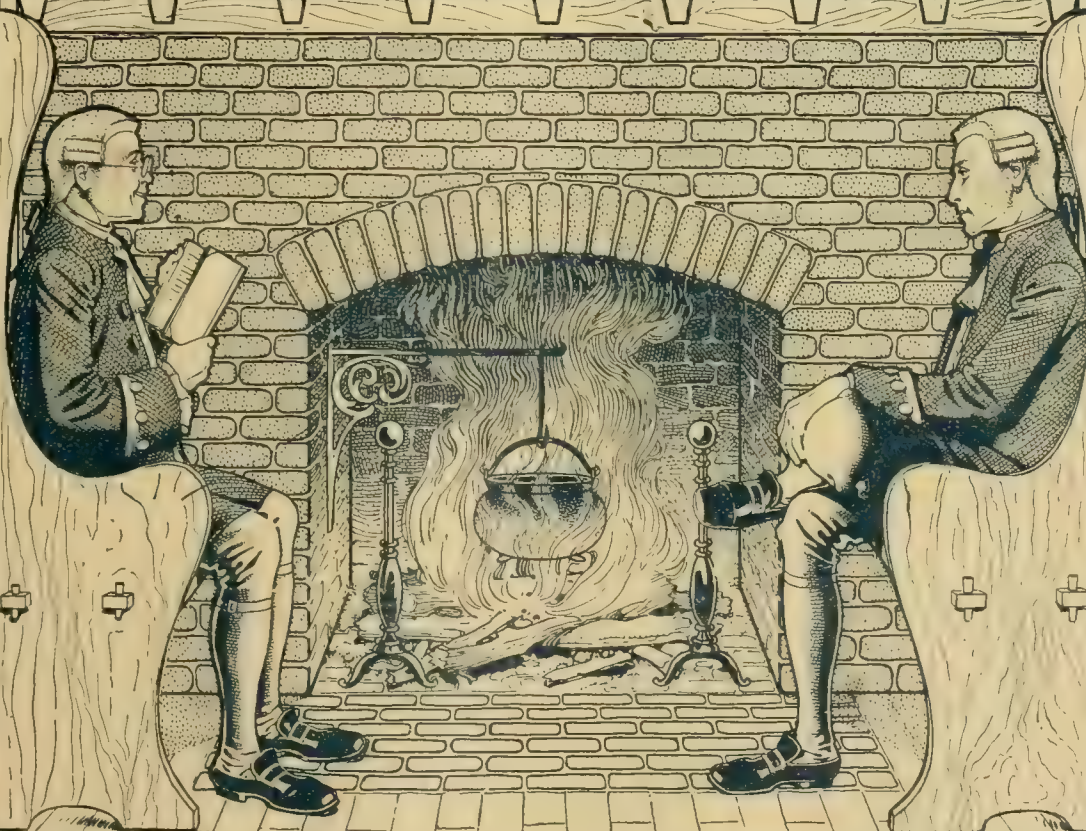
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

WITH KODAK AND PENCIL SOUTH OF THE  
EQUATOR.—D. L. Miller.

A NYLGHAU SHOT BY S. N. McCANN.—A. W.  
Ross.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?—S. Z. Sharp.  
"PARCHETTE."—Ma Belle Murray.



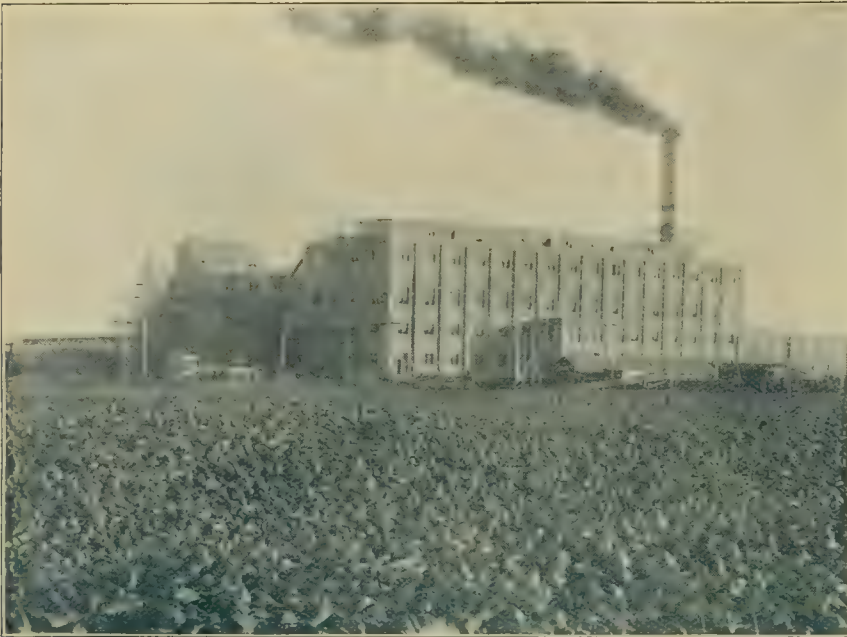
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 6, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 6. Vol. VIII





New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.  
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

## CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte ...Valley...

AND RETURN

**First and Third Tuesdays  
January and February**

From Chicago,.....	\$19.55
From St. Louis,.....	17.25
From Omaha,.....	10.00

**25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.**

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in mid-winter. Go and see for yourself—it need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific  
Railroad**

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

### THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

### TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for information.

PRINTED MATTER FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,  
Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?

Take the

**Union Pacific Railroad**

♦ ♦ ♦

**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.

♦ ♦ ♦

### ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15  
to April 7

From Chicago, .....	\$33.00
From St. Louis, .....	30.00
From Missouri River, .....	25.00

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific Railroad**

known as the "OVERLAND ROUTE," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**

♦ ♦ ♦

Printed Matter FREE.

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To find out about the INGLENOOK read the journal you hold in your hand. Ask for sample copies of any of these. Address all communications to

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# THE STORY OF JOB

and his tribulations seems most real to those who suffer the tortures of rheumatism with its aches and pains—an infirmity which unfits one for both work and pleasure, and practically bars one from society, from attending worship and daily duties. Better consolation and more helpful suggestions can be offered to such than were given to Job by his comforters.

There are few incurable cases of rheumatism. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is effective in rheumatism because it eliminates the uric acid from the blood. It heals the sore joints and muscles by restoring life and purity to the vital fluid, strengthening and fortifying the entire system. It is a preparation distinctly different from all other medicines, and was discovered over one hundred years ago by an old Swiss-German doctor. It is a purely botanical medicine, containing nothing but what will do good, and can be administered to the infant as well as adult with absolute safety.

## A BUSINESS MAN WRITES.

Wagner, S. Dak., April 14, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I must write and tell you what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. I had rheumatism for a number of years and finally got so that I was unable to walk. Last summer I went to New York to be treated for it, but I returned home without being any better. I then thought I would try the **Blood Vitalizer** and must admit that it is the best medicine there is. My own case proves it. I am well known through South Dakota, having been in business for over eight years. I cannot describe the wonderful change the **Blood Vitalizer** brought about in my condition. People wonder what cured me. If it had not been for the **Blood Vitalizer** I would have become an invalid.

Yours respectfully,

M. Kennedy.

## WAS CONSIDERED INCURABLE.

Brussels, Wis., Sept. 14, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Your **Blood Vitalizer** has cured my rheumatism which was considered incurable. It has eradicated the last vestige of the disease from my system. I can say from my experience that your remedy does all you claim for it. My cure has astonished everybody that knew me. I can conscientiously recommend it to everybody.

Yours very truly,

Alex Piene.

## FORGETS HER AGE.

Ida Grove, Iowa, April 28, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I received your terms to agents and will accept the agency for the **Blood Vitalizer** at this place. The **Blood Vitalizer** has helped me wonderfully. I was a victim of rheumatism but since using four bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer**, I have had neither ache nor pain. I feel so well that I really forget that I am sixty-four years old. Please ship my order for medicine right away.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Mary Teghtmeyer.

## SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

Buffalo Center, Iowa, Aug. 14, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I want to tell you what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me, in fact I think I ought to do it. I suffered for many years with dyspepsia, rheumatism and gall trouble. I consulted doctors but to no avail. Last April I got so bad, that I thought I would have to die. I sent for our neighbor, Mrs. Stenerson. She brought with her two bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer**. I had not used more than one bottle when I was better. It is indeed a good medicine and I shall always keep it in the house.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Ragnild Jørgenson.

Such is the story told over and over again by men and women who have found health and happiness in this sterling old herb-remedy. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not a drugstore medicine. It is supplied direct to the people by special agents, or the proprietors,

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Cancer on Both Sides of the Face  
and One on the Nose.—Cured  
in Two Weeks.

Amboy, Ind., Aug. 21, 1903.

Dear Doctors:—I rejoice to say  
that I am entirely well. I had a  
small sore on each side of my face  
and one on my nose. About two  
years ago it began to itch, had some  
burning sensations in it, but at times  
it would heal up and I would think it  
had entirely disappeared, but in a  
short time it would break out again,  
so I went to my home doctor and  
began treating it. I could not see  
that it was changing any, so I quit.  
All the time it gave me some annoy-  
ance until a few months ago I no-  
ticed that it began to spread very  
rapidly. I called on my physician  
again and he gave me some medicine  
to apply to the diseased parts, but it  
was so very painful that I could not  
stand it, and by this time it had  
grown to the size of a silver dollar  
on either side of my face and nose.  
I began to think something had to be  
done soon. I heard of Drs. Rinehart  
& Co. After investigating I con-  
cluded to try their treatment, and for  
the benefit of those afflicted I want to  
say that after the first application of  
the medicine I could notice a differ-  
ence. After the first day I could see  
that the cancer was dying out and  
in two weeks my face was perfectly  
well. The treatment did not give me  
the least pain at any time. I heartily  
recommend Brs. Rinehart & Co. as  
cancer specialists. Anyone desiring  
further information concerning my  
case may have the same by sending  
self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Yours truly,

Mrs. A. R. Rife.

Anyone can have their free book on  
cancer by addressing

DRS. RINEHART & CO.,  
474 Kokomo, Ind.

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NOOK.

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Northwest. Half rates for children  
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## Homeseekers' Excursion to the Northwest, West and Southwest

Via the North-Western Line. Excur-  
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are on sale to the territory indicated  
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ing Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars  
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## Very Low Rates to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, to Mobile, Pensa- cola and Winter Resorts,

Via the North-Western Line. On ac-  
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leges will be sold to New Orleans,  
Mobile and Pensacola, Feb. 21 to 25,  
inclusive, also on Feb. 26, for trains  
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Feb. 27, with favorable return limits.  
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daily, at reduced rates, to the principal  
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and Mexico. For full information ap-  
ply to agents Chicago & North-West-  
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### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful: winters short and mild.

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COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY 6, 1906.

No. 6

"HOC AGE" (Attend to Duty.—Eccl. 9:10).

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

To shrink from our duty, we often are prone,  
At trials our spirits will sink.  
But let us speak out in a bold, fearless tone  
For justice and truth, though the king on his throne  
Oppose. Do right or with murmur and groan  
Our fetters we forge link by link.

Be up and a-doing—be never a drone,  
That your task is done do not think,  
Till God says, "Tis finished." Your efforts alone  
Will place you above the cold lifeless stone,—  
A tree by its fruitage will ever be known,  
And a stream by the life on its brink.

The harvest we reap by our own hand is sown,  
We have brewed the cup that we drink.  
Though our hands and our minds tired and dizzy have  
grown,  
We should keep to the task duty says is our own;  
Though our hopes and our plans may be overthrown,  
Our duty we never should shrink.  
Illinois.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Purpose is the point of endeavor; if a good one, do  
not allow it to be broken off.*



*That must be a low grade of success which doesn't  
require much climbing to reach it.*



*Many seem to be aiming at wealth and pleasure,  
who claim Christian character for their mark.*



*Time is a medium of exchange for knowledge, hap-  
piness—all earth's good—aye, for heaven itself.*



*Success is a good character reader, readily recog-  
nizing and dealing only with those who mean business.*



*Wisdom possesses life and action. Philosophy is  
but the photograph of Wisdom, in different attitudes.*

*Opportunities for evil are the traps set by the Devil,  
But no danger is he in who inclines not unto sin.*



*Reason, trying to fathom the depths of mystery's  
ocean, may become dizzy and fall. Faith, diverted  
therefrom to its Guiding Star, moves steadily onward.*



*Time nor tide will cease to sweep  
Onward if you idly sleep,  
But they, carrying you with the stream,  
May not land you where you dream.  
Have you choice where you go?  
Wake, and watch, and row!*



*The philosophy of the handspike—that of prying  
things into place from a distance—may be a homely  
one, but it is worth trying under various loads; cool  
judgment and steady nerves will place us at an avail-  
ing distance to work with burdens, directly beneath  
which we could not rise.*



*To watch the growth of Bible consecration, from  
Abel's sacrifice to the tithe, then the additional free-  
will offering, then on to the halving of coats and meat,  
at the approach of the Perfect Way, revealing the  
perfect consecration of forsaking all that a man hath  
—how far are we behind?*



*Waiting for strength to become, and hold out, a  
true Christian? Would you leave the lily to bloom  
in the valley, and then remove the soil from its roots,  
to acquire a strong plant for your garden?—or the  
oak to become a giant of the forest, ere planting it  
upon the lawn for strength and beauty?*



*We sometimes say that we are not at our best;  
when that we are at our best our inability is proof.  
Another day, and lo! thought and strength come, we  
know not how; the Master's hand has touched their  
secret spring, and we think, speak, act, write, "of  
the ability that God giveth." Never do we other-  
wise; let us not fail to acknowledge it.*

Burlington, Ind.



## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Boers.

No. 19.



WITH passing years the Boers gradually worked their way inland and up the slope toward the great central plateau which reaches out to the great valley of the Zambesi River fifteen hundred miles away. In the meantime they received an important reinforcement. The Edict of Nantes had been revoked by the tyrant of France and four hundred thousand Huguenots, in whose veins ran the

a direct descendant of an old French family of that name.

For another century or more the Boers pursued their conflict with the unfavorable conditions in their chosen country, but always gaining ground and gaining skill as horsemen and as marksmen. They were cattle raisers, shepherds, and herdsmen, as were the sons of Jacob, and in order to secure pasture for their flocks and herds were scattered over a vast expanse



Trekking in South Africa.

best blood of that country, were driven away from their homes by a merciless and cruel persecution. Three hundred of these godly people found their way to South Africa, settled among the Dutch and were assimilated by them. It was a strong addition to an already strong and virile people. And so the blood of the Huguenots enriched that of the Boers as it has done that of many other nations of the earth. In all South Africa no names are more honored than those of the Jouberts, Rouxs, Dupleix, Villiers, Dutoits and a score of others brought to the Boers by the Huguenots. The veteran General Joubert who so often and so successfully met the British in deadly conflict was

of territory. It required six acres of land to support a sheep and three times as much for a cow, hence large farms became a necessity. Six thousand acres was the usual size, while some of the larger stock owners had twice and three times as much. An annual rental or tax of twenty-five dollars was paid the government on each six thousand acres. The large amount of land necessary for stock raising and their fixed aversion to British rule, for the Boers never took kindly to it, led them to push northward to secure more land and freedom from unnecessary restraint.

At the time Cape Colony came under British rule the Boers numbered about twenty-five thousand souls.

They also owned at that time a slave for every Boer. These were treated about as the Americans treated the negroes held in bondage by them. Their condition was neither better nor worse than that of their brethren who had been taken captives to the New World. In 1820 about five thousand British emigrants landed in Cape Colony and this number augmented with the passing years. It is the opinion of Mr. Conan Doyle that had it not been for the faults of the British rule the farmers and cattlemen might have been led to accept and in the end become faithful subjects of the government. On the whole the government was mild, clean, honest, tactless and inconsistent. It might have done well had it been content to leave things as it

God held that the heathen were given unto them for an inheritance and like unto the Jews of old the divine rod of vengeance against the heathen was placed in their hands. Between these two views so widely different there could be no reconciliation. There was no middle ground for either party. The same conditions brought civil war to our own country and troublous times to South Africa.

It was upon this very difference that the first conflict between Boer and British took place. A farmer had been arrested and committed to jail for ill treating his slaves. This was an infringement of their rights not to be endured. The Boers rose in rebellion, blood was shed, the rising suppressed and five of the participants



Traveling in the Interior with Horses and Wagon, South Africa.

found them. But to change the habits of the most conservative of Teutonic races was a dangerous venture, and led to the most serious difficulties.

The first and most serious point of difference between Boer and British was the question of slavery. The latter looked upon human slavery as a great evil to be corrected. Their consciences had been educated to look upon compulsory servitude, and rightly too, as a wrong to be righted, and naturally the government took the part of the servant against his taskmaster whose strenuous nature often made him anything but a gentle master. The Boers, on the other hand, regarded the negro as an inferior race, bearing the mark of the curse of God and claimed that his proper place was in slavery. He was their black property, just as the sheep and cattle on the veldt were their property. They being the chosen people of

were hanged. An English writer says this punishment was unduly severe and exceedingly injudicious. A brave race can forget the victims of the battle, but never those of the scaffold. The making of political martyrs is the last insanity of statesmanship. However, the thing was done and the most bitter resentment left behind. This was shown when, after the Jameson raid, which preceded the last Boer war, the leaders of that ill-fated venture were sentenced to be hanged and it seemed that they were to be executed, the very beam on which the Dutchman had been hanged having been brought from a farmhouse to Pretoria that the Englishmen might die as the Boers died in 1816. This was the line of cleavage between Great Britain and the Afrikaners.

In 1834 came the abolition of slavery in all the domains of Great Britain, a noble action redounding to



the lasting credit of the government. But this action only exasperated the Boers. The slave owners were to be paid for their "property," but payment was to be made in London and this was a hardship, for the farmers could not go to London for their money. The middleman got in his work and bought up the Boer claims at half their value. Indignation meetings were held, resolutions were passed, and the spirit that cut the dykes of Holland to destroy the Spaniards burned in the hearts of men, women and children. Rebellion was useless, the vast plains of the north stretched out before them. Here they would go and find new homes far away from the hated Britishers who interfered with their liberty and their religious views. They yoked their oxen to their great wagons, loaded on them all their earthly belongings, with women and little ones seated inside, the men, each armed with a trusty rifle, walking alongside, and the Great Boer

the Orange river and founded the Orange River Free State. Here was fine grazing land for their herds and rich soil for the farmers. Here they met twelve thousand spearmen of a branch of the Zulu tribe and killed a third of them without loss to themselves. Others of the trekkers passed on to Natal, where they found a veritable milk and honey land. Its fertile fields produced bounteous harvests, its valleys abundance of pasture and the flowers of plain rich stores of honey. After their long and weary journey it must have seemed a real paradise to hardy Boers of Cape Colony.

(To be continued.)



### HIS DREAM.

PAUL TYSON, a young medical student, took home with him last Christmas eve a book written by an



The Beautiful Umgeni River, Natal. In this District Boers Settled after the Great Trek of 1835-1836.

Trek began. They drove their flocks and herds with them and among the ten-year-old boys who helped round up the cattle at nightfall was one who became a thorn in the flesh of Great Britain in after years. His name was Paul S. Kruger.

It was a strange exodus and it was easy for the Boers to find its counterpart in that of the children of Israel from Egypt. Like the Jews they claimed they had been oppressed in Cape Colony, their property had been taken from them, and now they had set out to find a land of Canaan where they might be free. As they made their weary way through dense forests and across veldt and river they sang psalms and gave praise to God for what they regarded as his leading. They surmounted every obstacle and overcame every difficulty and with dogged determination pushed onward and still onward until some fifteen hundred miles lay between them and their old homes. They crossed

American who professed to doubt Christianity. The young man read its pages until long past midnight, and then laid down the book with a sharp doubt stabbing his heart.

"What if this author is right? What if there is no Savior, no merciful Father in heaven?"

He fell asleep, but seemed to retain the consciousness that his doubt was true. There was no God, no Christ, no future life, and the world knew it.

He dreamed that he rose and went out into the street. The churches were tumbling into ruin, or had been turned into halls for pleasure seekers or for riotous gatherings. Mechanically he made his way to the hospital in which he attended the free clinics, but it was closed. He met one of the physicians, a man whose grave, benignant manner and lofty character he had always revered.

"All the asylums, hospitals, free schools and other

charitable institutions are closed," he said. "Why should the rich care for the poor, or any man put out a hand to help another? That was the doctrine said to have been taught by Christ. There is no Christ now. Our motto is, 'Every man for himself.'"

Paul saw that the man had been drinking heavily.

"Why should I not drink?" the old physician demanded, answering the suspicions in the younger man's face. "It is a pleasure to me. Why should I not indulge myself?"

"Because vice must be hateful to a man like you, and virtue dear."

"Ah, you forget! There is no vice and no virtue. There is no God to make laws or to make one action right and another wrong."

Paul dreamed that he walked down the street. At every turn he found proof that men no longer believed in right and wrong. A filthy bully dragged a delicate woman from her carriage and drove away in it.

A stout young fellow reeling out of a saloon was met by his gray-haired mother, who threw her arms about him, begging him to come home. He struck her to the ground and went on his way. The crowd passed by heedless of the white head lying at their feet.

Little children passed him, screaming out blasphemous words. It was God and Christ whose teachings had demanded reverence to parents, decency and purity in human lives and there was no longer a God, no Christ now in the world.

Paul thought in his dream that he hurried horror-stricken to his home. There at least would be peace and comfort. He found a strange woman with a bold, sensual face in his mother's place by the fire. His father met him. The marks of fierce ungoverned passions were on his face.

"I found that I preferred another woman to your mother and I sent her away. The marriage of one man to one woman is a Christian institution," he said. "I do not accept it. It makes no difference, however, in your mother's case, she died a few days after she left me."

"Then she is at least happy!" cried her son. "She was a saint. Thank God she is with him."

"Thank God, you say!" exclaimed the father. "There is no God! There is no future life! Your mother is but a lump of decaying matter! Go and enjoy yourself in any way you choose, for you, too, at the end will be as she is."

Was it true then, that the Christ, the heaven that his mother believed in were lies? The Christ that had lifted this modern world out of brutality, that had filled countless myriads of struggling souls with strength, and made their lives pure, had been a lie—a fraud?

Paul started up from his dream cold with a sweat of horror. The sun was shining on the snow-covered

roofs. From every church spire came the glad sound of Christmas bells. In the streets were happy children, their arms loaded with gifts. In every face, even of the lowest and most vicious, was the sign of a great thought, which the day had brought, that of the God Man who came on earth to redeem mankind.

There was a tap at the door. His mother came in, her pure face bright with happiness. As she stooped to kiss him, he heard the pealing of an anthem in the neighboring cathedral.

"Glory to God in the highest," they sang, "peace on earth and good will toward men."—*Musical Million*.



#### ENGLAND'S CHRISTMAS WRETCHEDNESS.

CHRISTMASTIDE full flood in England; but not for the vast and ragged army of the unemployed! Not for the ghastly processions,—12,000 men and boys in line,—under flags with inscriptions like the snarl of a beast at bay. "Curse your charity!" "Give us a chance!" "We don't want charity; we want justice!" "Give us work, not alms!" It is a hideous specter, this problem of England's unemployed,—the Phantom at the Feast,—able-bodied men willing and anxious to work driven desperate with want, literally fainting in the streets from hunger, in the center of the richest capital in the richest empire of the world. It meets you everywhere,—Anxious Fear, Want, Rags, Hunger, flaunting their shame in your face, unashamed because they are desperate. You notice a ragged man running abreast your cab, one, two, three, four miles, perhaps half the length of the city. To beg? No,—on the chance of getting twopenny by keeping your skirts from touching the wheel when you step from the cab. Or you hear singing outside your window. Organ-grinders? No; but able-bodied workmen in fluttering tatters, an old newspaper across the chest in place of shirt, boots that soak up the filth of the street like a sponge, able-bodied workmen under the draggled flag—"Unemployed"—singing some ballad of "Merrie England" on the chance of pennies from the windows. Or your cab is caught in a jam at Charing Cross. What is the excitement that draws the crowd? "No excitement," your London friends assure you—"it's only a procession of the unemployed; and we're getting used to them." Or you pick up a daily paper. Ten columns to politics; one-column interview with some great man on the ways to alleviate distress; notice of a commission to investigate the poor laws,—a work, by the way, which will take years; report of the Queen's fund for the Unemployed,—which, except for two small amounts, has not, at the time of writing, been distributed; and tucked away in obscure type such items as the death of a man on the Embankment from star-



vation, or the suicide of a woman because she could not bear the cry of her children for food.—*From "England's Problem of the Unemployed," by Agnes C. Laut, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.*



### A NYLGHAU SHOT BY BRO. McCANN.

A. W. ROSS.



FOR some time Bro. McCann's had been wanting to come and see us in our new home, so last week they came. While here we planned to go to see our nearest mission neighbor, Mr. Phillips, of Navapur. Mr. Phillips is living close to the jungles and at times is visited by the tiger and other wild animals. He has possession of quite a large tract of land and is carrying on what we might term a missionary farming enterprise. From the people around him and from other sources he has gotten some eleven children, three of them babes, and is giving them a home and parental care and trying to instill within them habits of industry. It seems to be the testimony of all that this is a rather hard thing to do, as the wants of the common people are so few, and generally nature has made it easy for them to get sufficient to satisfy them. However, these children have in their foster parents such examples of industry that surely they will in time learn to be likewise to more or less extent.

Soon after we had eaten our dinner it was suggested that we take a look out over his farm. Thinking that we might see some game each of us shouldered a gun, and while three boys kept to our right and on the side of the hill, we ourselves went on top. It is a ridge in the shape of a horseshoe and some places quite densely grown up with trees and brush affording a retreat for the tiger, deer and other animals. As we were going along I was not expecting to see anything larger than a deer, if that; and I was beginning to think that we would not get any game at all. As we neared the end of the ridge, all of a sudden a large, strong animal about 150 feet ahead of me attracted my attention. In many ways it looked like a domestic ox and yet again it acted much like it was wild and so I leveled my gun, but I somehow felt that I might be shooting a poor Bhil's ox and so by that time it was away and gone. I turned around and asked Bro. McCann what it was and he said he thought it was a Nylghau or Rog. At once I started to go down the opposite side of the hill in the hope of being able to head it off and drive it back to Bro. McCann, who had the only good gun of the lot. I had gone only a few rods when I saw it coming out on a point of the hill and stop there. I called Bro. McCann, and although it was through the timber, across a ravine and

some 350 yards away he risked a shot on it rather than try to get any closer. And such a run down hill I never did see. The hill is so steep that one can scarcely climb it, and as the animal went down it gave every appearance of having a broken limb and unable to control itself.

By this time we were all together and were discussing what best to do when we heard not far away a distressing bellow. Bro. McCann handed the gun over to Bro. Phillips and down the hill he went as fast as he could. I suggested that we had better follow, as he might get in close quarters with it, but the hill was so steep that we then thought we could hardly get down with our slick-soled shoes. A shot, a loud, furious bellow, a yell and we too took down the hill as fast as we could. Another shot, bellow, and yell and we were spurred on to reach the spot as quickly as possible, feeling that there was a battle on hands. We soon came in sight and the game was still struggling and Bro. Phillips was standing close by watching every movement. When we came up he at once called for a knife, but for some reason or other we could not bleed it.

The question now was how to manage such large game in so warm a country. At once Bro. Phillips said it was his desire that we send to our various missionary friends as far as we could reach them. The boys were at once sent for the cart, while we sat down in the shade and as you may imagine talked over the whole ground as to how it might have come out if I had shot, and how the animal was shot, and as to the merits of the gun. All in all we felt that there were many chances for it to have turned out much differently for the worse.

The gun was selected and given by an old hunter, Mr. E. P. Kyle, Salem, Oregon, as one that was capable of meeting all the requirements of large game and tiger, even at very great distance. It is a Winchester 25 35, shoots smokeless powder cartridges, and we are all satisfied now that it is worth the price asked for it to any one wanting a gun for such purposes.

The animal was standing with its body almost directly towards us, while it kept turning its head back and forth looking for us. It was a most powerful shot, for the ball entered the breast through a very thick and tough skin, on through the flesh, struck the left front rib, passed out to skin (here we searched in vain for a hole in the hide to the outside) and followed underneath the skin down the hind leg and there exploded, breaking the large femur bone off just above the joint.

For some two years now the animal has been in the community, living off the grain fields and doing much damage. Bro. Phillips had seen it several times before and about a year ago shot at it. Just a few evenings ago he leveled his gun to shoot again, but as it was

getting dark and he was not sure but what it was a cow, he let it go. From the International Encyclopædia I note that it is the largest of the antelope family, with an ox-like head and body, with long slender legs, and of great activity and fleetness. It is more than four feet high at the shoulders. Horns of the male are about as long as the ears, smooth, black, pointed, and slightly curved forward. Female has no horns. Slight mane runs along neck and part of back, and its breast is adorned with a long tuft of hair. Its home is in the forests of Persia and India, and it has long been regarded as one of the noblest of game. It is spirited and dangerous when cornered. It is capable of domestication, but is irritable and capricious of temper.

We realized that we had killed a large game, but more so when the cart came and we tried to load it. We tipped the back end down, and by getting it partly on and using the cart as a lever we finally got it on and were on our way to the house rejoicing, but at the same time knowing that there was a whole lot of work ahead of us yet, and all the more so for we are all more or less inexperienced in butchering.

We took it to a tree and after fastening it up to a limb we pulled the cart out, but soon found that it was a longer animal than we thought. However, we skinned it as far as we could, took all the entrails out, and then by rope and pulley eight of us tried to draw it up, but, sir, in spite of us it went down instead of up. We now saw that the best and quickest way was to run the cart under and finish on that, and it would also be ready for taking to the house.

The heart weighed three and one-half pounds dressed, and we think we are not at all exaggerating when we say that it weighed on foot 1,000 pounds, or more. The hide was the thickest and toughest that I have ever seen. Don't become suspicious of the whole thing when I tell you that it was three-fourths of an inch thick or more where I split it open under the neck. The animal was as fat as he could be, and a more perfectly rounded out beef I never saw. The horns, still fast to a part of the skull bone, will be sent to the man who donated the gun.

It is all over now with the exception that there is still some meat put away for a day when we are more hungry for it than now. We sent a lot to the people and orphans at Bulsar, also to those of the Vanguard people some distance below Bulsar. Bro. McCann took a large bunch of it home with him, and still there was a big plenty left for Mr. Phillips and myself, together with the orphan children, Bhil neighbors and others. Even the dogs were seen dragging away their portions for a future date.

P. S.—Since writing the above Mr. Phillips informs me that the meat from the Nylghau went to ten missionary families, several families of native

Christians, four orphanages, and thirteen families of poor Bhil neighbors, and the general response from all is that the meat was very, very good.

*Vyara, India.*



#### GOD IS FORSAKEN FOR GOLD.

PRESIDENT JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, in a remarkable address on the universal craze for wealth said:

"If a visitor from Mars alighted on our continent he would hear the pulpits proclaim, 'Glorify God,' but he would find it the general practice to 'Glorify Gold.'

"Are we then in this twentieth century to revert to the barbarous worship of mammon? Are Americans to renounce their Christian heritage? Are they to repudiate the Hebrew law of righteousness? Are they to disclaim the Hellenic call to reason and beauty? Are they to spurn the dignity and glory of mankind in order to concentrate all their energies on the gratification of the acquisitive instincts which we possess in common with brutes, and which when exclusively followed and satisfied, only leave us more complacently and more hopelessly brutish?

"The universal passion for money and whatever money buys is an alarming phenomenon. It has been nourished by the colossal material prosperity of the age. It has allied itself with the ambition of the American youth to succeed in the world. We naturally should expect that it would have met invincible opposition from religion; but religion, already weakened by the decline of dogmatic faith, and falling back on its institutions and organizations, itself has been tempted too often to purchase gifts for the Holy Ghost with money. Well, the craze may endure for a season, but disillusionment is certain.

"The cardinal maxim of such an age is 'Put money in thy purse.' And whether the money be thine or thy neighbor's, is a matter of little moment.

"It is a generation which has no fear of God before its eyes; it fears no hell; it fears nothing but the criminal court, the penitentiary, and the scaffold. To escape these ugly avengers of civil society is its only categorical imperative, the only law with which its Sinai thunders.

"To get there and not get caught is its only golden rule. To 'get rich quick,' financiers of this age will rob the widow and orphan and grind the faces of the poor, speculate in trust funds and purchase immunity by using other people's money to bribe legislators, judges and magistrates.

"And then we hear the praises of poor boys who have become millionaires! O God! Send us men of honor and integrity."



EVERY UNSAVED MAN HAS A JEZEBEL IN HIS HEART.



## WHAT IS IN A NAME?

S. Z. SHARP.

## Number Two.

It is interesting to study modern names, trace them to their origin, and notice how they were derived. About two generations ago, a farmer one morning found a baby boy, well wrapped and lying on a stack of poles in his dooryard. Not being able to find the name of its parents, he named the baby Henry Stackpole; now there are many Stackpoles in the world.

In ancient times children were often named from some circumstance, as Leah named her children, and a single name sufficed for each person. Later parents gave their children the names of their relatives, Luke 1: 59. This made it hard to distinguish persons by their names, as so many had the same name, hence the name of the person's vocation was also added, as Simon the Tanner. For this reason we find so many surnames the names of trades or vocations of some kind. This gave us Baker, Banker, Barber, Butcher, Butler, Brewer, Carpenter, Cook, Cooper, Driver, Farmer, Farrier, Fisher, Fidler, Fuller, Grater, Hatter, Leatherman, Mason, Miller, Painter, Sailor, Smith, Shoemaker, Shepherd, Stonebreaker, Sadler, Sawyer, Tanner, Vinedresser, Workman, Wagner, Weaver, Yardman, ad infinitum.

Glancing over lists of names we find more Millers than any other names. This suggests the idea that before the great Minneapolis mills were built, and milling was done by hand, it required a great many millers.

Animals are represented by the Badger, Bear, Beaver, Buck, Bull, Coons, Deere, Fox, Hart, Hogg, Lamb, Lyon, Lynx, Otter, Roebuck, Wolf. Originally these names may have been applied to persons who had some of the qualities of the animals whose names they bore, as Jacob applied the name "Lion" to his son, Judah, Gen. 49: 9, which name is still applied to his descendants. In like manner Christ applied the name "Fox" to Herod, Luke 13: 32. At present, the name of the person by no means always indicates the character. For example, I had once an assistant teacher by the name of Hannah Dull who was particularly sharp, and I was impressed one morning to find on our chapel door a placard with large letters, "Sharp, Dull & Co." We might also mention that Senator Hogg is a very honorable person and Dr. Bull is very much of a gentleman. If one should judge by the intimacy between preacher Lamb and the Lion family, he might suppose the millennium was near at hand.

For some reason mankind has a special fancy for birds, as the following large list would indicate: Bussard, Condor, Crane, Crow, Dove, Eagle, Falcon,

Finch, Grouse, Hawk, Heron, Jay, Kite, Lark, Martin, Nightingale, Parrot, Partridge, Petrel, Pheasant, Quail, Swallow, Swan, Thrush, Wren. Among these, Chief Justice Jay, Florence Nightingale, and Prof. Swallow, have distinguished themselves.

The sea as well as the forest and the air has been called upon to furnish names to man, for we have Fish, Bass, Chub, Herring, Ling, Perch, Pickrel, Pike, Ray, Salmon, Shad, Spratt, Sturgeon, Trout, Whiting.

There are more men "of color" than there are shades of the rainbow, viz.: Black, Blue, Brindle, Brown, Gray, Green, Redd, Violet, White. The funny part is that Mr. Blue, of Cripple Creek, is a black man, as well as a certain Mr. White, while my neighbors, Black, Brown, Gray and Green, are all white men.

Among qualities we have Best, Worst, Long and Short, Small and Stout, Dull and Sharp, besides Bright, Fair, Good, Sweet and Young. There seems to be an aversion to the names of insects, as we could find only a Fly and a Roach.

Some have had a fancy for water and selected Bay, Brooks, Lake, Rivers, Pond. Others have shown a preference for land and have chosen Dale, Dell, Hill, Marsh, Moor and Plain.

German names are quite expressive. Besides the names of animals, birds, fishes, vocations, qualities, as we find it in English, there are many names expressing localities or residences, as Schneeberger, translated into Snowberger. The term "berger" means mountaineer, hence we have Humberger, Raffensberger, Sulzberger. Not only is mountain made a suffix to names, but stream or creek as well, which in German is "bach." This gives us Albach (changed to Albaugh), Balsbaugh, etc.

Certain prefixes to names indicate the persons' nationality or at least that of his ancestors. For example, the term Mac (meaning son) is prefixed to Scotch names, as McKinley, McGrigor. In like manner is the letter O, which stands for son also, prefixed to Irish names, as O'Brian, O'Donnell. Van is Dutch and means "from," hence VanDyke means from the dyke, Vanhorn, from the horn.

Among some tribes of Indians it is customary when a baby first comes into a wigwam that the father or some other one of the family looks out and the name of the first object seen is given to the new-born babe, hence we have Black Hawk, Great Bear, Hole-in-the-Day, Sitting Bull.

*Fruita, Colo.*



## KEYSTONE OF MANIFESTATION.

VIBRATION is the science of the future. All discoveries past and present are the outcome of the discovery of some law of vibration. The relations of these laws to the physical world include all that has been or will

ever be discovered in connection with physical matter. And not only here, but even beyond, in the invisible realms of attenuated matter these laws predominate and underlie all manifestations.

Taking briefly those that fall within the domain of our senses, the manifestations of light, heat, color, sound, electricity, etc., are all vibrations differing only in their wave length and the medium in which they move. Eliminate these and the world is for us non-existent. Not only will there be no sounds for the ear to hear and no light whereby the eye may perceive, but even the very objects themselves will disappear, for they also are centers of vibrations by virtue of which the rarefied and invisible substance pervading space is condensed and aggregated into symmetrical and visible bodies.

In the same manner as when you draw a bow across a metallic plate, on which has been placed a little sand, the sand will assume certain definite shapes, depending on the direction and rate of vibration. To change the vibrations in the ethereal congeries is to realize the dream of the alchemist and perform transmutation. By matter I mean a class of vibrations to which our visual organs are attuned and therefore conscious of. Soul is synonymous, being also matter, but of a sublimated sphere, making up a world like unto ours, with objects congenial to itself, while spirit is the active center from which this vibratory energy proceeds.

It is worthy to note that vibratory energy manifests itself in serial gradations of seven. Sound becomes harmonious in the seven notes of the musical scale. Light is resolved into seven, which are the seven colors of the chromatic scale. May we not hope the same arrangement holds true in regard to electricity? But this is certainly premature. Time will find that out. Matter also falls into series of seven in the atomic weight of its component elements, thus proving itself to be a manifestation of vibration. Arranging the so-called "elements" in series of seven, according to their atomic weights, we shall find that each member in each seven corresponds in its properties to the same member in the next seven, just as in music. The eighth note corresponds to the one we begin with.

The sunshine that ripens the fruit and vegetables; the variegated colors of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; the charms of music, whether it proceed from the pipe of a feathered songster or the fingers of a Mozart or a Verdi; the growling thunder and the lightning flash, health and disease; life and death; from a simple sound up to the extreme complexity of life—all are vibrations.

In art and literature alike vibrations bear their all important share. What does a Raphael do but combine certain colors in such a way as to bring about a complete harmony in their united vibrations. Likewise a musician synchronizes his sounds and harmonizes the short and long waves emanating from his

cords or tubes. Harmonious vibrations make up the positive, beautiful, æsthetic and life side of nature. Inharmonious the negative; sorrow, pain and death.

Bearing in mind that thoughts and feelings are vibrations in their respective planes and the relation that these bear to literature, we shall soon find out that even literature is a study of vibrations, a record of notes played upon the harps of the intellect and emotions. History records the notes of a nation,—the megaharp; poetry is more concerned with the individual—the microharp. The verse rippling in a rising or falling cadence of melody, at the will of its creator, inspires love, hope, charity, fear or shame, which are effects identical to those produced by music. In fact the analogy between literature and music, music and sound, sound and color, color and light, light and heat, heat and electricity is identical, differing, as before stated, only in the velocity of vibration; slow vibrations can move in thick media, while rapid ones require more refined matter before they can expand or be communicated.

Vibration is the foundation of science, the key-stone of manifestation. A consideration of the subject, however superficially conducted, will reveal even to the veriest tyro that we have come here to study not "ics" and "isms," but the simple science of vibration which underlies them all.—*Jos. F. Barkel, in Medical Talk.*



#### A TRUE REFORMER.

WE cannot all be statesmen, we cannot all be preachers, but we can all be reformers, for the good reason that we do not have to go any farther than ourselves to begin. But there is no reason why we should end there. Jehoshaphat could have said, "As for me I will keep myself from idols; I will worship the true God; but I do not propose to get myself into trouble by interfering with the long-established customs of the people. People have always worshiped idols and they always will; the custom is hoary with age, and the thing for me to do is to reform myself and to preach individual reform for others, and when the whole wide world is converted to the true God the idols will rot for want of patronage, and the high places will crumble to the dust." Had Jehoshaphat talked like that he would have been only a preacher, and that is a good thing to be, but he went further and was what every preacher ought to be—he was a reformer.—*Delaware Advance.*



No man can get rich enough in the things of this world to want no more.



THE various trains of this country cover about a thousand million miles in the course of a year.



# "PARCHETTE."

MA BELLE MURRAY.



R. HERRMAN sat beside his fire pondering as to what he would do. He was without a position, practically without money and with many debts staring him in the face. He had perused the "want" columns of all the newspapers the day previous, and to-day he had been busily engaged answering the most promising advertisements. But the employers seemed not to want him or else the place had just been filled.

There came a knock at his door; a friend, Mr. Donaldson, entered. After the usual greetings were exchanged, Mr. Donaldson enquired of Mr. Herrman why he was looking so dejected.

"Well," replied Mr. Herrman, "I am out of a job, and, as you know, have large expenditures. I have answered all the advertisements of places that I could fill, but the people have no need of my services. Have I not cause to look blue?"

"Perhaps you have," said Mr. Donaldson, "but do not despair. Come to think about it, you are the man that I am looking for. I have been wanting to take a vacation for a long time, but could find no one to fill my place in the fire department. Will you take it for a short time while I am out of town for a hunt? Meanwhile you can look around for a permanent position."

After a moment's reflection Mr. Herrman replied, "It is certainly very kind of you. I will do it."

The next morning Mr. Herrman went to work. He had hardly received his instructions when the fire bell rang. He hopped on the wagon and hung on with all his strength. He had a dim remembrance of people running, dogs barking, and a general commotion, until he finally reached the seat of the trouble.

Mr. Herrman alighted with the other firemen, and, seizing the fire hose, rushed to the work. The hose was stretched, and at the signal, the pressure was turned on—unfortunately in the direction of some boys sitting on the top of a high board fence; one, in particular, received attention, and his face was seen no more this side of the fence. His feet flew into the air and a wild shriek marked his disappearance.

The stream of water was now directed upon the house, where the furious flames flared high. The furniture had been carried out any way, some upside down, and piled in that manner. Here and there were pieces of carpet and other articles strewn about; everything was in great disorder. The wind coming from the west blew the flames toward the barn, which quickly caught fire.

At one end of the barn was stored about eighty-five

or ninety bushels of corn. The owner, Mr. Cornelius, was a "retired" farmer and had brought this amount in from his farm.

The fire spread rapidly toward this end in spite of all efforts of the firemen, until finally, when it was extinguished, the corn was badly scorched.

As the firemen were leaving, Mr. Herrman thought it was too bad for all that corn to go to waste. He pondered deeply on this as he rode back to the station.

That evening, after eating his supper, he returned to the scene of the fire. On arriving there he encountered the owner looking gloomily at his losses.

"Good evening, Mr. Cornelius," said Herrman to the man, "you indeed have had a great misfortune."

"Yes," answered the farmer, "not only my house and furniture are badly damaged, but all this grain has been destroyed!"

"Yes," said Herrman, "it is of no use to you, would you not sell it to me?"

"Why, man, you can have it gratis, if you will but haul it away."

"Thank you. I will do so to-morrow. Good evening," and Mr. Herrman returned home.

The next day, while the corn was being dumped in Mr. Herrman's back yard, he could be seen grinding a large coffee mill with a mysterious smile on his face. He ground all day and all night, and the next day again. He stopped only when his wife or son relieved him. Every day during the intervals, he visited the newspaper offices.

A month later another name was added to the list of millionaires; another breakfast food was launched on the market, and another hundred thousand people were saving their lives by eating "Parchette."

*Parsons, Kans.*



# "KING OF THE RAILS."

CAN you imagine a railroad locomotive with its tender weighing three hundred and ninety-three thousand and three hundred pounds, the tender capable of carrying sixteen tons of coal, besides drinking water for the stomach of this monster to the amount of eight thousand five hundred gallons? What a tremendous and huge iron horse that must be, and then it has six great driving wheels and their combined weight is one hundred and forty-nine thousand pounds and each wheel is over six feet high. Compare them as to height with some man that you know called a six footer and you will get some idea of the power these six great wheels have when driven under the pressure of two hundred pounds of steam generated by this monster; even the smaller wheels in front of the great drivers and just back of the pilot, with their trucks, weigh forty-one thousand pounds. Then the rear truck and small wheels directly under the fire box weigh forty thousand and five hundred

pounds. This ponderous iron horse when hitched up ready for business is over seventy-three feet long. Just watch the Erie railroad trains; one of these giants may pass by your station some day.

The Erie has a number just like the one described, and when I tell you that they are the largest passenger locomotives in the world, you will naturally be curious to see them. Watch the engineer and fireman perched away up in their cab, like being in the second story of a house. Think of the power these "Kings of the Rail" have, and then let your mind go back to the boy Stevenson and his little old teakettle and how his mother laughed at what she thought was a little boy's folly. This boy that at eighteen years of age could not read, and wanted to come to the United States and was so poor that he could not get together enough money to buy an immigrant's ticket, the boy that invented the first miner's safety lamp, the boy that in after years built a floating railroad across the bogs of Chatmoss four and one-half miles long, this boy who grew to be a man, and with his young son Robert built a locomotive in England that took a prize of £500. I wonder what he and Robert would say if they could see engine No. 2511 on the Erie R. R. to-day? Surely they would exclaim: "This is the King of Rails."—*Jas. D. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.*



#### EXPECTS JEWS TO RETURN TO PALESTINE.

I HAVE just finished reading the editorial on "The Russian Jews" in this morning's issue of *The North American*, and I thank you for it. God has wonderfully used your paper during the last few months in the cause of righteousness; and now, if it be his purpose to use it still further in calling Christendom's attention to Israel's sufferings, that will be a cause for devout thanksgiving.

It does really seem impossible that Israel should be repatriated, but nothing is impossible with God, and he has not left us in ignorance as to his purpose for the Jews. The Hebrew Scriptures abound with promises, not yet fulfilled, that they shall be gathered to Palestine by his mighty power and stretched-out arm.

"For Jehovah will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel and set them in their own land."—Isaiah 14: 1.

"The days come, saith Jehovah, that they shall no more say, 'Jehovah liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt,' but 'Jehovah liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the North Country (*i. e.*, Russia—the "North Country" from Palestine), and from all the countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land.'"—Jeremiah 23: 7, 8.

"Lo! the days come, saith Jehovah, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel and Judah, and I will cause them to return to the land that I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it."—Jeremiah 30: 3.

"Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the nations whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land."—Ezekiel 37: 21.

"I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled out of their land, saith Jehovah, thy God."—Amos 9: 15.

"They shall no more be a prey to the nations, neither shall the beast of the land devour them, but they shall dwell safely and none shall make them afraid."—Ezekiel 34: 28.

Every intelligent Bible student knows that these quotations are but samples of an immense volume of similar scripture, yet to be fulfilled, because "God is not a man, that he should lie."

The hope of mankind is in Israel. This people, now dispersed and despised, will one day become the chief among the peoples. "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit."—Isaiah 27: 6. And in that day "ten men shall take hold, out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, 'We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.'"—Zechariah 8: 23.

In the meantime, we do well to stretch out a helping hand to this persecuted people, not forgetting that all we have that is worth having came to us through them—"for salvation is of the Jews."—*William L. Pettingill, Pastor North Baptist Church, Wilmington, Del., Nov. 15, 1905.*



#### A SAGACIOUS ROBIN.

MRS. BURWELL, of Westfield, Conn., found a helpless robin a year ago last summer, which had fallen from its nest while learning to fly. She placed it in a cage and raised it. This summer she released it, thinking the bird would be happier at liberty. The robin returned to Mrs. Burwell's yard last week and flew upon her finger. When spoken to he was willingly taken into the house, and there he gave unmistakable expressions of delight at being in his old home. After the excitement had passed away the empty cage was brought to the room, and straight into it flew the robin. He hopped up to his old perch and there settled down in evident contentment. He hadn't forgotten where to look for his food nor for what his bath was intended. It is believed that the bird didn't know what else to do when the cold weather came.—*New Haven Register.*



GREAT crimes start from small beginnings.



## CHOICE OF BOOKS.

D. Z. ANGLE.

THE chief objects in reading books are: First, instruction; second, amusement or pastime. Some volumes contain only solid, practical knowledge with no amusing features, while many books embrace in their contents both amusement and instruction. A great many are written chiefly to entertain, with little attempt to give forth knowledge to the reader. As the multitude of books are written by men and women of divers mental endowments, so the individual may select the book or books best fitted to develop his mind in the direction which he desires it to grow.

The man of mathematical mind wants books treating on mathematics, such as carpentry, engineering, architecture, etc. The actor, sentimentalist or pleasure-seeker chooses books of fiction, like "The Pioneer," "Robinson Crusoe," "East Lynne," or "Courtship of Miles Standish." The musician studies works treating of his art. The doctor to be pores over musty volumes telling how to relieve human suffering by giving blue pills, powders, precise prescriptions and practical pointers to promote patience and health in patients. The man of religious turn or one of ministerial bent studies the Book of books and a lot more besides, to fit himself to teach men how to live, as well as how to die. The teacher studies his class books, works on school management, psychology and whatever else he has time for. The farmer peruses books and papers which treat on farm and home improvement in many and varied forms.

The serious, sober man may occasionally peruse and enjoy a light story, or a chapter of "Peck's Bad Boy," and be mentally and physically bettered by it. But the light-hearted, frivolous-minded probably could not long content himself with a treatise on the cause and cure of chronic diseases of the respiratory organs, much as that subject might interest the man suffering from catarrh, or the physician who has charge of his case.

While most everyone who reads at all has a preference for certain books, probably most of us like a number, if we can obtain them, on a great variety of subjects. We, like the horse that eats only grass for a time, appreciate a change of feed. The horse with an added ration becomes healthier in body, a change of proper thoughts makes us healthier in mind. Abnormal development of any organ or faculty of body or mind leads to weakness, inactivity or disease of some other organ, which unbalances the equilibrium of the body and often causes premature or an early death of the individual.

Extremes are dangerous. Some men are not religious enough and risk their immortal souls. Some others make religion a hobby to such an extent as to

become insane. They might, if not religious, lose their mind on other subjects, being probably the result of intemperance somehow or somewhere. We should be temperate in all things, which evidently includes reading as well as eating, drinking, working and speaking.

In childhood and youth is the time to cultivate the reading of good books. Those of a biographical character are valuable to the young student. They show the correct course to pursue in achieving success in life, while the faults and mistakes given show to the youthful mind how to avoid those same mistakes as made by the world's greatest and grandest actors upon the stage of human action. Thus,

"Lives of great men remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

Historical works and books on travel are both entertaining and instructive. A few works of standard fiction with the kinds of scientific works which the mind craves form a valuable and pleasing company when no one is about, and vastly superior to the rowdy girl or the boy who chews "terbacker," swears he "can lick any boy his size" or tries to show you how to see life as he sees it.



## THE MAN WHO WORKS.

"THE man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr. Stoggleton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping the hard places when possible and thinking we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same.

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we are going to do right up to the handle, but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work, don't we try to shirk that too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life—daily putting off our best endeavors till to-morrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do, isn't it?

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best licks every day and rejoices in the labor. He doesn't care a continental what the next is going to bring to him; he can handle it, whatever it is. Just now he's engaged with to-day's labor, and he does that up thoroughly and complete and searches out the last nook and cranny. He isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out, and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the one man in a thousand that leads all the rest and his pay corresponds with his labors."—*Harvard Times*.

## COUNTING UNCLE SAM'S CASH.

OWING to the recent change in the office of treasurer of the United States a task of no small magnitude is going on in the treasury. Every time one treasurer gives way to another the cash must be counted and verified before the new official becomes responsible for the money under his care.

As soon as a change is made the secretary of the treasury appoints a committee of three to select a force to count the cash. This committee picks out a number of clerks in the various offices of the department, and they are set at work to count the millions. Perhaps there may be forty men selected to perform this huge count, maybe fifty or eighty. It is always considered an honor to be one of these counters.

The total sum counted by these men is somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred and thirty millions in money, bonds, notes and everything else. One vault alone contains over a hundred millions in silver dollars. Another has a heavy amount of silver fractional currency, and many tons of nickel five-cent pieces, and pennies.

The working cash is handled first, and in order to give it a chance to do regular duty it is counted at night. Most of the money is counted in bulk and stored away in bags, each containing a certain sum. These are weighed, and if there is even one dollar short, there is instant detection of the wrong count. As each bag is filled by a clerk, who attaches his name by a tag, any discrepancy in the number of coins or any coin missing from the sack is charged to him. This is done, not only to check any tendency toward dishonesty, but also to cause each counter to exercise the greatest care. The new treasurer is Charles H. Treat, of New York, who takes the place of Ellis A. Roberts.—*Exchange*.



## MORE DANGEROUS THAN A SERPENT'S BITE.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY says: "If I were called to point out the most alarming sins to-day, those which are most deceitful in their influence and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling with its crazed victims, nor harlotry, with its hellish orgies, but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshiper of self. While doing all this the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler, or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment."

## TELEPHONE FOR SEA FISHERMEN.

AN English paper reports that a Norwegian has invented a telephone by which the noise made by fish in the depths of the sea can be heard. The instrument consists of a microphone in a hermetically-sealed steel box. It is connected with a telephone on ship-board by electric wires, each sound in the water being intensified by the microphone. The inventor asserts that with its aid the presence of fish, and approximately their number and kind, can be recognized. When herrings or smaller fish are encountered in large numbers they make a whistling noise, and the sound made by codfish is more like howling. If they come near the submarine telephone their motion can be distinguished. The flow of water through the gills produces a noise similar to the labored breathing of a quadruped, and the motion of the fins produces a dull rolling sound.—*United States Consular Reports*.



THE Japanese say, "The man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and then the drink takes the man!" This is a tragical story in brief, but the details of that story are painful in the extreme. A wretched-looking man came into a pawn shop, not long since, and throwing a tiny bundle on the counter, said, "Gimme ten cents." The broker unfolded the little package and found within a new pair of baby shoes. He was touched with the sight, and fearing the "baby" was being robbed by a heartless, drunken father, he undertook to investigate the case, but the only reply obtainable, at first, was, "Gimme ten cents!" Finally the story was wrung from the unwilling inebriate. The "baby" was dead, and some neighbors had furnished a pair of shoes for the burial, which the unfeeling father had stealthily appropriated, that his awful thirst might be gratified. "And the drink takes the man!" O, the domestic heartbreaks from this scourge of drink!



THE best results yet obtained in the various attempts that have been made to produce a wearable cloth from paper are said to be those produced by a patented process employed in Saxony. Narrow strips of paper are spun into yarn, which may be woven to form cloth. The fabrics do not possess the strength and durability of ordinary cloth, but useful clothing is made of them at a low price. They may even be washed without injury.



THE vitality of the snail is remarkable. One that was glued to a card in a museum for four years came to life on being immersed in warm water. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they apparently had been dead for fifteen years.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## MEN.



It is a common expression that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Others say, "There is as much difference in people as anybody." But when it comes to classifying and invoicing the stock on hand we find that our stock of men in this world is measured from so many different angles that it is very difficult, after all, to know just what we have. Now no one would think of measuring molasses in the same manner as gingham; neither would you measure carpet tacks as you would oats. And as these various commodities are measured by different standards, so we find the world measuring men after a standard which fits the peculiar use to which they think men ought to be subjected. For instance, one page of our newspapers to-day is given to measuring men

### As so Much Beef.

These fellows are pounded, beaten, fed, sponged, trained and tracked by specialists, and then when a certain day comes a pen is built and two of them, with an assistant each, are placed in this pen to test their powers of endurance; to see which one really has the most beef and which is the least susceptible to punishment. These people are called great men by a large class of American citizens. It is a mistaken idea, but nevertheless it is often spoken of in that way. If they were called great animals it would come nearer the truth. There is an entirely different class of men viewed from a different angle altogether, and these are esteemed to be great because of their

### Likeness to a Brute.

These are supposed to be graduated in their lines when they can get on the outside of more alcoholic and spirituous liquors without anybody finding it out than anyone else in the neighborhood. Then, too, they must be able to gamble at all sorts of games and work all sorts of underhanded tricks and do most of their

work after night; they must be able to induce the boys that are in town and those who come to town to participate either in drinking or gambling, and allow them to have a taste of real experience by relieving them of a little of their cash. They must know how to evade hard labor at every angle, and when they become so proficient as to get through with practically no labor, they are esteemed by some to be great men. A much better class of men than either of the classes above described is that part of humanity who are

### Measured by Their Deeds.

History records names by the score, who have come into prominence through no line of inheritance, through no merit of labor or study, but through a complication of conditions at a certain moment at a certain place, where they happened to be, that made them famous in spite of their character or ability. People have been awarded medals, had their names carved upon marble or lauded to the skies for some particular feat they have accomplished in a day, while thousands of hard-working mothers and fathers, who have done a hundred times more for the world, have gone to their graves unnoticed because they have done no unusual thing. Some invention, some opportunity to save the life of another, a speech made on the inspiration of the moment, the awkward discovery of a gold mine, and things of a like nature sometimes cause the whole world to class a character with the great men. Sometimes crowns are placed upon

### Almost Brainless Heads,

because they come from a certain family. When one belongs to a royal family he is an heir to the throne in all probability, and, of course, when the names of the great men of the world are catalogued his name would have to be written down with the rest in spite of his character, his ability, his disposition or his age. The family name takes him through; the position which he holds, and does not merit, makes a place for him to exist and not to live. It gives one relief, however, to turn his back upon such thoughts as these and think a moment of the men who have come from obscure families and made themselves men in spite of circumstances. One of the worst cases of the term "great men" being misapplied is the case of the man of possessions. It is not the man that is measured, but

### The Bag of Gold.

We say it is a bad case of application because, for the most part, this class of men have souls about the size of cambric needles. While it is altogether possible for a man to grow rich in a perfectly honest and legitimate way, yet it is just as possible that men can grow rich in another way, and the fellow who grows rich in another way is the fellow who generally has no compassion for the man who has not the ability to get rich; and he hunts all the cloaks of charity to cover his feeble, trembling soul with, joins all the orders of

protection he can possibly find, and quarantines himself against the world because his "bowels of compassion are shut up against it." Now these are some of the standards by which men are measured, but it occurs to us that a higher and nobler measurement would be to measure men by their

#### Intrinsic Worth.

The best book in the world intimates that a man may give his body to be burned, whom the world would call a hero, and yet he would really be no more than the brass part of a brass band; and that he could give all his possessions in this world for the unfortunate, and be estimated no higher, when judged by the right standard, than a cipher. A man should not be judged so much by his accomplishments, not so much by his age, length, weight, color or experience, but he should be weighed, measured and judged by what he really is. Sometimes it makes a difference who handles the yardstick; if a jealous neighbor does the measuring, sometimes the yardstick is warped; if he does the measuring himself, he is likely to use a rubber tape that will stretch; but when the Maker of men comes to do the judging there will be no partiality, no prejudice, no jealousy, no upper and lower seat, no titles or degrees, but men will be judged by quantity and quality of soul. In all probability, when you find your name recorded in the books of heaven you will notice the absence of all abbreviated prefixes and suffixes; it will be plain John Jones, without any reverend or professor or any number of D's or double D's. The best recipe in the world for becoming *really great* is, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister: and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."



#### HELP THE LIVING.

WHY so? Where is the hope of our nation, in the living or in the dead? Well-directed energies are essential to a rounded-out character,—noble, pure and virtuous. There is only one right way to do a thing, and we have but one chance in this world.

We can boast of our strength, talent, wealth and aspirations, but if we stand still and do nothing, and then always complain about the neighborhood, the church and the nation, we are an obstruction in the way of some pilgrim, and it would be a blessing if God would number us with the dead. Then, a lesson is to be learned. Let us so live in this world that when the day of transition comes we may be transferred into our new abode and continue to live forever.

What are we living for? What do we put into this world as we sojourn here that we cannot take with us, and would not even if we could? Are we planting flowers that shall bloom in memory of our moulder-

ing bodies, that the living may enjoy the benefits of the sweet fragrance therefrom? Thousands of homes in this great world know not the pleasure and benefit of joy, peace and happiness; many are poor, discouraged, sickly, unfortunate and seemingly all alone to meet the struggles of life, and to such how many words of love and comfort have been carried by the richly blessed—God's chosen ones? As children of God we allow ourselves to become negligent and careless in regard to those about us; we fail to perform our Christian duty to our fellow-men while living, but when death comes to some one across the way, in order to sustain our so-called integrity both to the neighborhood and the church of our choice, we very generously bestow our tokens of respect and love on the cold, lifeless form. Then it is that we most often feel it our duty to be openhearted and concerned.

After the death of a good lady, who died some time ago, it was requested that friends and acquaintances should send no flowers, but give the money instead to the poor. What a fitting request was this! Among some of the aristocratic and wealthy people this custom seems to be fast passing out of date. Then, of course, the church member is most likely to follow their example and will be gauged accordingly. Is the world to direct the way of the Christian? Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth and the life." "Be not afraid, I have conquered the world."

Would it not be more reasonable for the living to think that if the spirits of our loving dead could look back to us, they would rejoice more at the sight of the hungry being fed and the naked clothed, than at the sight of costly flowers withering upon their graves? The smiles of those to whom the opportunity to smile is seldom given; the rejoicings of those to whom the opportunity for rejoicing seldom comes—these undoubtedly would be a more welcome tribute to the memory of the dead than all the flowers that could be heaped upon their graves. Let God take care of the dead; we are responsible for the living, in the strength and grace that he gives us.

M. H. B.



#### JUNK.

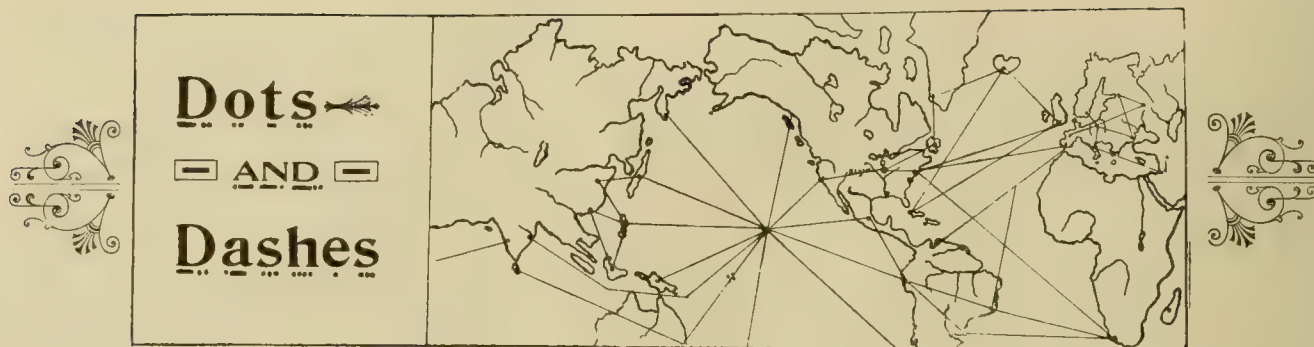
The junk heap is the pile of refuse thrown aside as useless.

Manufacturers of to-day are constantly finding shorter and cheaper methods of doing things, hence, are forced to consign old machinery and methods to the junk heap, not because they are worn out, but because new methods push aside the old.

Fundamental truth and principle cannot be pushed aside in this way. We cannot consign the old way of doing things to the junk heap until we have found a better way. The old way of getting people to do the best possible for themselves by personal contact has not been consigned to the junk heap by any better method.

We want you, kind reader, to see if you cannot send us at least one more subscription before March 1st. We have already broken the record on subscriptions, and want you to help us make it still more emphatic.





DURING a cloudburst, in the valley of the Cauley river, West Virginia, last week, a camp of Italian laborers was wrecked, drowning fifteen. Much damage was done to railroads, and the small village of Curtain was entirely swept away.

GENERAL ELOY ALAFARO, a former president of Ecuador, and leader of the recent revolution in that country, has been proclaimed president by the people.

THE Brazilian warship, *Aquidoban*, recently exploded, causing the ship to sink within three minutes. Ninety-eight of those on board were saved, while the dead and injured numbered two hundred and forty-eight.

FOR some time the pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, of Columbus, Ind., has seen fit to introduce some means and methods of creating more interest in the Sunday school, conducted in the church of which he is pastor. He drilled two hundred Sunday-school children on rhymed texts of the Bible, and a few Sundays ago took the congregation by complete surprise, when the children shouted in a full chorus:

"Say, my chum, have you seen  
Second Timothy, two, fifteen, three fifteen;  
First John, one, seven, nine;  
Romans, eight and sixteen?  
First Thessalonians, five, twenty-two,  
Tells you exactly what to do!"

The pastor finds this rule useful, and especially is it a means of fixing in the minds of the children parts of the scriptures referred to. A noise in the house of the Lord is in place if it is made to the glory of God. There are ways by which the Bible can be so outlined as to make it intensely interesting to the children if a little more ingenuity was exercised upon the part of those holding office, but college yells and football yells are not very fitting in the Lord's house.

DURING a panic in the St. Paul's African Baptist church, of Philadelphia, recently, caused by fire, twenty negroes were trampled to death and scores in-

jured. Chairs had been placed in the aisles, and, of course, when the alarm was given, the people sought the nearest and most possible means of exit.

IN a recent report given in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, we find that the total output of gold for the world, during the year 1905, was about three hundred and seventy-five million dollars, being an increase of twenty-eight million over the preceding year. It is claimed that these gains were made in South Africa, the United States and Alaska, while the products were on the decrease in Australia.

THE high school of Burlington, Vt., under the principalship of Mr. Thomas, after learning from the teachers that about forty per cent of the boys enrolled were using tobacco habitually, agreed upon a plan to materially and permanently reduce the practice. It was determined that after February 1 no pupil, who uses tobacco, can hold a school office, or be a member of any organization, including athletic and social clubs. This may cause many to think seriously about their filthy habit and give it up, but there are likely to be some who will rather give up mental and physical development.

THE treaty with Cuba, ceding to that republic sovereignty over the Isle of Pines, which has been pending for over two years, was recently very favorably reported by the Senate. The residents are now at liberty to set off a State of their own and to ask for American protection.

THE field men of the great Western Sugar Company, at Sterling, Colo., have begun to take contracts for acreage of beets for the coming season. Work of this kind has also begun in Morgan and Sedgewick counties. The indications are that the acreage, the coming year, will be greatly increased over that of last, and the company will, without doubt, secure as many acres as the factories can handle. There has been a steady request for contracts from farmers for the past three months. It is not so much a question, apparently, this year as to who will agree to grow

beets, but as to whom the company will give contracts. The success already attained in the beet industry has greatly attracted the attention of farmers who have heretofore held aloof from beet growing, and they are now being convinced that there is more money to be made therefrom than in any other branch of agriculture, and for this reason they desire to secure contracts.

DURING a dense fog, January 23, the steamship *Valencia* ran on the rocks near the northern entrance to Puget Sound. The sea ran so high that vessels which came to the rescue could accomplish little, and it is reported that at least one hundred and forty persons lost their lives.

THE Pacific Coast Railroad Company, by the transfer of ten million dollars, now have control, so as to secure terminal facilities at Seattle, Wash., by means of the Columbia and Puget Sound railroad. This will place the western system on an equal footing with Hill and the Great Northern.

A RECENT invention provides a very simple remedy, avoiding a great deal of discomfort to a motorman, the pilot of a ship, the chauffeur, or any operator whose hands are more or less exposed to the extreme cold weather. The operating handle is made hollow to receive an incandescent electric lamp. At one side is a plug, which, on being screwed in, will switch on the current. Then the heat, radiating from the incandescent lamp, will warm the handle, giving the operator a comfortable handhold, even in the coldest weather.

IN Japan all the cities whose population is above ten thousand inhabitants are lighted by electricity, and, besides, many of the towns are now equipped with electric tramway lines on the trolley system. Since the country is of a mountainous character, there are waterfalls to be found in abundance, and this naturally contributes to a great extent in the development of electrical enterprises. Thirty per cent of all the electric plants are operated by water power.

THE people of Porto Rico are bringing some serious charges against American officials concerning their indifference to the wishes of the inhabitants in that island.

THE Joint Statehood Bill, which was presented before the assembly in the House of Congress, passed by vote of one hundred and eighty-seven to one hundred and fifty-seven. The Democrats, however, all voted against the bill, but it went through on schedule.

It now creates, from the territory of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, a State, to be known as Oklahoma, and from the territories of Arizona and New Mexico a State to be known as Arizona, thus adding two more stars to the American flag.

JANUARY 24 five were killed and five injured on the steamer *Helena*, a Mississippi river towboat, caused by the explosion of her boiler.

THE German government has placed a rush order for twenty thousand freight cars at a cost of fifty million dollars.

QUITE an inducement is being held out to the boys and girls of the schools of the State of Colorado, who are under eighteen years of age. A choice selection of seeds, considering quantity and quality, have been selected by the citizens of Colorado, who have offered prizes amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars for the greatest results to the acre. This will likely be an inspirational prize that may become common before long.

ON the 29th of January, the aged King of Denmark died in his palace, after a brief illness of one hour. He has been called the father-in-law of Europe. Many of his descendants are now on European thrones, for instance, the Czar of Russia is his grandson, the Empress Dowager of Russia his daughter, the Queen of England his daughter, the King of Norway his grandson, the King of Greece his son, and the King of Denmark his son. The death of King Christian has plunged half of the European courts in deepest mourning.

THE contract for the construction of the first nine miles of canals for the Klamath government irrigation project was awarded recently in San Francisco, for \$387,530. This section of the canal involves headgates, rock excavation and a tunnel and flume. Thus is begun a great work of reclamation by which both this State and Oregon will be benefited.

CIGARETS are certainly doomed in the State of Ohio. A bill was passed by the house of representatives Jan. 30. The effort, as it now stands, prohibits the sale, purchase, or manufacture of cigars in Ohio under a heavy penalty. The bill is sure to be passed in the upper house, as a majority of the members of the senate are known to favor it.

LAST week, amid artillery salutes, the first regular passenger train passed through the Simplon tunnel, connecting Italy with Switzerland under the Alps.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### THE WRECK OF THE FAST EXPRESS.

The train left Milk Pail station  
A little after four  
And choo-chooed out at frightful speed  
Across the kitchen floor.

It swerved and curved and tooted  
And rattled up and down;  
The engineer then waved his hand  
And stopped at Stove Leg town.

They backed to Wood Box corner  
For passengers, and then  
They got a new conductor  
And scooted off again.

The train was overloaded;  
It puffed and tugged and roared  
And backed and reared the steep ascent  
Of mother's ironing board.

It turned, but something happened!  
The brakeman gave a yell:  
"Get off the track! Get off the track!"  
Then rang the dinner bell.

But headlong dashed the engine,  
On, on across the mat,  
Down underneath the cradle  
And struck the gingham cat!

You never heard such racket  
As followed in the crash.  
I only know the baby waked  
And things went all to smash.

—Herbert Randall, in Buffalo Express.



"IT PAYS."

CHARITY BRUBAKER.



SINCE all the Sewell children had gone through a severe siege of scarlet fever, Mrs. Sewell, who was never very strong, found that her strength was all gone and she was near nervous prostration. It had been very hard to give up little Elsie, who had been the first to take sick and had died almost before the dread disease was recognized. Frank, a jovial boy of twelve, declared that his mother was over-anxious about the children and had kept him in bed until he had outgrown his pants. Now that the children were well again, Mrs. Sewell thought she could brave it through to keep up and at least be able to tell and help the children to get along. Expenses had already been very heavy and the father's business kept him away from home so much Mrs. Sewell did not see how they would ever get through if she should be taken sick. But try as she would, her grief over the loss of her little girl and the constant demand on a mother's strength overcame, and

she was in early summer compelled to give up. The doctor said she must have rest and quiet for several weeks, something she felt they could not afford at all now.

It was at this time her boys showed their worth in helping through difficulties. Oliver was fourteen, and with Frank had been busy for days finding a way to help mother. He found a place near home where he could earn four dollars a week taking care of a doctor's horse and yet have time to see that things were all right at home. Frank was to go to the country as helper to a gardener who brought vegetables to the city every day. So the boys found a way to take care of themselves and earn a few dollars. Mother was to go to a near health resort for rest, hoping to regain her health before the summer would end. Hazel, who was ten years old, was allowed to go with her mother to care for her baby brother. The house was now practically shut up for the summer.

At first the time dragged very slowly, then as the mother's health returned and she wrote of what good times she was enjoying, the boys were happy and began to plan for the home-coming. Finally a letter came telling them the mother was feeling very well except she was homesick and they would be at home the next Saturday. Immediately the boys arranged to work at home all day Friday and Saturday getting things ready for the mother to come. Of course it would not do for her to come home and go right into hard work cleaning and all that would be necessary with the family at home again.

You would have been interested to watch those boys sweeping the house, dusting the rugs, scrubbing porches and cleaning the yard, working all day to surprise and please mother. Saturday Frank saw to it that the gardener left a generous selection of vegetables at their house, and he was quite particular about the cut of meat the butcher would have that day. Oliver finally found a recipe that "sounded like his mother's favorite cake tasted," so he began the baking.

These boys had always been asked and were willing to help in the kitchen, but to decide all that should be done and manage things right required a great deal of thinking and much talking between them. During the day their work showed for itself, a very creditable cake, pies, roasted meat and provisions generally so that there need not be much cooking over Sunday.

Two o'clock found the work all done and the boys hastily preparing to go to the station to meet their mother. What a joyful meeting it was for all. While

mother noticed the tanned yet hearty faces of her boys they were delighted to see her looking so well. Soon they were on a street car hastening home and all the questions as to how things were and what would need to be done yet that evening, were answered in a way that gave no hint of what had been done and with a "promise to help if you will only wait until we get home." Mrs. Sewell was much surprised at finding the house in such good order and she was not slow in showing her pleasure, yet she could not help wondering why the boys would not even let her get herself a drink in the kitchen. The time was soon spent exchanging experiences and it was rather late when Mrs. Sewell declared, "Well, I just must get some supper and gather in a little something for Sunday." Imagine her surprise on entering the dining room to see the table set with her best linen and china, and everything almost ready to sit down to as good a meal as she would prepare. But she was not more pleased than the boys were. How quickly many things came through her mind. How often she had let the boys do kitchen work they liked to do when she could have done it quicker and better. She had not compelled them to do the things they disliked to do, even when she needed their help. Whatever they did well was justly commended. Now she summed it all up in a few words, "It pays."

Such thoughtfulness was not just for her this time alone, never before nor afterward, but was the result of patient teaching and appreciation of her children always.

Lingering at the table, happily engaged in conversation, how surprised they all were at the sudden entrance of the father, who had not expected to get home for several days.

We will now leave the happy family, not as "one in a story," however, for I know them to be real, and such neighbors are of the kind that makes us feel "we are glad they are alive."

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you."

3736 Kenwood Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.



#### ASK YOURSELF.

In *Word and Works*, Prof. W. Y. Demaree is conducting a department called "The Schoolmaster in the Home," which becomes quite interesting to those who follow his articles. He declares that low aim in life is a positive crime.

From his October article we clip the following:

Occasionally it is wise to devote some time to introspection, to self-examination. Self-examination should be done wisely and in the proper spirit, and

during those periods when we have put ourselves on the witness stand do not forget the things of most importance. The next time you feel like holding an auto-examination, suppose you try a few of these questions on the witness:

1. What am I here for?
2. Of what use am I?
3. What is success?
4. Am I a success?
5. Why not?
6. Do I cumber the earth?
7. Did I ever have an original, useful thought?
8. Who does my thinking for me?
9. Am I in a rut?
10. What is my personal opinion of myself?
11. What do my friends think of me?
12. If I should die to-night, would any one remember me in kindness in six months?
13. Did I ever add to the sum of earth's happiness?
14. Is my disposition agreeable?
15. Do I ever try to improve my character?
16. Am I better or worse than last year?
17. Am I progressing intellectually?
18. Are my habits of life such that I can recommend them to young people?
19. Am I a hypocrite?
20. Have I the courage of my convictions?
21. What is my weak point?
22. Do I overeat?
23. Do I control my appetites or are they my masters?
24. Do I control my temper?
25. Am I fit to control anything?
26. What has the future in store for me?
27. Would I go out of my way to do a kind act if I knew I would never receive any benefit therefrom?
28. Have I wit enough to care intelligently for children?
29. Do I know enough about my body to take proper care of it?
30. If my body were a machine, could I pass an examination as engineer to take charge of it?
31. Do I dare to answer the above questions truthfully to myself?

Get yourself in a corner and admit honestly and fairly that you have a bad habit or a fault, and it will be easy to exterminate the same.—*Clay City Democrat*.



THE holly and mistletoe that we use for Christmas decorations show the survival of the customs of the Druids. In Russia branches of fir trees are used for decoration. In most parts of southern Europe evergreen trees are used, while in India the English churches are decorated at Christmastide with all kinds of flowers, palms and berries.



### THE THRIFTY ENGLISH.

#### Small Economies Which Are Practiced Among the Middle Class.

AMERICANS should learn thriftiness from the middle class of English people, says an American who has lived many years among them. Do you know what they do with their old tea leaves? she continued. The cook dries them and sells them to some small grocer, who in turn sells them to the poor people who are his patrons.

It is the same with the coals. A man comes around to the cook regularly, sifts the ashes and pays her for the half-burned coals. The cook doesn't receive the pay, either. She hands it, if you please, to the mistress. This happened again and again while I was visiting a prosperous family able to keep four servants.

This was how prosperous they were. In front of their house, in the suburbs of London, there was a large grass plot. You can imagine from that what the home cost. Well, let me tell you about the grass plot and the leaves that fell from the trees on it in the fall. One day a man come along and asked the hostess if he could have her leaves. She walked down to the gate and bargained with him a while. Then she came back and sat down on the veranda and presently the man began to rake up the leaves. When he had quite finished the maid went out to him with a silver waiter. He laid the money for the leaves on the silver waiter and the maid brought it in to her mistress.

Now in American cities we have to pay a man to rake up the dead leaves and cart them off. We have to pay him well. This is a fair sample of the difference in the matter of economy in the two nations.



#### ADVICE OF A MAN IN JOLIET PRISON TO BOYS.

"REMEMBER, young man, that 'your sin will find you out.' You cannot escape it. I thought when I first sold a small mortgage of \$400 that I could easily repay this by a lucky strike or a commission on some real estate deal. When I found that I could not do this and the person owning the mortgage asked for her money I had to sell another larger one to 'make good.' Then I thought it was so easy I could keep up the crime forever.

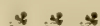
"Boys and young men, don't play poker. Don't start when you are young, sneaking back of the barn with other small boys and friends and use corn for poker chips and learn to play. Don't, for God's sake, smoke cigarettes. Don't drink your first glass of beer or whiskey. Don't, because you hear of some neighbor making money at the races, bet on horses. 'Your sin will find you out.'

"How many times in the last ten months have I

staid awake and thought and thought and thought! How many nights have I lain awake until two and three o'clock thinking and thinking and thinking of the sorrow, poverty and privation I was the means of making.

"Young man, the happiest moment from the time I ran away from home and justice until I got back, was the moment in a far-away city, when a detective put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'You are wanted in Chicago.'

"If you have ever committed a crime, confess it now to the one you wronged, and don't do it again, because, if you do, you will surely come to the same end, because 'your sin will find you out.'"



#### GET READY FOR WORK.

By a new consecration.

By leaving Grumbler Alley.

By broad Christian liberality.

By looking on the bright side.

By rebuilding the family altar.

By forgiving all your enemies.

By speaking well of the parson.

By loyalty to the prayer meeting.

By planning large revival results.

By parting company with the devil.

By moving into Thanksgiving street.

By harmonizing churchly differences.

By getting cured of irreligious dyspepsia.

By taking an allopathic dose of sunshine.

By warmly greeting the stranger at church.

By being charitable toward the crooked stick.

By taking a short cut to every field of usefulness.

By keeping your bump of self-esteem well poulticed.

By going to church Sunday evening as well as morning.

By planning liberal things for the church benevolences.

By hearty coöperation in all legitimate churchly doings.

By paying in advance a liberal installment of the pastoral stipend.

By showing a warm side to the fine Sunday school of your church.

By refusing to criticise the pastor in the presence of your family.

By praying and paying in proper proportion and with due regularity.

By making a large allowance for the idiosyncrasies of your brethren.

By calling to see the new minister and not waiting for him to find you.

By seeing that the parsonage flour barrel still contains a few measures of meal.

By being willing to do service in the ranks, if the church does not see fit to make you a major-general.

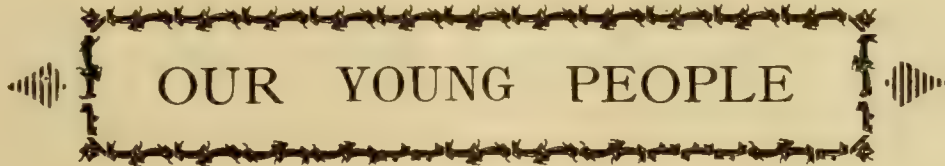
## THE "WHY?" IN MEN'S HATS.

WHAT man or set of men dictate that the crowns of men's hats shall be so high this season and so low next and that the curl and width of the brim shall vary from season unto season? In what mysterious place, by what band of low-browed conspirators, is the "gent's fall style of hat" evolved and so constructed that you cannot wear last year's head covering without the fact being patent to the most casual observer? And how do these people manage to make a whole nation obey their edicts unquestioningly?

We know all about how styles for women in hats and gowns are produced. Certain man milliners and man dressmakers in Paris do that trick, but men's styles seem to be originated here in this otherwise free country, and what I want to know is, Who does it?—*New York Press.*

## VALUE OF APPLES.

APPLES, in addition to being a delicious fruit, make a pleasant and valuable medicine. A raw apple is digestible in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with bread and butter, without meat of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples, ripe and sound, for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctor's bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.



## THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXVI.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

I wish you could all see what I now see, looking out of the window. Our hotel is near the entrance of the Jaffa gate and we get a full view of the main traffic. Here I see a woman coming to market with chickens. They are not tied or cooped, but are sitting in a row on the back of a donkey which the woman is driving by word only, for not a bridle, halter or harness of any sort is there on the little donkey. The chickens flap around, trying to balance themselves, but do not attempt to jump to the ground. There I see a man with a similar donkey, who is hauling gravel for the streets. He has a large burlap sack, like our coffee sacks, filled with gravel, laid upon the back of the donkey; he has brought it from the valley below and spills it out along the street. Yonder by the side of the street sits a boy flat on the ground in the dust and the flies, trying to sell his bread which lies there in the sun. Over and above all this confusion you can hear the cry of the money changer, who is doing a thriving business as the people pass by. I have often wondered about this, but now it is all plain to me.

At any store, whether it be dry goods or groceries, you can buy nothing without the exact change, unless you leave the balance to your credit, and trust to their memory and honesty, both of which are exceedingly threadbare. So it behooves the purchaser to have the exact change. In order to do this he must go to the money changer and have his naps, medjadies and sovereigns changed into smaller denominations, for which he has to pay from one to twenty per cent, according to his knowledge of the value of the money.

Dr. Merrill, of Massachusetts, is the American consul, and to him we applied for protection when we wanted to

visit the old temple platform, where the temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel and Herod used to stand. This is one of the most sacred places, and is recognized by Mohammedan, Jew and Christian. It has been especially under the eye of God ever since Abraham offered Isaac at this spot, and the rock upon which the sacrifice was made is seen unto this day. The altar of burnt offerings in the temple stood over this place. We wanted to see all this. The Mohammedans are very unkind to Christians and claim they think it is their duty to kill them. Dr. Merrill gave us a cavasse, well armed, and the Turkish government provided us with an armed soldier; so with the United States on one side and Turkey on the other we proceeded to investigate what the Mohammedans have in the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque El Aksa. To say the least, it is a beautiful place. The old platform area contains thirty-five acres; the mosque is large, octagonal and grand. The interior is finished in mosaic, alabaster, marble and granite. These people are full of tradition and superstition. To give you an idea of the dozens of tales they tell us I will tell you one.

There is a small cabinet here which they say contains one or two hairs from the beard of Mohammed. They say that one of these days Christ and Mohammed will return to earth; Christ will stand on the Mount of Olives, from which he ascended, and Mohammed will stand on this rock, from which he ascended, and from these whiskers a rope will be made which will reach from one to the other. All the people in the world will be compelled to walk that rope; the righteous will be supported by Gabriel and Michael; the wicked will be unsupported and consequently will fall into the valley of Gehenna below. After we had listened to this, and about a dozen other similar tales, Roscoe said, "These are what I call hair-splitting theories."

Below this platform, underneath these mosques, are the stables of Solomon, and I assure you that there is room



enough for the thousands of horses and chariots that he commanded. You have often heard the quotation: "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken, and the other left." We have seen the mill several times; it is of stone; the nether stone is larger than the upper one; a hole in the middle of the upper one allows a pin to fasten it to the nether stone. A handle is fastened to the rim of the upper stone. The women seat themselves, one on either side, each turning with her right hand, from left to right; one using her other hand with which to feed the mill and the other to remove the flour to a vessel near by. In every instance except one we saw two women at the mill. One day among the Copts, we saw an old lady about eighty years old grinding pulse by herself; this pulse is something like our garden peas, and when roasted and ground makes a good mush, and we don't wonder that Daniel liked it.

By the way, I forgot to tell you about our lentil soup in Jericho. When you look at that photograph of the main street in Jericho, think of us standing there with an earthen bowl and a ladle made of goat horn, eating some

of that "red pottage" like that for which Esau sold his birthright.

Before I close this letter I must give you a description of the grain market. The merchant has his grain in a great heap or a pile; he fills the measure, presses it down with his hands as hard as he can, puts on some more grain, shakes it violently, heaps up more grain, then with the three fingers of his right hand, makes a little hole in the top of the cone and once more takes a handful of grain and lets it trickle through his fingers until the very last grain is on that will stay on. It is literally "shaken together, heaped up, pressed down and running over." When he has satisfied himself he dumps it into the bosom of the purchaser, whose *abbah* is a loose garment, tied with a belt so as to make the bosom of it a receptacle for grain, groceries, etc.

I must close this letter and pack our valises; the quarantine has been lifted and we are now permitted to go to Jaffa, I will write you when we arrive there.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE STORY OF A RED FOX.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.



*ULPES FULVUS* was a big name for the tiny bit of squirming, reddish-brown fur that, with others of its kind, lived in the hill country of east Tennessee. If *Vulpes* had been a common gray fox his home would have been in the swamp, but being of the royal family of red foxes his mother had made a nest of soft fur and dry leaves in a cool, dark chamber dug in the clay of a gully bank, and well hidden under the roots of a ragged old walnut tree.

When the tree began putting forth leaves in the spring *Vulpes* did not look like a fox at all. He was just a smooth brown ball of fur with a squeaky voice, which was constantly calling for food. He did not know that there was more than one other thing in this world. This other thing was his mother that brought him food and cuddled him. Sometimes she was away from him and he grieved. He need not have felt lonely; he had brothers and sisters there, but he did not know them because he was blind and deaf.

There came a time, however, when his eyes opened and he could hear. He soon tried to stand on his wobbly legs, but with very poor success at first. But from that time on there was no more loneliness. Round and round their fur-lined nest of leaves the little foxes chased each other until, tiring of that,

they chased their own bushy tails. Of course they were very clumsy at first, and suffered many a tumble, but each day they gained strength and were soon able to walk as steadily as their own mother.

One day *Vulpes* became curious about the hole through which his mother disappeared every day. He began an investigation on his own account. When he came to the mouth of the tunnel that led out into the big, wide world, the light was so strong that it blinded him, and he lay helpless in the warm sunshine on the soft clean sand at the tunnel's end. After a little while, just as he was trying to climb the gully bank, his mother, coming in late from her hunting, caught him up in her mouth and took him back home.

Still *Vulpes* learned about these things and in the afternoons he led his brothers and sisters there, where they sat in the sunshine and breathed in the fresh air at the tunnel's mouth. In time their mother took them on short hunting excursions along a near-by hedgerow, teaching them to hunt brown field mice in the grass and the big, fat beetles that hide under the bark of rotten logs. When they were no longer hungry their mother slept in the sun, while her cubs tumbled over her or over each other, or played hide-and-seek in the tangled grass. Thus she taught them to hunt; to know the places where the shy partridges fed; and to lie motionless for long hours beside the rabbits' runs.

In this way the summer was spent and *Vulpes* grew in size and strength until one night in the fall he decided he was now old enough to go out hunting alone. He had many narrow escapes from dogs which were

aroused from their slumbers as he glided by on his way to the hen roosts.

When the early southern spring came, *Vulpes* left his old home for good. He was now old enough to take care of himself. When out one night he made the acquaintance of a maid fox, and they dug for themselves a new burrow where they set up house-keeping for themselves. In this new home many little cub foxes grew up, played together and hunted through the tangled hedgerows, chasing their game up and down the long dry gullies that seamed the gray hillsides.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



## THE NEW COVER OF THE INGLENOOK.

I. INBODEN.

WE said the designer was truly very thoughtful in the figure of the old brick front of the fireplace, for the brick in that day was hand-made, and the corners and edges not being sharp as our pressed brick of to-day, the mortar joint would not be even and perfect as with pressed brick. The old-made brick, with round-like corners, and some with crooked faces, gives the old style perfectly. The old mantle and all is grand. We know something about the old open fireplace; we have one in our house at present, but not in use. The paper is fine and very instructive.

*Logan, Ohio.*



## THE WOMAN OF TACT.

ANNA SELL.

A WOMAN of tact is one who feels that the story told to hurt your feelings is essentially a bad form, and inconsiderate of the feelings of others. A woman of tact is the woman who is courteous to old people; who laughs with the young and who makes herself agreeable to all women, in all conditions of life; and one who makes her good-morning a pleasant greeting, her visit a bright spot in the day and her "good-by" a hope that she may come again. A woman of tact is one who does not always measure people by their clothes or their riches, but who strongly condemns bad manners.

*McKees Gap, Pa.*



## THE GOLDEN RULE.

WILLIAM L. JUDY.

"THEREFORE all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets" (Matt. 7: 12). This is a part of that famous Sermon on the Mount. The

Teacher spoke it in contrast with the rabbinical idea of association with one another. It is the essence of Christ's teachings as regards man's dealings with man. It is this in other words: Return good for either good or evil. It is no sacrifice to give good for good or evil for evil; but to give good for either good or evil is when the traits of character are manifested. Then it is when the good drives away the bad or the bad drives away the good and we are better or worse for it. The savage can return good for good, evil for evil; but it takes the Christian to return good for evil.

The golden rule is the soul of that sublime idea, universal brotherhood. Happy is that nation whose law is the Bible and whose dominant principle the golden rule. Where the rule is practiced, there is peace and prosperity and a Christlike community—there is the nearest approach to the millennium.

The golden rule is a panacea for many evils; its violation has caused and does cause man's bondage to sin. God is truly patient with this old sinful earth—made sinful by man who was created in God's image. It grieved God that he had ever made man because of man's own downfall. The history of sin from Alpha to Omega, inclusive, is mainly one of disobedience to the golden rule. What a beautiful world this would be if we followed this rule! The social evils would be cured; man's love for God of the highest excellency; and even the dreams of sages and reformers would be realized. Ah, but could this dream be more realized now. But there is still one way by which we may regain our lost home in glory, through Christ, who has made it possible for earth to live the rule. Whittier sings:

Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours;  
Upwards, through its blood and ashes spring afresh the  
Eden flowers.

From its smoking hill of battle, Love and Pity send their  
prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

Public opinion is slow in its decisions, but it recognizes more and more as the days flit by that the earth must follow this rule if it desires to enjoy the fullest prosperity. It matters little whether or not man came from a monkey, only that he does not return to a monkey; but it does matter whether or not the Christian follows the golden rule and prepares the earth for the coming millennium.

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated;  
It yet shall touch his garments' fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold.

—Whittier.

*Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.*



It is a dangerous thing to live next door to a king.



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### SHARING THE EVIL.

Mother: "Ethel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to make Charley cry so?"

Ethel: "I've only been sharing my cod-liver oil with him, dear mamma. You said it was so nice."—Harper's Bazaar.

Richard Carle says: "Alimony is the way the grass widow gets her green back."

A benevolent person watched a workman laboriously windlassing rock from a shaft while a broiling sun was beating down on his bared head.

"My dear man," observed the onlooker, "are you not afraid that your brain will be affected in the hot sun?"

The laborer contemplated him for a moment and then replied:

"Do you think a man with any brains would be working at this kind of a job?"

### CONUNDRUMS FOR THE WISE.

What black thing enlightens the world? Answer—Ink.  
Name something with two heads and one body.—Answer—A barrel.

### NO BITTER MEMORY.

"Now, if you would only go to church," the evangelist exhorted. "Why don't you?"

"Well—er—yer see, boss," stammered the hobo.

"I hope you have no feeling against the church, my man."

"Oh, no, I ain't got no grudge again' it. Mine wuz a home weddin'."—Philadelphia Press.

There's glory in the bearing  
Of little burdens long,  
As great as in the lifting  
Of those that test the strong.  
Success is in the silence,  
As well as in the song.

Martin J. Littleton, of Brooklyn, who won national fame as an orator in the Democratic National Convention of 1902, was seriously considered as a fusion candidate for mayor of New York this autumn, but he refused to allow his name to go before the convention. Tammany's strength made it certain that Mayor McClellan would be reelected.

"The situation reminds me of the manner in which a Scotch beadle proposed marriage," explained Mr. Littleton to a friend. "He led the maiden of his choice to a churchyard and, pointing to the various headstones, said:

"My folks are all buried there, Jennie. Wad ye like to be buried there too?"

The Lord is never able to do much with a preacher who is proud of his own head.

### SOMEWHAT MIXED.

The chairman of the committee was addressing a meeting at the teachers' institute.

"My friends, the schoolwark is the bulhouse of civilization; I mean—ah——"

The chairman here became slightly chilled.

"The bulhouse is the schoolwark of civ——"

An invisible smile began to make itself felt.

"The warkhouse is the bulschool of——"

He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbul is the housewark——"

An audible snicker spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scowschool——"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth and made a fresh effort.

"The schoolhouse, my friends——"

A sigh of relief went up. A-h-h! Now he has got his feet under him again. He gazed suavely round. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the wulbark——"

And that was all.—Tit-Bits.

Every day I see more how necessary it is to be consistent, uncompromising and gentle; for often, perhaps, when a word would not be borne, an act of forbearance or self-denial might be remembered in a cooler moment.

In composition avoid long sentences in short articles. Teach your pupils the value and beauty of the simple Anglo-Saxon. Avoid high-sounding phrases.

### A SKATING MATCH.

Bessie: "How on earth did Algy get engaged to Miss Shadyside?"

Tom: "Not on earth, but on ice. He rashly said, 'Lean on me, Miss Shadyside; I'll support you.'"—Puck.


Stranger: "Is the cashier of the local bank a tall man?"

Native: "Physically speaking, yes."


Stranger: "Physically speaking?"

Native: "Yes; otherwise he is short—something like \$50,000. That's why he has taken a trip abroad."—Chicago Daily News.

In Japan it is a custom for lovers to present their sweethearts with a curious toy constructed of strips of glass delicately adjusted, which are commonly known as memory bells. The poise of the strips of glass is such that the least vibration will set them jingling. The memory bells are usually hung in some window, so that the slightest draught will set them in motion. The delicate tinkling is supposed to remind one of the giver, and hence their name.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter VI.

THAT night, after we had reached home and gone to bed, I said to Sile, "Old boy, we had a pretty gay time, didn't we?"

"Well, I should remark; that was swell," said Sile.

Then I went on to explain how I thought the people out here lived like kings and it is not expensive either, and that I thought it was good enough for me, and I had a notion to see if I could not get hold of a small piece of land and improve it, and some day I would have a home as good as anybody.

Sile thought that it would not take long to get a home here as fast as the people made money. So we talked awhile and we decided that we would write to a lot of our friends back East and tell them what a bonanza we had found, and invite them to join us at their earliest opportunity. We are both acquainted with a number of young married couples in the East, who are hammering their lives away on rented farms and have little hope of ever having a home of their own. They are good people and work hard and are saving, and all that, but the prices of land are so high, as well as the rentals, that they cannot get a start.

A man can easily make more money when he has a little to use in the making of more, but when his nose is continually on the grindstone, as they say, it is a hard, uphill pull all the time. If a colony of such people would move in this Butte Valley, and co-operate with each other, it is but a matter of a few years until the last one of them could be independent. You see the lumber is so cheap here that a man can put up good buildings at a very nominal cost. The great variety of crops and the chances to grow live stock on the unlimited government range and all that gives a man a prestige that is not to be had everywhere.

We forgot that anyone else was within a hundred miles, but Alek rolled over in bed with a grunt and shouted at us, saying, "You fellers had better go to sleep and colonize this valley to-morrow, and it may be that the rest of us can get a little sleep too. I've lived here all my life and have never seen it colonized yet, and I don't think you easterners will do such a great thing without the rest of us finding it out." Sile told him that it was the ice cream and cake that

was preventing his sleep and not our talk, and it was not long until he resumed his job of sawing in small chunks, and his snoring made a great deal more racket than all our talk.

We thought there would be no harm in finishing our conversation since Alek was at rest. Sile thought we ought to go into the cattle business for several reasons. We might start a herd without a great deal of capital, and the range would not cost us a cent, and we could cut a little hay on the shares to feed in the short winter season. I told him if he would furnish the cattle and the hay I would hustle around a little and make a strong effort to furnish the water.

"But now, getting down to facts, if we can get the folks back East to understand what there is out here, there is another business that will leave that one in the shade. It is the sugar beet business. The people in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, are making money by the barrel, in the sugar beet business. Lands have advanced in price until they have doubled their values a time or two within the last few years, and this section will do the same thing. And as fast as the country settles up and the people produce the acreage in beets, sugar factories follow the acreage. The people who are in the sugar manufacture business are always ready to put up more factories, as soon as they are assured of patronage. It is a sure business because they will contract three years ahead for your products. What can be done in one section can be done in another, provided the soil has the proper saccharine qualities. You see this soil has been tested by the best experts and has been pronounced to be among the finest for the purpose, and besides, there are factories right now, both to the north and to the south of us. Of course the sugar men will not put a factory here till we can guarantee them a good acreage. But when the other boys come out here they will see at once the proposition and we will be in for it before we hardly know it. It has been estimated time and again that thirty-five dollars will produce sixty-five or seventy dollars. Are you asleep, Sile?"

"No, I am not asleep, and if I was not interested in your talk I could not go to sleep for that dog."

Old Tige had been sitting by the corner of the house for two hours and just barking and barking like he had a contract to do the barking for the neighborhood. I went to the window to see what he was barking about, and he was looking up straight at the moon; and I told Sile I didn't blame him much, it was so pretty, and don't you think Sile said he'd rather see a honeymoon?

(To be continued.)



We Are Going to Make it Worth Your  
While to Read the

# INGLENOOK

During the Year of 1906!

## FIRST.--We Want You

to continue to be a member of the INGLENOOK family for the good that we can do you.

The following are only some of the things planned which we are sure you will appreciate.

**ARTICLES** from South Africa by ELDER D. L. MILLER.

**A STORY** "Ann Lovell's Heritage," by MARY I. SENSENBAUGH.

**SEED-THOUGHTS** by JOSEPHINE HANNA, the modern proverb writer.

**POEMS** by MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT, the Friend poetess.

## SECOND--We Must Have You

to continue with us through the next year for the good you can do us. Every member of the family has his place. You are one. You can tell us what you like and what you don't like, thus helping us to make the paper better.

### **BUT MORE THAN THIS--**

The INGLENOOK is published weekly at \$1.00 per year. Any-  
one may have the paper and this FINE FOUNTAIN PEN for **\$1<sup>.47</sup>**

It is fitted with a heavy gold pen and the barrel is perfectly turned. Although narrower than most other holders, it will hold a large quantity of ink, the capacity being obtained from the length rather than from the breadth. The taper cap gives it a pleasing, slender effect. This is a good pen, sells for \$1.25 and is *fully warranted*.

Any pen proving to be imperfect will be exchanged free of charge.

Cash must accompany the order.

<i>The Inglenook</i> , 1 year, .....	\$1.00
<i>The Fountain Pen</i> , .....	\$1.25

Both for Only ..... \$1.47

This offer is both to old and new subscribers.

THE INGLENOOK IS EQUAL TO MANY DOLLAR MONTHLIES.

**Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.**



# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making the only common sense offer ever made to the reader of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."

J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'fg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pains across the front part of the head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## A Perfect Treatment

It stands without a rival in the world for neatness and cheapness and in its effect upon people who are troubled with catarrh or any of the above named diseases. Any child can use it. The medicated air penetrates the obscure places which medicine taken into the stomach cannot reach. Every air cell of the head drinks in its life-giving properties; every inhalation weakens the disease and leaves in its stead new vital force.

If you have a COLD, try it.  
If you have SORE THROAT, try it.  
If you have BRONCHITIS, try it.  
If you have a COUGH, try it.  
If you have CATARRH, try it.  
If you have buzzing or roaring in the head, try it. If you have headache, try it. If you are partially deaf from the closing of any of the tubes leading to the inner ear, try it. Hundreds have reported immediate good results and permanent cures.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me inclosing 12 cents postage, mentioning this paper, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of medicine with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost 12 cents postage and you still have your money. It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands and I have not one cent profit, except on future orders. I deal fairly with every one and want no one's money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

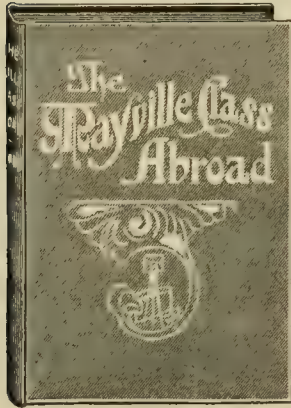
Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND OHIO.

NOT sold by Druggists. Big Money for Agents handling my Treatment. Write as above.



# The Mayville Class Abroad

By E. M. COBB



The Mayville High School class make a tour through Europe and Palestine and write letters home of the most interesting character. It is just the thing for young people. All will find the book captivating and very instructive.

Reading this book is just like reading letters from a friend traveling abroad. You can only imagine how interesting and instructive such a book would be, unless you have actually had the experience. It is a book that will interest the whole family.

The book is finely illustrated and contains 288 pages. It is bound in fine cloth and has a beautiful cover design stamped in white. You had better send for a copy now.

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Just one agent wanted in each community. If you want to make some money real quick write at once for terms on this book. **ACT NOW** or someone else will. Address,

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Start the New Year Right

**Take a Trip to California**

It is not an expensive trip—It costs less to live there than here. If you cannot stay six weeks, stay two—you will never regret it. The trip there and back is a rest and recreation in itself. The through train service via the

## Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

offers a variety of interesting routes: Via Omaha and Ogden; via Omaha and Salt Lake City, and via Kansas City and through scenic Colorado. Another interesting route is via St. Paul and Minneapolis. Why not go one route and return via another?

Write to-day for rates and folders showing through train service, mailed free on request.

**F. A. MILLER,**  
General Pass. Agent,  
**CHICAGO**

## REAL ESTATE, LOCATING & TRANSPORTATION CO.

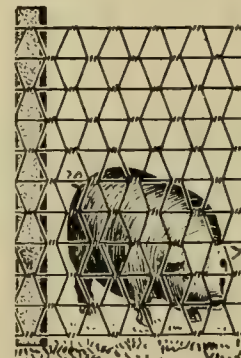
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All information given to Brethren and all others going to Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and California seeking cheap homes and church privileges, also land, homes and rental property in Kansas City and vicinity, call or write for information to,

**A. C. BRUBAKER,**

1519 East 12th Street,  
**KANSAS CITY, MO.**

6t3



## DIAMOND MESH FENCING

From 4½ up to 6 ft. high and 1-in. mesh up. Direct to farmers. Write for catalogue and prices.

**THE HOLLINGER  
FENCE CO.,**  
GREENVILLE, OHIO

## THE SICK GET WELL

Using the Nonpoisonous Botanic Red Label Remedies. Send 10 c. for a 25-c box, a booklet on diet for the sick worth its weight in gold and learn about the surest system of healing known. Name your ailment. **Health Supply Co., Ashland, Ohio.** 6t4

## "Our Young People"

**THAT'S** the new paper that we are receiving subscriptions for by the thousand. Subscriptions have poured in for this paper even beyond our expectations and we were compelled to print a second edition of the first number.

### PRICE OF PAPER.

Single subscription, per year, 65 cents.

In clubs of five or more to one address, each, 40 cents.

In clubs of five or more to one address, per quarter, each, 10 cents.

### INTRODUCTORY PRICE.

In clubs of five or more to different addresses, from now to July 1, 1906, per copy, 20 cents.

In clubs of five or more to one address, to July 1, 1906, per copy, 10 cents.

We cannot guarantee back numbers. Send your list of subscriptions now, to

**BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,**  
Elgin, Illinois.

# THE LAST WEST

---

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three yearss' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

## PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

440 Temple Court

Minneapolis, Minn.

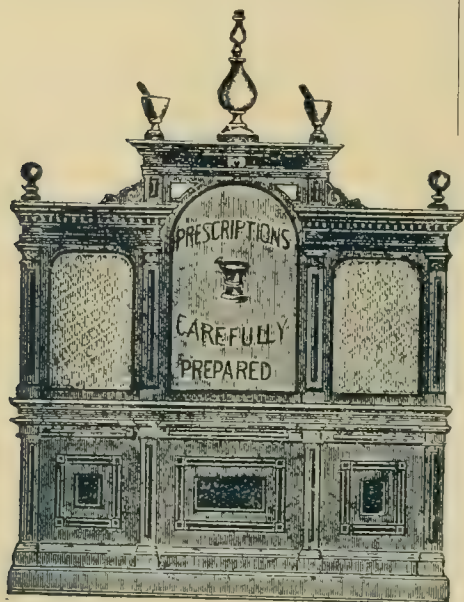
People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.



# DRUGS



**DO NOT FORGET OUR MAMMOTH DRUG DEPARTMENT.**

Try us for **SOMETHING** you want and you will buy from us **EVERYTHING** you want in this line.

**OUR GOODS ARE RIGHT.  
OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT.**

We can furnish anything from the simplest drug to the most complex prescription.

**WE ARE NOT A MEMBER OF THE DRUG TRUST.**

Some questions one should ask himself or herself, "Am I buying my drugs from a reliable source, where the drugs will be **PURE** and there will be no **SUBSTITUTION** and from one **QUALIFIED** to compound medicine which is to deal with life?"

**OUR DRUG DEPARTMENT** is under the personal supervision of a Registered Pharmacist of 20 years' experience in drug-stores in small country towns and Chicago, who has met nearly every phase of the drug business and one who has the confidence of those who have and are dealing with him.

## GUARANTEE.

If any of our medicines, those put up by us, Albaugh Bros., Dover & Co., do not do all we claim for them, providing the directions are obeyed fully and we mean all we say in the directions (we are just as careful what we put on the label as what we put into the bottle) we will refund the price paid for the medicine. All we ask is a fair trial, and we will prove that we have a line of remedies that are without superiors and few equals.

Send to us for your **DRUGS**.

Send to us for your Patent Medicines.

Send to us to have your Family Receipts and Prescriptions filled.



A 100

This Cough Syrup is one of the most reliable, speedy and permanent cures for Coughs, Colds, and most species of Throat and Lung Disease.

Price for 50c Bottle, 39c; 1.00 Bottles, 78c.

We guarantee goods of our manufacture to be just what we claim they are. There are no **"CURE-ALLS"** in **OUR LINE**, but you can rely upon what we say for them. When we say "cure," we mean cure. When we say relieve we mean relieve. Some diseases are incurable but can be relieved.

This ointment should be in every household for Burns, Colds on the chest, Cuts, Sore Throat, Piles, Catarrh, Barbed Wire Cuts, and Flesh Wounds. Good for man or beast.  
Price for 25c-Box, 19 Cents.

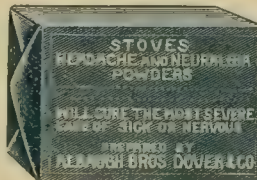


This is an enemy to Colds and will Cure La-Grippe. If used once you will not be without it. **PRICE FOR 25c Box 19c.** A102

Sometimes a cold becomes so fastened upon the lungs that it is necessary to use Dr. Holland's Golden Rheumatic Oil. Where the cold has become so that the soreness and tightness on the lungs is not relieved by rubbing it with Dr. Holland's Camphorated Ointment, then apply the Dr. Holland's Golden Rheumatic Oil, and "Good-bye" then "Mr. Cold." Dr. Holland's Golden Rheumatic Oil, price, 25 cents.

**PILOL** for piles in any form is without exception the best remedy I know of and I have been behind the counter of drug stores for the past 25 years, have filled thousands of prescriptions and have had doctors prescribe it in their practice. For piles in any form, hemorrhoids, internal or external, itching, bleeding or protruding. Dr. C. E. Sibbit, of No. 20 West 9th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, in a letter to his father says of Pilol: "He is considerable better of the Hemorrhoids, from which he has been suffering for some time." His father bought three \$1.00 boxes. A103

A sure, safe, reliable cure for Headache and Neuralgia, it will not affect the heart. **PRICE FOR 25c Box, 19c.**



A104

**Fountain Syringe No. A113. Guaranteed.** 3 slip pipes, rectal, vaginal and infant.

2 qt. Reg. Price 75c, Our Price 57c  
3 qt. Reg. Price 85c, Our Price 63c

**Tooth's Toothache Cure** will relieve toothache where there is a cavity (hole) decayed in the tooth. Price, 10 cents. A105.

**Giddings Family Medicine** for Rheumatism, Cuts, Diarrhea, Cold on Chest, Wounds, Nausea, Earache, Toothache, Bruises, Sprains, Neuralgia, Frost Bites, etc. This medicine is made of roots and herbs and is what we term a vegetable preparation, and put upon the market with a view of meeting the requirements of a family emergency medicine. It is good for man or beast. Should be kept in every household to save suffering as well as money. You remember the saying, "A stitch in time saves nine."

Price, 50c size, .....44 cents  
Price, \$1.00 size, .....88 cents

**Foot's Corn Eradicator** will remove the corns. Price, 10 cents. A106.

Write us and let us know how our medicine has helped you.

**WHITE'S CREAM LINIMENT.** A107

For man or beast. For Sprains, Swellings, Bruises and Lameness. The farmer will find this a friend for himself or horses.

Price for 50c size, .....39 cents  
Price for \$1.00 size, .....78 cents



A101

**FARMERS' BLACK OIL.** A 108.

Good for man or beast. For barbed wire cuts, bruises, wounds; fine for a horse when it runs a nail into its foot. It will save veterinary bills. No farmer should be without it.

Price, 50c size, .....39 cents  
Price, \$1.00 size, .....78 cents

**A. B. D. & C. HOG CHOLERA REMEDY.** A 109.

This will prevent hog-cholera, and we believe it is the best remedy for hog-cholera on the market.

Price, 1 gal., .....\$1.00  
Price, 5 gal., .....4.00

**GIDDINGS' SOOTHING NERVE TONIC PILLS.** A 110.

For nervous, run-down people. For women during "change of life." Nervousness by this remedy is overcome by building up the nervous system. A tonic. A nervine.

Price, 50 cents and \$1.00.

**ORDER BY NUMBER AND NAME TO AVOID MISTAKES.**

**PURE IMPORTED OLIVE OIL.** 1 qt. 75c; 1 gal., \$2.75. This oil comes to the customer in imported packages.

## LADIES' SPRAY SYRINGE



A 112

One advantage Dr. Holland's Vaginal Syringe has over all others is the short time it takes to fill with the fluid which the lady wishes to use. It has all the other good points. It has sliding guard. It is all rubber, has no metal parts to corrode. It is truly the lady's friend for convenience. Explanation booklet free. Regular price, \$2.50. Our price, \$1.50. If mail, postage 18 ct.



**CURES ALL EYE DISEASES.** INFLAMED EYES, SCALDS ON LIDS, GRANULATION ETC.

Price 50c postpaid. A111.

And anything else in the drug line at prices 20 to 50 per cent less than regular retail price.

Transportation charges extra unless otherwise noted. Save this expense by including with other goods or get your friends to order with you.

**See Our Drug ads. in the Scientific Co-Operator**

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER CO., Chicago, Ill.**

When Writing Mention the Inglenook.

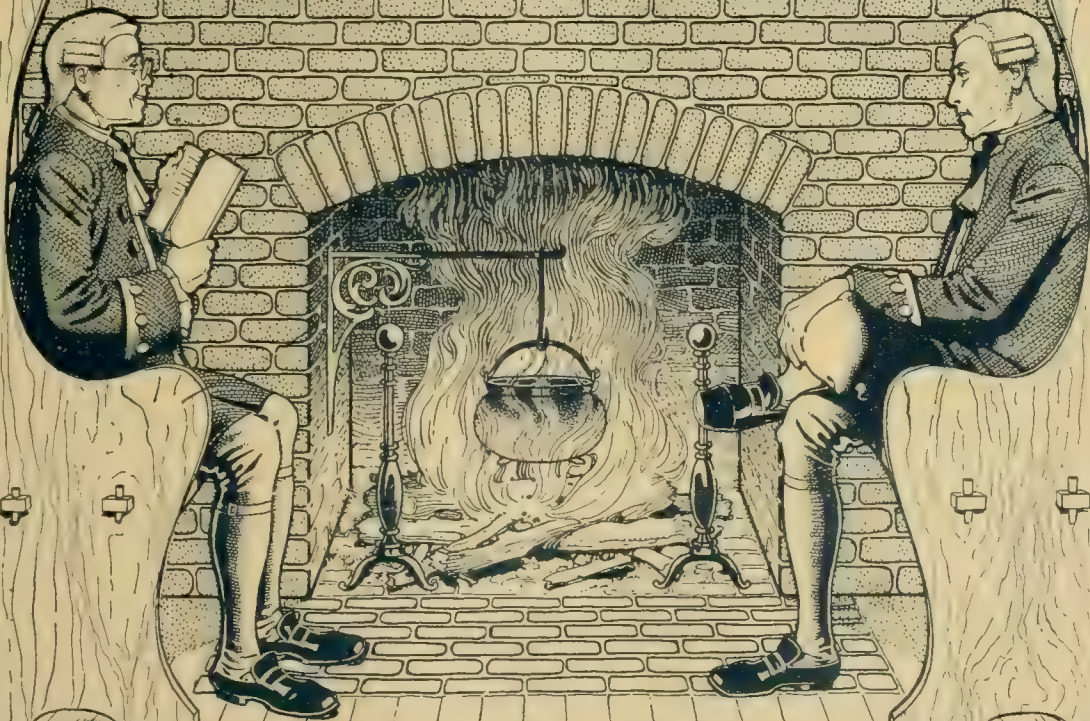


# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

WITH KODAK AND PENCIL SOUTH OF THE  
EQUATOR.—D. L. Miller.  
THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.—Hattie  
Preston Rider.  
A PAIR OF SNOWSHOES.—Mary I. Senseman.  
A BIG WHALE.—J. S. Secrist.



DEXTER & TUTTLE CO.

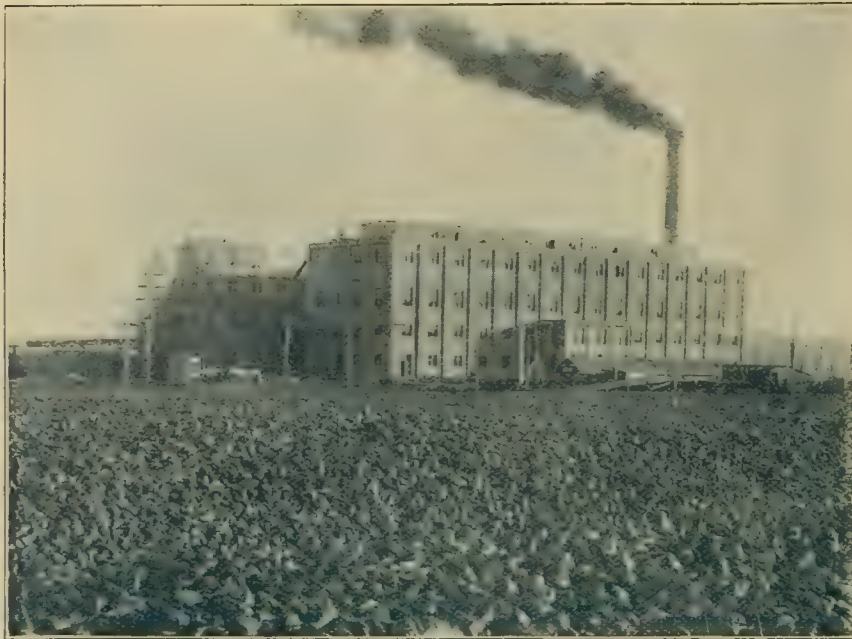
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 13, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 7. Vol. VIII





New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.  
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

## CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte ...Valley...

AND RETURN

## First and Third Tuesdays February and March

From Chicago,.....	\$19.55
From St. Louis,.....	17.25
From Omaha,.....	10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in mid-winter. Go and see for yourself—you need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific  
Railroad**

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

**THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,** as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

### TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for:

### NEW FOLDER FREE

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,  
Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?  
Take the

**Union Pacific Railroad**

♦ ♦ ♦

**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.

♦ ♦ ♦

### ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15  
to April 7

From Chicago, .....	\$33.00
From St. Louis, .....	30.00
From Missouri River, .....	25.00

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

## The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the "OVERLAND ROUTE," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**

♦ ♦ ♦

Printed Matter FREE.  
Write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

**Union Pacific Railroad**  
Omaha, Neb.

# DO - YOU - READ?

## IF YOU DO, BE SURE TO READ OUR **COMBINATION OFFER!**

We have made arrangements so that during the months of December, January and February we can offer to our readers some splendid magazines at greatly reduced prices. Below we give the combination price for which we can furnish these magazines to *new or old subscribers*.

<i>Combination No. 1.</i>	
One 96-page MONTHLY magazine, .....	\$1.00
One 16-page WEEKLY farm paper, .....	\$1.00
Our 24-page WEEKLY INGLENOK, .....	\$1.00
	<hr/>
	\$3.00
We furnish all three for .....	\$1.75
<i>Combination No. 2.</i>	
INGLENOK, .....	\$1.00
Prairie Farmer, .....	\$1.00
	<hr/>
	\$2.00
We will furnish both for .....	\$1.25
<i>Combination No. 3.</i>	
INGLENOK, .....	\$1.00
Medical Talk, .....	\$1.00
	<hr/>
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# HIS CREED

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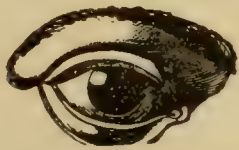
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in Two Weeks.

Amboy, Ind., Aug. 21, 1903.

Dear Doctors:—I rejoice to say that I am entirely well. I had a small sore on each side of my face and one on my nose. About two years ago it began to itch, had some burning sensations in it, but at times it would heal up and I would think it had entirely disappeared, but in a short time it would break out again, so I went to my home doctor and began treating it. I could not see that it was changing any, so I quit. All the time it gave me some annoyance until a few months ago I noticed that it began to spread very rapidly. I called on my physician again and he gave me some medicine to apply to the diseased parts, but it was so very painful that I could not stand it, and by this time it had grown to the size of a silver dollar on either side of my face and nose. I began to think something had to be done soon. I heard of Drs. Rinehart & Co. After investigating I concluded to try their treatment, and for the benefit of those afflicted I want to say that after the first application of the medicine I could notice a difference. After the first day I could see that the cancer was dying out and in two weeks my face was perfectly well. The treatment did not give me the least pain at any time. I heartily recommend Drs. Rinehart & Co. as cancer specialists. Anyone desiring further information concerning my case may have the same by sending self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY 13, 1906.

No. 7.

## A RURAL SCHOOL.

WALTON F. STOVER.

Once, while hunting in the mountains,  
On a cold December day,  
Quite a snow-storm overtook me,  
And therein I lost my way.

Here and there I looked for shelter  
From the fury of the storm—  
Some place where a traveler  
Might rest himself, and warm.

But my hopes were almost vanished,  
When, at last, I saw anear  
What perhaps would aid my comfort,  
Yet I entertained a fear.

'Twas the rudest kind of structure,  
Not inviting in the least;  
Seemingly a lonesome homestead  
Of some hermit, witch or beast.

Near the comb-board was an op'ning  
Through which lazy smoke appeared,  
And the broken windows battled  
With the restless wind, so weird.

Nature had, indeed, attempted  
To uplift what was disgraced,  
For she patched the roof with mosses  
Where the shingles were displaced.

Summing up my waning courage,  
I entreated at the door,  
If I might depart the snow-storm,  
Leave the mountains' awful roar.

Once inside this rustic building,  
Its appearance I adored;  
I was greeted with a welcome  
Far beyond what kings afford.

Though the storm maintained its fury,  
Shutting out the heaven's glow,  
Here within was ample sunshine  
To o'ercome the meanest foe.

Thus it was that circumstances  
Led me to a district school,  
Wherein almost every action  
Was against the common rule.

While the teacher's pedagogics  
I can't give you in detail,  
Yet I saw her plans advancing  
Where my own so often fail.

Her day's work was just beginning,  
For the hour was not yet nine;  
She was reading something comic,  
And in keeping with the time.

After singing some selection  
That was patriotic quite,  
And the late events recounted,  
Each began his task aright.

Recitations always opened  
With the tapping of a bell;  
Not a word was necessary  
For each knew the program well.

Classmates equally were anxious,  
To investigate their task,  
And responded to each query  
That the teacher chanced to ask.

They did not appear as statues  
Posing in some studio,  
But as bright-eyed, living children,  
Who have thoughts that overflow.

Frequently I glanced about me  
Just in quest of idleness,  
But, to my surprise, I found none;  
Each was laboring his best.

Some were studying their grammars,  
Others on some problem bent,  
One was reading some good story,  
Some with history content.

Many recitations followed,  
Each one perfect in its test—  
But to maintain youthful courage,  
Frequently there must be rest.

So the books were replaced nicely,  
And the children went to play  
In the room or on the playground,  
None so happy as were they.

When I left that cheerful party  
I began to ponder why  
Children with such poor surroundings  
Did themselves so well apply.

My conclusion; the instructor  
Led them all to plainly see  
That the school afforded passports  
For their future liberty.

Linton, Ind.



Ef you want somepin and just ded-set  
A pleadin' fer it with both eyes wet,  
And tears won't bring it, w'y you just try sweat,  
As my Uncle ust to say.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



## The Way of the Transgressor

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.



HE trouble began with the McKinley button, which Uncle Phil wore in the parade of the First Voters, which went with him to San Juan, but was left behind when he passed over into the Silent Country, where perhaps he met face to face the dear President whose picture adorned the button. It was Grandma's choicest keepsake; and no one but Lottie would have dared take it without asking. She wore it proudly as the four children marched with drums and flags down the road, through the cornfield, and back up the lane. Then the parade broke up, and five minutes later they missed the button. There is no denying that Grandpa scolded, after the long, fruitless search was over; but Grandma went into the other room with a sick look in her eyes that was infinitely worse. The little culprit lay in a penitent, sobbing heap on the kitchen floor; Myrtle, Jess and Bobby sat in a forlorn row on the back step.

"Let's play something," suggested practical Jess. "Maybe Lottie'll feel better."

"Her oughtn't to feel better," said Bobby, judicially, "'cause her made Grandma feel bad."

"Nonsense!" spoke up Jess; and Myrtle added:

"It won't find the McKinley button, to make herself sick crying."

So they pulled the limp little figure to its unwilling feet, and together went, half-guiltily, down the path to the barn.

"What'll we play?" Myrtle asked.

"I know," Jess answered, promptly; "a new game: 'The Way of The Transgressor.' I thought of it on the step."

"What's a transgressor?" they all asked in a breath.

"It's people that run away and get married," Jess explained, importantly. She was round and chubby, and fond of royal airs. "Don't you know, when Lucy Brown and her father's hired man went over to Portland to get married, and Mr. Brown hurried after them and brought Lucy back, Grandpa said: 'The way of the transgressor is hard'?"

"Did they run every step to Portland?" Bobby asked, staring.

Even Lottie laughed, though faintly.

"They went a-horseback, I guess," explained Jess, who had lately read "Lochinvar." "But we won't have horses. Bobby can be the father, Myrtle will have to be the bride, for she can run fastest. I'm the minister; and Lottie'll be the bridegroom, 'cause she doesn't feel like talking."

They went up the barn stairs to the wide floor between the mows. A back door opened into the lane that led to the pasture. Jess undid the gate to the cornfield opposite, so the bride might run that way. Bobby was stationed around a corner of the oat-bin, to wait the signal. To add zest, it was arranged that the minister and groom should also join the chase,—the latter's spirits, by the way, having risen rapidly. The greatest task of all was to dress the bride, her gown being elaborately trimmed with glowing wild buckwheat vines, and having Jess's turkey-red apron tied by the sleeves around the waist, so it fell in a beautiful train behind.

"Now," instructed the minister, "the minute I've finished the ceremony, I'll count, 'One, two, three,' and Myrtle musn't run till 'three,' 'cause we'd never catch her if she got the start."

They stood up, the groom still rather sober, as became his position, the bride's little drumsticks oddly apparent against their scarlet background.

"Join hands," charged the Rev. Jess. She glanced furtively toward the oat-bin, and saw a little blue eye peering attentively past the corner.

"By the old Leviticus law,  
I marry this Indian to this squaw;  
By the point of this old knife,  
I now pronounce you man and wife

"One! two! *three!*"

As the irate parent rushed from his hiding-place, the bride jerked her hand from her newly-made husband's, and tore like a streak out across the lane. As she passed through the gate, her bright train fluttering, the confused trampling of a hundred feet, more or less, sounded behind her, accompanied by as many hoarse bellows. The pursuit Jess had planned could never sound like that! She dared not pause to look back, for the on-coming rush was that of a whirlwind. Above it, she thought she heard Jess's voice. Cold terror froze Myrtle,—that is, all but her feet. White as cloth, her eyes bulging, she flew down the long avenue of tasseling corn. Gradually, the patter of pursuit dwindled from a multitude to that of a distinct pair; then suddenly Myrtle remembered the calf pen. If she could but reach it! Already she seemed to feel the monster's hot breath on her shoulder; but she raced grimly on, till the zigzag fence loomed at last before her. For one instant, her heart failed. Then she desperately gathered every atom of her failing strength, caught the top rail, and cleared it at a leap, tumbling in a half-senseless heap to the miry earth inside.

When she got strength and courage to look once more behind her, she gave a gasp of astonishment. No hideous monster of her fancy stood there, but only black Becky, tearing a hill of corn blade from blade, and munching it in blissful content. With a flush

of shame Myrtle sat up, remembering the old cow's hatred of red garments. If she had but looked, and taken off Jess's trailing apron, she might have saved her fright. As she scrambled to her knees, faint and shaky, her hand touched something cold on the soft earth. One glance, and Myrtle screamed for joy. It was the McKinley button, safe and unharmed! She recollected now that Lottie had left the "parade" at this point, and climbed on the fence to salute the calves, scaring them nearly out of their doubtful wits. Well, it was worth the race and the fright, to imagine Grandma's joy when the treasure should be restored to her. And Lottie,—how glad she would be!

A vigorous rustling, just then, brought Myrtle to her senses, and also to the top of the fence, with an exclamation of dismay. Yonder were Blix, Bell, and Spotty and the two heifers, to say nothing of Becky right at hand, holding high revel in the corn. Oh! How could they have been so thoughtless! Flinging the offending apron behind her, Myrtle jumped hastily to the ground. As she turned the unwilling Becky, mild enough now, Grandpa appeared, red and perspiring. Myrtle had never seen him so red.

"If you youngsters ain't past all cal'latin', for, mischief!" he exclaimed, irately; and then Myrtle rushed into his arms, chattering with excitement, and holding up the button.

"The land alive, child!" he ejaculated, with sudden, softened reverence. "Where on earth did you find it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's the way of the transgressor's Grandfather that's hard, I'm thinking," said that old gentleman, ruefully, after Jess had recounted the whole story at the supper-table. "'T any rate, when his cows and grandchildren lay it out for him through his best strip o' growin' corn. I alwus said Beck could smell an open gate a mile off. But 'tain't no matter,"—glancing lovingly across at Grandma's placid face,—"nobody might a-found the button any other way."

*Elgin, Ill.*

\* \* \*

#### A HEART-RENDING SCENE.

I WAS sitting at my breakfast table one morning when I was called to the door by the ring of the door-bell. There stood a boy about thirteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches, one leg off at the knee. In a voice that trembled with emotion, tears coursing down his cheeks, he said:

"Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddie Brown. I have come to see if you will go to jail to talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to-morrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself. We are very, very poor, and have no

friends. We live in a dark, dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots, and doing odd jobs, but, Mr. Hoagland, we are awful poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The governor says we may have his body after he is hung."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail where I found the father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink or he would never have committed the crime. He said:

"My wife was a good woman and a faithful mother to my children. Never did I dream that my hands should be guilty of such a crime."

The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would break when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the poor children. I found three little girls on a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls, had they proper care.

They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

In a little while two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending the officers could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with the terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said, "Come, sisters, kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out, "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

I raised my heart to God and said, "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make a scene like this possible!" In my heart I said, "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, the home destroyed!" I there promised my God I would work to save my country from the ruin of the oligarchy.—*Selected.*

\* \* \*

IN a mass meeting of students of the Union College, of Schenectady, N. Y., in which the faculty took no part, it was resolved, without opposition, "That football in its present form be abolished at Union College."



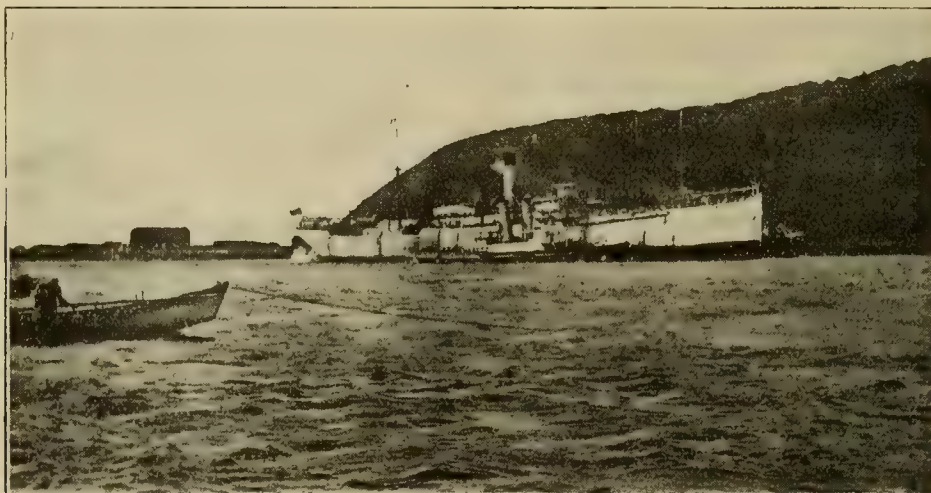
## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Boers.  
No. 20.

It is estimated that about ten thousand took part in this first great trek of 1837. These were the "Voor-trekkers," the advance guard, and were soon followed by others; and so gradually the Boers emigrated to the new colonies. The Zulus were as savage and unrelenting as the North American Indian and the fierce

they had met and overcome the Zulu chief, Dingaan, thus wresting that fruitful land from the savages. Here they settled, built houses and established their homes. They had risked much and suffered more than they might have a free government of their own, rid of their old-time enemies. But after the Boers



Ship Entering Harbor at Durban, South Africa.—One of the Finest Harbors on the Coast.

wild animals were not to be despised. Paul Kruger killed a lion single-handed before he was fifteen years old and, it is said, he slew some fifty lions while he lived in the Transvaal. But Zulus and lions gave the Boers less concern than did the British. In Natal

had defeated the Zulus and had settled down quietly in their new possessions the British made claim to Natal. In order to establish their claim by might three companies of soldiers were sent into the colony. These were promptly met by the Boers and badly cut



Boer Meetinghouse at Nylstrom, with Wagons and Tents, During the Nachtmahl (Lord's Supper).



Zulu Women.—They are Large and Strong limbed and are Fighters, as are the Men.

up in a bloody battle. The survivors fortified themselves and later large reinforcements came to their aid. It was the old story over again. Might makes right. The farmers were finally dispersed and driven out, and again they trekked and carried with them bitter hearts and the story of their wrongs, inflicted upon them by Great Britain, to their brethren of Orange River and the Transvaal.

At this time the dominant government asserted the

doctrine that a British subject could not throw off allegiance by going into unoccupied territory. No matter to what part of South Africa the Boer trekked in search of a refuge from his enemies he was still a subject and a pioneer in establishing new British colonies.

Let an English author tell of the wrongs suffered by these patient farmers who sought only to be left to themselves and for freedom to worship God according to their own notions and consciences.

Had they wrongs at all? It is difficult to reach that height of philosophic detachment which enables the historian to deal absolutely impartially where his own country is a party to the quarrel. At the end of their great journey, after overcoming the difficulties of distance, and of nature, and of savage enemies, the Boers saw at the end of their travels the very thing which they desired least—that which they had come so far to avoid—the flag of Great Britain. The Boers had occupied Natal from within, but England had previously done so by sea, and a small colony of Englishmen had settled at Durban. The home government, however, acted in a vacillating way, and it was only the conquest of Natal by the Boers which caused them to claim it as a British colony. . . . We may at least allow that there is a case for our adversary. Our annexation of Natal had been by no means definite, and it was they and not we who first broke that bloodthirsty Zulu power which threw its shadow across the country. It was hard after such trials and such exploits to turn their back upon the fertile land which they had conquered, and to return to the bare pastures of the upland veldt. They carried out of Natal a sense of injury, which has helped to poison our relations with them ever since. It was, in a way, a momentous episode, this little skirmish of soldiers and emigrants, for it was the heading off of the Boer



Post Office Building at Pretoria.



from the sea and the confinement of his ambition to the land. Had it gone the other way, a new and possibly formidable flag would have been added to the maritime nations."

The Boers were now settled in the vast territory bounded by the Orange River in the south and the Limpopo in the north. Large numbers of their brethren had come to them from Cape Colony and these recruits swelled their number to between fifteen and twenty thousand. They were scattered over a territory as large as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and all the New England States. They established a democratic form of government under which the individual had

ren plains of the Transvaal and determined to grant the request. "The great barren country, which produced little save marksmen, had no attraction for the Colonial Office which was bent upon the limitation of its liabilities. A convention was concluded between the two parties, known as the Sand River Convention, which is one of the fixed points in South African history. By it the British government guaranteed to the Boer farmers the right to manage their own affairs and govern themselves by their own laws without any interference on the part of the British. It stipulated that there should be no slavery, and with that single reservation washed its hands finally, as it imagined,



City Hall, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

the greatest possible liberty. They had internal troubles, but settled them in accordance with their own laws. Their wars with the Zulu and Kaffir savages, their fear and hatred of the English and their religion were the ties which held them together. Again the British appear on the scene of action. In 1848 the Imperial Government placed a garrison at Bloemfontein and incorporated the district between the Orange and Vaal rivers in the British Empire. The Boers protested and fought, but were defeated and settled down to the new order of things with increased bitterness against the British who seemed to follow them wherever they went.

The most of the Boers were now located in Transvaal, across the Vaal, and petitioned Great Britain for a formal declaration of their independence. The authorities had little disposition to lay claim to the bar-

ren of the whole question. So the South African Republic came into existence."

This all occurred in 1852 and two years later the Orange Free State came into existence as an independent power, followed by the deliberate withdrawal of Great Britain from the territory. These were troublous times for Great Britain. The Crimean war was on and she gladly relinquished her claims to territory of a very doubtful value and a people who could and would shoot as well as pray. She had her hands full nearer home and so gave her consent to the forming of the two sturdy republics in South Africa which were destined fifty years later to strike her a staggering blow and to hold the united forces of the empire at bay.

(To be continued.)

## A BIG WHALE.

J. S. SECRIST.

ON Williams Creek, Josephine county, Oregon, lives our aged and beloved brother, G. W. Hoxie; he has in common with many of the old western pioneers quite a remarkable biography, though unwritten. The following incident was gleaned from him by the writer, while on a visit at his home.

He was born in Rochester, Mass., in 1832, and on April 17, 1849, being then past sixteen, in company with his father, uncle and cousin, started for the gold fields of California. They sailed on the bark *Chase*,

monsters of the deep. Finding himself wounded, the whale made a tremendous dive; and while all eyes were anxiously watching for his reappearance, he suddenly came up right under their boat, knocking it fifteen feet into the air, and stoving a hole in the bottom of it. The other boat came and picked them up; they righted their boat, patched the hole as best they could; all got into it wet, without any supply of food or water. First the whale took them one way and then the other at a terrific speed. At one time he made a thirty-minute run, which took the boat almost out of sight of the ship. It was something frightful to ride behind this enraged monster of the deep, splitting the waves, beating the sea into foam;



• House of Parliament, Capetown, South Africa.

a small sailboat of one hundred and fifty tons, commanded by Captain Rickerson, via of Magellan Strait, around South America. They were fitted out for whaling, thinking thus to make a profitable trip. There were twenty-one men aboard, all told.

While on their way south, in the month of July, and near the equatorial line, the following incident occurred: One morning the man who was on the lookout reported a big whale in sight. Two boats were quickly lowered, provisioned, watered, and equipped with harpoons and ropes, they started for their prize. Hoxie, his father, and four others were in one boat. After some time the captain of the other boat succeeded in harpooning the monster; he then handed the line over to the boat in which Brother Hoxie was; and now began one of the most determined battles that perhaps was ever fought between man and the

the boat at times almost clear of the water, at others under the waves, but the captain was a cool, brave man and gave his orders, "Steady, boys!" in a way that told.

After the monster found that he could not shake them off that way, he stopped, wheeled about, and made a terrific charge upon them. It was a terrible moment; he was coming on at the speed of an express train, with his monstrous jaws wide open (his jaws were afterwards measured and found to be twenty-five feet long); should he get them their boat would not be as much as an eggshell to him. But the captain was equal to the occasion; every man sat with oar in hand, boat turned at right angles, and at a given signal, they pulled her just out of the path of the enraged monster, whose jaws snapped as he passed by in his blind fury. The captain put a second har-



poon into his body and now he was fast with two lines.

It was an all-day fight, but at the going down of the sun, the plucky whalers won the victory, and the dying monster gave up the struggle. The ship had been following them all day, but was almost out of sight at dark, the other boat having put back to her early in the day. It was one o'clock A. M. before she espied them in the dark, after passing them several times. Wet, hungry and tired, but victorious, they were safely anchored once more. The whale was lashed alongside the ship and cut up on the following day; he measured one hundred and forty-five feet in length, being a true sperm whale. The voracious sharks helped themselves liberally while he was being carved; nearly all was taken on board before night except the head; this was lost that night by a gale which struck the ship, causing her to lurch. The estimated loss of oil from this was thirty barrels. Three hundred and sixty-five barrels of the fine oil was secured from him, which was afterwards sold in the city of Callo, Peru, South America, for \$8 per gallon, or a total of \$93,440. Proceeding on their journey, they landed at San Francisco, Cal., just one year from time of starting.

*Myrtlepoint, Oregon.*



### A PAIR OF SNOWSHOES.

MARY I. SENSEMAN.



It was an ideal winter for sport. Early in January there was a fall of snow that lay to a depth of six inches on the bleakest knolls and six feet in the hollows. After the snowstorm the sleet came, pelting from the southwest until it was piled full a half-inch thick on every horizontal surface. The next morning we looked out upon trees bent and broken; fence wires and telephone wires sagging with their crystal load; the western and southern sides of buildings daubed by the winter glazier; the white, leveled fields of the evening before become the perfection of spectral colorlessness; the brilliant rays of the sun as little able to warm the stinging air as were their own millions of glittering reflections.

Now for fun with sleds! The "little tads" pulled theirs out upon the crusted snow and then, seated on them with their faces to the rear, dug their heels with a stepping backward motion into the hard surface; and away sped boys and girls and sleds until the youngsters could scarcely unbend their creaking knees to stamp out of existence the knots into which the unwonted exercise drew their leg muscles. When the disporters crept into their beds at night those nocturnal habitations kept sliding, sliding, until slumber overtook the weary little occupants.

The cold snap lasted nearly six weeks. In all that glorious time the older boys and girls were shut up behind school doors. Only on Saturdays and an occasional evening were they free to frolic.

One boy in the neighborhood wasn't free at all. It was Job Clayton. His father, Hen Clayton, owned one of the largest and finest farms in the community. There were two hundred acres of tillage, sixty of meadow, and forty of woodland.

The parts of the farm lay in that order. The commodious buildings were at the highway, tenant houses a little distance from the landlord's residence. Back of these were the fields, of regular size; the acres of meadow beyond; and then the stretch of magnificent timber meeting the easterly limits of Graytown. A back lane led from the barnyard to the meadow.

The lane, unlike the wire-inclosed fields, was still bounded by a "stake and rider." And almost to the top of that fence the snow was heaped.

To follow the lane was to take a short route to Graytown. Job Clayton went to high school there. He began in the autumns about Thanksgiving time and was able to go until the middle of March. The reason for his spending so short a time each year is explained in Hen Clayton's remark, "The farm must be tended. Job's able to help."

In that manner, however, Job could not graduate within less than eight years from his first entrance into the academy, for the farm left no leisure moments for out-of-school study. Job said only once, and that to his mother, "I'll go through the course if I'm thirty before I get to graduate. For thirty years will come and will find me without a diploma unless I go to school now."

During even the scant four months of winter Job had to perform numberless morning and evening chores and odd jobs at repairing and such like,—Hen Clayton was aware of his son's mechanical ability. So the back lane shortened the trips to and from school, for which the lad's time was so limited.

But the white shroud over lane and field, brook and woodland, sent Job trudging around by the road, three times the "short-cut" distance. The crusted snow in the lane bore his sturdy form, but in the meadow it went *crunch!* at nearly every step, and being light and unpacked beneath the sleeted surface, it let Job sink above his knees.

A few of the journeys 'round the road to Graytown brought ideas into the boy's head. He thought of snowshoes and mentally constructed them. An ancient buffalo robe, unused and tattered and almost devoid of hair, could be used as thongs.

"Father," he asked, one bitter February evening, "may I have the old buffalo robe to make a pair of snowshoes?"

"An' cut it up? No, you can't."

But alone in his room that night Job considered his little hoard of silver and copper. In all there was a dollar that he had collected some way, somehow,—rather, many ways, many hows, in all his lifetime.

"Father," he said in the morning, "I have a dollar that I'll give you for that buffalo robe."

"You might buy it for five of 'em," Hen Clayton replied. "But s'posin' you give me the dollar anyways. You're not of age yet, you know."

Job had not shed tears since he was a little chap, but all that day, when visions came to him of the dimes and pennies in his father's alien wallet, his eyes felt terribly burny and his chest and throat were all choked up.

Without money to purchase there was not obtainable a scrap of leather that would serve Job's purpose. For in every nook and cranny of Henry Clayton's possessions he who ran could read "t-h-r-i-f-t," although from the weary eyes, knotted hands, and shabby gowns of Henry Clayton's wife one might have interpreted that trait of the landlord's, "s-t-i-n-g-i-n-e-s-s."

Six weeks of the highway trips accustomed Job to them, as all grim hardships inured him,—by pitting themselves against his indomitable tenacity.

At the very last the cold grew yet more intense. But the sun was coming north and by afternoon one day had made the surface of the snow slightly pliant. By evening the air was tempered, too.

Job, busily engaged at his chores, did not see his father all the evening. At supper he noticed that his mother had an anxious look. She said merely, "Job. I saw father going down the back lane this afternoon. But he never is out over the farm at night." Mother and son exchanged comprehending glances as Mrs. Clayton added, "The snow thawed some this afternoon."

It was Hen Clayton's custom to spend some hours of the short days of winter walking about his farm, examining fences, looking at wheat, inspecting trees, making plans which later enabled him and his to perform his work in mighty swaths. It was Mrs. Clayton's supposition that her husband had set out on such a tour that afternoon.

Job made his preparations in silence. Warmly coated and shod, he went out into the night to fulfill his mother's unspoken commission.

It was a tedious, slavish tramp over the broad acres. The searcher now sank only ankle deep, now to his knees, pushing diagonally across this field, along the border of that one, at intervals calling in his strong, clear voice, "Father!"

A little of his patience and self-confidence gone at last, driven out by physical fatigue, the lad entered the woods. He had occasionally found places where

a man's boot, presumably his father's, had crushed through the snow's surface. But those traces were such distances apart as to be useless.

Among the trees the search was yet more difficult. Finally it was completed there, too, but futile. The meadow still remained untraversed. But in that lower lying portion the snow lay almost waist deep and it was impossible for Job to get through it.

Hark! Was there an answer to his call? It might be only the sighing of the wind through the trees.

Job saw that the anxious look on his mother's face had grown tense when he stumbled into the house. He forced all his own remaining hope and assurance into his eyes as he told of his vain expedition.

"But, mother," he concluded, "the snow is too deep in the meadow for me to walk through it. I believe it will bear me up if I have snowshoes. May I have the buffalo robe to make a pair?"

Mrs. Clayton hesitated. "Can't you call one of father's hired men and have him go through the meadow?"

"The snow is deep. One must walk upon it, not through it."

"I know, I know. You can do all that can be done, my boy, Job," she added softly.

And as she watched him spend two long hours to cut the hickory for frames, the buffalo robe into strips, and assisted him to fit them together into not ungainly snowshoes she was thinking that she had named her son "Job" premonitorily.

The mother accompanied the boy to the heaped-up snow and watched him undertake his novel feat. The snowshoes felt clumsy enough. Sometimes his knees forgot to bend inward and he went floundering. But step by step he progressed. At last out upon the meadow and bound for the lowest, farthest corner! With a degree less of caution, of patience, none could have kept onward.

"Job!" There lay Hen Clayton, deep down in the snow at the west side of a hillock. He was shivering with the chill from his garments and Job wrapped his own warm coat about him.

"Are you hurt, father?"

"Right hip's out o' place for once (the accident now and then occurred to him) and you'll have to give my leg a jerk, I reckon."

The joint obediently slipped into place, but the muscles were strained and swollen and the man could not have walked on level ground, much less make his way through the wintry obstacle.

"I can bring your dog sled out and haul you back on it," Job ventured to suggest.

"An' break—" The dog sled was a cherished keepsake of Hen Clayton's boyhood. "Well, Job, I reckon you'll have to get it."

Strong of limb and of purpose though the lad was,



his lack of skill in using the snowshoes rendered laborious the trips from meadow to house and back again.

The final return to the house was further impeded by the weight of the injured man, stretched at full length on the low, broad-runner sled. Hen Clayton propelled himself with his hands as much as he could. But even with that aid and frequent stops for rest his son was sapped of well-nigh every ounce of strength.

The east was becoming gray when Job, haggard from the fiercely enervating toil of the night, tumbled down on the little-used couch in the sitting room. His mother, gladsome and thankful of heart, was in the room beyond, chafing the chilled, cramped extremities of the big man she had tucked into bed.

It was scarcely more than two hours later when Mrs. Clayton stooped over her other precious charge, to arouse him for his breakfast and his school day.

"Say, Kitty!" issued in a hoarse whisper from the bedroom. "Kitty!" Why, it sounded as sweet now as did "Mother" from the same lips when Job, a tiny mite, lay in her young arms.

"Is Job goin' to school to-day?"

"I think he'll want to. I was goin' to call him."

"Well, you tell Berkett or Swane to hitch up an' take him. He's pretty tired, I reckon."

Hen Clayton, in his waking hours that day, looked through the bedroom window at the tiny rivulets that coursed hither and thither, and at the snow settling down bit by bit. And as the afternoon waned and the rivulets changed to streaks of ice he saw in his mind a big man deep down in a hole in the snow of the meadow; he saw the twisted, helpless, painful limb: he shivered between the warm blankets as he saw the garments of the man becoming more and more wet from the melting snow and then as the chill of night came on and made the garments stiff.

A tired, boyish voice sounded from the kitchen and Hen Clayton did not need to force himself much to call, somewhat hoarsely, "Hullo, there, son!"

Job came at the summons, a queer, joyfully-scared look in his eyes.

"I reckon Berkett and Swane c'n do the chores this evening, son."

There was school for Job until June that year, and the next, and the next: school days, school mornings, school evenings, and chores optional.

*Corvington, Ohio.*

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WE are as responsible for what we permit others to do in our name as we are for our own deeds.

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It is as wicked to neglect to do right as it is to do wrong.

## CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

### A Pioneer to the Most Abandoned Heathen.

MATILDA QUELLHORST.

THE tragical fate which befell this heroic man in his attempt to introduce Christianity to the heathen world has made his name great and has won for him a distinguished place in the missionary world. He was often urged to enter different lines of work, but preferred to continue in and complete the one thing he had begun and thus glorify God.

He was born in 1794, the son of a squire, and passed his boyhood days as most boys do, although he showed an early predilection for a sailor's life, and one time he slept on the floor, saying he wanted to get used to hardships as he intended to travel all over the world.

When he was sixteen years of age he enlisted in the navy, and while there won the favor and honor of all who knew him. About three or four years after this his mother died, and this set him to thinking, as he had wandered far away from her teachings.

He decided to buy a Bible, but was so ashamed to be seen doing so that he watched when there was no one in the bookstore, then went in and bought one, which he read at night, so no one would see him. The result that followed his Bible reading was giving himself to God.

He soon had within him a desire to be a missionary and as he could not get the consent of the government to go, he with his wife settled down, but he never lost his hope of some day being a missionary.

His wife had very poor health and was soon taken from him. After her death he determined to enter upon his mission, which he thought was to visit the dark places of the earth and help to light them with the Gospel.

He first went to South Africa. The people there were almost savage, and the thought of leading them to Christ seemed absurd to the people, but Gardiner went on.

When he reached South Africa he started to cross the country to where the "Chief" lived and often after swimming across a river he would lie down on the bank to rest only to be aroused by the snorting of some wild beast; yet he would continue on his journey, trusting God for protection, until at last he reached the chief, who was a terror to everyone, and obtained land from him for a missionary settlement. Here he began his work in earnest. He opened a week-day school and was their school-teacher, leader and minister.

After three years of hard work in Africa the whites and natives had some trouble and soon war broke out.

at which time Gardiner had to flee for his life and seek a new field in which to work.

He decided to go to South America, but when he reached there he could find no place to work, as the South American citizens were suffering so much at the hands of white men that they would have nothing to do with him.

After two years of fruitless labor he left South America and went to New Guinea. The people here suspicioned him, saying that English officers were never free from political designs and that his missionary announcements were only a cloak for these.

He then went to the Falkland Islands. Here he was very successful and started also to work in Patagonia and Terre del Fuego. In Fuego he met with failure, but in Patagonia his work progressed rapidly and he found a place for a missionary settlement, but the English government would not furnish means to start a mission there.

Failing in his main object, he tried something else. He had Bibles printed and distributed in the heathen land, then he went there, but they threatened his life, so he again returned home, but never gave up.

He once said in talking to a friend about his work, "We can never do wrong in casting the gospel net on any side or in any place. 'If they persecute you in one place, flee ye to another.'"

While at home he was always working for a plan by which he could carry the Gospel to the heathen.

After several years he and six other men set sail for South America, but a storm drove their ship on shore off the Picton Island. Here they were succeeding in their work, but on account of a famine they finally starved to death.

During Gardiner's stay there he kept a journal in which a number of times he committed his mission to the care of the Christian church and sketched out methods by which he thought it would be best advanced. Just before he died he said, "I neither hunger nor thirst, though many days without food. Marvelous loving kindness to me a sinner."

Perhaps nothing short of the sad catastrophe which we have described would have awakened English Christians out of the apathy from which Gardiner had found it so impossible to arouse them, or kindled that zeal on behalf of South America which we are thankful to say has been evoked by his sad but glorious ending.

We sing the praises to-day,

Of a soldier of the cross,

Who sailed so far, far away

From home and then was lost.

Lost only tho' to home and friends,

Lost only for a time;

But he'll appear on yonder shore

When the bells of ages chime.

All crown his head with glory,

All crown his name with fame;

When we have passed from active life,  
Will they sing of us the same?

With wreaths of victory crowned,  
Amongst that conquering band,  
On the crystal sea his rest shall be,  
Who died for the southern land.

O, friends, may we not be content,  
But may we, like Gardiner,  
Not only spend but let's be spent,  
For the cause of One so dear.

And, friends, though not one of us,  
May ever cross the sea,  
Yet, let us ever daily pray  
That the Gospel light may be,

Not only carried to heathen lands,  
But, that much good may be done,  
And sinners may come flocking home,  
Like wanderers from a storm.

And let it be our heart's desire,  
That on that glorious dawn,  
Every soul from every land,  
To God's right hand may come.

McPherson, Kans.



#### WHAT CAUSES LIGHTNING?

IN his article, "Heaven's Red Artillery," in the January *Technical World Magazine*, Prof. G. W. Wilder makes the following explanation of the cause of lightning. Says Prof. Wilder: "The electrification of the atmosphere is thought to take place through the particles of water vapor, which are always present, coming in contact with the earth and with objects on its surface, such as trees, cliffs and buildings. A frictional effect is supposed to charge the particles, just as a glass rod or a rubber comb is charged by rubbing with a cloth. The air being constantly in motion, the particles are carried about until the whole atmosphere becomes electrified. Each particle carries a certain amount of electrification which is under a definite amount of strain or pressure, although this amount usually differs for each particle. The quantity of electricity which may be stored up in the atmosphere at any time may be very great, but the entire space occupied over any given region is also very large and there may be no evidence of its existence. When the water vapor accumulates in the clouds, however, then we have an increase in both quantity and pressure per volume.



THE representative of the Venezuelan Government, in France, was tendered his passport from that government last week and asked to take a walk. This means trouble for Venezuela. He left, without a second invitation, for Liege, Belgium.



ONE sin retained in the heart will open the door to admit all others.



## HIS MOTHER'S FRIEND.

## A True Story.

JOHN and his wife, with a visiting aunt and uncle from the Cape, were enjoying a Saturday evening chat in the pretty parlor of the suburban cottage and Aunt Minerva had just said to John, "Is your employer a Christian?" when the telephone in the hall set up an insistent ting-a-ling-ling.

"Hello!" said John, obeying the call. "Yes, John Webb.—Yes.—Who is speaking, please?—Harris?—Do not know any one by the name.—I do? Please prove to me that I do.—Hiram?—Is it you, indeed?—And your name is Hiram Harris, excuse me, please, for not knowing it. Glad to hear from you, Hiram. I recognize your voice now. What is it? Work to-morrow? Sunday! Can't do it! Don't think it necessary."

As the one-sided conversation proceeded, the trio listened with interest, and Aunt Minerva at least with anxiety, hoping her young nephew would find sufficient reason for not breaking the Sabbath without making the plea of visitors.

He was listening now and they could hear unintelligible sounds suggestive of a far away Punch and Judy, when John in his low, even voice began again.

"I understand the situation perfectly, Hiram. The senior partner is away, and left orders for these repairs and improvements at the store to be made during his absence. Everything is torn up, some of the workmen went on strike yesterday, and the only way to have everything in order for the senior's return on Monday is for a few of us to work all day to-morrow. I dislike to seem shirky, Hiram, I see how you and Joe are fixed, but I must recognize a higher power in my life than my excellent employer. My pastor expects me to be in my pew on Sunday morning. I have my Sunday-school class of boys to teach and at six o'clock I have to lead the young people's meeting. Yes, that's it. What church?—Broad Avenue Central.—You and Joe will endeavor to be there? Good. Be prompt, so that I may seat you myself. Don't worry. Keep Sunday and trust the Lord. The senior may be reasonable, but, if he is not, it won't hurt him to see the store in disorder for once; he always gets out of everything of the kind. Good-bye." And ringing off, John resumed his seat.

"Queer, I never knew that good fellow's whole name before," he said, "and I've seen more or less of him every working day for a year or more, and it is just as sure that we have talked about nearly every subject save religion, so he thinks I'm shamming; he doesn't believe I am to lead that meeting."

"Do you suppose he will come to satisfy himself?" asked Aunt Minerva.

"Probably not. No doubt he and Joe, faithful fellows that they are, will work this evening and all day

to-morrow. Should they come, however, I hope the meeting will interest them."

"There is always a good meeting, when you lead," put in his young wife, reassuringly.

"The meetings are all good," said John, thoughtfully, "but I know I am self-conscious. I do not follow the leadings of the Spirit as I should."

"That is where we all fail," said Aunt Minerva. "Jesus promised us the Comforter, but we do not make him welcome."

"That is the theme of the little sermon your aunt preaches wherever she goes and has opportunity," smiled Uncle Lem from his easy chair.

"There are too few Christians looking for such opportunities," said John. "Or they fail to recognize the opportunities that come to them. I shall observe Aunt Minerva to-morrow and find how she approaches the topic."

It kept him busy, for to all the many people introduced to his aunt she had a word to say regarding the subject for the evening, "One in Christ Jesus," and many said they had never before so fully understood that it is when we are entertaining his Spirit in our heart that the bond is complete.

When John and his little family party drew near the church, they came upon two neatly dressed young men evidently on the lookout for some one.

"Glad to see you, Hiram and Joe," said John, shaking hands cordially and introducing his wife and his aunt and uncle. "Come with us into the church. Sorry not to sit with you myself this time."

"So you are the leader?" queried Hiram.

"Did he doubt it, Joe?"

"Rather, I guess," replied Joe, not quite at ease; "we both did and were glad of the excuse to come ourselves this evening to find out."

There was a subtle sympathy in the atmosphere of the meeting due in great measure to Aunt Minerva's gentle talk regarding the Comforter promised us by the Savior himself. Short testimonies followed and all were glad when Hiram and Joe stood up side by side. Hiram said that they were church members in the country and that the Lord had in a singular way led them into this meeting, the first time since they had been in the city that they had entered a church.

At the close of the meeting there were many introductions and the invitations to come again were many and cordial, and after tea at John's they went back to the city most content with their day.

The next morning it rained, a regular downpour, and as the visiting uncle could not go sight-seeing, he went into the city, to the store with his nephew, to help about setting things to rights. The men were all on hand and worked with a will. There were few customers to hinder and by mid-afternoon the main store and the extension were all in perfect order and

no one feared to be taken to task for shirking when the somewhat exacting senior partner came in.

He was unusually gracious, praised the work as he hustled about and after a while remarked:

"It's the best Sunday job I ever saw. Often when work is rushed on Sunday something happens, a mirror or a plate-glass window is broken, paint is spilled, draperies are ruined or something unfortunate occurs, but in this instance everything seems to be all right."

"This is not a Sunday job, sir," said John; "it seemed to be unnecessary to work on Sunday. We rested on the Lord's Day and took up our work this morning two hours earlier than usual with good courage and clear consciences."

"And would you have been troubled in mind had you worked on Sunday?"

"There is no doubt about it, sir."

That the senior partner did not laugh at this reply surprised them a little, and as he went out, rubbing his hands together in a way he had when well pleased, some one remarked that he must have made an extra hundred thousand during his absence.

For a week everything went on as usual and on Sunday evening there went to the young people's meeting at the Broad Avenue Central church, John and his wife, Hiram and Joe, with Uncle Lem and Aunt Minerva, who had allowed themselves to be persuaded to stay over.

It was a large, wide-awake meeting and during the testimonies a stranger arose from an obscure seat in a corner near the doors and came slowly up the aisle to the front.

In John's pew there was a little murmur of suppressed excitement.

"It's the senior," whispered John in Aunt Minerva's ear, and by that time all were alert to catch his words.

"I was here last Sunday evening," he began—another ripple in the Webb pew—"and I became so interested that all the week I have looked forward to coming to-night. I did not think of speaking, but I am moved to tell my story. My mother, who died when I was a child, was a Christian, but my associations have not been such as to keep me in the way she would have had me go and I have always been assuring myself that I had no use for religion. At times I have been exceedingly uncomfortable in my mind, but I took no step and made no sign. The worst experience came a week ago last night. I came home earlier than I expected from a business trip, and gained my private office without notice, and locking myself in, sat there in a very bad humor indeed.

"Soon I heard a conversation between one of my workmen at the store and a clerk who had left at the usual hour and gone to his home, a little out of town, about working the next day, Sunday, and I found that although I supposed my will to be absolute, your leader for last Sunday evening recognized a Higher Pow-

er. For a long time I had thought only of self, but that conversation compelled me to think of God, and it led me to come out here to attend this meeting in the evening. I heard enough to keep my mind occupied through the week, and what I have heard to-night compels me to feel that the Lord is calling me, and with all my heart I declare myself an humble learner desiring to be taught. Sometimes I have felt that some one was praying for me, but I do not know of any one in all the wide world who cares enough for me to do so."

Then Aunt Minerva arose, plain, quiet, humble, but her words made a sensation:

"It is always safe to pray, believing," she said, "and sometimes the Lord permits us to know that our prayers are answered. I think they are always answered in his own time and way. Our brother's sweet young mother died in my arms, and her last words were: 'Pray for my boy! He will go away with his father's relatives, and doubtless you will lose sight of him, but pray for him.' I promised that I would and the promise I have kept.

"His whereabouts I have always known. His business career I have watched with interest, but I have never communicated with him, nor sought to meet him, nor should I have done so now had not the Lord arranged the meeting for us."

"Let us close with the benediction," said the leader, with ready tact, and there were tears on many cheeks, as the prosperous young business man crossed over to Aunt Minerva and greeted her as affectionately as if she had been his long lost mother instead of his mother's friend.—*Annie A. Preston, in Young People's Paper.*



#### THINGS THAT ATTRACT MEN.

A WOMAN's smile, for example, attracts a man; but an even temper retains him.

A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him.

A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him.

A knowledge of how, when and where, to be a little stately, attracts a man; an appreciation of the folly of frivolity wins his respect.

A consideration for his comfort attracts a man; a continuation of this makes him your most humble slave.

A chat in which there is no malice attracts a man; neither scandal nor evil speaking make a woman seem sweet and lovely to him.—*Home Journal.*



No man is safe from the wrath of God who is willing to retain one sin.



# THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## IS IT CHRISTIANITY?

SEVERAL years ago a number of zealous Christian professors, in the city of Chicago, called a conference of Christians and Jews ostensibly for the purpose of promoting good fellowship, but the real purpose was to proselyte the Jews. Naturally enough the Jews had their suspicions as to the real motive behind the conference. But the Christians, in order to induce the Jews to attend, voluntarily offered to refrain from even the mention of the name of Christ.

Properly enough this gave the Jews a special contempt for the belief of the Christian. It did not materially affect their attendance at the conference. This they kept up through mere complaisance, yet with reluctance. As a result, when the conference was over, they were convinced and did not hesitate to say that Christianity was no improvement over Judaism. From a logical point of view they had a right to think that the Christians thought little enough of Christ to ignore him for the sake of gaining numbers, that it certainly was not worth while for a loyal Jew to investigate the rest of their claims, because a Jew, however queer his ideas may seem to other people, is sufficiently loyal to his belief that he does not allow other matters to interfere with it.

It is needless to say that the project, as a project, failed. It has been tried elsewhere and with the same result. Nothing of this character quite so remarkable has taken place in recent years until quite lately, when certain ministers of the same city began meetings in the factories and shops all over the city at midday, and with the understanding that no mention would be made of the Christian religion. God, heaven, hell, sin, eternity, the soul, immortality, and even church membership are sedulously avoided and ignored. From the very nature of things what can be expected as the result? What can be the motive behind such movements? What kind of Christianity has a man who ignores Christ? What kind of re-

ligion has a man who is ashamed of his church? Where will a leader take a man when he has no place to take him? How can a man better his ways unless he has something better to look to and hope for?

Now then, suppose a number of churches of different denominations get together in a union meeting, throw down all the church ideas of the interpretation of the Gospel, preach no doctrine whatever, and cancel all denominational feeling until the meetings are over; every effort is bent and every means of pressure brought to bear for the salvation of souls, without any effort to assist the penitent one to any particular church relationship. What is to be done after the meetings are over? Shall the denominational partitions be again set up? If they are, who will set them up? Who took them down? Who had a right to take them down? Who will divide the applicants between the churches who participated in the revival? If anybody does it but the applicants themselves, prejudice and jealousy are sure to follow. If applicants themselves are to do it, is one church doctrine better than another? Does one have more liberality and less Gospel? Can the applicant afford to choose between Gospel and liberality? Do doctrinal principles count for nothing? Are they only good in time of peace, or should they be used as artillery in time of war? Suppose at one of these union meetings Calvin, Wesley, Luther or Campbell should step in?



## LITTLE HELL!

THERE has just come to our desk a copy of a twenty-page booklet called "Darkest Chicago and Her Waifs." It is published quarterly in Chicago in the interests of the Boys' Club. This issue contains the annual report of the superintendent to the Board of Directors. The Chicago Boys' Club was organized in 1901 and incorporated in 1902. It occupies a three-story building at 262 S. State Street. The purpose of the organization, according to this pamphlet, is to supply the needs of the boys of that great city, in a physical, mental and moral way. Of course by the boys we mean the neglected ones of the streets and alleys of Chicago.

During the past year there has been an aggregate attendance at the Club of nearly twenty-three thousand children, with a membership of seven hundred and forty-one boys and one hundred and thirty-one girls. Thirty per cent of these are Italians, thirty per cent Jews, fourteen colored, eight Irish and six German; only three per cent of all this neglected host are children of American parentage. It is evidently foreign missionary work at our very door. These children all come from homes where home influence, social environment and moral contact all go to make matters the worst for these children.

This Boys' Club, by means of different departments, such as industrial classes, lectures, entertainments, outings, friendly visits, etc., is trying to turn the course of these young lions from the way of crime and pauperism to one of honor and usefulness. We notice in one instance in this issue, which is probably a typical one, where a boy was found by the Club in a frightful state of physical suffering as well as moral pollution, delivered from the impending fate of a lingering death and given a start on the upward road. It is clear to the casual reader that the Club is not trying to minister to the temporary wants of the children in the way of food and clothing and shelter only, but besides this they are making a strong endeavor to amuse, entertain, instruct and develop them in the fullest sense of the term.

This brief report shows that a great increase has been gained in the last year in the way of numbers and in the actual results that have been reached. It was during this last year that a department for girls has been begun in the slums, and several classes have been organized in cooking, sewing, kindergarten, book-binding, physical culture, basket weaving, friendly visitation, visiting nurse, mothers' meetings, Sunday-school and relief work. The boys' classes have been formed into the following classification: printing, shoe cobbling, basket weaving, book-binding, mechanical drawing, free-hand writing, free baths, gymnasium, penny savings bank, summer outing, employment bureau and heart-to-heart talks.

The superintendent thought it was a wise thing as soon as the organization was strong enough to allow it to spread into other sin-ridden districts. So they now have established a branch in a notoriously wicked portion of the city on the north side, known as "Little Hell." The filth, crime, riot, sin, debauchery, poverty and wretchedness in that quarter beggars description. But it is claimed that the work so far in that section is producing great results. They have committees whose duty it is to search out the waif, the stray, the neglected, the diseased and the crippled children, wherever they can find them and bring them to this rendezvous.

It would be a splendid thing if every Inglenooker who reads this article would write a postal card to the Chicago Boys' Club, 262 S. State St., and ask them for their annual report, bearing date of January, 1906. It will be interesting and instructive; it will assist you in knowing something of what is going on in the world. Invest ONE CENT.



#### IT'S NO POST.

A POST is set, a tree is planted. A post is not expected to grow, a tree is. A post is used to tie to or swing a gate from, a tree makes shade to be enjoyed,

bears fruit to be used. A post immediately begins to decay when set, a tree continues to become larger and stronger. The post is unyielding in all its ways, the tree is flexible and responsive to conditions.

Since the post never changes its position you are sure of one thing, you know where to find it. A soldier, just returned from the civil war, while yet in his soldier clothes, set a post which was but recently removed, and the only noticeable change was, that it had grown thinner at the base and showed signs that it was slowly but surely coming to the inevitable. But the thing most admired about the tree is, that it grows and grows; it is larger, stronger and more deeply rooted. It may be slow, it may be rapid; only that it grows. The INGLENOOK is no post; it is a tree.

Aunt Sarah Newcomer, of Pine Creek, Ill., pointed with pride to a large cottonwood tree standing in the front yard; she said, "I was living here when that large tree was but a tiny twig a few inches high." She had lived by it constantly through its long and interesting growth. Aunt Sarah has passed to her long home, but the tree remains.

The towns and cities of the West are veritable forests, planted; expression of the peoples' thought life. Some periodicals are like posts, set and change not, neither do they grow. The INGLENOOK is like a tree, it grows.

The INGLENOOK is conservative, but not set in its ways, always looking for the best for its contributors, and striving to provoke the best in its readers. It is but a youthful tree now, but we look forward to the time when it shall be like the mighty oak of the forest.

Many States have set one day each year to encourage its citizens to plant trees. Do you think the public should spend time to set posts? Never! Character to the individual is what toughness is to the tree. The purpose of the INGLENOOK is to build character. To make character grow from within by incorporating the good from without. There are thirty or forty thousand readers of the INGLENOOK at present; we want that many more. We can get them. We will. Will you help us?



Move up from high to higher,  
Become on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillars of universal hope,  
The center of the world's desire.

—Alfred Tennyson.



What you are speaks so loud,  
I cannot hear what you say.

—Emerson.

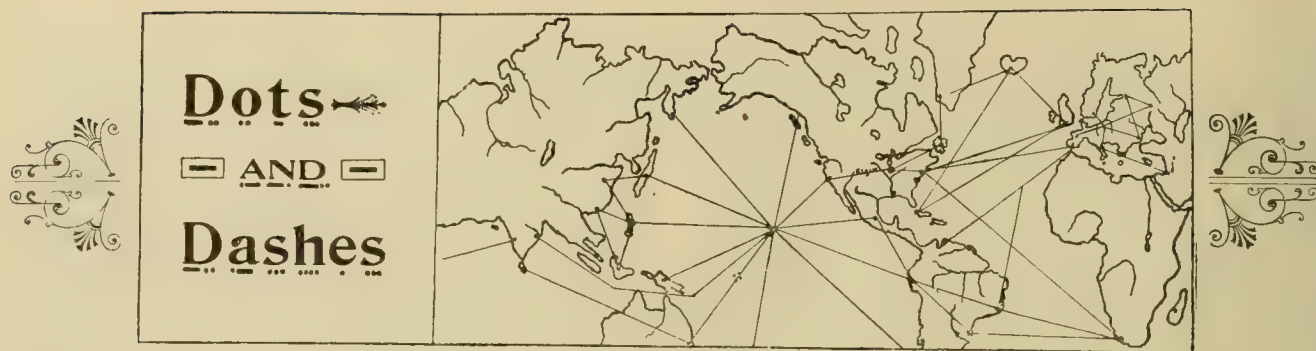


Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—James Russell Lowell.



Do to-day thy nearest duty.—Goethe.





JAMES J. HILL, of the Great Northern, offers several thousand dollars in cash prizes for the best kept farms in Minnesota and North and South Dakota.

ONE of the greatest advertising projects of recent years is represented by one hundred thousand dollars. The *Sunset Magazine* has engaged a Philadelphia firm to tell the people about the beautiful coast country, and to convey the message in such a graphic manner that every one will have a true mind picture of this land of perennial sunshine. For this they pay the experts the above-named sum.

THE attempt to make an inventory of church property in France has met with open remonstrance. It is said that the value of the religious fabric is at least a hundred million dollars. The Catholics take up arms to prevent the government officials from making the inventory. The separation of the church and state can no longer be denied. This is the proper step for a republic to make, and it looks as if France means business.

RUMORS are afloat that the Standard Oil will increase its capital from one hundred million to six hundred million, for two reasons: first, that when they want to raise a few millions, instead of declaring a forty-eight per cent dividend they will need only to declare eight per cent to get the same results. Another reason is, that by increasing the holdings of each stockholder, it enthruses that stockholder to become an active missionary in the interests of the company in his local town, and thus endeavor to quiet the ugly rumors that are afloat.

ON Feb. 6 it is estimated that twenty-five thousand homeseekers passed through Chicago on the different lines of railway to the West and Southwest, hoping to better their conditions by change of locations. There seems to be a great movement all over the country and there are good reasons for it.

CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT & Co., are making a one-million-dollar addition to their great store in Chicago.

THE City of New York, in the last five years, has paid out nearly two million dollars in fake sewer damage claims.

EVEN the faculty of the University of Chicago is getting worked up over the football business.

MISS LEAVITT, of the Harvard Observatory, has found twenty-five new variable stars in photographs taken by the twenty-four-inch Bruce telescope.

THE United States Steel Corporation has secured a contract for twenty thousand tons of rails to be used in constructing a traction system in Rio Janeiro, where a company has two hundred and twenty-five miles of mule track. Water power will be employed for the generators.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL CORTELYOU has recommended to Congress the advisability of the consolidation of the third and fourth classes of mail matter, with the present third-class rate of one cent for two ounces. This would result in the establishment of a limited parcels post.

THE Las Vergines volcano in Lower California has again become active, causing some alarm among the inhabitants of Santa Rosalia.

THE Standard Oil question runs pretty high in Missouri. Attorney General Hadley has sent out subpoenas for several officers of the company, and, strange to say, John D. Rockefeller has not been seen at his New York home nor Cleveland residence since that time and nothing at all is known of his whereabouts. Likely Uncle John fears an invitation.

EDWIN J. BIDEMAN, mayor of Terre Haute, Ind., is undergoing an impeachment trial on the charge of failure to enforce the saloon-closing law. It is to be hoped that the law will handle him as roughly as possible and every other man who shows any favors to the curse of the nation.

DR. WM. BROOKS, of Smith Observatory, Geneva, N. Y., on Jan. 27th discovered another comet, sweeping the northeastern sky. It is bright, with considerable nucleus and a very short tail. It is claimed that this is the twenty-fifth for Prof. Brooks.

THE House committee has reported the pension bill for the fiscal year, appropriating \$140,000,000.

THE great Soudan is now open to the world's commerce. Port Soudan, which is thirty miles north of Suakin, is the terminus of the new railroad line extending three hundred and twelve miles to the Ab-dara river, where it joins the line to Khartoum. This is the connecting link in the development of Great Britain's vast industrial program for the region of the Upper Nile. This certainly gives opportunity for reclamation of a wonderful area.

CLEVELAND MOFFAT, in *Success*, has some things to say about the misuse of wealth in the United States. He estimates that five thousand principal fortunes of this country are as follows:

10 aggregating .....	\$ 2,000,000,000
490 aggregating .....	3,000,000,000
4,500 aggregating .....	10,000,000,000

There cannot be much question that these figures are approximately correct, and if it be true, five thousand men actually own one-sixth of our entire national wealth, including money, land, buildings, mines, industries, everything. Of course they don't pay one-sixth of the taxes. In the nation more than four million families exist on less than four hundred dollars a year each. Professor Moffat thinks that if present conditions continue, the contrast will be greater, the chasm wider, and sooner or later the few will have everything and the many nothing.

THE French government has been informed by its ambassador that the United States will not consider a naval demonstration against Venezuela a violation of the Monroe doctrine.

LORD ROBERTS, Great Britain's Field Marshall, has renewed his campaign of warning the British government of its inadequate defenses. He urges the adoption of one million men as a military standard; one-half for the defense of India, and the other half for European prestige. Perhaps it would be well to use the million out of employment in London.

WILLIAM H. VANSCHAICK, who was captain of the steamer *General Slocum*, which burned on East River, New York, June 15, 1904, causing the death of more

than a thousand persons, has been sentenced to ten years at hard labor in prison. He has been found guilty of not drilling his crew. Some complaint has been offered against such a sentence, since none of the steamboat directors, or government inspectors, shared in the responsibility for the lack of life preservers and proper fire equipments of the vessel. It does seem queer that a body of men will single out an individual and sentence him to a term of penitentiary service for a careless act, which caused the death of a thousand, when they will sit in the same box and exonerate a man who voluntarily kills his hundreds every year. There are two differences. A disaster wholesales the murder, while the saloon kills them one at a time. The other reason is that the accident cannot be accounted for when the saloon is legalized by the government. A man don't dare to take another man's life, but the government can kill all the people it wants to, on the gallows, in the electric chair or on the battlefield, and nothing is said or done. It can also give a saloonkeeper the privilege of killing all he wants to, not at so much a head, but at a better rate—so much a year.

SOMETHING is ahead for Niagara Falls. A contract has been signed by a company on the Canadian side to deliver power to the city of Syracuse by March 1. They talk of the same kind of a contract with Cleveland and other cities on Lake Erie. It is thought that Niagara power will eventually be transmitted to New York City. The company has a total capacity of two hundred and fifty thousand horse power. For transmission they use aluminum cables, composed of nineteen strands of wire. These cables are supported by steel towers fifty-five feet high and are insulated with porcelain. A great deal of concern is being manifested by prominent thinkers. They fear that the beauty and magnificence of the Niagara Falls will be destroyed by the erection of these power houses, and that the government cannot afford to have one of the wonders of the world destroyed for the sake of making money for the purpose of accumulating millions for some millionaire. There may be two sides to the question. It may be that the electric power will be worth as much to the people as the pleasure derived from the natural scenery there.

THE Rev. S. P. Little, who has just returned from his mission work at Hankow, China, says that the revolutionary party, agitated by young men, who have been at the university of Japan, is seeking to drive China into a conflict with the powers. Their hope is to establish a republican form of government. Their motto is, "China for the Chinese." The doctor thinks the Chinese are as much alarmed as the Americans over the situation.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### THE SHEARING.

The day they cut the baby's hair  
The house was all a-fidget;  
Such fuss they made you would have said  
He was a king—the midget!

Some wanted this, some wanted that;  
Some thought that it was dreadful  
To lay a hand upon one strand  
Of all that precious headful,

While others said to leave his curls  
Would be the height of folly  
Unless they put him with the girls  
And called him Sue or Molly.

The barber's shears went snip-a-snip;  
The golden fluff was flying;  
Grandmother had a trembling lip,  
And aunt was almost crying.

The men folks said, "Why, hello, boss;  
You're looking five years older!"  
But mother laid the shaven head  
Close, close against her shoulder.

Ah, well, the nest must lose its birds,  
The cradle yield its treasure;  
Time will not stay a single day  
For any pleader's pleasure.

And when that hour's work was weighed  
The scales were even, maybe,  
For father gained a little man  
When mother lost her baby!

—St. Nicholas.



### ENCOURAGING THE READING HABIT IN THE FARM HOME.

A COMMON testimony of housekeepers is that they have little or no time to read, that the demands of the home are so great that even if they get a little time they are too tired to read or study, says Miss Van Rensselaer in the Cornell Reading Course. Reading has been pursued in a perfunctory way perhaps and has ceased to be a recreation, or the habit has become lost in the too close attention to the practical, and they have lost the delight which they once had from books. Perhaps in the effort to provide the home with the comforts of life, books have become a luxury not now to be indulged in; or the books composing the library are only those once enjoyed and outside of present tastes and demands; they may be those which the urgency of the subscription agent has compelled one to buy and which may be locked up behind glass doors in an oaken case, books which may not feed

the literary sense in the least. There may be children growing up in the housewife's family demanding all of her attention, but that is the very time when her literary sense needs the most food in order that she may be an example and stimulus to her family. It is a happy boy whose mother will sit up and read Arabian Nights with him, even if his jacket is mended at a later hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are books upon the shelves which we often resolve to read, but we wait for an opportunity when we may be able to read an hour or two at a time. Hence the book remains perhaps for years, and it is always a pleasure or a task ahead of us rather than one accomplished or one being enjoyed. The best way to overcome this is to select the book, read a chapter or a few pages, and leave it at a point where there is interest enough to make one want to know what is coming next. Many a book has been read chapter after chapter because the author has been skillful in making the reader want to know how it is coming out, and with that as an incentive and the book easy of access one will not miss the quarter and the half hours devoted to its reading. It is a pleasure indeed to place it upon the shelf and feel that it is a part of our own life and experience, and we are the richer for its acquaintance.

It is easy to arouse interest in a subject in order that the children in the home may acquire the habit of reading. Children have walked back and forth looking at the titles of books which meant nothing to them. It remained for an older person to interest them in a subject and perhaps to read aloud until sufficient desire was gained so that they would wish for more and make an effort to secure it.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not an entirely ideal picture for the father of the family to sit through the entire evening reading the newspaper, the mother of the household silently darning and mending, and the children playing games. This is a time when the members of the family may be united in one enterprise. Older people are pleased with history, biography and stories which carry with them real value and strength, and the children have a lively interest in that which their elders care for. It is a mistake to "read down" to children. It is a mistake always to ask whether all parts of a book are within the comprehension of the child. He may not understand all of Marmion, but he catches the fire and spirit of the poem and enjoys it, even as he will

not when, as an older person, he reads from the standpoint of a critic. It is surprising how much children will absorb from books of a really mature nature which are read to them. Children enjoy that which is strong. Their intellectual tastes will be vitiated by that which is not good in literature and has not in it the element to make it live. An education is desired for the children, and too often the parents feel compelled to lay aside the books in the crowded days and nights of striving for their children's welfare. There is danger here of pushing the boys and the girls to the front, while the parents go into the background and get "behind the times." It is exceedingly wholesome for the boys and girls to feel that their parents are still in advance of them; they not only enjoy intellectual comradeship, but they are benefited by looking to the parents for literary and intellectual leadership. There is a larger amount of sympathy between the mother and daughter who wash dishes and read "The Lady of the Lake" together than between the mother who washes the dishes and the daughter who reads "The Lady of the Lake." The boys will enjoy "Snow Bound" more if the father and son have shoveled the snow together.—*Prairie Farmer*.



#### UNBUSINESSLIKE FARMING.

THE layman can hardly realize the lack of system that prevails on the average farm. Drainage is little thought of on the lowlands, crops are rotated only as chance determines, and probably not one farmer in a hundred can tell what enterprise on his farm and under his conditions is the most profitable. In no other business is it likely that men can be found with \$10,000, \$20,000 or \$50,000 investments who never pretend to keep books of the business. Farmers' books are too often kept in this manner,—gain, money in the bank; loss, money borrowed. The writer once argued this question of keeping books with a well-to-do American farmer, who finally concluded his argument by saying, "Farming ain't all keeping books, by a long shot." Truth lies in the argument, but keeping books is not all there is to manufacturing furniture or transporting freight, and yet it must be a valuable accessory or it would have been discarded years ago.

There are still thousands of farmers in the middle West who do not follow the markets, who rarely, if ever, stop to consider the relation between prices of feeds and prices of beef and pork. Hogs are fed because "there is money in hogs," and many an operation on the farm is done according to some preconceived notion. The writer knows a German farmer in western Minnesota who has a beautiful, clean farm, and is evidently prosperous. While watching him feed his hogs one day, this conversation took place:

"How old are those pigs?" "Sixteen months."  
 "Why don't you sell them?" "Well, I don't like to sell a hog until he weighs up good and heavy."  
 Further conversation revealed the facts that corn was worth forty-two cents per bushel and pork four dollars per hundredweight, live weight. When asked if the pigs he was feeding were gaining enough to equal or exceed the value of the corn, and pay him for his labor, he realized that each bushel of corn had got to produce about twelve pounds of pork to yield him any profit. Knowing that his pigs were not gaining the half of that amount, he decided to sell both pigs and corn.—*From "Farming as a Business Enterprise," by Edward C. Parker, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.*



#### THE CRIME OF SOCIETY.

"TAKE the standing armies of the world, with their millions of men taken from productive labor to be supported by the labor of others, and compelled to serve and revere a glorified criminality—for certainly nothing now is so low in the scale of human occupations, so loathsome and really cowardly, as the modern military, with its picnics of loot and murder. Take this military system and look at it and consider whence it comes. What are its guns and navies, its bespangled officers and bedizened ranks? They are the forcibly withheld and parasitically consumed labor of the laborer. That which glitters on the officer's shoulder straps is the unpaid labor of a consumptive girl in the sweatshop, or of a miner in the Virginia coal mines. The annual riot of capitalist lawlessness, the annual orgy and pandemonium of capitalist prostitution, that breaks out at Washington and yet solemnly commands the sacred respect of eighty millions of people—whence and what are its power, its disposal of the affairs of the nation, its billion dollar disbursements? They are all the unpaid and ravished labor of the laborer. It is unpaid labor that towers in the steeples of our churches, that sits in our legislatures, that builds palaces on our avenues, that blossoms in our shameless fashions, that drones in our academies and rituals, that produces our war novels and our insipid poetry, that raises our shameless ideals of "the strenuous life," or sings in Mr. Kipling's brute heroics. Our poisoned thoughts, our petty and servile motives of life, the very air we breathe, are but the color or movement of this unpaid labor. Our civilization and all the civilizations that have been are but institutionalized unpaid labor, organized and glorified for the purpose of keeping labor unpaid and submissive. As I have said, there are no words red and living enough in human experience to state this fact. There is no power in the human tongue, no dynamic in the human pen, that can portray the awfulness of



a world that builds its glories and its gods, its temples of trade and law and religion, its forms of beauty and systems of good, upon an economic might, that is but conventionalized robbery of the common labor of mankind. This history of the world is but the struggle between unpaid labor and those who possess its products. And the struggle must go on until the man who is down shall be purified and enlightened to get up; until the man who works shall have the whole results of his work; until every class but the working class has ceased to be, with every member of that class a creator and a poet, a philosopher and a dreamer, and a soul of endless beauty.—*Herron*.



#### WHERE HEAVEN IS.

A MINISTER one day preached upon heaven. Next morning he was going to town and met one of his old, wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon on heaven; but you didn't tell me where heaven is."

"Ah!" said the preacher, "I am glad of the opportunity this morning. I have just returned from the hilltop up yonder. In that cottage there is a member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever; her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor meat, nor any bread. If you will go down and buy a sovereign's worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go and say, 'My sister, I have brought these provisions in the name of our Lord and Savior,' then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then go down on your knees and pray—and if you don't see heaven before you get through I'll pay the bill."

The next morning the man said:

"Pastor, I saw heaven and spent fifteen minutes there."—*Young People's Paper*.



#### HOUSEWIFE PROVERBS.

Poor food makes poor blood.  
A good cook wastes nothing.  
Never leave soap lying in the water.  
Do not make unnecessary work for others.  
White meats well done, dark meats underdone.  
Study to economize strength, time and money.  
A time for everything and everything on time.  
The secret of nice broiling is frequent turning.  
A hot fire for roasting and a clear fire for broiling.  
An hour lost in the morning has to be run after all day.

Do not use newspapers to wrap about anything eatable.

The oven can afford to wait for the cake, but not the cake for the oven.

All articles to be fried should be thoroughly dried and slightly warmed.

Clear up as you work; it takes but a moment then, and saves time afterward.

Economy does not mean stinginess, but the art of making the most and best of the means and materials at hand.

Actual pleasure and culture may be found in the humdrum duties of everyday life if they are done in the right spirit and with the determination to do everything in the best possible time and way.



#### THE WORK PEOPLE.

THE work people make all the clothing, but they wear only shoddy.

The work people make all the food, but they eat only the coarsest grub.

The work people build all the palaces, but they live in rented shanties.

The work people mine all the ores, but they own no metals.

The work people build all the railroads, but they own no railroads.

The work people build all the factories, but they own no factories.

The work people make all the machines, but they own no machines.

The work people make all the autos and carriages, but they own no autos or carriages.

The work people build all the hotels, but they own no hotels nor do they ever eat in a decent hotel.

The work people dig all the diamonds, but they own none themselves.

The work people produce all wealth, but the work people possess no wealth.

The work people do all the serving to the drones, but the drones never serve them.

The work people produce all the stupidity—and they possess all the stupidity.

Great are the work people.



#### GIVE UP

##### GRUMBLING.

Finding fault with the weather.  
Fault-finding, nagging and worrying.  
Taking offense where none is intended.  
Dwelling on fancied slights and wrongs.  
Thinking that life is a grind, and not worth living.  
Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends.

Exaggerating and making mountains out of mole-hills.

Pitying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities.

Waiting round for chances to turn up. Go and turn them up.

Writing letters when the blood is hot, which you may regret later.

Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by.

Longing for the good things that others have, instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.



### LAUNDRY LINES.

ANNA SELL.

COLORÉD goods should be ironed on the wrong side. When you wish to iron a garment in a short time,

sprinkle it with hot water, and in fifteen minutes it is ready to iron.

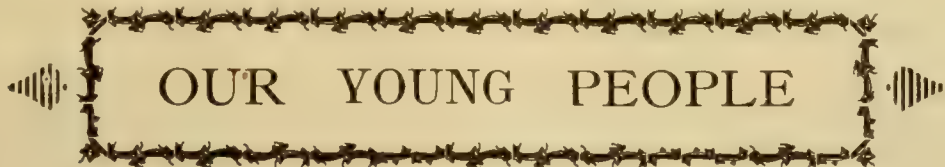
When washing flannels get rid of as much dust and dirt as you possibly can, by shaking and brushing before plunging them into the water.

Needle work should be ironed on the 'wrong side, on a piece of flannel, and should be kept under the iron long enough to thoroughly dry it.

Many people never blue their colored clothes at time of washing them, but no matter what the color may be it will come out brighter if a little blueing is added to the last rinsing water or to the starch.

After using a bowl of cold water starch, let it settle, then pour off the clear water and dry the starch in the oven or on the stove. It will be reduced to a hard cake and can be used over again.

*McKees Gap, Pa.*



### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXVII.

Jaffa, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Here we are again by the deep blue sea. It is nice to wander down by the seaside at Solomon's old port, where the cedars were landed for the temple at Jerusalem, when rafted down by Hiram, king of Tyre.

There are a few things that I want to tell you about, that we saw before we got here. One of them was in Jerusalem. We saw some old Jews smashing pottery. They had old broken pieces of pottery collected, and, by the use of two stones, were simply grinding it to powder. We learned that they were using it as sand with which to make mortar in the construction of new buildings. It was a striking illustration of how God destroys his enemies, as he has said in Psalms 2:9.

The town of Ain Karim, where John the Baptist was born, is a neat, quiet little village in "the hill country of Judea," where Mary visited Zacharias and Elizabeth.

Between Jerusalem and Jaffa is Kirjath-jearim, where the ark rested for twenty years before it was brought to Jerusalem and placed in the temple.

The valley of Elah, where David killed Goliath in a personal conflict, as representatives of the two great armies, is quite an interesting place to visit. It means a great deal to walk down to the brook, where we know the five stones were obtained, and to imagine that we can see the great armies in battle array here upon the plains. Perhaps one of the most interesting plains in this section of the country is the little brook where Philip baptized the eunuch, on the way that goeth down to Gaza. Some people have said that he baptized him by using water from a camel's track in the sand, as there was not sufficient water there; but we now know that an abundance of water comes from the rock, and that there is sufficient water to baptize many. So this argument will not hold water; neither would the camel's track in the

sand, for these camels here have cushions on the bottom of their feet, provided by nature instead of hoofs that they might travel through the sand.

The people over here are fully as superstitious as they are in America. We saw a Jewish funeral procession on the way to the cemetery; of course the pallbearers carried the corpse on a bier. The Mohammedan boys sought opportunity to run underneath the corpse between the pallbearers on purpose to aggravate the poor Hebrews, who believe this to be the worst kind of an omen. Following the bier were a number of hired mourners who were doing the weeping professionally. Instead of employing hearses handsomely decorated, long crepes at the door, and erecting monuments that cost thousands of dollars to show respect for the dead, as we do in America, these people have another way of expressing it: they get someone else to shed their tears and do their mourning. It does not require an expert to detect the difference between these demonstrations and real grief, any more than it does at home when we see a man wait until his wife is dead to decorate her grave with flowers instead of using them in the sick room.

When we were ready to go to the depot in Jerusalem, the boys wanted those large trunks full of curios and relics taken to the train, and as they have no wagons here, we hardly knew how to get them to the station. Our dragoman said we should get a burden-bearer. Now the facts in this case are almost too much to believe. The big trunk weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, and our little trunk weighed eighty pounds. This man put a rope around his forehead, and under the big trunk, which was on his back, and with the little trunk upon the big one, carried them to the station, which was more than a mile away, without ever setting them down. This we know to be true, because he walked beside the carriage all the way down. For this work he charged one büshlech (twelve cents). But Roscoe gave him twice that much. The burden-bearer appreciated this so highly that



he kissed Roscoe's hand and wanted to kiss his feet, and when we entered the car he kept continually repeating, "Ma-salaam, Ma-salaam, Ma-salaam." He was bidding us farewell and wishing the blessings of God upon us.

The city of Lydia, where Peter raised Dorcas to life, was in such distress with the cholera that we did not dare to stop. The people had moved out of their houses, and were living all over the plain in tents in order to quiet the epidemic. As many as forty and fifty a day were losing their lives by this awful plague, and even twice that number were dying daily at Gaza. Only three died in Jaffa while we were there. The quarantine was so strict that passenger vessels were not allowed to enter the port of Jaffa.

Oscar said that I should not forget to tell you that we crossed the beautiful little valley of Ajalon, where the sun and moon stood still at command of Joshua until God's enemies were conquered. It means a great deal to conquer an army made by the alliance of five kings of the south, but it means more to have faith enough in God to ask sun and moon to halt until certain duties may be performed; yet both of these things were done in this little valley.

O, there are so many things to tell about which will

have to wait until we see you,—such as the cave where Samson hid himself, which is now used for a fold for two thousand sheep—Zorah, the birthplace of Samson; Beth-shemesh, where was the threshing floor where Uzza touched the ark; Ekron where the Philistines were smitten with emerods; the hundreds of orange orchards, palm trees, fig orchards, vineyards, etc., not forgetting the beautiful plain of Sharon, where grow the beautiful roses.

There can be no question but what these people are swift. When we were at the Sea of Galilee, Jameel took a notion to go to America with us, and, to inform his mother of his intention, telegraphed her; she lives here at Jaffa. We arrived here yesterday. This forenoon the messenger boy brought the message to Jameel. When you calculate we were five days on the road to Jerusalem, twelve days at Jerusalem, and one on the road down here, it makes the time a little lengthy for a telegram to go from Tiberias to Jaffa; but that's the way things move in the Orient. I will be glad for the time to come to leave the Sultan's realm, as much as I hate to leave the land of the Bible. We are to take dinner with Jameel's mother.

Ma-salaam,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### UNPLEASANT NATURES.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

ALL persons have not the same natures. Some are naturally kind, some cross, some selfish, some dull, some intelligent, some industrious. Some real natures are so hideous and undesirable that it is often thought advantageous not to have them presented to others. This is why people have acquired natures. If it is advantageous financially or socially, it is so very nice to appear sympathetic, honest or righteous, when one is not really so. But it is often more disastrous to present the acquired than the real nature.

Firstly, it is so very difficult. One must be guarded continually. Secondly, it often meets bad results. Who has not heard of a young life being blighted by having it joined to another so much unlike her own? Probably some deception in the presentation of natures.

Is this not the cause of our disappointment in friends? We like the acquired but not the real. An instance from common life: Suppose the mistress that secures the promise of a girl to work for her would have a real nature, like the acquired or false, which she on first meeting presents, she would not so often be left in two days or a fortnight to wash her own dishes and make her own bed.

Thirdly, it is hypocrisy, and "woe is to the hypocrite." Hypocrisy always takes two sides of the ques-

tion. It is by pretense a friend one minute, and the next an enemy, love one minute and the next hatred, goodness one minute and the next wickedness. Do you desire more to seem good and not be so, or be good and not seem so? Choose yet, to be good and seem so.

The acquired nature is all right. The fault is only in the method of the change from the real. The easiest and safest method is by conversion, the applying of the blood of Christ to our hearts and then living so close to him that Satan loses opportunity to tempt us back to the real.

Hartville, Ohio.

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### CHEERFULNESS.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

—OH, give us the woman who sings at her work!  
—What sunshine is to flowers, cheerfulness is to the housewife.

—Cheerful looks make every dish a feast; and it is that which crowns a welcome.—*Massinger*.

—I like the laughter that opens the lips and the heart, that shows at the same time pearls and the soul.—*Victor Hugo*.

—If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—*Macdonald*.

—If good people would make their goodness agree-

able, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause.—*Usher*.

—I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—*Addison*.

—A good, hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off.—*De Witt Talmage*.

—Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.—*Goethe*.

—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes.—*Leigh Hunt*.

—Cheerfulness is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health, as color to his cheek.—*Ruskin*.

—Cheerfulness is a friend to grace: it puts the heart in tune to praise God, and so honors religion by proclaiming to the world that we serve a good master. Be serious, yet cheerful.—*Watson*.

"When you're feelin' grouchy,  
Let the sunshine in;  
When your face gets feelin' hard,  
Spread it with a grin.  
Don't be 'fraid o' wrinkles,  
Sing sweetest songs of mirth—  
For an aged, laughter-winkled face  
Is a paradise on earth."



### THE PEA RIDGE OF ARKANSAS.

D. Z. ANGLE.

THIS ridge is situated in north central Arkansas. It extends from north to south some eight miles and is about one mile in width. This curious elevation is shaped like a pea pod, hence its name. The top of the ridge is a flat, level surface, with rather abrupt, sloping sides which extend away into bottoms, hills and vales.

On top of the ridge was fought one of the greatest battles of the Civil War west of the Mississippi river. This occurred March 6, 7, 8, 1862. Here the Confederates under Generals Sterling, Price, Van Dorn, and McCullough (the latter was killed in this battle), were defeated by the Federals under Generals Samuel Curtis and Franz Sigel. Through the skill of the Union commanders and the courage and superior discipline of the Union forces, they were decidedly victorious and drove the Confederates in some disorder from the field.

To the one who visits the ridge there is still to be seen evidence of the fearful conflict. The leaden missiles of destruction and broken pieces of accoutrements may still be found upon the field of carnage and death. By this battle the ridge became noted and through its

baptism of blood and fire won a name upon the pages of American history, a place where brave men reached their tomb, where many won promotion and praise for their daring and warlike deeds and exhibited brilliant proofs of the valor of the American soldier, and the destructiveness of war.



### FISHING ON THE COAST.

J. B. SHIRK.

I do not think tourists get the full benefit of their trip to southern California without taking a fishing trip out on the ocean, in a fishing boat (the *Eagle*, for instance, at Long Beach). Fishing is done by trolling, as they keep moving all the time. Lines from fifty to one hundred feet long are used, dragging behind the boat. A hook, like an old-fashioned meat hook, is fastened to a piece of white whalebone four inches long, with swivel attached; and as it is drawn through the water it attracts the fish. Then they come after it like a flock of sheep, fairly jumping over each other, after the supposed bait.

Now the fun, or, as the captain expressed it, trouble, begins; half a dozen or more fish, from four to thirty pounds, are drawn in at one time. After the large box is filled and all satisfied, they return to the pier, eighteen or twenty miles distant. All are glad they went fishing.

Ramona, Kans.



### ANOTHER.

J. D. HAUGHTELIN.

THE caption "Two Useless Letters" which appeared in INGLENOOK of Jan. 9, calls to my mind another absurdity in the English alphabet, viz., the name of the letter "W." We have been amused when told that our grandparents called the last letter of the alphabet "Izzard." Our parents thought they made a great improvement by calling it "zect," but we think the proper name is "zee."

Take the two very similar words, "vine" and "wine." We call the first letter of the former "vee," why should we not call the first letter of the latter "wee"? Who can tell?

Panora, Iowa.



SEVERAL numbered huts have been erected by the monks on various parts of the St. Bernard pass, which are connected with the hospice by telephone, and the famous dogs belonging to the monastery have now been trained, on a number being repeated to them, to go at once to the hut which bears that number.



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### DISCONTENT.

The mail is full of letters  
And the soup is full of peas,  
There's sugar in the coffee  
And the yard is full of trees;  
The fields are full of stubble  
And there's grass upon the ground—  
But the world is full of trouble  
If we only look around.

The corn is full of kernels,  
There are lilies in the brooks;  
The towns are full of people,  
There are stories in the books;  
The orchard's full of apples  
And the meadow's full of hay—  
But what troubles we discover  
If we're only built that way.

The lilac's full of blossoms  
And the trees are full of leaves,  
The meadow's full of clover  
And the fields are full of sheaves;  
The bread is full of flour  
And the rain is damp and wet—  
But how much there is to fret us  
If we really want to fret.

The bees are full of honey  
And the apples full of juice,  
The banks are full of money  
But—be happy? What's the use?  
The beach is full of pebbles,  
There is water in the creek—  
But nothing really suits us  
If we really want to kick.

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

### RATTLE OF GUNS.

"Maybe his little excellency wants a rattle," ventured the imperial nurse. "Should I get him one?"

"No," replied the Czar, with a sad look at his heir, "he'll be rattled enough later on."—Detroit Tribune.

The profit to the government on pennies pays the entire expense of the mint.

No man will ever lose his soul because God did not give him light enough.

Suburban Boy: "Mamma, th' train we always take to go to school ran off the track, and ever so many got hurt."

Mamma: "Merciful! How did you escape?"

Boy: "I played hookey."

Mamma: "My precious darling!"—New York Weekly.

### A TEXAS TRAGEDY.

It was in a little Texas hamlet. A more or less excited crowd had collected in the road.

"What is the matter?" I enquired of a native.

"A po'r ol' darkey killed, suh," was the reply.

"Indeed?" said I, shivering.

"Yes, suh; an' only jes' 'kaze he stole a mule."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, shudderingly.

"An' only a scraggly, vicious, bitin', runaway, dog-on, or'nery mule at dat!"

"Oh, my! Have they arrested the slayer?"

"I raik'n not, suh."

"What! Don't they know him then?"

"Oh, yes; they shore know him."

"And won't arrest him?"

"No, suh."

"In the name of heaven, why not?"

"'Kaze the mule wuz de slayer, suh."—Judge.

A pessimist doesn't enjoy life unless he doesn't.

### FAMILIAR LINES.

(Arranged so that the little ones can always remember them.)

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
His fleece was white as snow;  
He stuck a feather in his hat,  
John Anderson, my Jo!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in grief,  
From India's coral strands,  
The frost is on the pumpkin and  
The village smithy stands.

Am I a soldier of the cross  
From many a boundless plain?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
Where saints immortal reign?

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon  
Across the sands o' Dee,  
Can you forget that night in June—  
My country, 'tis of thee!

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
We're saddest when we sing  
To beard the lion in his den—  
To set before the king.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise;  
All mimsy were the borogroves  
To mansion in the skies.

—Cleveland Leader.

Some men would rather shine without succeeding than succeed without shining.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter VII.

WELL, I thought that was good enough to go to sleep on, so we closed the conversation for the night. It seemed to me that the night was very short, for in a few moments Mr. Wallace shouted up the stairway that it was time to get up, and I felt as though they were good to a fellow to wake him up in the night to feed him.

At breakfast we got our orders to go to the timber and cut wood for winter use and all four of us boys were detailed to do the work. Sile never said a word, but I think he would much rather have stayed and helped Lucile milk the cows and take the milk to the creamery, which was no unusual thing for him to do, but he was too proud hearted to say a word. But you know how it is, a fellow in Sile's condition can think a lot of things that would not look the best in print.

Mrs. Wallace told Lucile to put up the lunch for the boys, and while Sile was sorry that he had to be gone all day, yet there was something pleasant in the thought that it was the hands of the most beautiful maiden of all the beautiful Butte Valley that were to prepare the dinner for the four hungry wood choppers.

The horses were on their mettle and we were soon at the timber, and the boys designated which tree tops we were to cut, and say, boys! such wood! I have seen the saw millers back home haul worse timber to the mill to cut into lumber than these lumbermen had thrown away. We remarked several times during the day that it was a shame to use that kind for wood, but Alek said we would get over being so tenderfooted if we staid there long. It was simply fun to throw a crosscut saw across the great big pine logs and see it wade down through like we were sawing ice. How we remembered the times we had cut little gnarly beech and ash and not a few sycamore in our younger days, and thought we were doing fine. We found out, however, that our experience with the tough timber of the East was no disadvantage to us. The boys stood in awe sometimes to see Sile take a slab in his left hand and the ax in his right and make a stick at a single stroke, almost as fast as they could count them.

Presently one of the boys overturned a big cedar block, plenty large for a table and called, "Dinner!"

There was the dainty lunch that had been so tastefully prepared, and if I am any judge we did justice to that as well as to the wood pile. The meal was not finished, however, without some complimentary remarks from Sile as to the culinary proficiency of the cook.

In a few days we had enough wood for the use of the family for the winter, and the boss said we should make a few hundred rails while we were in the wood business and patch up the fences around the premises. As Sile says, it was a "cinch" to make rails out of that kind of timber, only we hated to see it wasted in that manner. We took a lot of it to the mill and had lumber sawed to finish the large barn of which I spoke in another letter, and we did the most of the carpenter work, between us, and the old gentleman was well pleased with the job. It made a fine place for the cattle when we brought them in from the range in the fall.



One of the Many Bunches of Cattle Brought in from the Range in Butte Valley, December 31, 1905.

I got a chance to go to the county-seat with the boss to get a man to put the electric wires in the new barn, so we could attach the dynamo and have our barn all lighted by electricity, which makes it nice when we do the chores. The county-seat is Yreka, and the way we have to go is forty-five miles away. Siskiyou county is large enough for a republic in itself. I just thought to myself, when we got this valley filled with thrifty farmers, we would have a county of our own. As I told Sile, this valley in itself is large enough for a county and a good one too, and it would support a fine county-seat. Sile grinned a long while without saying a word, and I told him he might as well say it as to think it, so he said he didn't know but that he would have a trip to the courthouse himself some of these days, and he hated the trip over to Yreka, and I don't think he had taxpaying in mind when he said it either.

(To be continued.)



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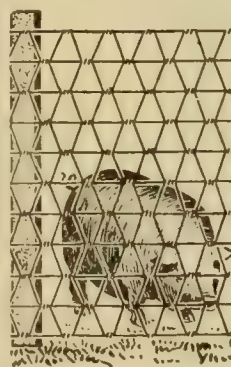
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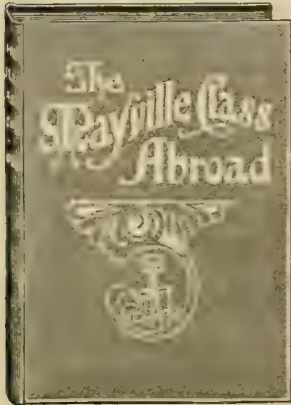
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A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three yearss' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

## PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

440 Temple Court

Minneapolis, Minn.

People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

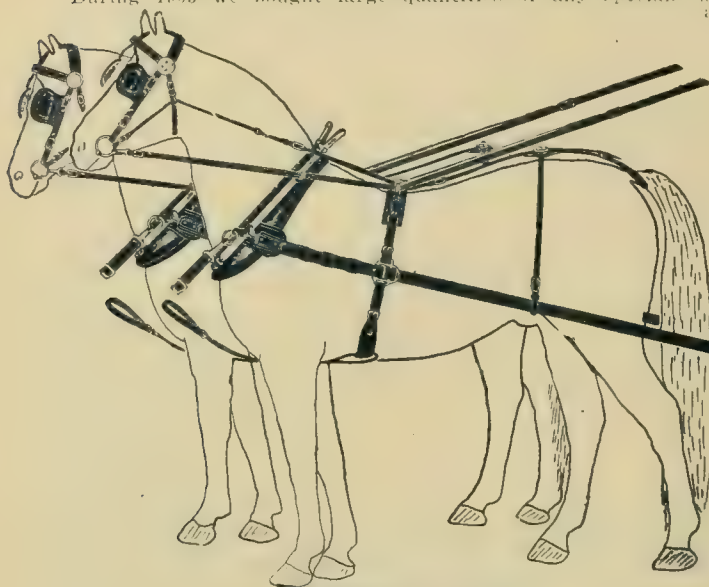
DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.



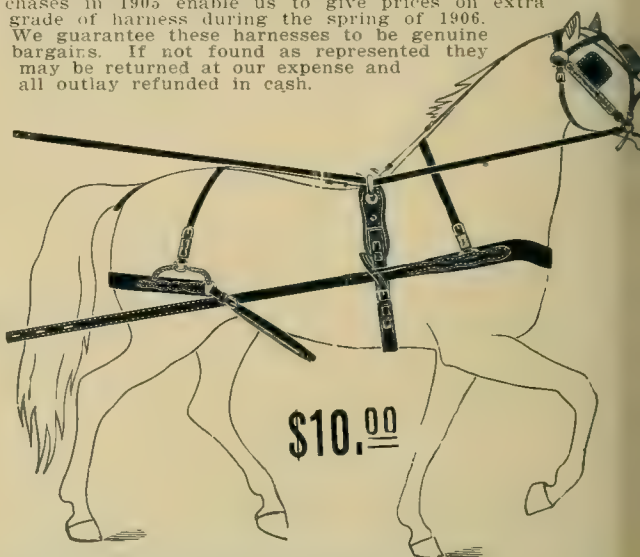
# A. B., D. & Co's INGLENOOK SPECIALS!

We are now on the sixth floor of our new building. There has been a constant advance in the price of leather. During 1905 we bought large quantities of any specials we could, expecting to stock up when we moved to our new place, and since leather has constantly advanced. Our early purchases in 1905 enable us to give prices on extra grade of harness during the spring of 1906. We guarantee these harnesses to be genuine bargains. If not found as represented they may be returned at our expense and all outlay refunded in cash.



**\$20.00**

**1906 Team Harness.** Made of good, solid, heavy stock and sewed for service. Every part thoroughly well sewed and guaranteed not to rip. Has 1-inch hip straps and 1-inch back straps, with cruppers to buckle. Round reins on bridles. We invite your careful comparison and inspection of our harness with any other you can buy. We offer you the very best value. Our price is extremely low for this first-class, honestly made harness. It is the cheapest to buy when service is considered. This harness is adapted for use all through the Central and Western States. Bridles have sensible blinds. Round winker stays,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cheeks and round reins adjustable in length. Black clip hames with iron over top and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hame tugs. Champion trace buckles. Traces are  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch double and are stitched: length 6 feet. Pads, hook and terret, harness leather tops, well shaped and thoroughly well made, hair stuffed and finished. (Breeching can be quickly attached to hip straps above the trace carriers and with the side straps to the martingale. See "extra" below.) Martingales are  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch. Breast straps  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, with slides and snaps. Lines are 18 feet long and 1-inch, with snaps. Trimmings, XC plate. Fits 1400-lb. horses. Weight, about 65 lbs. Regular price for this Harness, \$22.00. Our Inglenook Price to advertise and guaranteed to please, for even \$20.00



**\$10.00**

**1906 Single Driving Strap Harness** different from others. Special wide saddle and pad with long patent leather housings. Heavy traces, wide lines, and splendid workmanship make this one of the most desirable sets of harness ever offered at such a low price. The long housing of patent leather on the saddle adds greatly to the fine appearance. Every part is given an excellent finish.

**Exceptionally Well Made.**

Bridle,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch box loop cheeks, fine patent leather blinds nicely stitched, round winker stays, three-buckle flat over-check with noseband. Breast Collar made of good, heavy, clear trace stock, curved and has box loops for neck strap. Traces,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch and single straps, made of select oak tanned trace leather. Saddle 3-inch "Strap" style. Wide patent leather jockeys with three rows stitching. Extra long patent leather housing as illustrated. Swinging bearers, 1-inch, raised, double and stitched. Belly-Band,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch "Griffith" style, double stitched. Breeching, heavy single strap with scalloped points, three-ring stay. Hip strap,  $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch, Side straps,  $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch. Turnback, scalloped,  $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch with round crupper dock sewed on. Lines, 1-inch throughout, made of select stock with spring billets. Hitch Strap,  $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch. Trimming, nickel, or, if preferred, imitation rubber. Fits 1250-pound horse. Weight, boxed, about 30 pounds.

Regular price, \$13.00. Our Price to advertise and please you, \$10.00. We can't be undersold on this harness.

**Wheels**— $\frac{7}{8}$  or 1 inch Tread, 38-44 inches high. Sarvan patent, Steel Tire.

**Gear**—Wood Spring Bar or Bailey Hangers when ordered, 4 and 5 leaf easy riding Springs, long distance Collinge Collar, Arch or Drop Axle, Drop Axle regular, Arch Axle when ordered, Axle Caps glued to Axles and polished smooth, Full Bottom circle Fifth Wheel with King Bolt, selected Hickory Reaches and ironed full length.

**Track**—Standard track, 4 feet 8 inch regular. Wide track, 5 feet 2 inch when ordered.

**Painting**—Body, Black, with very fine line of striping. Gear, Green or Carmine, neatly striped.

**Body**—Nicely proportioned, full length Rocker Plates.

**Trimming**—Green or Blue Cloth or Whipcord, Springs in Cushions and Backs, full length Carpet, Leather Dash, oil-burning Lamps, square bend Fenders.

**Top**—Rubber Extension, Rubber Side Curtains.

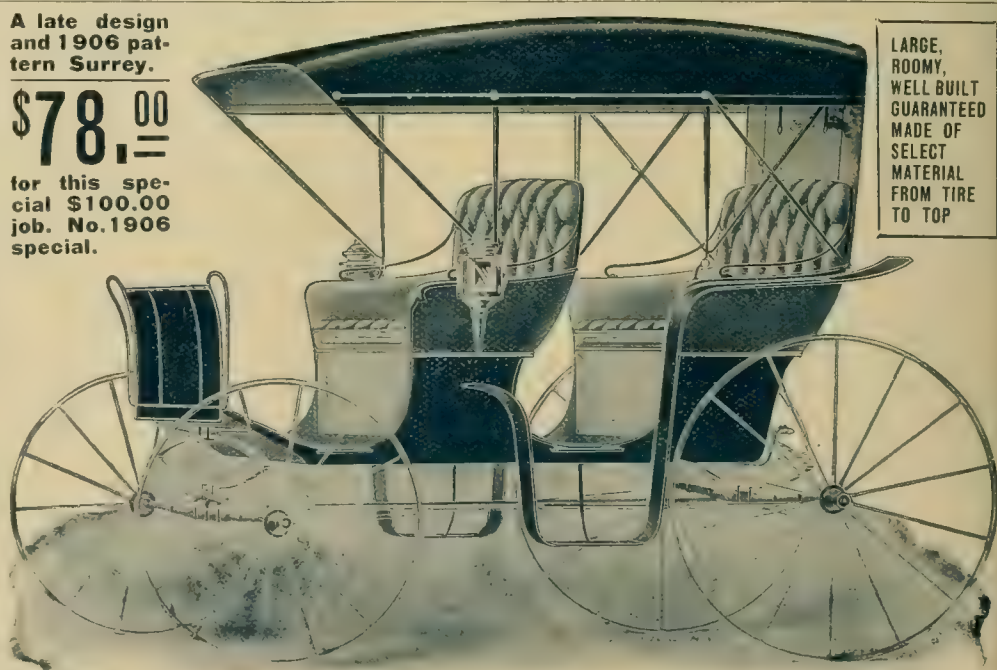
**Shafts**—Selected Hickory. Leather trimmed.

**Extras**—Leather of Plush Trimming, Leather  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and Leather Back Stays, solid Rubber Tire, Pole, etc. See price below.

**A late design and 1906 pattern Surrey.**

**\$78.00**

for this special \$100.00 job. No. 1906 special.



LARGE, ROOMY, WELL BUILT GUARANTEED MADE OF SELECT MATERIAL FROM TIRE TO TOP

Price complete with shafts and 1-inch guaranteed rubber tires, \$91.00  
Price 1906 Surrey complete with select hickory shafts, 78.00  
Extra for pole, 1.80  
Extra for pole and shafts, 3.00  
Extra for leather or plush trimming, 4.00  
Extra for leather quarters and backstays, 3.25

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,**  
CHICAGO, ILL.



# THE INGLENOOK

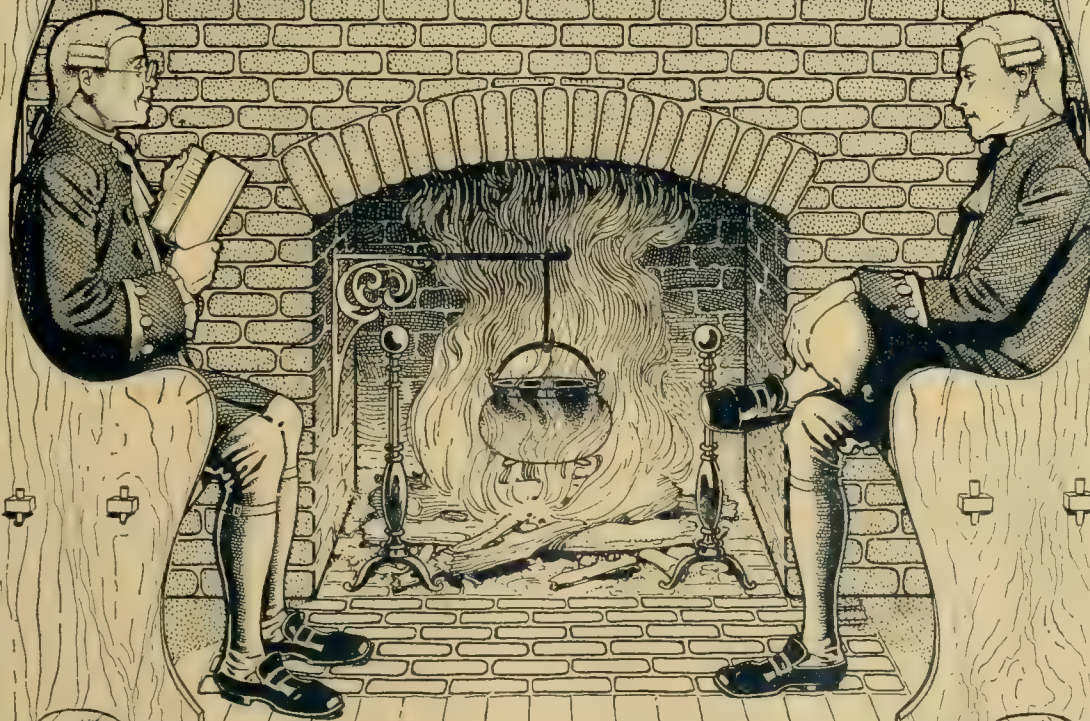
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

WITH KODAK AND PENCIL SOUTH OF THE  
EQUATOR.—D. L. Miller.

ANN LOVELL'S HERITAGE.—Mary I. Senseman.

LIFE OF DAVID BRAINERD.—Ida Jacobs.



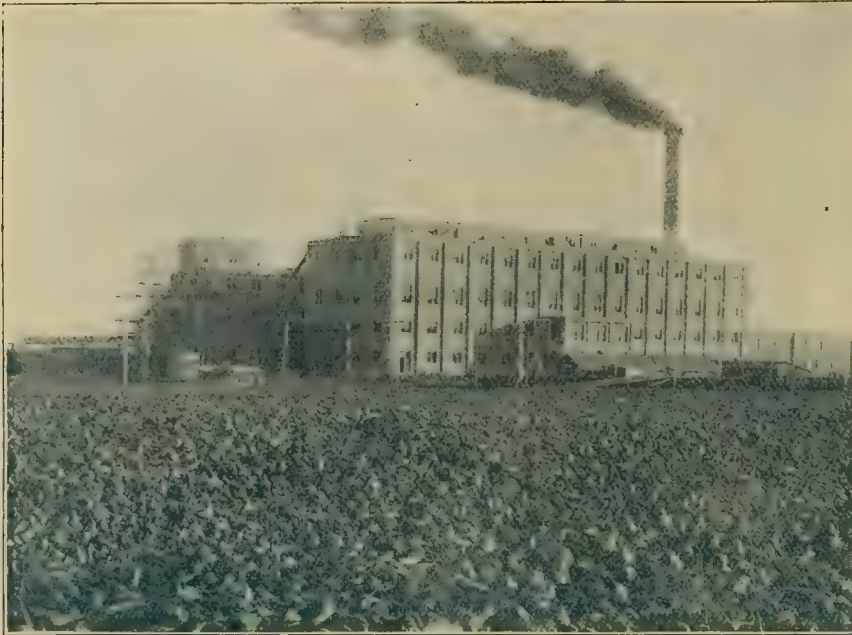
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 20, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 8. Vol. VIII





New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.  
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

## CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte ...Valley...

AND RETURN

## First and Third Tuesdays February and March

From Chicago,.....	\$19.55
From St. Louis,.....	17.25
From Omaha,.....	10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in mid-winter. Go and see for yourself—it need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific  
Railroad**

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

**THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,** as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUG- AR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

### TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for

### NEW FOLDER FREE

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,  
Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?  
Take the

**Union Pacific Railroad**

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**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.

♦ ♦ ♦

### ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15  
to April 7

From Chicago, .....	\$33.00
From St. Louis, .....	30.00
From Missouri River, .....	25.00

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

## The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the "OVERLAND ROUTE," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**

♦ ♦ ♦

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Write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

**Union Pacific Railroad**  
Omaha, Neb.

# THE BIBLE INSTITUTE CANTON, OHIO

## PURPOSE.

1. To Educate and Train Ministers to teach and preach the Living Word.
2. To Educate and Train Sunday-school Teachers and Superintendents to teach the **WORD** with more power and thus strengthen the Sunday-school Cause.
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4. To Educate and give the most practical training to the Missionary for Home and Foreign Fields.

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A Faculty able to direct students in above lines of work because of the most thorough preparation and long experience in teaching.

## DEPARTMENTS—Biblical, Literary, Business, Musical.

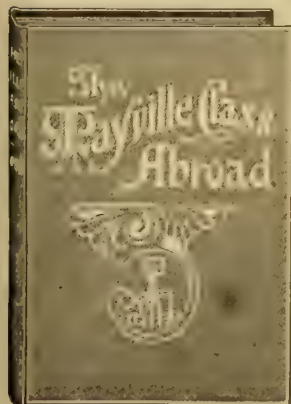
Courses are adapted to stimulate thorough and intelligent study of the Bible. Opportunities are given because of being located in a large city for the adaptation of methods to life. Those who desire to prepare for any line of church work find this a real Home during years of training for the Highest Service.

For further information, address

E. S. YOUNG, Canton, Ohio.

# The Mayville Class Abroad

By E. M. COBB



The Mayville High School class make a tour through Europe and Palestine and write letters home of the most interesting character. It is just the thing for young people. All will find the book captivating and very instructive.

Reading this book is just like reading letters from a friend traveling abroad. You can only imagine how interesting and instructive such a book would be, unless you have actually had the experience. It is a book that will interest the whole family.

The book is finely illustrated and contains 288 pages. It is bound in fine cloth and has a beautiful cover design stamped in white. You had better send for a copy now.

Price per copy, prepaid, only \$1.00.

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Just one agent wanted in each community. If you want to make some money real quick write at once for terms on this book. **ACT NOW** or someone else will. Address,

Brethren Publishing House,  
Elgin, Illinois.

# "History of the Brethren"

By DR. M. G. BRUMBAUGH.

This book has been sold by the thousands, yet there is a demand for same because it gives the most authentic history of the Brethren of any yet published. It is profusely illustrated and is printed on good paper. Bound in cloth, \$2.00; half morocco, \$2.50; full morocco, \$3.00.

Address:

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# WANTED

Man and wife to assist on a farm in Saskatchewan, Canada. Good location near Brethren church. Good wages the entire year for the right person. Can also use a few farm hands and one blacksmith. Send reference when writing. For particulars address

FAIRVIEW LAND CO.,  
Greenville, Ohio.

## COLONIST LOW ONE-WAY SECOND CLASS RATES.

To San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Boise City, Spokane, Walla Walla, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Butte and other points in Montana, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and the Pacific Coast,

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, February 15th to April 7th, 1906, inclusive. Attractive side trips at very low rates. Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman Tourist sleeping cars, only \$7.00 for double berth from Chicago (accommodating two people), through to the Pacific Coast without change of cars. Choice of routes. Excellent train service. Dining cars, (meals a la carte). For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

# Inglenook Cook Book

This cook book has become so popular that we were compelled to get out another edition.

We are printing it on much better paper this time and are binding it in our own bindery, insuring a much better book than previous edition.

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased. Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents Oil cloth binding, each, ....35 cents

Brethren Publishing House,  
Elgin, Illinois.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



# AN OLD MEDICINE

---

AMONG the medicines used by our mothers and grandmothers are to be found a few that were used as long as fifty and seventy-five years ago. There is one preparation, however, which stands out preëminently among the rest and which official records show has been in constant use for over one hundred years. It is known as

## Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

and is prepared to-day as it was in those early days, from pure, selected medicinal herbs and roots—remedial agents taken from nature's botanical storehouse.

This famous time-tried specific vitalizes the life-fluid and carries health with it wherever the blood goes. It searches out and carries away the impurities and poisons which spread throughout the system. It has cured hundreds of cases that were regarded as hopeless by physicians where ordinary treatments failed. No sick one, no matter how desperate or long-continued his disease may be, should despair of a cure. Let the sufferer take hope from the scriptural saying, "The blood is the life," and remember that good, pure blood—which means health, strength and vitality—is easily within his reach by the use of Nature's remedy, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

### THOUGHT SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Berkley, Ala., Jan. 9, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find balance due on the **Blood Vitalizer**. I have been wonderfully benefited by your medicine. I had a bad cough and severe pains in my side so that I was unable to do my house-work. My friends thought I had consumption, but thanks to the **Blood Vitalizer**, I am well again. The cough is gone, my strength has returned and I feel better than I have for years. I know it is all due to the **Blood Vitalizer**, as it is the only medicine I have taken. I shall certainly keep it on hand in the house. I had to let some friends have a few bottles with me. I shall write to you about other cures soon.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. E. J. Williams.

### SAYS IT'S MIRACULOUS.

Alida, Ind., Aug. 21, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I can only say that your **Blood Vitalizer** is a miraculous remedy. I was so sick last winter that I believe I was on the brink of the grave. I could neither eat nor sleep and had been confined to my bed for weeks. I tried various medicines which were recommended to me, but I grew daily worse. During my sufferings I happened to think about your **Blood Vitalizer**, of which I had heard so much. I made up my mind to try it too. I had taken the **Blood Vitalizer** but a short time and used the Oleum externally when I felt like one released from bondage. My ailment disappeared and I felt like a new man. I thank you from the depths of my heart.

Yours truly,

Michael Ogieglo.

Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not to be had in drugstores. It is not listed in "drug journals" or "jobber's price lists," as it is not an article of commercial traffic. It is put up for the cure of sick people and is supplied through them direct or through the medium of specially appointed agents. These agents are selected among your friends and neighbors, whom you know and trust. For further particulars address the sole proprietors,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

## Victor Liver Pills

The superior Family Liver Pills. Very mild in their action and act as a Laxative, by taking one before retiring. In larger doses they are anti-bilious Pills and cure Biliousness, Liver and Stomach troubles. A favorite among the Ladies. If your dealer does not have Victor Liver Pills you can get them for twelve 2-cent stamps by addressing

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
Frederick, Md.

## VICTOR HEADACHE SPECIFIC

Cures all Sick and Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Brain-Fag, Sea and Train Sickness. Eleven cures 10 cents. Mailed on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
Frederick, Md.

## BRAWNTAWSN'S The Victor Tonic

Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion by Building the Digestive Organs. Thirty Days' Treatment 50 cents. Send by Mail on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
Frederick, Md.

## Central Kansas Farms

Write for list of the best Corn, Wheat and Alfalfa Producing Farms.

N. P. J. SONDERGARD,  
Marion Co., Ramona, Kans.

## SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Gospel Messenger

Now is a good time to begin your subscription. If you are not now a subscriber to the Gospel Messenger, let us send you a sample copy.

Better still—send us \$1.50 for a year's subscription and we will send you Free a copy of the Brethren Family Almanac.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.

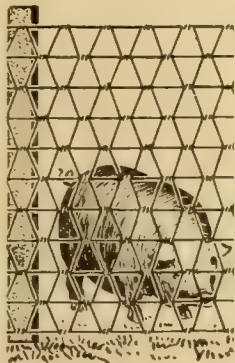


## FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE  
**HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE**  
We cure you of chewing and smoking  
for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly  
harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford,  
Indiana. We answer all letters.

### CANCER CURED.

I can say positively that I am perfectly well of that dreaded disease, "cancer." I had a cancer on the side of my nose for five years and could scarcely make up my mind where to go, as there are so many cures, but fortunately I was induced to try Drs. Rinehart & Co., of Kokomo, Ind., and am happy to say that in three weeks' time it was all healed and well. I advise anyone suffering from cancer to try their treatment, as it is painless and permanent. Anyone can have their free book on the subject of cancer by writing to the above-named firm.  
Michael Troyer,  
8t4 Twinsburg, Ohio.



## DIAMOND MESH FENCING

From 4½ up to 6 ft.  
high and 1-in. mesh  
up. Direct to farm-  
ers. Write for cata-  
logue and prices.

THE HOLLINGER  
FENCE CO.,  
GREENVILLE, OHIO

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Using the Nonpoisonous Botanic Red Label Remedies. Send 10 c. for a 25-c box, a booklet on diet for the sick worth its weight in gold and learn about the surest system of healing known. Name your ailment. Health Supply Co., Ash-  
land, Ohio. 6t4

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A. C. BRUBAKER,

1519 East 12th Street,  
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6t3

## LOW RATES WEST AND NORTHWEST

Daily February 15 to April 7

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST.  
PAUL RAILWAY

Greatly reduced rates will be made on the above dates to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and many other points West and Northwest. Half rates for children of half-fare age. Liberal stop-overs allowed on all tickets. Tickets are good in Tourist sleepers. For further information regarding rates, routes and train service see nearest ticket agent or write R. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

### Homeseekers' Excursion to the Northwest, West and Southwest

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates are on sale to the territory indicated above. Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Free Reclining Chair Cars and "The Best of Everything." For dates of sale and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

### Very Low Rates to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, to Mobile, Pensa- cola and Winter Resorts,

Via the North-Western Line. On account of the Mardi Gras, excursion tickets with certain stop-over privileges will be sold to New Orleans, Mobile and Pensacola, Feb. 21 to 25, inclusive, also on Feb. 26, for trains arriving at destination by noon of Feb. 27, with favorable return limits. Excursion tickets are also on sale daily, at reduced rates, to the principal winter resorts in the United States and Mexico. For full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

### WILL ATTRACT CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

Decidedly out of the ordinary is a booklet on California issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. From a typographical standpoint it is exceedingly attractive, while the description of "winter's summer garden" is enticing. One merit the publication has is that of telling all that is essential for a prospective tourist and then stopping.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sent to any address for six cents' postage. F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, C. M. & St. P. R'y, Chicago. 1

## 500 Agents Wanted

To Sell Books. Good Books;  
Good Commissions. Write at  
once for particulars. Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY 20, 1906.

No. 8.

## CONFIDENCE.

FRANKLIN E. HATHAWAY.

Since you have taken on a new ambition  
Which leads you out to distant fields away,  
Your thought returns at times o'er lengthening spaces,  
From the thick fray.

And, often wandering in some stranger country,  
Where blossoms blow beneath the sun's warm smile,  
I see well copied by their shining petals,  
Your very style.

Or 'round the world so full of healthful music;  
In laughing rivulets hurrying here and there;  
In every merry bird that sings at dawn;  
Your voice I hear.

When fast within the iron grasp of winter  
Whose breath o'erclouds each window-pane at night,  
I see reflected from the pearly snowflakes  
Your eyes' own light.

My eyes are dry; they're not bereft of seeing  
At every hour a face with love aglow—  
Your soul and mine so liquidly are blending,  
And shall I know.

Chicago, Ill.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*He only keeps happiness who gives it.*



*Honest Pleasure will not take the Future's peace.*



*God will not give anyone peace who will not divide it with his neighbor.*



*If power were kind, it would be good. Alas! than this, 'tis oftener rude.*



*We waste much time, in which we might be doing good, talking about other people being bad.*



*What would I wish to live for, or how dare to die, did I not believe that God is, and that he is the rewarder of all who diligently seek him?*

*A good friendship cannot be made out of bad material.*



*They who sacrifice pleasure to duty attain to happiness.*



*Pretense is needless in the great and ridiculous in the small.*



*Nonconformity to the world is of no virtue if it be not conformity to Christ.*



*Indolence may be considered weak, but it has ousted Industry more than once.*



*Pleasure that places the future in debt not only not look back upon her pathway.*



*He in whose presence uninjured may dwell friendship of others proves his friendship well.*



*Whatever our field, it will grow something, and we must blame ourselves if it grows weeds.*



*Comparing the great good we might have done with the little good which we have done is not what we like to do, but may improve what we will do.*



*Pleasure that places the future in debt not only gives a mortgage on itself, but, failing to meet the indebtedness, lets Sorrow help to foot the bill.*



*Infidelity barren? Nay, verily! but what a family it has, nor less awful, that now and then a moral man may countenance the parent,—drunkards, thieves, dissolute persons, murderers, blasphemers,—all plying, unafraid, their vicious callings!*



*Some youths seem to think it doesn't matter as to the foundation they lay for their character, if they strengthen their building in some upper story, some future day. Do not save (or rather, lose) on the foundation.*

Burlington, Ind.



## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Boers.  
No. 21.



FOR a quarter of a century after the organization of the South Africa Republics the Boers pursued their strenuous lives. They had constant warfare with the natives, using and becoming proficient in the tactics they were to use so effectively against their old-time enemy in the years to come. It cannot be said that the new republics succeeded well financially. Taxes were not easy to collect and the state officials were compelled to serve on uncertain

Boer republics. The treaties which followed were not clearly defined and gave rise to many quibbles and much negotiation later.

In 1886 came the discovery of the rich gold mines in the Rand, a district of territory located in the Transvaal Republic, and this led to the speedy undoing of the republic. President Kruger said: "It is certain that had no gold been found in the Transvaal there would have been no war." To a large gathering of his countrymen who were rejoicing over the dis-



Market Square, Johannesburg, soon after the Discovery of Gold in the Rand.

salary. And now for the British again. In 1877 the entire territory was annexed to the empire. What led up to this result is a long story, the telling of which would take more space than is available. A protest signed by the Boers was sent to London and disregarded. It is believed by many Englishmen that if the government had at this time promptly carried out its promises to the Boers war would have been avoided. But irritating delays came and in 1880 the Boers took up arms and in a few short, sharp actions showed the English and the world that it is the rifle in the hands of marksmen, and not military drill, that makes soldiers. The disastrous defeat of the British at Majuba hill ended the war. Mr. Gladstone, then premier of Great Britain, magnanimously restored the

covery of the precious metal the old veteran, General Joubert, said: "Instead of rejoicing you would do better to weep, for this gold will cause our country to be soaked with blood." At this time the population of the country was placed at fifty thousand by an English authority, but now came an influx of population which soon outnumbered the Boers. From all parts of the world came treasure seekers and a rich treasure they found. It is estimated that five billion dollars' worth of gold may be taken from the mines without exhausting them. The metal is evenly distributed in the great bed of ore in the reef which crops out in a ridge some seventy miles in length. Mines have been carried to an enormous depth and gold found distributed as at the surface. In the Rand there is no risk



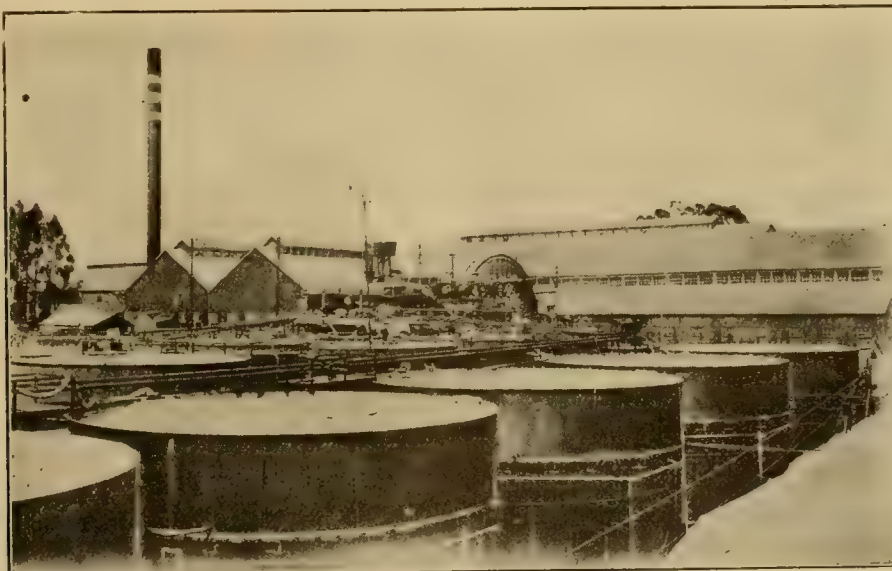
Market Square, Johannesburg. This City is in the Center of the Mining District.  
The Jameson Raid was Directed against it.

in mining. Given the capital, machinery and workmen and a regular income is assured.

The Boers showed that they had as keen an eye for business as for wild animals and savage blacks. The mines were in their territory and while they did not profit by mining they did get gold from the miners. The mines were taxed, a dynamite monopoly was formed and the revenue of the government rose from seven to twenty million dollars in a very few years.

The "Uitlander," as the Dutch called the foreigner, was allowed to take no part in the government affairs. The right of franchise was denied him. The shrewd Boer saw that if the franchise was given the Uitlander, he being in the majority, the days of Boer domination would be at an end. This led to an end-

less dispute and was taken as a pretext by Great Britain to enter again into the politics of the Transvaal. It is the fixed conviction of many of the best writers and thinkers of England that the British government deliberately sought the overthrow of the Dutch republic, that the Jameson raid was a part of a general plan, of which the home government was cognizant, and that from the first opening of the negotiations which immediately preceded the war it was the fixed determination of the English to overthrow the republics and annex the territory to the empire. It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed discussion of these various questions which occupied the attention of the two rival governments for several years before the outbreak of the last war. Conan Doyle has summed



Cyanide Process Gold Works at Johannesburg, South Africa.



up the Boer side of the question and no one will charge him with partiality for the Afrikanders.

"But it is a poor cause which cannot bear to fairly state and honestly consider the case of its opponents. The Boers had made, as has been briefly shown, great efforts to establish a country of their own. They had traveled far, worked hard and fought bravely. After all their efforts they were fated to see an influx of strangers into their country, some of them men of questionable character, who outnumbered the original inhabitants. If the franchise were granted to these, there could be no doubt that though at first the Boers might control a majority of the votes, it was only a

qualities which we might admire, and not the least of them was that love of independence which is our proudest boast that we have encouraged in others as well as exercised ourselves. And yet we have come to this pass, that there was no room in all South Africa for both of us. We cannot hold ourselves blameless in the matter. 'The evil that men do lives after them,' and we have erred in the past in South Africa. On our hands, too, is the Jameson raid, carried out by Englishmen and led by officers who held the Queen's commission; to us, also, the blame of the shuffling, half-hearted inquiry into that most unjustifiable business. These are the matches which helped



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, South Africa.

question of time before the newcomers would dominate the legislature and elect their own president, who might adopt a policy abhorrent to the original owners of the land. Were the Boers to lose by the ballot-box the victory which they had won by their rifles? Was it fair to expect it? These newcomers came for gold. They got their gold. Their companies paid a hundred per cent. Was not that enough to satisfy them? If they did not like the country why did they not leave it? No one compelled them to stay there. But if they stayed, let them be thankful that they were tolerated at all, and not presume to interfere with the laws of those by whose courtesy they were allowed to enter the country.

"These people were as near akin to us as any race not our own. They were of the same Frisian stock which peopled our own shores. In habit of mind, in religion, in respect for law, they were as ourselves. Brave, too, they were, and hospitable, with those sporting instincts which are dear to the Anglo-Celtic race. There was no people in the world who had more

to set the great blaze alight, and it is we who held them."

(To be continued.)

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#### DISQUALIFIED.

"THE man who is licensed to conduct a saloon ought to be a man of good character, and he ought to be a good, useful citizen. He may have his faults, as other men have, but he ought to be as good as the average."—*Knights of Fidelity News*.

If he were "as good as the average" he would drive a garbage cart before falling so low as to run a saloon. If he were "a man of good character," he would steal chickens before he would damn his neighbors by selling them whiskey. If he were "a good, useful citizen," he would commit some crime comparatively decent and go to the penitentiary before he would be a party to turning the homes of innocent women and children into a hell by selling liquor to husbands and fathers.—*American Issue*.

## ANN LOVELL'S HERITAGE.

MARY I. SENSEMAN.



**D**AVID was in a tantrum. It was obvious in the glare of his gray eyes; it was betokened by the slowly progressing shuffle of his feet, by the clatter of the milk pail he was jerkily carrying. His lips were tight together, thus showing more distinctly their having been modeled on a question mark.

Wouldn't he light out this very night and go to sea, although he had dismissed sailor life from his mind two years ago, if it weren't that Doctor Forde was to lecture on electricity next Thursday evening? Might not he plan to be an electrical engineer? Didn't people always get pretty sick, anyway, on the ocean?

But what right did Ann Lovell have to order him to split kindlings? Wasn't she able? Didn't he know her arms were twice as big as his—a fourteen-year-old boy's? Was it not enough for him to do to chop wood and milk the cow? Was he doing those things because he liked to do 'em?

The cow shed was cool and shadowy, but a solitary forerunner of fly-time buzzed gleefully over Bossy's warm back.

"So! Stand over! So-o!"

Was it not a woman's place to do the milking? Wouldn't he poison this old cow, though, if milk were not such good stuff? Could there have been a queerer will than that one of his father's? Can there be one more queer!—

"I, David Conway, of the village of G—, County of H—, and State of Ohio, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament, to wit:

"First—All my just debts and funeral expenses shall be first duly paid with moneys deposited by said testator in First National Bank of city of A—, County of H—, and State of Ohio, such moneys retained by said bank for said purpose.

"Second—I give, devise, and bequeath to Ann Lovell, sister of my deceased second wife, all the rest, residue, and remainder of my wealth, to wit: strong muscles, sound mind, willing heart of David, son of said testator and said testator's first wife, deceased."

In another legal document was contained the agreement with a savings bank that it hold in trust the few hundreds of David Conway, Sr.'s savings for his son until the boy should attain his majority.

The date of the writing of the will had not been long past until its execution was in order. The plodding day-laborer, the rainy-day and evening basket-weaver, passed to his reward.

His "wealth," the animate likeness of the restless, inquisitive girl-wife, passed to other hands.

David Conway had brothers and sisters to whom he might have bequeathed his possession, provided, that he had known the whereabouts of those relatives more prosperous than he; and provided, that he had been less a practical advocate of quality, and more an advocate of quantity, in any line of work from wood-cutting to manhood-developing.

David, Jr., had wished his mother had had a sister. To be willed, muscles, mind, and heart to the maiden step-aunt!

Had not three months under that ownership evinced to him Ann Lovell's lack of education? With what precision his alertness crossed that lack!

This evening she had told him he was to split the kindlings in the future. Split kindlings! Was he to be a slave?

David gave the cow the freedom of the comfortable shed. This was the cow's place for the nights, even of summer, for Ann utilized all her tiny farm for gardening, pasturing Bossy by day on roadside areas granted by obliging neighbors.

Supper that evening was oppressive with silence after Ann's brief words of grace. What was the use for David to talk, anyway, when he knew beforehand the answer he'd get? For David's part in a conversation was his out-loud thoughts, spoken sentences of the sort that end with a rising inflection. And Ann usually contributed a meek, "I don't know," varied significantly by such as, "Most all sorts of vegetables will bear forcing," or, "It is the late potatoes that thrive best in this soil."

After supper David dutifully laid open his Latin text-book. Even when composed it was not agreeable to his mentality to follow Cæsar in that gentleman's belligerent maneuvers. What with the sea and electricity, milk and kindlings in tumultuous occupation of his mind, the boy found himself a mutinous straggler that pleasant spring evening.

Wasn't Prof. Kale daft on cramming Latin into his pupils? Who could learn the grammar of it well enough to take up Cæsar within the same ten months?

"Ow!" He had dug too deeply into his scalp. In a quick upward glance he understood the steady gaze from Ann, who had for the moment ceased from her after-supper task. It was evident that she had been trying to silently attract his attention to the manipulations of his fingers. How was he ever going to translate Latin without scratching his head?

David Conway, senior, had not misjudged his sister-in-law. Ann's forte was patience. She demonstrated it now as she quietly brought the court-plaster. While parting the thick locks to reach the bleeding wound she tittered shyly, "You'll soon have a hole scratched here big enough to let Cæsar's whole army into your head."

David did not resist replying with a te! he! of mocking ridicule. Not even a night's good sleep and



a breakfast of poached eggs could diminish the boy's mental turbulence.

What wonder that he could hardly learn his Cæsar exercises! Were not boiled eggs and dry toast much more healthful than poached eggs and their milk-soaked foundation? What if they did look nice, set jewel-like on the golden-brown squares? Wouldn't *she* say she didn't know, if he were to ask her whether she had ever boiled an egg?

David was not relieved all day from the burden of his defiant thoughts. And evening only brought enhancement, with its kindlings to be split and its new chapter of Cæsar to be conned.

It was while engaged at the latter that the idea of whistling suggested itself to David as being the means of both easing his characteristic tension and warding off impending sleepiness. Ann had retired to her bedroom an hour before. Couldn't she tell him if the sound disturbed her?

The plan was partially successful, especially when he occasionally supplemented the clear notes by thrusting the ends of two fingers between his lips, thereby producing that variety of whistling that is equalled only by—well—*only* by a repetition of its ear-drum-destructive self.

Ann did not remonstrate, however. Although somewhat surprised that she did not, David was more surprised not to hear her summon him downstairs the next morning. His own irrepressible activity was sufficient stimulus for descent to the kitchen. There he found the fuel neatly laid in the stove, ready for the touch of the lighted match.

Wouldn't it be a joke to not kindle a fire, since Ann had been so careless as to forget it? One, two, sharp clangs from the clock. The kindlings were all ablaze before the last stroke, the eighth, sounded. Was not Prof. Kale a tyrant not to accept a pupil's after-excuse for tardiness?

David went to the cow shed on a run. It was empty. He returned more speedily to the house. He rapped at Ann's bedroom door. As on the evening before, no sound was forthcoming. He shoved the door open and rapidly surveyed every part of the scantily furnished chamber. There was no living occupant.

Another trip to the shed and an examination of its appointments disclosed to the boy that the cow's tethering rope was also missing. In the moist, yielding soil just outside the shed there were hoof-prints and other impressions like those made by heavy, flat-soled shoes. David knew that Ann Lovell wore no other kind of shoes. But had that personage and her cow gone toward the north or south?

The solid, impassive road had not retained its share of the introductory clue to the whereabouts of woman and cow.

Had Kale said tardiness grades would be considered

in class standing? The kitchen clock informed David that one-quarter hour had been consumed. Another fifteen minutes! Why was he always hungry? Why did Ann live nearly a half mile from the high school building?

There were two eggs lying on the table that, David noticed, was set for only him. The tea-kettle was singing invitingly and he dropped the eggs into it.

Milk? There was a pitcherful on the table. All right cold, wasn't it, and toast all right cold, too? Lunch for the day. The basket had been filled in readiness. David laid the Roman general's chronicles by the basket and then breakfasted upon cold milk, cold dry toast, and eggs, soft? yes; boiled? ah, no!

During the seven days that ensued David received from nobody but himself any inquiry concerning his guardian. And he doggedly made no inquiry of anybody.

For a score of mealtimes his menus consisted of canned fruit, eggs boiled to all and every stage of hardness, and bread, cold, toasted to a cinder, or dried to straw color. His appetite cloyed on that fare, and he consequently found himself, one evening, pulling out the mat of weeds from one of Ann's onion beds.

Would he weed the garden if he were not getting tired of his bill of fare? Wouldn't he light out if it were not for the high school alumni's reception next week?

Jack Diltz was going to graduate from the high school and he had arranged that David should accompany him to the party that would, as customarily, succeed commencement.

\* \* \* \* \*

The interior of the impromptu auditorium, into which the lower hall of the old high-school building had been converted, was a pretty sight. The raised platform at one side was still decorated with its commencement array. Hundreds of yards of bright-colored, tape-like paper formed a false, low-hung ceiling in the hall. There was a group of musicians on the platform that, on a previous evening, had been occupied by the year's output of graduates. These graduates now sat in observant, new-membership state in the front part of the room. Other groups, kaleidoscopic, of men and women in festal dress, kept up a melodious hum with their happy voices and gay laughter.

Among these, a certain grave, middle-aged man and his bright-eyed wife seemed to be the attracting nuclei.

"They are Mr. and Mrs. Lessep, the only ones of this association who have studied in Europe," Jack Diltz explained to David.

As newcomers entered with ever less frequency the hum of voices ceased and preparation was made

for attention to the prearranged program of music and addresses.

Roll call was first in order. "We wish you to respond by narrating an incident of your school days," the chairman announced.

"John Lessep, 1880," at last read the secretary.

"Jimmy Daniels has told you about the mouse he put in Professor Forrest's desk, and Bert Fulmer has described the fire drill under that instructor's supervision. They two, with me, made up the class of '80. But there had been a girl with us in the class the preceding three years and an act on her part a short time ago has recalled to me the reason for her having relinquished her senior year.

"We know that stern, rough outward conditions tend to make us of the same material. It was markedly true of that girl. Although not particularly apt at her books she was very fond of studying and by virtue of work and good behavior she usually had first rank in class standing.

"But the tornado of July, '79, left alive of the family only this girl and one younger sister. All the father's property was destroyed except a stony twenty-acre farm that was not very valuable. This farm our classmate exchanged for an acre or two of good land with buildings and she set to work to support herself and her sister. Of course it was impracticable that both girls continue attending school and it was the younger one who did continue. Until the latter's death she gave proof of her gratitude by being a staunch stand-by of her brave sister.

"Before long this neighborhood heroine acquired considerable liking for her new work. And in the twenty-odd years since the tornado our former classmate's energies have been wholly directed toward orderliness and prime condition of her truck farming.

"About two weeks ago she again put aside her methodism. At the time when gardens require the most attention she ran away. Last evening my wife and I met her at my cousin Mr. Henry Kirkland's, helping Mrs. Kirkland at housework, and we learned that our early friend had left her own duties in order to give her protégé his chance.

"Fellow-graduates, the majority of you know of whom I have been speaking,—of just Ann Lovell."

The appreciative, soft clapping of hands was interrupted by the entrance of late comers. The party consisted of two ladies and a boyish-looking gentleman who afterward responded "Here!" to the secretary's call, "Henry Kirkland, 1890."

As the three neared Mr. Lessep and his wife, that gentleman arose and, bowing to the older of the two women, proffered her his place. But David Conway had agilely made his way through the audience to the woman's side.

He tugged at her sleeve and she, thanking Mr.

Lessep, went with David a little farther back in the hall. As they sat down the boy whispered, "Don't you guess I'm glad to see you? Should you like to know, I weeded your garden? Did you bring the cow?"

Ann Lovell nodded.

*Covington, Ohio.*



### THE KLAMATH PROJECT.

THE definite announcement of the approval of the Klamath project by the Secretary of the Interior has been made and proposals asked for the construction of about nine miles of main canal near Klamath Falls, Oregon, with head works, sluice gates, bridges, and other appurtenances involving about 600,000 cubic yards of excavation, 3,100 linear feet of concrete lined tunnel, and 4,000 cubic yards of concrete masonry exclusive of tunnel lining. This announcement calls for the construction of the first unit of what is to become one of the largest of the government projects, area considered.

Owing to the lack of railroad communication, the government proposes to extend its work slowly, anticipating the extension of adequate transportation systems within a short period after the beginning of its great work.

The Klamath basin comprises an area of nearly 400,000 acres of irrigable land. The region possesses a splendid climate; the soils are rich and adapted to a wide variety of agricultural and horticultural products, and the pro rata cost of irrigation per acre is the lowest under any of the government works under construction at the present time.

Plans, specifications and forms of proposal for this work are obtainable upon application to the Chief Engineer of the Reclamation Service, Washington, D. C., the Supervising Engineer, Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, or the District Engineer, Klamath Falls, Oregon.



CHICAGO was recently the scene of one of the most gorgeous balls ever put on the floor, gotten up to provide funds for a sick babies' pavilion at the Children's Hospital. Some \$20,000 was realized. It always struck me as being ridiculous that men and women have to be bribed with a dance to get money out of them for any laudable purpose, but that they will spend millions for any fad. How little were the children thought of by these dancers, whose very incomes made it necessary to appeal to charity to aid those whom they have crushed to death! Dancing for charity! How happy they must be because there are poor who are in need! Such a joyous thing!—*Appeal to Reason.*



## ONLY TOM.

HE was only Tom. No white-haired grandmother said, "Tommy, dear"; no father, "Thomas, my son." Only a street waif, and rheumatic Aunt Hepsy gave him shelter, and he brought her coals from the dump, and pennies earned selling papers. People thought of him as the dirtiest boy in the whole tenement, the worst on the street. He kicked the cats, stoned the dogs, pushed little girls into the gutters, grabbed dinner-pails from school children, throwing them back empty. He was only nine when he started for the dump one morning, leaving Aunt Hepsy asleep. At dusk the boy across the hall called:

"Say, Tom, your old woman's dead, and the coffin-man has got her down in his place, and the fune'll's to-morrow, and I'll go with you."

The quarter's rent had been paid, so Tom had a place to stay. He brought coals and sold papers, and Jim's mother washed his shirt and mended his clothes; the "coffin-man" gave him some shoes, and the big policeman at the corner gave him a piece of soap, and told him to use it or he would "run him in"; the motormen bought papers while they waited on the switch, and Tom whistled and walked into a coal office one day.

"Say, Mister, will yer give me a job?"

The big man looked twice through his glasses, then over them at the small boy with black eyes.

"Give you a job! What can you do?"

"Yer see, Mister, it's just like this: I'm an awful dirty chap, and your coal-yard looks like the right sort of place for me."

"How old are you? Where do you live?"

"'Bout ten,—with Jim's folks."

"What can you do?"

"Cop says I lie. He can't catch me swipin', though. Say, do you want me to go and swear at them mules?"

"Do you like horses? Are you afraid of them?"

"No, sir-ee!"

"Well, you may help rub the horses down at night, and rake up the coal that the men spill, and I'll give you a dollar a week."

Tom worked and whistled, took kicks and oaths from the men, said "Hello!" to the boss, and carried his dollar home every Saturday night to Jim's mother, who fed him and tried to make him look decent. He sold papers Sunday mornings, and, standing on the corner with a cigar-stump in his mouth, he attracted the notice of a young girl who, after much thinking, said:

"I see you have sold all your papers. Will you carry mine down to the next street for me? My hands are so full. Here's a penny."

She had prayed as she placed that picture of the crucifixion on the outside. Tom looked at it.

"Say, Miss, wot they doin' to them fellers?"

"I'm just going in here to see my boys. There are six of them, and I'm going to tell them about that picture. Come in and hear it."

"Be your boys dudes?"

"No, paper-boys like you."

"Well, I'll come. If it's no good, I'll bolt."

Tom followed, and just inside the door were three boys engaged in what seemed to him a sort of circus.

"Good morning, boys. I've brought a friend of mine to see us to-day. If you stand on your heads, he will think your brains are in your heels," said the teacher.

Tom was at once treated to some gum and a singing book. Not all could read the songs, but they could the numbers. Was it an inspiration that the superintendent gave out, "Stand up, stand up, for Jesus," as he looked at those boys who had been selling extras that morning? Soldier and banner and victory! The words held a meaning. "To-day the noise of battle." Tom's quick ear caught much of it. During the prayer Tom dropped a few shot down the back of one boy, and put some gum on the back of another. A jump, and some shot rattled on the floor, and the young teacher prayed for wisdom.

"I'm glad you know what shot is. Have you any bullets? How would you like to be soldiers and have those fired at you? Would you be willing to be shot because some one else had been bad? What are the boys fighting for in Cuba to-day?"

"To lick old Spain, so she can't boss Cuby any more."

Then Tom spoke:

"When are yer goin' to tell us about the picture?"

Slowly the teacher unrolled that colored print of the crucifixion, praying that she might say the right words to touch those boys.

"Do any of you know what that picture is about?"

"That's Jesus and the thieves."

"What are they up on those crosses for?"

"The soldiers are goin' to kill 'em."

"What did those wicked men want to kill Jesus for?"

"They was mad at him, cos he was good, allus kind to poor folks, made 'em well when they was sick, told 'em to git up and walk and give away their old crutches, and when he see any blind fellers he just put mud on their eyes, and they was all right."

One after another told in his own way all he could remember of the truths he had learned about Jesus. Tom pinched the ear of one boy and ran a pin into the leg of another, all the while keeping his eyes on the picture.

"Did you ever hear about Jesus before, Tom?"

"No, and it's all lies, cos if he could make dead folks alive he could just killed all those old sinners as quick as wink 'fore they nailed him up."

The young teacher looked in vain for Tom the next Sunday, but the boys had all called on him during the week at the coal-yard and told him of suppers, and Christmas trees, and good times, and so in a couple of weeks he was at his corner when the mission bell rang at nine.

"Say, Miss Teacher, I'll carry your papers fer yer."

And that young girl, who worked in the telephone office all the week, forgot how tired she was as she looked at the bright eyes of the street arab, while he looked at the picture of Christ walking on the sea. With a prayer of thanksgiving in her heart and one for guidance on her lips she sat down with her boys.

"So glad to see you all here; a young man who used to sell papers is going to sing to us to-day. He is on one of our big battleships, and is going to the Philippines in a few days."

In a few words the beautiful story of Christ on the Sea of Galilee was told; Tom, with his eyes on the picture, exclaimed, "If we was as good as he was, we could walk clear to Cuby; but nobody can do it now."

The young man in his naval uniform rose to speak:

"Boys and girls, I used to come here when I was a little shaver and sold papers over on the corner. I did not always know where my dinner was coming from, but I promised a teacher here—she is home in God's house to-day—that I would not tell lies nor steal things if I was ever so hungry, and I never broke my promise. I learned here that Jesus died on the cross for me, and when I stand on the deck I know that I need not be afraid, for Jesus is King of the ocean and will take care of me."

Tom listened, but dropped some small nails on the teacher's cape, and they rattled on the floor as she picked it up; he grabbed all the books and sat on them, put two caps over in the back seat and some orange peel across his teeth, but was quiet about it, and his soul looked out of his eyes as the young naval officer sang:

"Jesus is our pilot, no one else can guide  
Our frail bark in safety, o'er life's stormy tide."

Tom did not come every Sunday till spring, then he rarely missed one, and the bright-colored pictures had helped more than anything else to win him. The bookkeeper, a young girl in the coal-office, taught him to read, and in one year from the time that Tom had carried the picture of the crucifixion into the mission chapel he said:

"Teacher, I'll never tell lies any more, I won't swipe neither. I've got to swear at them mules sometimes, and my old boss says if I'm square he'll give me a chance on his schooner that goes to Cuby, and you may tell Jesus that I'm going to be a square boy after this as long as I live."—*Florence I. W. Burnham, Springfield, Mass., in Sunday School Times.*

## WHICH?

MR. HENRY WALDORF FRANCIS, of Chicago, has written the following for the *Chicago Daily News*, which we think is very timely and a fine delineation of the characters of three great men of Chicago, who have gone the way of all the earth. The article caused us to think seriously of the kind of monuments men leave behind them, and the usefulness to which their names attain, and it may be that it will be helpful to others who read it. We give the article in full:

"Within a few weeks three men of world-wide repute, each in a different way and in different degrees intimately associated with the history of Chicago, have passed into the unknown beyond. The fame, or notoriety, of one of these men rested upon the possession of ill-gotten millions. He had no real friends in life and he was almost deserted in death. His millions did not save his body from being treated with indignity and he went to his grave 'unwept, unhonored and unsung.' His life was surely not a happy one and his death was less so. This man's name was Charles T. Yerkes.

"With all due respect to his memory and all admiration for his noble qualities and sterling attributes, the fame of another of these three men also rested upon the accumulation of millions. But they were honestly acquired and no one begrudged him. His friends in life were countless as they are in death and a city paid tribute at his funeral and mourns his loss. His name was Marshall Field.

"Each of these two men will be remembered in different ways and each has perpetuated his name for so long a time as the charities or public institutions each founded, or has provided for the founding of, may endure, and no longer. But such things are local and transitory.

"The other of these three men had devoted his life to mankind, to education and adding to the store of the world's knowledge. He left but a mere pittance in dollars, but his monument is more enduring than gold or brass or stone. Not alone the city in which and for which he accomplished so much honored him, living and dead, but the world—for his death was the world's loss. The men of millions may be replaced; such men as this one leave a void. His fame will endure while time lasts and educated mankind will always feel his debtor. This man's name was William R. Harper.

"Which of these men, in the highest, truest and noblest sense, was the successful one? Which life was of the greatest value to the world? Which of the three do men in their hearts most honor, to which of them will the historian and future generations pay most homage?"



Look out for March 27th.



## LIFE OF DAVID BRAINERD.

IDA JACOBS.



DAVID BRAINERD was born in Haddam, Conn., April 20, 1718. He had a highly respectable Puritan ancestry. Of four sons David was the third. In his boyhood he was quiet, devout, and thoughtful. His father died when he was but a child. His mother, dying in his fourteenth year, left him in a very distressed and melancholy condition.

He was not very much addicted to the company and amusements of the young. When nineteen years of age he began to prepare for college, taking up the preparatory college studies. He also had decided to be a minister. He wrote, "I became very strict and watchful over my thoughts, words, and actions, concluded that I must be sober indeed, because I designed to devote myself to the ministry and imagined that I did dedicate myself to the Lord."

He was advised to withdraw from the society of the young and associate with reverent older people at Haddam. He gave much time to prayer and Bible study. In less than a year he read the Bible twice through. At one time in his life he discovered in himself a self-interest rather than an aim to glorify God. This was overcome by much prayer. After spending one whole day in prayer, there came to him a new apprehension of God such as he had never had before, after which he remarked, "He shall be God over all for ever and ever."

He entered Yale College in 1739. He was such a persistent worker that his health failed him in August, 1740. On his recovery he again returned to Yale. His one ambition was to excel in his studies. This was temporarily checked by a great spiritual awakening which began in 1739, and continued until 1745. During these meetings, in a prayer meeting Mr. Whittelsey had led in prayer. It being unusually pathetic a friend of Brainerd's asked him what he thought of it. He made answer, "He has no more grace than this chair." This remark reached the rector of the college, who demanded of Brainerd a public confession. This he did not do. The rector forbade him from attending a certain meeting. Brainerd went. Because of these things, he was expelled from college. In 1742 he began to study for the ministry, in which he made rapid progress. In his diary he wrote, "I want to wear my life out in his service and for his glory."

He was examined at New York City and licensed to preach. He felt himself unfit for this service. He thought himself the worst wretch that ever lived and he felt that no respect was due him. He thought they were deceived in him and would be miserably disappointed and in this depressed condition he was called

upon to preach before grave and learned ministers. He was appointed as a missionary and began his work in New York in 1743. He met with many trials and discomforts, but he met them all cheerfully and prayerfully. One great hindrance was his bodily weakness. After spending a year with the Indians at Kaunau-meeek, New York, he went to Crossweeksung, near the Forks of the Delaware. He found the Indians there very idolatrous and hard to reach. His method of presenting the Gospel was first to show them the sinful state they were in; second, how the Son of God loved them and invited them to come to him.

Brainerd had better appointments offered him, but he refused them all to continue his work among the Indians. At Crossweeksung Indians were convicted of their sins and many lives were changed. All-night prayer meetings were held and idolatrous feasts were suspended. In 1746 his strength began to fail him and he was forced to leave the Indians in November. His sunset hours came in the summer and fall of 1747. Five days before his death, as he saw the Bible, he exclaimed, "O, that dear Book, that lovely Book, I shall soon see it opened! The mysteries that are in it and the mysteries of God's providence will be unfolded."

On Friday, Oct. 9, 1749, he passed to his reward. His dying words were, "All my desire was the conversion of the heathen. I declare, now I am dying, I would not have spent my life otherwise for the whole world."

*McPherson, Kans.*



## CATCHING THE LEADER OF THE GANG.

"Hi, there! Give us er shy at yer hat, mister?"

"All right! Fire away!"

The man and the boy faced each other. The man's bowed form straightened; his face, lined a moment before with anxious thought, glowed genially. The broad, mischievous grin on the boy's face spread into open-eyed incredulity as he stared. The handful of gravel dropped.

"Don't yer see the gentleman's waitin', Tom?"

"Yer don't git er shiny hat like that ter w'ack at ev'ry day!"

Tom turned on the boys. His lips curled scornfully. "Think I'd waste me powder on a tame buck like that?"

"Thank you," said the gentleman, lifting his silk hat with courtly grace as he passed.

"Well, good-by, fellers,—I'm off!" said Tom abruptly. "Meet me ter-night at ten, an' I'll read yer me notes."

Tom sauntered on, but when he was out of sight of the boys his mood changed. He was alert now. His eyes were fixed on the man whose frank comrade-

ship had started within him that glow of admiration that was tingling through every nerve of his body.

On they went around corners, through alleys and streets, even unto the top of a high hill. The man went up the steps of a handsome house,—the door opened and shut.

Across the street, up and down, patiently walked Tom, but whenever he turned, by some strange twist of his anatomy, one eye was always on that shining brass doorknob. It happened that just as Tom was passing the house the door opened.

Again the man and the boy stood face to face. There was, however, no recognition on the man's part, so greatly had that one hour's pursuit of his hero changed Tom's whole expression. But the divine will that these two should meet was not thwarted, because this servant was found "ready to coöperate with the living God" when the opportunity for service came. Absorbed though he was in mentally watching his own plans for usefulness fall to naught, nevertheless, as he looked down into Tom's eager, staring, longing eyes, he said simply and intuitively, as one speaks when the line of communication between his soul and his Master is not crossed by selfish purpose or by reason, "You wish to see me? Come in."

"Yep,—no! Yer don't know who yer 'vitin' inter yer house!"

"But I feel that you wish to see me. Come in."

Tom's earnestness carried him up the steps. "No foolin'! I'm Tom the Terror,—leader of that gang they can't ketch."

The man's face brightened. "A leader, did you say? That's just what I am longing for. Come in, Tom,—do."

"Let go me hand! Are yer deaf? Some folks call me the very divil hisself!"

"Ah! I'm glad to meet you. I think the Lord must have sent you in answer to my prayer.

"Tom, you say you're a leader?"

"Yep, but I told yer w'at of."

"Never mind what of. When one has qualities that make him a leader of men, where he shall lead them may always be a matter of choice. Did you hear, Tom?"

"Um," nodded Tom.

"The greatest need of the world to-day is leaders,"—the man paused,—"leaders in the path of righteousness, Tom."

"Guess there's no sech place down our way."

"Two months ago, Tom, I started a mission school,—down your way. In spite of my love and work, it's a failure. I've just come from there. I'm utterly discouraged—"

"Look-a-here," burst in Tom, "'twas my kids that broke yer lock, an' tore up yer books, an' took the insides out of yer clock, an' stopped yer music. But I'll tell yer what I'll do,—I'll set me kids ter work

ter patch up yer books, an' I'll mend t'other things meself,—'cause they're yourn."

"Ah, how kind of you! But the boys,—will they do it, Tom?"

"Do it! Ain't I their leader? I don't have no foolin' w'en I lead!"

"No, Tom,—I'm sure of that. That's why I want you to work for me. I've been trying to find these very boys for months, but without success. You already know them,—you acknowledge you're their leader. Now, instead of leading them into evil ways, lead them into the path of righteousness. Will you, Tom?"

"Maybe I would if I knowed the way meself."

"Well, Tom, you're not only taking the first step, but you're leading the boys, too, when you get them to repair the mischief they've done."

"Well, I can't see no furdur ahead'n that fust step, Gin'ral."

"You'll learn the way as you walk in it. Kneel here with me, Tom, while I tell my Master that you've come to serve him for the rest of your life."

Tom knelt. Perhaps he knelt simply because that friendly touch on his shoulder was the dearest thing in his life, but when he rose from that brief act of consecration he had caught his first glimpse of the light that shineth along the path of righteousness.

"I promised ter read me notes ter the kids ter-night, an' I will, but I'll read 'em a new kind of notes, begorry," grinned Tom. "Now stop yer worryin' 'bout them kids. 'Fore you know it, you'll see all five of 'em settin' in the frontest row, listenin' ter yer talk wid all the ears and mouths in their heads. An'—oh, Gin'ral, now I've taken all yer troubles on me own shoulders, can't yer let out some of yer nice smiles a little, jus' a little?"

The grave, quivering face broke into the genial smile of comradeship that had won Tom's heart a few hours before.

"That's it! Keep it a-goin' till I come back ter-morrow wid me notes. Good-by, Gin'ral."

"Good-by, Tom, till to-morrow."

At the foot of the steps Tom turned. The boy of the street that needed this man and the man of God that needed Tom looked for a moment steadily into each other's faces. In that glance of mutual helpfulness the spiritual balance of the world was struck.—*Caroline F. Needham, Boston, in S. S. Times.*



THE books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and beauty.—*Theo. Parker.*



COVETOUSNESS is a little snake to begin with, but it grows fast.



### D. L. MOODY'S WORLD-WIDE INFLUENCE IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

FEBRUARY 5th was kept as Founder's Day by the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago in memory of the seventieth birthday of its founder, D. L. Moody, who died December 22, 1899. The passing years show increasingly the greatness of this evangelist and Christian educator, and this is to say nothing of the tens of thousands of souls converted directly under his preaching in this country and in Great Britain, or the thousands of students who have gone out from the schools at Northfield, Mass., and the Bible Institute of Chicago, covering the world with their beneficent influence.

The numerous summer Bible conferences now held all over this country, as well as the Bible institutes under different denominational auspices, have all sprung practically from his work at Northfield and Chicago. The summer tent campaign of Philadelphia, now introduced to several other of our large cities, was the outgrowth of an address given by Mr. Moody in Philadelphia at the invitation of Mr. John H. Converse a few years before the death of the former. To the same address may be traced the formation of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee, which under the leadership of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, has done so much to quicken the whole church to evangelistic work. Indeed, the present world-wide evangelistic campaign of Torrey and Alexander may be traceable to Mr. Moody also, since Mr. Torrey was so long and closely connected with him as general superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, and the man who stepped into the great meeting at Kansas City when God's summons came to Mr. Moody. The important Inter-church Conference of Federation, recently held in the city of New York has been cited as a further effect of the great revivals held under Mr. Moody years ago, which did so much to promote the spirit of Christian unity.

But it is not alone in the home field that his influence extends. Not only does it reach the uttermost parts of the earth through the students who have gone out from the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, about 400 of whom are at the present time on the foreign field, but Mr. Eugene Stock of the Church of England Missionary Society attributes much of the recent development of missionary earnestness in that church to the revival work of Mr. Moody in Great Britain. Indeed, the Cambridge Band, and the first stage of the students' missionary movement in the British universities had their beginning in the awakening in connection with Mr. Moody's work there in the early '80's. Apropos of the coming Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, it is interesting to note that this great movement had its inspiration from the same human source. In the summer of 1886 there was held at

Northfield, Mass., the first International and Intercollegiate Christian Conference, to which 250 students came together from eighty-nine colleges and universities, spending four weeks in Bible study, united prayer and the consideration of subjects bearing on the spiritual life. During the closing part of the meetings, foreign missions received special treatment, and as the spiritual tide arose, the number of intending missionaries grew from less than a dozen to an even hundred. Thence the movement spread through the colleges of North America until it assumed the present organized form. It has since been transplanted to every nation in Christendom, and yielded results, warranting the statement that it has become the greatest offering of lives for the world's evangelization in all the history of the church.

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago still continues its good work with the largest number of students now on its rolls which it has ever had. Mr. Torrey is still connected with it as honorary superintendent and a member of its board of control, while the active work of administration and teaching has fallen upon the Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., formerly of Boston, but who was a special lecturer in the Institute for many years.



### THE WORLD'S GREATEST PRINTING OFFICE.

THE government printing office at Washington, which has been brought prominently to notice lately through an investigation of the award of contracts for typesetting machines, is the largest establishment of its kind in the world, and nowhere can be found such an extensive department in any printing office as that devoted to what is known as job work. The amount of printing coming under the heading of job work turned out by this office is one of the principal items of the establishment. Among the larger items of work performed by the job room may be found blanks, circulars, cards, letters, and note heads, and envelopes, 15,000,000 of the latter being required each month for the various government departments. The "blank" department of the job room embraces an infinite variety of forms, some being but a few square inches in size to others containing several square feet. For this branch over \$350,000 is expended each month for the purchase of raw material.

Cardboard is necessarily a large and important item, the average month's run being 3,000,000 sheets.

Congress, of course, has great need for the job room, for there the Solons of Capitol hill find ample facilities for the printing of the innumerable mailing franks for seeds and documents and other routine work.

Where the requisitions from the hill, as the capitol is called by the employés, are of a general or routine order, the matter is electrotyped; so that a duplicate

order can be struck off at short notice. These electros are indexed, numbered and filed in elaborate filecases, where they may be readily found when additional orders are received. Cuts and electrotypes which are not used in the period of four years are thrown out of the cases and relegated to the melting pot. Over 110,000 plates are estimated to be resting in the job vault.

Since the government printer moved into the new establishment but recently erected, the job room has taken on a businesslike air, improved fonts, with a capacity for tons of the various kinds of type used, immense galley racks stand for the reception of matter in type, slug, lead and furniture racks, improved cabinets for large type, small cuts and "iron lines" all aid those in charge of the work in the operation of the largest and best equipped job room in the country.

The government printing office, all in all, is the model printing establishment. Captain John S. S. Sewell, of the engineer corps, United States army, was placed in charge of the work of installation in the new building. While but a young officer of the army, he is a student of that part of electricity which is destined to play a part in the history of labor in the years to come, and so ably devised a full electrical equipment of this building. Each press, cutting machine, stitcher, and every other proper mechanical equipment of a printing office has its individual power supply. The furnaces for the melting pots, too, have their heat generated by the subtle fluid. The size of the government printing office may be realized when it is stated that the official guides employed in the office, in making rounds with visitors, occupy nearly three hours in the trip.—*Advance*.



#### GERMAN WORKMEN INSURED.

##### A Compulsory Insurance System Securing Great Gain to Wage-Earners.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, in the February installment of "Soldiers of the Common Good," in *Everybody's Magazine* describes the following interesting institution:

"The German Government also conducts a Working Man's Insurance Company in which membership is not voluntary but compulsory. All wage earners must take out a policy in it and all government officers with a smaller salary than 2,000 marks a year. Others may come in if they wish, but these have no choice; the government enforces providence upon them willy-nilly. The insurance is against incapacity, sickness, and accident. The premium is a weekly assessment of not more than four per cent of the average weekly wages, two-thirds borne by the insured and one-third by the employer. The government collects the assess-

ment and holds the funds. Ten million persons are policy-holders in this enterprise, and the payments amount to \$50,000,000 a year. When an insured workman dies the government pays his funeral expenses from this fund, allotting therefor a sum equal to twenty times his daily wage. In case of sickness payment is made at the rate of  $66\frac{2}{3}$  per cent of the annual earnings of the insured. The government also conducts 354 Industrial courts for settling disputes between workmen and employers, and these courts have considered 90,000 cases in a year. They have never amounted to much in settling strikes actually begun, but they have prevented many disputes from growing into strikes."



#### A CENTURY AGO IN AMERICA.

MERCHANTS wrote their letters with quill pens. Sand was used to dry the ink, as there was no blotting paper. There were no street letter-boxes; letters had to be carried to the post office. It cost eighteen and one-half cents to send a letter from Boston to New York, and twenty-five from Boston to Philadelphia.

Every gentleman—Washington, for example—wore a queue; many powdered their hair.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

The Mississippi Valley was not so well known as the heart of Africa now is.

Two stage coaches carried all the travelers between New York and Boston. Six days were required for the journey.

There was not a public library in the United States. A day laborer received two shillings a day.

Stoves were unknown. All cooking was done at an open fireplace.

Many of the streets were unnamed and houses were not numbered.

Three-fourths of the books in every library came from beyond the Atlantic.

"Who reads an American book?" was an Englishman's sneer in the early part of the last century.

When a Virginian started on a journey to New York he made his will, and bade farewell to his friends, as if he never expected to see them again.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were staple articles of diet all the year round.



CLOVES are the unopened flower buds of a small evergreen shrub resembling the bay or laurel, which is much cultivated in tropical regions of America. The buds are gathered while still green, smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun.



March 27th is the Day.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## COCKLEBURS AND SPANISH NEEDLES.

THERE may be some parts of the United States where these two pestiferous weeds are not known, but no doubt the majority of the readers of the INGLENOOK are only too well acquainted with them. You know how utterly impossible it is to pass through a thicket in the fall of the year, where these nuisances abound, without getting your clothing full of the burs which they bear. Another friend of theirs, closely allied as to nature, is the weed called "beggar lice."

An old gentleman once in talking to his son about the impossibility of a young man keeping bad company without sharing its influence, said: "My son, it is impossible for you to pass through the thicket without getting cockleburs and Spanish needles all over your clothes." The old gentleman, of course, meant to teach the lesson above indicated. The young man at first did not understand the application, but when the good father had explained in detail he saw the point, and the illustration was more forcibly impressed upon the mind of the young man when he was compelled to extract the cockleburs from the cows' tails and the colts' manes and tails.

This very simple illustration helped that young man a thousand times before he reached the age that his father was then, and how nice it would be if each young man and woman in this broad land of ours could realize the wonderful influence of evil associations. It is not that cockleburs do not grow in good land; on the contrary, there is where they grow most luxuriantly, but old farmers tell us that where the largest weeds grow the best grain will grow if the weeds are destroyed. So it is socially. While we have the best opportunities with the very best of surroundings, if evil characters are allowed to occupy the realm of influence in that society you may depend upon that society becoming corrupt. But if the good predominates and a strong effort is made to eradicate the evil, that also may be effected. This does not

mean that one should endanger his character by trying to save the character of another, that is, to an unreasonable degree. Any strong character ought to be able to help support the weaker ones, and from this point of view any strong character may become a missionary, but then the weaker ones, whose weaknesses are prominent, had better keep their boats near shore.

You have heard of cases where young women have married young men in order to reform them. Foolish trick, young lady! Whenever a boy's mother fails to reform her son it is a perilous undertaking for any one else to attempt it. If he hasn't enough respect for you to reform before he marries you, he certainly will not have afterwards. The young man who accompanies a crowd of young men to a saloon, and indulges with them in order to save them from their sins, is tying a millstone about his neck and casting himself in an ocean of immeasurable limits, from which he will scarcely be rescued. The church member who casts aside his mantle of righteousness and walks arm-in-arm with a man of the world and follows him into the intricacies of dishonesty and disrepute, hoping to show him a better way, runs the risk of his life in being enticed to do a thousand evil things by the devil. It is certainly all right for the church member to rescue the man of the world; but fight on your own territory, never gamble on another man's game. There is no need of risking your life in the hands of your enemy. Remember that the cockleburs and Spanish needles of the world will cling to your cloak of righteousness and tell where you have been. The politician who leaves the ranks of his party and buys votes with whiskey and gets down into the mud on his knees to work the underground wires for the campaign, is sure to come back to the fold with his garments pretty well covered with Spanish needles. So it is all over the world. The fence corners of a good many fields have burs in them. It is safer for you to keep near the center of the field, especially if you are yet wearing long dresses.



## RECLAMATION AND WAR.

WITH a pencil and a piece of paper and a few moments' time it would require no great amount of talent to reach conclusions that would startle one in comparing the real statistics of the two things mentioned in this caption. The war department will furnish statistics, showing the number of men slain, wounded and lost, and, it may be that the number of widows and orphans may be mentioned, but it is not likely that the number of barrels of blood will be estimated.

Some things can be estimated with figures, while others cannot. The number of heartstrings broken, homes destroyed, orphan asylums established, beggars

put upon the highway, and a hundred other things that cannot be mentioned here, all go to make up the long catalogue of disaster which follows one single war. And then we begin to count on our fingers the wars through which America has gone, and we find out that we do not have fingers enough. What a long, bloody list we have. The book of American history should be printed in red to remind us of the blood it has cost, and yet our lawmakers will sit in the legislative halls, and, in cold blood, cast their ballot for a few more millions to be expended on a standing army, a navy, new battleships, etc., but when it comes to digging a canal that connects two great oceans and separates two great continents, there is more jeering, lobbying and cartooning than the newspapers will hold. When it comes to passing a bill for a million dollars to reclaim a tract of arid land that needs irrigation, the hands are held up in holy horror at the ridiculous expenditure of government funds, and before that session of congress is ended twice that amount would be given for the construction of a better navy. There seems to be a greater tendency to be free with government funds for the destruction of homes than for the creation of more homes.

There are millions upon millions of acres of valuable land in all the Southern States, and a great number of the Western States, where nature does not supply a sufficient rainfall, where the government might spend a few millions and reclaim these arid districts and fill these valleys with an industrious, peace-loving people, if their minds could be kept away from wars, navies and battleships long enough to allow them to attend to domestic duties. A glance at the map of the United States shows the congestion of population east of the Missouri river and north of the Mason and Dixon line. Why should it be? The land is no better, the climate certainly is no more enviable. If grafters, land grabbers, lobbyists and demagogues were turned out to grass awhile, and a crop of legislators brought up, who would serve the best interests of their nation, the question of domestic felicity would be largely solved.

If our people are not scattered out of the great centers, and placed in country homes, taken from the factories and taught the art of agriculture, we will certainly come to the place where England has already come. In the world's metropolis, to-day, there is an army of men and women crazed with poverty and hunger, who despise charity, but ask for an opportunity to earn a livelihood. The millionaire and the pauper are next door neighbors. England has not the territory at home whereon to place them; she has it abroad, but does not utilize it. We have it at home. Now that our territories are practically all states and the government has an opportunity to supply the people with mail service, and corporations can supply them with railroads and other modern conveniences,

there is no reason why the government should not make ready the fertile valleys for the people who are ready to occupy them. Reclamation is better than war.



#### OUR RURAL SANCTUM.

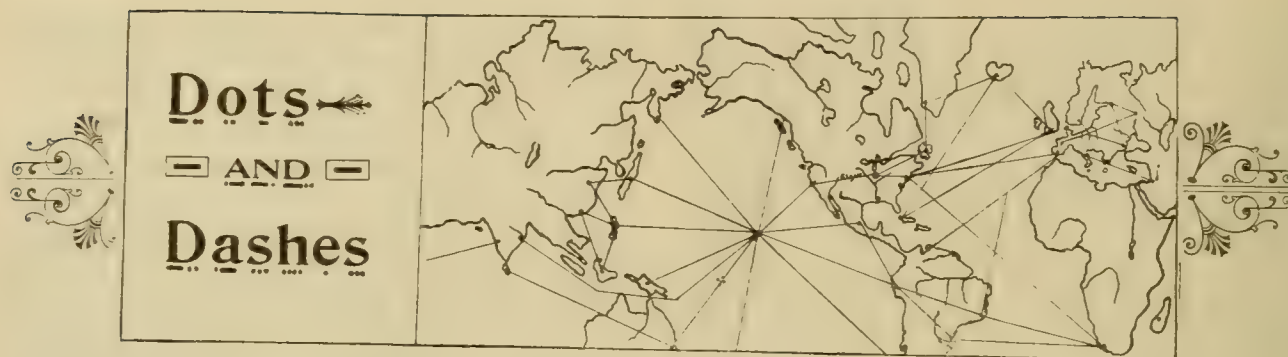
If you do not think the Rural Sanctum department is going to be a success you just pick up a late copy of the INGLENOOK and notice the number of short essays that have been sent in by the readers of the INGLENOOK. Notice how varied the topics are; no two seem to run along the same line; that is what makes it interesting. Some people imagine because they cannot write a continued story, or a long, dry, philosophical article, that their work is not fit for print. Did it ever occur to you that a long article would have to be much better than a short one? Thousands of people will read short articles that for some reason will not read long ones, and you may depend upon it that if you will express your ideas upon whatever subject you choose, in short sentences of simple language, a large majority of the readers will read your article. If they like it they will endorse it, and if they don't like it they are likely to reply to it. We expect, sometime in the near future, to announce some topics for the members of the Rural Sanctum to discuss in open parliament. Give your ideas about things; don't be ashamed of them. If they are good, others ought to have the advantage of them; if they are not good, you ought to have them corrected.

There is nothing that will assist people to become acquainted more rapidly than social converse. But the readers of the INGLENOOK are too widely scattered to have a conference, so the next best way is to talk to each other through the Rural Sanctum department. Now watch this page from time to time, see what the others have to say, and then say what you have to say yourself, that the others may see that. We will announce at the head of this department the subject for the next week. As soon as you see this you must sit right down and write on the subject, or else you will not get in in time to be heard on the subject. Don't expect to see the discussion for two or three weeks after the subject appears, for it takes some time for the material to grind through the mill before it is ready for the public. So, when you have written once, do not wait until your article appears or you will get behind. Write on the subjects as they come out. Look at the head of the Rural Sanctum department and see what the subject is for next week. Sit down at once, write out your thoughts and send them in, and we will have a profitable time in discussing these subjects that are timely and beneficial.



CULTURE is only polish. It does not change the heart.





THE New York Supreme Court has decided that H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, need not answer the questions submitted by Attorney-General Hadley until the Supreme Court of Missouri passes on the case. Even Supreme Courts have joined the crowd that does not know whether they ought to do right or not, until they find out what the crowd is going to do. Be it remembered, however, that H. H. Rogers has lots of money.

THE governor of West Virginia claims that the Pennsylvania railroad controls the State.

THE Russian Douma is to meet April 28. The Russian minister to China is said to be discussing a treaty, looking toward the opening of Manchuria to the commerce of the world. Russia is to have mining concessions in Mongolia, and commercial privileges in Turkistan. The revolutionists continue to wage war against the authorities in Riga. The Baltic provinces are reported to be generally subdued.

THE State of Missouri demands reforms of all insurance companies.

A CATHOLIC priest at Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently completed and put into operation a new system of wireless telegraphy. The system is entirely different from all other wireless systems; it is to be subterranean. He now sends messages from Scranton to Wilkesbarre. He has sunk a 300-foot shaft at each of these places and employs musical tones to represent words, letters and phrases. He claims, by sinking his shafts to a depth of 3,000 feet, he can easily talk to Europe, and that twenty thousand dollars will be necessary to demonstrate his discovery. If the subterranean and aerial wireless telegraphy prove to be successes, what may we expect of science in the future!

THE ministers of Portland, Me., and neighboring towns, to the number of forty-five, have met and agreed to refuse to remarry any divorced person within a year after the divorce, or to remarry divorced persons, hav-

ing only a temporary residence in the State. Persons from whom divorces have been obtained, on account of infidelity, will not be remarried at all. It is a pity that these clergymen have been so long finding out that divorce is a great evil, and that the Bible speaks so loudly against it. If all clergymen everywhere would refuse to marry all persons, who are divorced except for the one cause given in the Bible, the crime, resulting from this great evil, would be reduced to a minimum at once. Besides the ministers would have clean hands from such blood-stained villainy. It is one of the greatest evils in the world and it is too bad that the clergy willfully persists in having a part in it, either for the few paltry dollars that are in it or from an ignorance of Bible doctrine.

CALVIN T. FIELD, who has been for many years connected with the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison, has been giving his attention to the creation of an airship in the form of a circular aeroplane, which utilizes the turbine principle without any waste of energy. A preliminary experiment at Allentown, Pa., is said to have been remarkably successful. It carried two men; it is forty-eight feet in diameter and has a lifting power of five hundred pounds. It traveled for several miles and returned to the starting point without a disaster, traveling fourteen feet a second, or about ten miles an hour. Inventors will evidently keep pegging away until, one of these days, we will cross the continent in safety through the air.

MARCH 27 is the day. Watch for this date next week.

THE President has pardoned Mr. Miller, the midshipman, who was dismissed for hazing, and urged a softening of the laws in this respect. Why should hazing be tolerated on the high seas any more than at colleges?

THE pneumatic tube, for mail service, has again enjoyed another successful test at Philadelphia. A most severe test was given in order that no question of inefficiency would arise hereafter. The test was made

between the main office and the branch office, a distance of two and sixty-two-hundredths miles. Some of the things sent by mail, through the pneumatic tube as a test were a cup of hot tea, which was served in less than two minutes to guests in the other office, some gold fish in a glass globe and a bantam rooster; all these were sent through the tube at a mile a minute rate. This experiment means that we are to have better city mail service in the near future.

IN a message to Congress the President recommends the payment of twenty-five thousand dollars to William Radcliffe, a British subject, on account of the destruction, by a mob, of a fish hatchery owned by Radcliffe in Colorado.

THE mission buildings at Chang Chow, China, have been destroyed by anti-foreign rebels.

THE outlook for peace, at Algeciras, is said to be good.

DON'T forget to watch for March 27 next week.

A DERANGED man attempted to assassinate M. Alberti, Denmark's minister of justice at Copenhagen.

REPORTS from the the capital say that a strong sentiment has developed, recently, among prominent statesmen and government officials, in favor of the complete annexation of the republic of Panama by the United States. Ever since the investigation of the canal affairs has been in progress, the Senate committee has favored this idea. The principal objection to the scheme is the climate of the canal zone.

THE British court of appeal has decided that newspapers may not be compelled to divulge the source of their information, except under very special circumstances.

REMEMBER March 27.

THE case of Senator Smoot, of Utah, was again up for consideration.

THE Japanese government has disavowed any intention to distrust its ally, Great Britain, on account of the recent interpellation, by the leader of the progressive party, as to whether England had reformed its army organization.

THE House of Representatives has finally passed the railroad rate bill by an almost unanimous vote of three hundred and forty-six to seven.

A MILLION bushels of wheat and two hundred horses were burned at East St. Louis, recently, besides the destruction of seven houses and twenty cars. An oil tank exploded causing the fire; the loss was over a million dollars.

AT Austin, Mont., a freight train, somehow, escaped from a siding and rushed fourteen miles down the steep Rocky Mountain grade and crushed into a passenger train on the Northern Pacific, with such a terrific force that five persons were killed, three injured, and forty cars were converted into kindling wood and scattered over the prairie.

THE chief of police of St. Louis has undertaken the task of abolishing the use of profanity on the streets. This is certainly a very commendable step, and we hope it may be carried into effect. The penalty attached to the use of an oath at police headquarters is the loss of a job; as a matter of course, this will invite a little more care as to the kind of adjectives used. What a good thing it would be if all the other cities would follow the example of St. Louis.

WE cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, but the correspondent of the London *Tribune* in China declares that the emperor of Corea is a prisoner, and that Japan obtained her treaty with Corea by coercion. He says that a letter from the emperor has been received by the correspondent of the *Tribune*, repudiating the treaty, and saying he never signed it.

THE grand jury of St. Louis recommends that steps be taken to enact laws covering intimidation, extortion and conspiracy, in restraint of trade, for the specific purpose of regulating the trades unions.

IT is much better, in the eyes of the public, it seems, to clamor for a thousand dollar license in Chicago, than to go to work and ballot the thing out of the city altogether. The reason is, the high license indicates that they are endeavoring to get rid of the evil on one face of it, at the same time assuring the sots and soakers that they may always have a place to go, where they can satisfy their fiendish appetites, and where the devil can carry on his business without being disturbed.

A STRONG northwest blizzard, from the Dakotas, passed over the lake regions a few days ago, which effected one of the greatest changes in temperature experienced this season.

GERMANY has decided to avoid the tariff war with the United States. She will not enforce higher duties, if custom house regulations can be modified.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### "HEIMWEH."

"Heimweh!" What a tender feeling  
Surges in the wanderer's heart  
At this word! Long-vanished pictures  
From sweet "memory's casket" start!  
Home, that little low-eaved dwelling,  
Mother sitting in her chair,  
Father, brothers, sisters, playmates,  
And the happy welcome there.

"Heimweh!" Oh, the world is dreary,  
Cold and selfish so it seems,  
Hours of ease and fame and fortune  
Are but childhood's golden dreams,  
Dreams, that like the Sodom apples,  
Turn to ashes cold and gray,  
Leaving but a weary pilgrim  
Longing for his childhood's day.

"Heimweh!" He may yearn forever!  
Broken is the little band  
Gathered once around the fireside,  
In his own "lieb Heimathland";  
Some are out upon life's ocean,  
Battling fiercely on the deep,  
Some within the quiet churchyard,  
Silent lie in that last sleep.

"Heimweh!" Is there then no comfort?  
Is his happiness all past?  
Weary, lonely, heart-sick wanderer,  
Peace and joy shall come at last!  
Here shall change to blest hereafter,  
Rest reward all those who roam;  
In the mansion of "Our Father,"  
We shall find a perfect home.



### THE COUNTRY MERCHANT.

J. A. MILLER.



THE merchant who keeps a country store has plenty to do. He has to get up and hustle with eyes and ears open. The first thing necessary is to have a neat, attractive building and the outside surroundings looking well. All this is an advertisement to the stranger whose curiosity will bring him inside to see the inside all clean and neat, with the shelves full and the goods in line. When the goods are kept clean they appear to be new and fresh.

The floor needs to be clean, the spider webs swept down. And every article should be put in its own apartment, so the clerk can find every article without any trouble. He must keep up with the market price

on all he handles, because goods well bought are easily sold; in this way he can compete with his neighbor.

He needs an iron will and determination, should have a smooth speech and a good conscience, must know what the latest fashions are, what goods to buy at each season and just how much to buy, to keep from holding over till the next season, when they will be old and shelfworn. He should be a judge of human nature at first sight. He needs to have a hypnotic influence over his customer. Often a customer does not know which is best or what he wants; in case of this kind the merchant must gain the confidence of his customer, and tell him what is best for his purpose, and the clerk must read human nature to be able to do this, or he may give himself away, and get into trouble by misjudging.

The merchant has all kinds of people to deal with, the rich, poor, old, young, fault-finders, flatterers, cheats, thieves, and drummers. And some big-folks are so little in dealing that if you give them the half cent, the next time they will want a nickel off. And if they find out the clerk will be jewed at all, they will work him for the last cent, no matter how cheap the article is.

The merchant who does a credit business has to make a big profit on his goods, because every man who credits loses some bills. What he loses on the poor customer he must make up on the customer who pays cash.

How can the merchant tell who intends to pay? He must be his own judge and be able to read character when a man comes in with a long, pitiful story of how the other merchant misused him, how he expected money and did not get it and everything he did went backward; look out for that fellow, his credit is bad, and better have your shelves full than to have a loaded book account; better have the goods on the shelf than on the books.

There is always somebody who is trying to beat the merchant. One fellow says, "Credit me five dollars till Saturday night," and pays promptly; and the same thing the next week. Now he has gained confidence and a good credit. Now he asks again for credit till Saturday night. When the time comes he has failed to draw his pay and puts the merchant off a short time longer, and continues to put him off as long as his credit is good, and when shut down on gets mad and is gone without paying.

The clerk sorts out the barrel of apples and sets the speckled ones outside to sell at a bargain. Along

comes a woman and turns the bad side of every apple up, so they will look the worst. She goes in and tells the clerk his apples are bad, but she can use them if he will sell them cheap enough. He looks at them and says he didn't know they were so rotten, and she gets them at her own price. The next lady says, "One can of that meat and two eggs were spoiled," expecting to get more instead.

The country merchant often is the banker, druggist, lawyer, and general counsellor. He must be able to talk on any subject and be willing to contribute to every charitable institution in town, help build the churches, bridges, and keep up public improvements, and pay the preacher and teacher. He must have patience to show that lady goods for an hour to get to sell five cents' worth and continually hear that the prices are too high.

The merchant must compete with his neighbor and make himself equal to any circumstance. Above all, he must be pleasant, courteous, good natured, have the patience of Job and smile under all circumstances, because it all goes with the business.

*Fruitdale, Ala.*



#### FARMERS' BULLETINS.

D. Z. ANGLE.



POSSIBLY a number of Nook readers are not aware that they can procure free of cost from the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., about one hundred and thirty Farmers' Bulletins, each a separate pamphlet, treating on a large variety of subjects of vital interest to farmers and those also interested in the farm and the home. As agriculture is the foundation stone of our republic, farmers ought to appreciate the powers and possibilities of their noble calling and strive to advance its interests and excellence. They or any honest enquirer may obtain these bulletins by simply writing for them to the department and thus receive the benefit of the careful investigations of a government famed for its power no less than for its benevolence and multiplied means for the education of its people.

Probably no one need order all in the list of those bulletins published for free distribution, as they treat on plants grown in most all parts of the Union, and a farmer in Minnesota or Vermont would scarcely be benefited by a pamphlet on cotton culture. In fact the department encourages enquirers to order only those best suited to the individual's needs, so that others be not deprived of the chance to obtain information helpful in their locality. For, though a large number of these bulletins are constantly issued, their indiscriminate distribution might exhaust the supply for a time, without doing the good intended.

In order to show the reader the varied nature of these publications I will here give the numbers and titles of a number which I consider of most general importance:

- No. 16. Leguminous Plants, 24 pp.
- No. 22. The Feeding of Farm Animals, 32 pp.
- No. 34. Meats: Composition and Cooking, 29 pp.
- No. 35. Potato Culture, 24 pp.
- No. 36. Cotton Seed and its Products.
- No. 42. Facts About Milk.
- No. 44. Commercial Fertilizers.
- No. 49. Sheep Feeding.
- No. 52. The Sugar Beet.
- No. 62. Marketing Farm Produce.
- No. 64. Ducks and Geese.
- No. 69. Experiment Station Work.
- No. 74. Milk as Food.
- No. 88. Alkali Lands.
- No. 89. Cowpeas.
- No. 91. Potato Diseases and Treatment.
- No. 93. Sugar as Food.
- No. 94. The Vegetable Garden.
- No. 95. Good Roads for Farmers.
- No. 106. Breeds of Dairy Cattle.
- No. 110. Rice Culture in the United States.
- No. 111. Farmers' Interest in Good Seed.
- No. 112. Bread and Bread Making.
- No. 113. The Apple and How to Grow it.
- No. 117. Sheep, Hogs and Horses in the Northwest.
- No. 121. Beans, Peas and Other Leguminous Food.
- No. 123. Red Clover Seed: Information for Purchasers.
- No. 125. Protection of Food Products from Injurious Temperatures.
- No. 126. Practical Suggestions for Farm Buildings.
- No. 127. Important Insecticides.
- No. 128. Eggs and Their Uses as Food.
- No. 129. Sweet Potatoes.
- No. 136. Earth Roads.
- No. 141. Poultry Raising on the Farm.
- No. 142. The Nutritive and Economic Value of Food.
- No. 143. The Conformation of Beef and Dairy Cattle.

These pamphlets contain, many of them, thirty to forty pages, well printed on good paper and of plain type. Many of them are illustrated with suitable cuts and drawings, so as to give better understanding of the subjects treated upon. People claiming to be too poor to buy books and papers, ought to afford some of these free bulletins and obtain reading material good as the best, and a permanent and wholesome source of instruction; pleasure and profit, much better than some books. They are free to rich and poor alike, and calculated to improve the condition and interests of the American farm, home and nation.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



READING without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is gotten from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee,—a king's garden none to the butterfly.—*Lord Lytton.*



## UNWELCOME GUESTS.

WHITTIER, in his "Snow-Bound," says:

"She sat among us at the best,  
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest."

Such guests may come to every home, and it will fall in part on the young people to entertain them. Are they equal to the task? Can they look at the matter as Jesus would look at it and act accordingly?

It will not do to be hypocritical, to wish in the heart that they would go away, while faces and words are saying just the contrary. That would twist our own characters out of shape. And yet how hard it is for young boys and girls not to feel a sense of injury and injustice when these oft-times impudent and presuming people, crowd themselves into the father's home to stay for days at a time, though they be but casual acquaintances met by—shall I say—accident on the highway of life.

But to the true Christian these things do not happen by accident. The dear heavenly Father has a purpose to fulfill in all that comes into our lives as the days and weeks go by.

The unwelcome guest may pull down the blinds when we want them up, or put them up when we want them down; may heave a pile of dirty clothes into the wash when the young girls on whom the task must fall, have scarcely the strength to care for the clothing of their own dear ones; may want the ironing done when we want to rest; may get down the prized china cups to wash their teeth in; may spoil the bed linen with medicines and liniments; may order chicken to be served for dinner, when the father has just sent to the shop for beef; may hint that some people do not spend time enough in preparing palatable food for the table, though mother and daughters have done their best; may let the unruly baby climb into the very midst of the freshly dished up dinner; may lie abed in the morning until worship is over and the breakfast half spoiled; but shall we be rude and disagreeable because they are?

That is not what God wants of us. He has set Christians in the world to help others be like Christ.

Make the most of your opportunities. Draw out the best there is in those who come under the father's roof-tree, though they be but poor Syrian or Arab peddlers. Results are sometimes surprising. Turn the thoughts of the intruding guests from the food that perishes to the meat that endures unto life eternal.

Even these are worth saving. Look at them with the pitying heart of Christ. He gave his life that they might live. He has left it to you to turn their hearts to him. What if he sent these people to you? Shall they go away empty?

A fine missionary you would make! Missionaries must go through hardships, put up with discomforts,

deal with the lowest and most unlovely of people. It is not pleasant, and yet one can do it for the love of Christ.

We may not like the ways of disagreeable people, but we can love these individuals as God wants us to love them. If we do not, the profession we make and the works we do will be counted worth as little as the noise of sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

There is no crucible that melts hard things like the crucible of love. Overlook and forget the faults and peculiarities of these half-unlovely guests. It will make you mean and fault-finding to keep picking at their flaws. Sweet memories are not stored up by looking at mudholes. Put the mudholes out of sight and look up at the sun.

And take care not to do yourself, when a guest, that which you do not like to have others do.

The trials, the discomforts, the disagreeable things in life are but the sculptor's chisel, used to smooth us into form and beauty, that we may be made fit to do the Master's work.

The lessons that are most serviceable to us through life can only be learned by patient drill in the Father's school.

And to bear with unlovely people and to strive to make them happier and better, is certainly one of the lessons that he wants us to learn.—*S. Roxana Wince, in Young People's Paper.*



## DO YOU BLUSH?

A BLUSH! Nothing! Everything! That creeping, tingling, crimson, warning signal is thrown upon the face by the watchful sentinel of our inmost secret selves. It flashes from that little hidden corner of the soul, our holy of holies, into which none dare look or think to come save our trusted high priest, Conscience, and he only at rare intervals.

Simple as it seems, the blush glows with significance. At what do you blush? Of what are you ashamed? Answer these questions and you may know yourself.

Premeditated action is, as a rule, shaped by environment and molded by the sentiment of others. As an index to our individuality it may not be at all accurate. Involuntary acts, however, always tell the truth. They spring from what we are, not from what we would seem to be. Witness the word and deed in heat of passion, the sudden startling with fear, and the thousand little things we do "before we think." Self-control is but self-concealment.

You cannot be ashamed at will. The blush, that scarlet cloak of shame, may not be put on or off at pleasure. You are ashamed of some things and not of others *because of what you are*. The occasion of the blush changes as you change. Ten years ago I

laughed at certain poems and literary gems. I would actually have been ashamed to have been their author. To me they were foolishness. Now, understanding their significance and seeing their beauty, I would be proud indeed to call them mine. While my own productions of a few years ago—well, if anyone cares to claim them, welcome. I have changed.

Five years ago I would have blushed to have been thought an admirer of certain Japanese prints and pictures. They seemed so crude and meaningless. To-day I am ashamed only of the fact that I cannot appreciate their subtle art and mystic beauty more.

So we are ashamed of some things we should not be as well as not ashamed of some things deserving shame. When and why we blush means much.

That was a magnificent autobiographical flash of the great Saint Paul when he said, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," etc. This was true not because he knew he ought not be ashamed. That is easy. But he was not ashamed simply because of what he was. The trouble with us is what we are.—*Sylvester A. Long, Lecturer, in College Campus.*

## FOR CROUP.

W. P. DAME.

It may seem a little superstitious to some of the readers, but to those who have tried it, and those of our family who have been specially helped by it, the following recipe for croup will look very familiar and will be substantiated by their testimony. We give it in order that many children may be saved from a great deal of uncomfortable suffering, and in some cases from death: When the child is affected with croup the simple matter of tying a black silk ribbon, one-half inch wide or more, around the child's throat and allowing it to hang down over the breast, will give relief. We have never known this remedy to fail.

*Elgin, Ill.*

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We should always be willing to make missionary trips for God, always faithfully trusting in Jesus.

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Don't forget March 27th.

# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXVIII.

On Board "Tuscan Prince."

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

We had a fine time at Nissaire's. Jameel has a brother Saleem who buys grain down at Hebron and Beer-sheba; we did not get to see him, but his younger brother Tew-fick and his sisters, Mary and Shemseh, are at home.

From a Bible standpoint Jaffa is very interesting. Here is where Simon the tanner lived by the seaside when Simon Peter boarded with him. In the tenth chapter of Acts is recorded the story of Peter's commission to Cæsarea, where he baptized Cornelius, the first Gentile Christian. This place was also one of the mission points when Peter was district missionary from Jerusalem.

We had been worried considerably for fear that we would not get away from Jaffa on account of the city being quarantined against the world. No passenger vessels or even mail vessels are allowed to stop, and the plague is getting worse. One morning, when we awoke, Miss Gertrude had gone up on the housetop and she soon came running down to tell us that a ship was coming into the harbor. It did not take us long to follow her back to the housetop to get a sight of the vessel. As this ship neared the port we saw she carried the English flag, and that she was a freighter. She bore the name "Tuscan Prince." The guide suggested that it was possible that we might leave on that vessel. The boys had bought our tickets for Alexandria, Egypt, but the people were dropping dead like flies down there, so we traded our tickets for others to Liverpool, England. About dusk the boys and Jameel got some Arabs to row their

boat beyond the reef of rocks, and away from the search-light, and came to the ship from the other side. When they came near the vessel they saw a man walking the deck. Oscar said, "Good evening, sir," and to his surprise the gentleman answered him in English. He said he never heard anything in his life that sounded so nice as to hear a little English spoken. It was the first mate that had spoken to him. He called the captain, who came to the taffrail. The boys explained that they were Americans who were stranded on account of the epidemic and wanted to get away, and that they were willing to pay any reasonable price, or put up with any kind of accommodations. The captain invited them to his stateroom and they found him to be a very sociable man. They finally arranged for our passage to Liverpool. The captain said: "We have sixteen thousand bushels of oranges to load to-morrow. If we get them loaded, we will hoist the flag about four o'clock and if you see the flag, make arrangements to have your party do the same as you did to-night, that is, come around on the other side of the vessel, and we will see that you get to England."

We could hardly enjoy the day for watching for the flag. Sure enough, about four o'clock up it went. Agnes fairly danced; the boys began to hustle baggage; having everything ready, we took our last meal on shore, and, by the way, I thought Oscar would kill himself eating dates fresh from the tree. Some Jewish friends with whom we had become acquainted took us to their home, and we spent the evening in singing English songs which they had learned. It did us so much good to be cared for when without home and friends that we have decided



to return the compliment at every opportunity. Presently Jameel came bringing his mother and sisters. They went as far with us as they could go, finally we disappeared in the darkness and were off for a better country.

When the lights were lighted in Jaffa, which is upon a hill by the sea, it was a beautiful sight to behold. Our vessel steered toward the setting sun and we left the land of the Bible, wondering whether we could ever return, until we're called there, when this land shall be made like the garden of Eden, as Zechariah tells us in the fourteenth chapter of his prophecy.

For five days we sailed west, with Malta as an objective point, where we expected to take coal. The "Tuscan Prince" is an English vessel, and Malta is an English coaling station. We certainly had a nice time on the vessel. The captain and crew were exceedingly pleasant and we enjoyed learning so many things about the vessel. We learned that the wheelman on the bridge guided the vessel, and that he was stationed there for two hours at a time, then relieved by another. While on duty he dared not talk, whisper or whistle. His undivided attention must be upon the compass. The captain has full control of the vessel and his word is law. We learned that the mates ascertain the latitude and longitude of the vessel several times in twenty-four hours, and that if the wheelman varies one point from the line given, the ship

begins to run in a circle, and of course would never reach port. Our captain is a great sportsman. Every day he invited the boys to shoot at mark with him or play quoits. They stand on the forecaslehead and shoot porpoise as they play in schools of thousands around the bow of the vessel. When one of them is shot the rest of them proceed to eat his carcass.

After we were out four days our barometer began to act in a way that made our captain very anxious. He said he had been on the sea for thirty-two years and he had never seen a barometer so low in his life. He said we should be very thankful if we got to Malta before the hurricane overtook us, and if we did not we would never see home again. Sometimes the sea rolled all day so that the water washed over the deck and it thumped against the sides of the vessel as if it would crush our little craft. The captain kept continually reminding us that it was the best boat on the Mediterranean, and his faith encouraged us very much. On the fifth day, after dinner, we sighted our island, but minutes seemed like hours when the fury of the elements was upon us. The deck is cleared, the engines are doing their best, and if all goes well, in an hour we will be in the harbor.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued)

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

MARY LESH.

In his house of many mansions  
Lives a mighty King;  
Of his wondrous love and wisdom  
All the world shall sing.

Once to us he sent a stranger,  
Just a baby boy!  
But to give him royal welcome,  
Angels sang for joy.

All the people were not loyal;  
Some their King forgot.  
So the child could gain no entrance  
To the lowest cot.

Then he came into a stable  
Where two travelers lay;  
Though they boasted few possessions,  
Royal blood had they.

Tenderly they watched and waited  
On the little one;  
They had heard the King's announcement  
Of his coming Son.

So he grew to noble manhood  
Learned in all the law;  
Filling well the Father's promise  
Perfect, without flaw.

But the stubborn, jealous people,  
Could not understand,  
All the mighty were against him  
In this wicked land.

Then they made a plot to kill him—  
Darkest crime on earth.

Killing one so wise and holy  
And of highest birth.

Was this gentle life all wasted?  
That could never be;  
Reverently his name is spoken  
Over land and sea.

Since he lived with us and suffered,  
Death has lost his sting;  
And the world is drawing nearer  
To their Lord and King.

Mt. Repose, Ohio.



### THE CLIMATE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

GRACE HILEMAN MILLER.



HE climate of this section of country is almost ideal. We can recall but two days during the past eighteen months that the sun did not shine, and yet during the hot summer ones we did not suffer from the heat as much as we used to in southern Pennsylvania and northern Illinois. This is partially due to the ocean breeze which modifies the heat. Here at Lordsburg it comes up between 9 and 10 A. M. Another reason why we do not suffer from the heat is that after being here a couple years our blood becomes thin; likewise, for the same reason, we feel the cold as keenly (minus frozen feet, etc.) in winter time when the thermometer plays around

"freezing point" as people in colder climes do in zero weather. Therefore they who give away their furs and heavy wraps before coming to California make a mistake, though they are needed mostly for evening wear. The Easterner who comes to California in midsummer almost suffocates, while the acclimated Californian is comparatively comfortable and vice versa in winter time. The nights are cool the year round; we came here over three years ago and can recall but two or three warm enough to disturb our slumbers.

We usually have a shower or two early in the fall, but the rainy season proper does not begin until the first of November or December and occasionally as late as February. It usually closes in April or May. Owing to the fact that rain-laden clouds come from the ocean and strike the mountain tops first, where the rain freezes, it usually gets colder before a rain in the valleys instead of warmer as it does in the East. Suffice it to say, though, that the longer one lives in California the less confidence he has in himself as a weather prophet. To the natives of Southern California snow is a curiosity; and the first thunderstorm they experience when they take a trip East usually confirms their homesickness. Cyclones and tornadoes are entirely foreign to this country. But you say, "How about earthquakes?" Well, they do come for about thirty seconds every now and then. Here at Lordsburg they have never done any harm, while in Los Angeles and other cities they sometimes shake down chimneys, etc.

As to vegetation, it is luxuriant to the extreme during the rainy season, but gradually dies in the summer if not irrigated.

Before coming here we were told we would find no good (cool) water in California. Well, we don't find anything to compare with the "cool, refreshing draughts" from the springs and wells in the East. Nevertheless, by exercising a little care, drinking water may be kept reasonably cool. The most successful plan is to take a large earthen jar just porous enough to let the water seep through, wrap it with a "gunny sack" or other cloth, fill it each evening and set on the north side of the house in a shady nook. It becomes cool during the night and stays so until toward evening.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



### COUNTING THE COST.

E. L. LINT.

No man, as the Great Teacher has said, enters on any worldly project to build a tower or to wage a war against an enemy without first counting the cost.

How many people, especially the young, plunge

themselves in the great ocean of coherence without first sitting down and counting the great cost? No prudent man or woman will enter in any course of conduct without first reckoning what such a course will cost.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If every man and woman would have this seared in their very souls, such a truthful saying, many less would fall into the great many evils which surround us daily and are so near at hand.

The schoolboy and girl of to-day have little thought what their future will be when they first disobey their teacher's commands. How many scholars of to-day, who have hardly reached their teens, get the idea that a companion would be a great luxury, thinking it would be far better than school and books. Married life is a divine institution, was recommended by God Almighty, but he does not want us to plunge into the solemn vow without first counting the cost. They should think of the cares of manhood and motherhood and of the great sacrifice they are making when they leave the schoolroom and their books.

A man usually takes on the moral and mental complexion of the company he keeps, many times not stopping to consider the great future which lies before him. Change of companionship often changes a man's destination, therefore we should be very careful with what company or society we associate. Use reason, take warning from the failures and downfall on every hand.

When a man takes his first glass of liquor he little thinks, when he says he can drink or leave it alone, that he will be one of the many to fill a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, for a drunkard cannot inherit eternal life or enter the kingdom of heaven. Stop, then, young man, count the cost; be a man, shun the evil, cleave to the good and you will never regret it. Think what can be accomplished in your spare moments.

Study mental and physical culture and development. A sound body should certainly support a sound mind. Remember you must be self-made if you are ever made at all. All you take out of this life is what you have put in. If anything fine and noble is done in this life one must do it himself.

Have patience. Do not try to cut cross lots to success. Do not reign in disguise. Be a standard-bearer, be a hero. Though shot and shell of discouragements fall thick and fast around you, press on toward victory. If you fall, get up and try again and again. Remember if you will not try you surely will fall into the hands of the enemy, so press on to victory. Success lieth in him that striveth, but be sure to count the cost.



In the East and West Indies beetles are so brilliant in coloring that they are beautiful as gems.



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### THE WAY WE REFORM THINGS.

Speculation,  
Peculation,  
Publication,  
Sensation,  
Investigation,  
Prevarication,  
Legislation,  
Litigation,  
Procrastination,  
Evaporation!

—Henry W. Francis, in Lippincott's.

The man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.

### SAID ON THEIR HIND LEGS.

Dorothy's mother had company, and her father was asked to put the little six-year-old to bed. This had happened so seldom in her experience that she climbed into bed without saying her prayers. Just as he was leaving the room she called out, "Oh, papa, I forgot to say my prayers."

He came back to the bed and said, "Now, say them while I stand beside you."

To which the little one replied: "Why, papa, I can't say them lying down. Mamma and I always say them on our hind legs."

### HE GOT A CHICKEN.

Once upon a time a youth, who had commenced to navigate the sea of matrimony, went to his father and said: "Father, who should be boss, I or my wife?"

Then the old man smiled and said: "Here are one hundred chickens and a team of horses, load the chickens into the wagon and wherever you can find a man and his wife dwelling, stop and make inquiry as to who is boss. Wherever you find a woman running things leave a chicken. If you come to a place where the man is in control, give him one of the horses."

After seventy-nine chickens had been disposed of he came to a house and made the usual inquiry.

"I'm the boss o' this ranch," said the man.

"Got to show me."

So the wife was called, and she affirmed her husband's assertion.

"Take whichever you want," was the boy's reply.

So the husband said: "I'll take the bay." But the wife didn't like the bay horse, and she called her husband aside and talked to him. He returned and said: "I think I'll take the gray horse." "Not much," said Missouri. "You'll take a chicken."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The man who has been caught in a bargain counter rush at a dry goods store can see no grounds for the protest against football.

Can a State or the United States be compelled to pay a debt, and why?

No. But a citizen or state may bring suit against the United States if express authority is given by act of congress. It was thought that if the state or the United States could be sued it would impair the sovereignty of the state or nation.

Who were John Alden and Priscilla?

They are the principal characters in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." John Alden is the character who won the love of Priscilla while trying to gain her hand for his master, Miles Standish, captain of Plymouth. If you have a nice picture, as you say, you ought to get a copy of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and read the whole story. It is a fine piece of literature and is exceedingly interesting.

What is the correct pronunciation of Artaxerxes?

Ar-tax-erx'-eez, with the accent on the third syllable.

What is the meaning of the word "automobile"?

Self-mover.

Is it customary, in putting nominations before a body to be voted upon, to put the last nomination first and the first last?

It is considered parliamentary courtesy.

What is the length of the wall which encircles the city of Jerusalem at present?

It is two miles and a half, within a very few feet.

What city of the South was called the "Magic City"?

Guthrie, in Oklahoma, sprang into existence as by magic in Cleveland's administration, and may be called "The Magic City of the South." The gates of the reservation lands were thrown open at noon, April 22, 1889, and by night the town had a thousand inhabitants.

Why are there no lakes in West Virginia?

Chiefly because it is not in the glacial region and the upheavals having gradually occurred, the streams had ample time to cut their courses out into the drainage system. No new ranges have formed rapidly enough to overcome the erosion aforesaid.

March 27th, that's the day.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter VIII.

I AM falling in love with this country more and more all the time. Since I wrote the last letter I have taken a few days off and done a good deal of traveling over Siskiyou county, and find that it contains 6,200 square miles. The fact is, it is nearly as large as the State of Massachusetts. When you stop to think how many counties Massachusetts contains you get a small glimpse of what the possibilities of this county are when it is equally as inhabited as the Bay State. The potential value of every acre of this land, when set forth in plain figures, is beyond the belief of the casual observer. The investor and homeseeker are generally familiar with the wonderful productiveness and natural wealth of such a county as this. In every direction I have traveled from here I see marks of wealth.

A very noticeable feature to me, when I was in Yreka, the county-seat, just about forty-five miles from here, was that the county is out of debt. There are no bonds against the county; the last one has been redeemed. The late census shows that the county contains 25,000 population, and is but a handful in the broad acres of this beautiful paradise, which affords a rendezvous for the people who are in the storm-ridden sections of the East, the rain-drenched counties of the North, and the parched sections of the South. The county is so large and embraces so many different physical features that one can find almost any kind of a climate or product that he wants to find.

Mt. Shasta is fourteen thousand feet high and some of the county is almost sea-level; so at a glance one can readily see that any altitude may be sought and found. The western half of the county has been a great producer of mineral wealth. Already one hundred and fifty million dollars of gold have been taken from this county. So far, I have seen three different kinds of mining; there is the quartz mining, hydraulic mining and dredging. While this is almost incalculable in value, yet it does not interest me so much, because I know so little about mining that I do not want anything to do with it. In order to be successful in mining one has to study it thoroughly and know what he is doing, and then it becomes a very valuable employment.

But what suits me the best is to see the thousands of head of stock roving over this county, as fat as butter, and have never seen grain, neither received any care to speak of, except six or seven weeks during the months of January and February. They are taken

up about the holidays and let out the middle of February again, and the balance of the time they eat grass which grows in profusion in the Butte Valley, drink the fresh, pure, sweet mountain water at their own leisure, and are rounded up when the owner comes after them.

I want to give you a few statistics of an old hayseed up here, who has never been educated to keep books; I was interested in his figures. About five years ago he started out with a hundred head of cattle; his books showed the following figures to date:

Year	Number	Increase Females	Increase Males	Return from beef sold
1900	100	0	0	.....
1901	133	16	17	.....
1902	150	25	25	\$1,000
1903	175	30	30	1,200
1904	205	35	35	1,400
1905	240	40	40	1,600

The shippers' books showed that fifteen hundred carloads of cattle and three hundred carloads of horses and mules had been shipped from Montague and Gazelle, the two principal shipping points. This represents about sixty-five thousand head of stock. There are men in this valley who have been furnishing pasturage for thousands of head of stock driven in here from other places to be supported during the seasons. Of course this brings in a small revenue, but where the natural resources of a country are so rich in fertility of soil as this, cultivation is better.

Sile and Lucile made a business trip over the mountains the other day to Montague; that is about twenty-eight miles away. They wanted to get provisions for the winter, which Mrs. Wallace and Lucile had very carefully estimated, and of course Sile went along to do the driving, which he considered a great pleasure. As a matter of course Tige followed along under the wagon. Sile reported to me that while at the hotel in Montague, he heard a conversation between a railroad man and a cattle man of Texas, from which he gleaned the fact that not only was the new railroad to go from Weed, on the S. P., to Klamath Falls, and from there to Ontario, Oregon, on the O. S. L., but that there is another branch to leave the main line of the Southern Pacific, on the Shasta division, some place in Oregon, and join this new road at Klamath Falls.

P. S.—Don't write letters to me about this country; if you have any questions, ask them of J. P. Massie, 207 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal.

(To be continued.)



# DO - YOU - READ?

## IF YOU DO, BE SURE TO READ OUR **COMBINATION OFFER!**

WE have made arrangements so that during the months of December, January and February we can offer to our readers some splendid magazines at greatly reduced prices. Below we give the combination price for which we can furnish these magazines to *new* or *old subscribers*.

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One 96-page MONTHLY magazine, .....	\$1.00
One 16-page WEEKLY farm paper, .....	\$1.00
Our 24-page WEEKLY INGLENOOK, .....	\$1.00
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	\$3.00
We furnish all three for .....	\$1.75
<i>Combination No. 2.</i>	
INGLENOOK, .....	\$1.00
Prairie Farmer, .....	\$1.00
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	\$2.00
We will furnish both for .....	\$1.25
<i>Combination No. 3.</i>	
INGLENOOK, .....	\$1.00
Medical Talk, .....	\$1.00
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	\$2.00
We will furnish both for .....	\$1.50

*Medical Talk* is a 96-page monthly filled with facts that everybody ought to know. It is one of the best edited journals of the day. The editor is not afraid to say what he thinks, no matter who it hits. He is fearless in his attack on bunco fads. There are 78 subjects treated in the December number, from which twelve are selected: A Barbarous Custom, Abscess on the Hand, Bright's Disease, Curing a Cold, Don't Peel Potatoes, Football a Barbarism, Married Business Women, Remedy for Constipation, The Nurse and the Doctor, The Effect of Hot Baths, Whole Wheat Bread, The Drug Humbug.

*The Prairie Farmer* contains from 16 to 24 big pages each issue, and has departments for every branch of farm life, each one conducted by experts who have a world-wide fame because of their knowledge of agricultural conditions, and their ability to give THE PRAIRIE FARMER readers practicable and profitable advice. Because it is a weekly its subscribers get timely and up-to-date advice—and not a month too early or too late. Queries can be answered right away by well-informed farmers, dairymen, stockmen, horticulturists, poultrymen and general scientific farmers listed as contributors.

To find out about the INGLENOOK read the journal you hold in your hand. Ask for sample copies of any of these. Address all communications to

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
**Elgin, Illinois.**

# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I **KNOW** What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for **YOU**: I will **Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Pre-paid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.**

I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by **KILLING THE GERMS.**

A **CURE** for **YOU**, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (**CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.**)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head **CLEAR AS A BELL.**

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

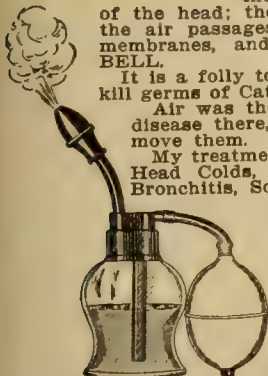
Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."

J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.



The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'fg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with x.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in the nose?

Do you have pains across the front part of the head?

Do you have pains across the eyes?

Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper.

1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.

2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. **WRITE THIS VERY DAY.**

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Name ailment or describe your case.



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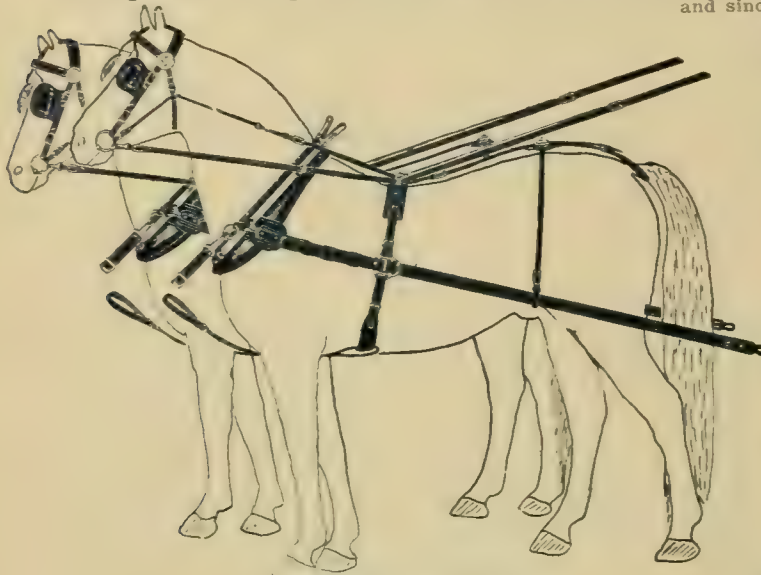
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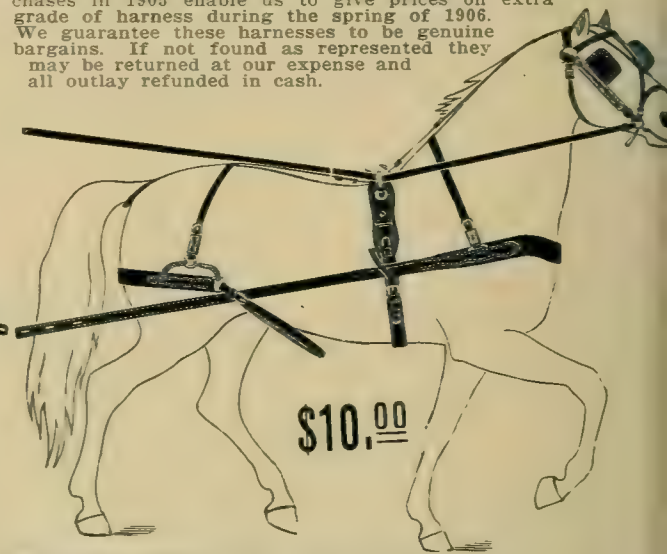
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**Exceptionally Well Made.**

**Bridle,** 3/4-inch box loop cheeks, fine patent leather blinds nicely stitched, round winker stays, three-buckle flat over-check with noseband. **Breast Collar** made of good, heavy, clear trace stock, curved and has box loops for neck strap. **Traces,** 1 1/2-inch and single straps, made of select oak tanned trace leather. **Saddle** 3-inch "Strap" style. Wide patent leather housings with three rows stitching. Extra long patent leather jockeys with three rows stitching. Swinging bearers, 1-inch, raised, double and stitched. **Belly-Band,** 1 1/2-inch "Griffith" style, double stitched. **Breeching,** heavy single strap with scalloped points, three-ring stay. **Hip strap,** 3/4-inch, **Side straps,** 3/4-inch. **Turnback,** scalloped, 3/4-inch with round crupper dock sewed on. **Lines,** 1-inch throughout, made of select stock with spring billets. **Hitch Strap,** 3/4-inch. **Trimming,** nickel, or, if preferred, imitation rubber. Fits 1250-pound horse. Weight, boxed, about 30 pounds. Regular price, .....\$13.00  
Our Price to advertise and please you, .....\$10.00  
We can't be undersold on this harness.

**Wheels** — 30 or 1 inch Tread, 38-44 inches high. Sarvan patent, Steel Tire.

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**Body** — Nicely proportioned, full length Rocker Plates.

**Trimming** — Green or Blue Cloth or Whipcord, Springs in Cushions and Backs, full length Carpet, Leather Dash, oil-burning Lamps, square bend Fenders.

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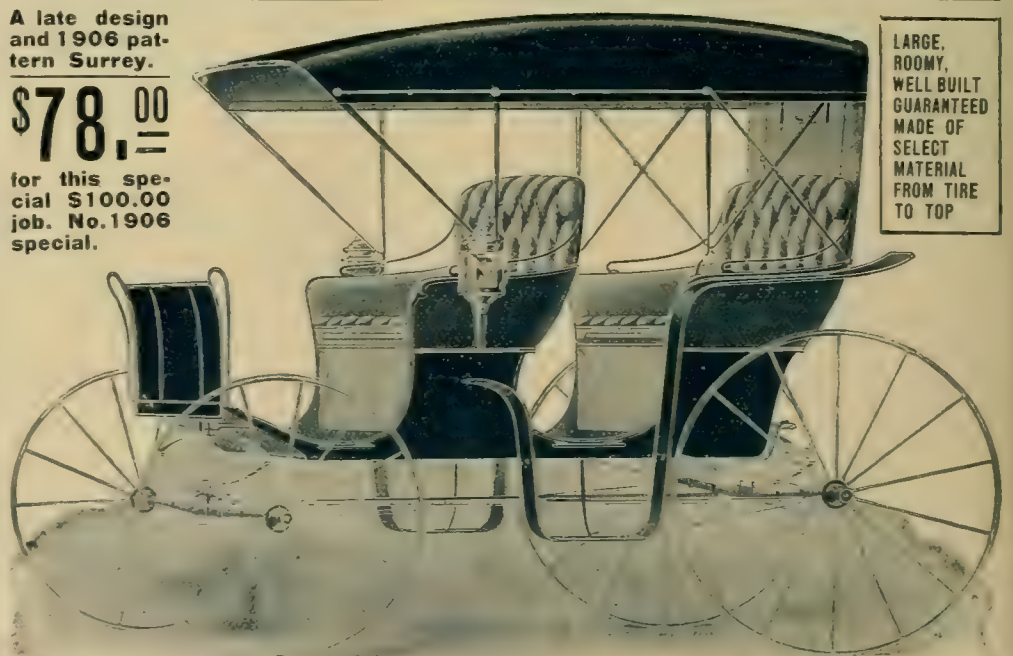
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# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

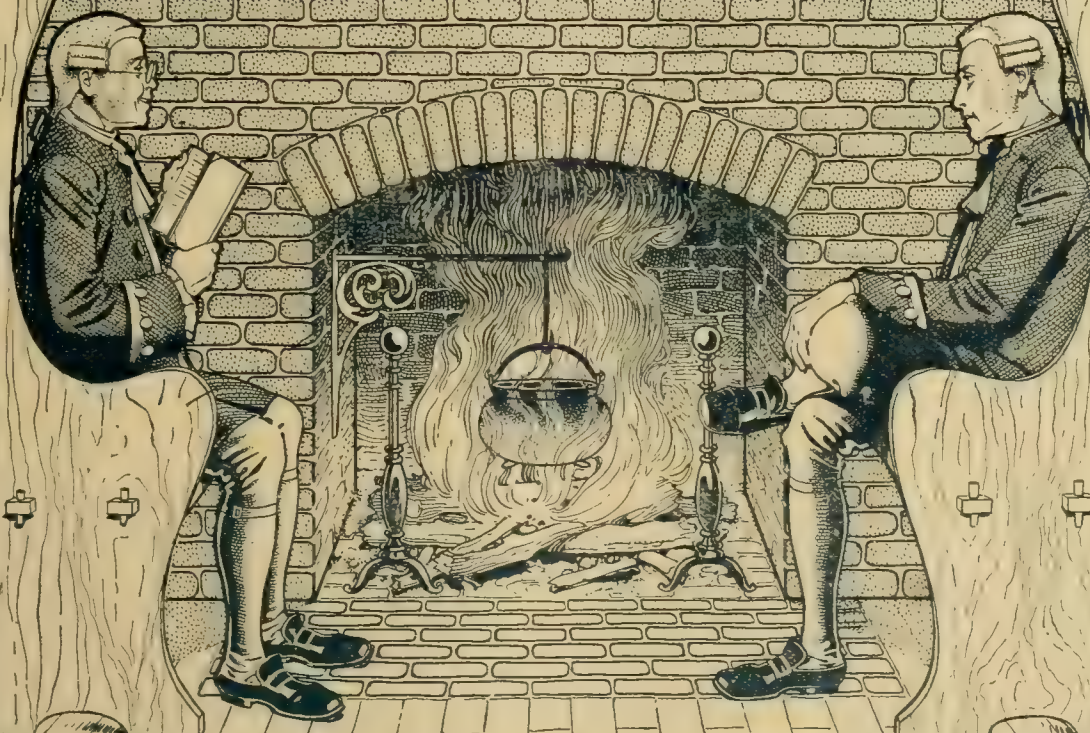
### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

WITH KODAK AND PENCIL SOUTH OF THE  
EQUATOR.—D. L. Miller.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—J. G. Figley.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?—S. Z. Sharp.

SKETCHES OF CREATION.—Julius J. Tretbar.



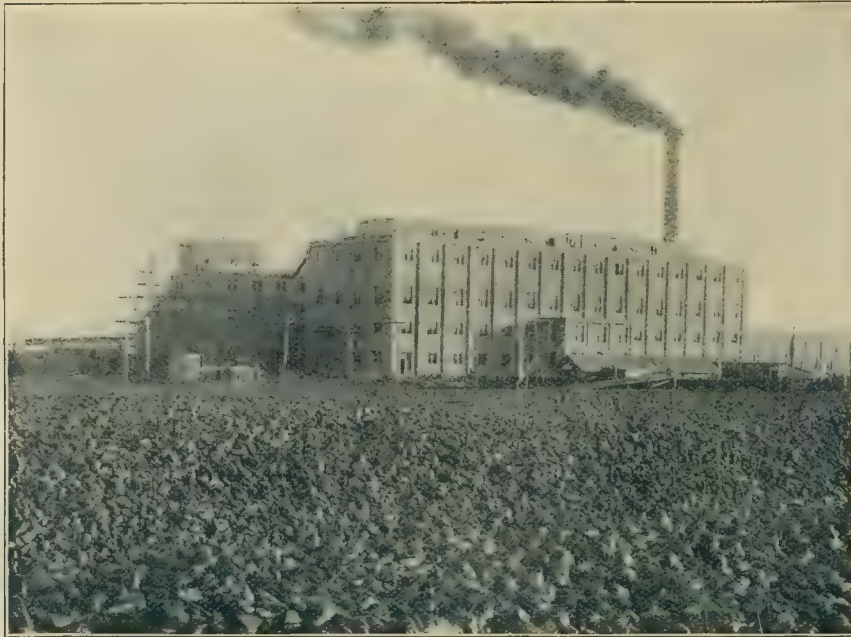
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 27, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 9. Vol. VIII





New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.  
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

## CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte ...Valley...

AND RETURN

### First and Third Tuesdays February and March

From Chicago,.....	\$19.55
From St. Louis,.....	17.25
From Omaha,.....	10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in mid-winter. Go and see for yourself—it need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific  
Railroad**

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

**THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,** as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

### TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for

### NEW FOLDER FREE

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,  
Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?  
Take the

**Union Pacific Railroad**

♦ ♦ ♦

**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.

♦ ♦ ♦

### ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15  
to April 7

From Chicago, .....	\$33.00
From St. Louis, .....	30.00
From Missouri River, .....	25.00

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

### The Union Pacific Railroad

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♦ ♦ ♦

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be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**

♦ ♦ ♦

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Write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

**Union Pacific Railroad**  
Omaha, Neb.

We Are Going to Make it Worth Your  
While to Read the

# INGLENOOK

During the Year of 1906!

## FIRST.—We Want You

to continue to be a member of the INGLENOOK family for the good that we can do you.

The following are only some of the things planned which we are sure you will appreciate.

**ARTICLES** from South Africa by ELDER D. L. MILLER.

**A STORY** "Ann Lovell's Heritage," by MARY I. SENSENBAUGH.

**SEED-THOUGHTS** by JOSEPHINE HANNA, the modern proverb writer.

**POEMS** by MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT, the Friend poetess.

## SECOND—We Must Have You

to continue with us through the next year for the good you can do us. Every member of the family has his place. You are one. You can tell us what you like and what you don't like, thus helping us to make the paper better.

### **BUT MORE THAN THIS--**

The INGLENOOK is published weekly at \$1.00 per year. Any one may have the paper and this FINE FOUNTAIN PEN for **\$1<sup>.47</sup>**

It is fitted with a heavy gold pen and the barrel is perfectly turned. Although narrower than most other holders, it will hold a large quantity of ink, the capacity being obtained from the length rather than from the breadth. The taper cap gives it a pleasing, slender effect. This is a good pen, sells for \$1.25 and is *fully warranted*.

Any pen proving to be imperfect will be exchanged free of charge.

Cash must accompany the order.

<i>The Inglenook</i> , 1 year, .....	\$1.00
<i>The Fountain Pen</i> , .....	\$1.25

Both for Only ..... \$1.47

This offer is both to old and new subscribers.

THE INGLENOOK IS EQUAL TO MANY DOLLAR MONTHLIES.

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# The New and Complete Universal Self-Pronouncing Encyclopedia

The Eight Volumes  
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OF ARTICLES FOUND IN THE EN-  
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Being edited by encyclopedic authorities of the old and new worlds, insures its absolute reliability. It gives the latest information on all subjects, including the statistics for the United States by the latest census.

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These volumes are profusely illustrated, printed on good book paper, well bound in cloth, with full gold stamping on back.

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Our special price, F. O. B. Elgin, ..... 4.35

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## "Our Young People"

THAT'S the new paper that we are receiving subscriptions for by the thousand. Subscriptions have poured in for this paper even beyond our expectations and we were compelled to print a second edition of the first number.

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In clubs of five or more to different addresses, from now to July 1, 1906, per copy, 20 cents.

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We cannot guarantee back numbers. Send your list of subscriptions now, to

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Elgin, Illinois.

## WANTED

Man and wife to assist on a farm in Saskatchewan, Canada. Good location near Brethren church. Good wages the entire year for the right person. Can also use a few farm hands and one blacksmith. Send reference when writing. For particulars address

FAIRVIEW LAND CO.,  
Greenville, Ohio.

## HO! EVERY SCHOOL TEACHER!

Would you not like to give a nice little present to every scholar in your school? An INGLENOOK just off the press? If you do, drop us a postal card with your name, address and number of scholars you have in your school and we will send you just that many copies of the INGLENOOK of our last issue, and we will do it the same day we get your card. It will be a nice thing to give your scholars. This does not bring you under obligation to us in any way; we want everybody who has not seen the INGLENOOK to read just one copy of it. They are sure to like it if they do. Send a card right now. If you delay, you'll forget.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

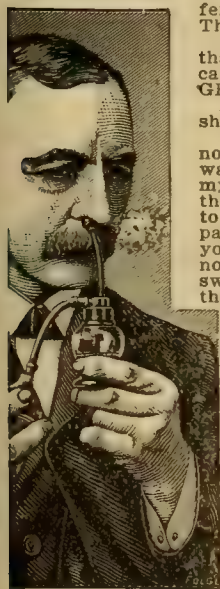
Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Pre-paid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh. Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."

J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'fg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with x.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in the nose?

Do you have pains across the front part of the head?

Do you have pains across the eyes?

Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper.

1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.

2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO.

Name ailment or describe your case.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

### 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY 27, 1906.

No. 9.

## STAY THOU WITH ME.

W. H. ENGLER.



STAY thou with me, blessed Savior,  
While my days are passing by;  
For I see the shadows near me,  
And the night it draweth nigh.

Stay thou with me, O my Savior,  
Do not leave me for one hour;  
For without thy blessed Spirit,  
I should wander from thy power.

Stay thou with me, for thy presence  
Is worth more than life to me;  
For without thy light to guide me,  
I forever blind should be.

Stay thou with me, gracious Savior,  
For I need thy tender care;  
I cannot for one single hour  
Life's every burden bear.

Stay thou with me, blessed Savior,  
Stay thou with thy erring child;  
I shall then be safe forever,  
In this dark and dreary wild.

Stay thou with me, O, my Savior,  
As I enter death's dark mould;  
Let the angels lead me over  
To the land of shining gold.

Then in that bright land of sunshine,  
I shall always be with thee;  
And throughout the blissful ages  
Give thee praise eternally.

Waynesboro, Pa.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*It takes a great man not to despise a little one.*

*More flowers for the living would not rob the dead.*

*Kindness is a kingly quality, and a lack of love is lunacy.*

*As long as the world expects every young man to sow wild oats there will be a continual harvest of whirlwinds.*

*The best victories are won a long time ahead of the real conflict.*

*Hold your tongue in check when it shows a tendency to run wild.*

*When a man is starving it is a poor time to talk to him about his soul.*

*If good resolutions were bread and butter there would be an end to hunger.*

*It is better to do a little thinking first than to do a lot of regretting afterwards.*

*The man who takes an interest in his work is seldom without employment.*

*The crosses we elect to bear are not the crosses that win the brightest crowns.*

*Splendid men are products of a long series of incidents and people back of them.*

*Some men secure credit for philanthropy by publicly contributing to the conscience fund.*

*Some people seem to be such deep thinkers that their thoughts never get to the surface.*

*Men can get down exceedingly low, but never so low as not to be noticed by the true Christian.*

*Truly, deep flowing water seldom ripples, but how will you get the shallow flow to see the import?*

*You cannot catch the same rat twice in the same trap, but you can a man. This is no compliment to the man.*

*The greatest successes some men achieve are their failures. And some men fail most lamentably when they succeed in accomplishing their objects.*



## With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Boers.

No. 22.



ON the eleventh of October, 1899, war was declared against Great Britain by the Transvaal Republic and the Orange River Free State united her fortunes with her northern brethren. The history of the war which surprised the world, gave the English a staggering blow from which it will take years for them to recover, and determined the fate of the South African republics has been written over

parable loss of prestige, the Boers lost more. They staked their all,—homes, country and earthly possessions on the fortunes of war and lost.

Only a few years prior to the Boer war the indignation of the civilized world, and especially of England and America, was aroused because of the cruelty of the Spaniards in Cuba. Weiler gathered the women and children into detention camps after destroying their homes and thousands died from disease and



Twenty Thousand Women and Children Died in these Camps.—W. T. Stead

again and again. Books by the score, and magazine and newspaper articles by the thousands have made the story familiar to the world. I have neither the heart nor the disposition to trace the bloody and cruel tragedy in its sickening details. Oh, the cruelty of war, the wickedness and sin of it and yet Christian (?) nations, in direct violation of the teachings of Christ, loose this "hell" on earth for gain and prestige. While Great Britain lost more men in killed, wounded and from disease than the entire number of Boers engaged in the war, while she heaped up a great war debt under which her overburdened tax payers are struggling to-day, and while she suffered an irre-

starvation. Before the British were able to overcome the Boers they adopted the Weiler policy. The homes of the Boers were burned, their horses and cattle taken and their farms made so many desolate wastes, and the women, children and non-combatants were placed in concentration camps. While the English did all they could to save the lives of their helpless prisoners, the inevitable resulted. Without knowledge of sanitary conditions they died by the hundreds and thousands. The only excuse made for this crime against humanity was that it was a necessary war measure.

At the conclusion of the war the Transvaal was a



A Group of Zulu Warriors Armed with Spear and Shield. These Warriors Were the Most Savage Foes Met by the Boers in South Africa.

great desolate plain. It required two hundred and fifty thousand British to overcome forty thousand armed Boers and to work the complete desolation of

lated by war is a slow process. The Boers overcome by mere brute force, disarmed and disfranchised, brooding over their defeat and their wrongs and hating the British flag as the symbol of foreign conquest are restless and uneasy. The last chapter of their history in South Africa is yet to be written. God punishes nations for their wrong-doing in this world. Russia has just received at the hands of a heathen nation a foretaste of what is in store for her, and when the day of reckoning comes Great Britain will receive in full measure for the wrong she has done to the brave Dutchmen in the Dark Continent.

Will the Boers remain in South Africa? Mr. Stead says: "Returning from my first visit to South Africa, where I had been engaged in the somewhat romantic adventure of endeavoring to reconcile my brother Boers to their new status as British subjects, I have been engaged in the forlorn attempt to lay my finger upon some point in the map of South Africa where I could honestly and in good faith assert, 'Here the British government has done good.' The net result of my researches has, I must ruefully confess, been the reverse of encouraging. So far as I can see, looking back over the history of the last sixty years, it would have been better for South Africa if, as Mr. Rhodes once suggested, the imperial factor had been eliminated from the problem, and the South Africans had been left to work out their own salvation without the blessing or curse of the providential oversight intermittently exercised by the home government."

Mr. Stead stands among the very first English writers and his opinions carry with them the greatest possible weight. The future must determine what is

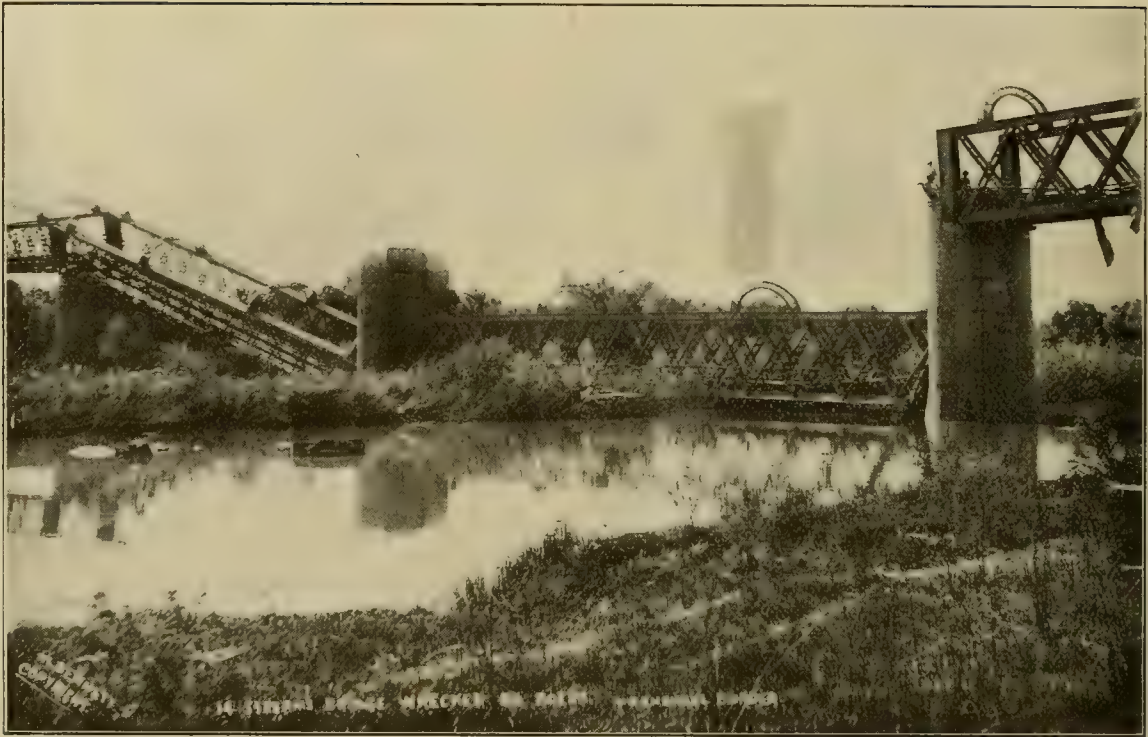


Blockhouses Like This Were Built in Many Places in the Transvaal to Drive Back the Boers on Their Numerous Raids.

their homes and country. The winners in the struggle have appropriated large sums of money to assist the Boers in rebuilding their homes and restocking their farms. But the rehabilitation of a country deso-

to come to the Boers. A friend writing to me asks the question, "Will the Boers remain in the Transvaal?" The answer is, Some of them are leaving now and others are likely to follow. If those who are





going out as "Vortrekkers" make favorable reports of the new countries, large numbers are sure to follow them.

Under the leadership of the Jouberts a number have already gone into German East Africa. One hundred and eighty of this advance guard took passage with us on the German steamer *Somali* on the return

voyage from Durban. We had them for fellow-passengers as far north as Tanga and Mombassa.

In answer to a question whether the Boers were leaving the Transvaal in large numbers, Mr. Joubert said: "No, but if we find German South Africa a country suitable for our purposes a great many will follow us. Those who have preceded us, among them



my brother, have sent back very favorable reports. We are to settle down and give the country a fair trial and if found as represented a large Boer colony will be formed."

Continuing, Mr. Joubert said that the German government offered them every possible facility to induce them to settle in its territory. Large tracts of land were given free of charge, custom duties remitted, and every possible consideration shown new settlers.

When asked if they were leaving South Africa because of British rule the answer was guarded. They were in search of new homes and better land than they had left behind. They did not like the way the English had treated them, but they had no resentful feel-

company. Wishing them God speed in their new homes we parted to see no more of them in this world.



#### FINDING ONE'S TASK.

A PARTY of youths were pressing forward with eager feet along the road that led out of the mountain into the great world below. They were traveling toward gold and sunshine and fame, spurred on by that mysterious impulse which through the ages has ever drawn men and nations westward. And as they journeyed they met an old man, shod with iron, tottering along in the opposite direction. The old man made them pause for a moment, questioning them as to



They Sleep Their Last Sleep. Mapuba Hill, Transvaal, South Africa.

ings. At Dar-es-Salaam, where the *Somali* stopped for some time, the Boer emigrants laid in a large stock of the very best modern rifles and a heavy store of ammunition. They were now in German territory and were allowed to carry rifles and felt like men again.

At Tonga the most of the Boers disembarked. Their great lumbering wagons, packed with household goods, were lifted out of the hold of the ship, placed upon lighters and so taken ashore. Horses and cattle, men, women and children followed in small boats, and we soon lost sight of these peculiar people. The Jouberts continued with us to Mombassa, where they left us, after hearty farewells, to travel by rail to a point where they would join those who landed at Tonga. We were deeply impressed with the piety, the religious fervor and the honesty of purpose of the Boers with whom we had been quite accidentally thrown into

whither they were going, and the youths answered in one voice, "To the City of Success!" The aged pilgrim looked upon them gravely. "I have sought," he replied feebly, "over the most part of the world for the city of which you speak. Three such pairs as you see on my feet have I worn out upon this pilgrimage. But all this while I have not found the city. Yesterday I fainted from exhaustion by the roadway, and as I lay there I seemed to hear an angel saying, 'Behold, the City of Success lies at every man's threshold, and there be no need for him to journey far in its search.' And so now I am going back, after all these years, to my little mountain home, and, God willing, I shall find there my appointed task."—*The Brown Book*.



"Inglénook Day" comes only once a year.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

J. G. FIGLEY.



HE sixteenth president of the United States was born in obscurity. No Gabriel heralded his birth; no shepherd saw the star of his nativity, and heard the chanting of celestial visitants to earth; nor did sages and philosophers come to his cradle-side with costly offerings and significant homage. Yet he had a grand mission on earth to perform, and was to be, in some sense, the savior of many, and in the obscurity of his birth, at least, resembled the Master whose footsteps he afterwards loved to follow. It is the design of Infinite Wisdom that the tiny acorn should precede the towering oak, the little rivulet commence the mighty river; and that Wisdom was no less manifest in the humble birth and parentage of him whom the good of all nations, in all time, should afterwards delight to honor.

In that part of Hardin county, Kentucky, now known as La Rue, February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln, son of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, was born in a rude log hut of one room, that had but one window, and no floor but the trampled earth. His parents, of Quaker descent, were very poor. His father could not read and could barely write his own name. His mother could not write, but she could read fairly well, and she taught the little Abe this one accomplishment.

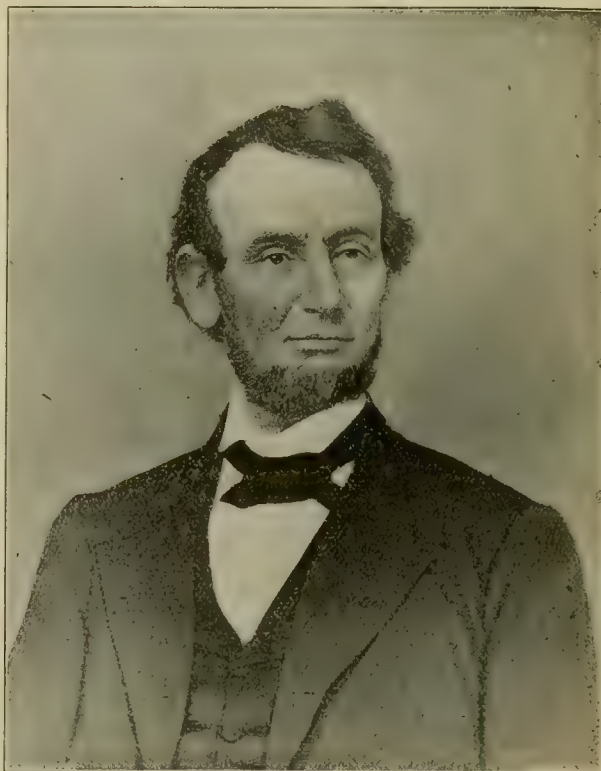
His father could not feel free in a State that allowed slavery, and in 1816, moved his family to Spencer county, Indiana, where soon afterward the mother died. The father married again, and it is said that, tenderly as Abraham Lincoln loved his mother, he had a strong affection for his kind stepmother. A neighbor taught him to write, and in response to a letter written by him to a minister of his acquaintance, his mother's funeral sermon was preached, but not till about a year after her death.

The hut the Lincoln family lived in in Indiana was eighteen feet square; it had no windows, no floor, and no door but skins or blankets hung over an opening in the wall. In 1830 the family located ten miles west of Decatur, Illinois. The house here was a log one about eighteen feet by sixteen feet in size, and had no window, and was built of nine different kinds of timber.

These were the early homes of Lincoln, unlovely, squalid, bare. There was not a thing upon which the boy could look and feed the hunger of his soul, except the family Bible. There could be no money to buy books, when it was hard to get bread, yet Abraham Lincoln would walk many miles to borrow some good book to read and digest, by lying in front of the fireplace at night to read by its flickering light, or by a rude pine-knot torch. In this way, he who had not

a whole year's schooling in all his life, mastered geometry, and dreamed of something higher than splitting rails at which he had no superior and not many equals.

At the age of twenty-one he left his father's cabin and began clerking in a store, putting in his spare time in study. In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian war along the Illinois border, Lincoln served as a private soldier and as a captain. He worked at surveying, conducted a little store, and was postmaster



The Great Emancipator.

at New Salem. The people liked the tall, awkward, honest young man so well that they elected him to the state legislature in 1834, and he was reelected three times. After a course of reading, he was admitted to practice law in 1836, in Springfield. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, being the only Whig member from the State, and voted and worked against the extension of slavery.

In 1858 he was a candidate for the office of United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, but was not successful. In 1860, he became the Republican candidate for President of the United States, and received the electoral vote of all but one of the free States, in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, and was reelected in 1864. He entered upon his presidential duties in the face of a storm of opposition that had in the South, by his election, ended in a secession or breaking away from the Union of eleven States. He determined that the Union must and should be

preserved either with slavery or without it. As a military necessity, January 1, 1863, he proclaimed the liberty of all the slaves in all territory engaged in warring against the Union.

All through that awful war, he, a man of peace, was compelled to direct an army and navy engaged in battling against their own people. That patient, kindly man, passing agonized days and nights over the welfare of his beloved country, must needs be harassed, maligned and abused by southern sympathizers—those who aided and abetted the South in trying to destroy the Union.

Washington worked and fought to make this country a nation, and Lincoln for four long years guided the Ship of State through stormy waters, preventing it from being wrecked upon the rocky coast of Dis-solution, and in so doing earned the title the Boys in Blue so well loved to call him—Father Abraham. And, strange irony of fate, or was it the design of an overruling Providence, that when war had been ended and peace declared, with a nation once more united, he, that patient, sorrowful man should die by the hand of an assassin, and leave a nation bereft so sadly. Slavery had struck its final blow and orphaned the nation.

Abraham Lincoln will ever hold his own particular place in the hall of fame of the world's temple of great and good men. Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Abraham Lincoln was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which he readily obeyed. He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day, and as the problem grew so grew his comprehension." Merle D'Aubigne said, "The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has inscribed on its annals."

If I were to write an epitaph upon the tomb of Lincoln, the one man among all men a wise Providence created to do the work he was called upon to perform, I would write the words of the crucified emancipator of mankind: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

*Bryan, Ohio.*



#### WHAT IS IN A NAME?

S. Z. SHARP.

#### Number Three.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.  
—Prov. 22:1.

It is hard for some people to understand how a good name can be better than great riches, but this is a fact and may be illustrated by the case of a prominent elder in the church of the Brethren. This elder is well known to every reader of the INGLENOOK. The case is as follows:

In his younger days this elder started in business with a partner and they failed. Then our hero decided to carry on business by himself. A good old brother furnished him the money, and he started into business the second time determined to make a success. He was energetic, economical and strictly honest. He paid all his bills promptly as they became due, and established for himself a name and a reputation of a high order in business circles.

On one occasion he went to the city to lay in a stock of goods. He did not find all he wanted in the wholesale store where he was accustomed to buy, so he went to another store where he thought he was unknown, and bought what he yet lacked. Here the salesman made a strong effort to sell our elder more goods, but the elder objected to buying, for the reason that he did not have the money to pay cash and the wholesale merchant would not be likely to sell to a stranger on credit. The merchant replied, "We will sell you all the goods you want on credit, for we know a good deal about you."

Our elder did not then know that every prominent merchant and banker had a book in which was recorded the name and business standing of each firm and business man in the United States, and to each name his rating was attached, and this elder's name stood in the first or highest rank. For this reason he could buy all the goods he wanted on credit, even from parties whom he had never seen. His name was worth more to him than a great sum of money.

Now here is another case: A wealthy man, said to be a millionaire, is engaged in the fruit business. He formerly was a commission merchant in one of our large cities and sold fruit sent to him on consignment, but he did not deal fairly with some of his customers and was involved in a lawsuit which cost him a large sum of money, besides costing him the loss of his reputation and name of an honest man.

He is still in the fruit business and annually ships out hundreds of car loads of fruit from Grand Valley, Colo., but he does not get his fruit on consignment any more, though he is a millionaire. He must pay the money for what he gets. People have learned his name. Which would the reader prefer, the good name of the elder on which he could buy all the goods he wanted on credit, or the money and name of the millionaire who is obliged to pay cash for what he gets?

There is another phase in this name question which concerns each of us. It is whether our names are written in a certain book and we have an honorable rating affixed to our name. It is not the book compiled by Dunn or Bradstreet, but a far more correct one. It is the book of which the Savior spoke to his disciples, Luke 10: 20, "But rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."



March 27 is "Inglenook Day."



## SKETCHES OF CREATION.

JULIUS J. TRETBAR.



OUT of the dim twilight of antiquity beam "Sketches of Creation." Here was chaos; here was death and silence of primeval ages, when the uncreated alone looked on and saw the beauty and life germinating out of a universal discord.

Whatever may be thought of the evidence bearing upon the question of the former gaseous condition of our world or of the entire solar system, it is generally admitted that the evidence of former igneous fluidity is conclusive. Our earth was once a self-luminous star. At a temperature which would fuse the mass of rocks all the more volatile substances alone exist in the form of an elastic vapor surrounding the earth. All that we now behold must have been represented by a glowing, liquid nucleus involved in a dense atmosphere of burning acrid vapor. There was day and night. The sun rose in the morning and sent a lurid ray through the dense, refractive atmosphere and at night sank into the smoke that ascended from a burning world. The morning and evening twilight almost met each other in the midnight zenith, so high and so refractive was their heterogenous atmosphere. The high temperature of the earth gradually subsided through the radiation into external space. A crystallization of the least fusible elements and simple compounds eventually took place in the superficial portions of the molten mass. A crystallized crust was thus formed, resting upon a liquid portion, constituting the greater part of our present globe. In the process of our refrigeration the stiffening crust would become too large for the nucleus within. The shrinking to fit this nucleus thus formed the germ for our enormous mountain ranges.

Now a scene of terrific sublimity approached. As yet no water existed upon the earth. All the water which now fills the ocean, rivers and lakes rested then upon the earth as an elastic, invisible vapor. This vapor was not cloud-like, but intensely hot and transparent; it was gas like the steam just issuing from the safety valve of a steam boiler. The remoter regions of this aqueous gas were so far reduced in temperature as to start condensation. The vapor now became visible, and as our storm clouds herald the coming of the mighty storm, so now the horizon was darkened by the gathering clouds. Raindrops were formed which descended towards the earth, but were again evaporated by the terrific heat of the earth. In the midst of this cosmical contest, between fire and water, the voices of heaven's artillery were heard, lightning darted through cimmerian gloom and world's convulsive thunders echoed through the universe.

A thousand years of storm and lightning passed and

the primeval tempest drew to a close. The waters were now permitted to rest upon the surface. The few islands that existed were but exposed portions of the ocean's floor. A few isolated granite summits also protruded above the watery waste during the progress of that primeval age which witnessed the unfolding or organic existences. However, certain plants are reported to have flourished in the boiling geysers of the island and the hot springs of California. It is unsafe, then, to attempt to determine at what epoch conditions were favorable for organic evolution. The world was not yet ready for animal life, but was provided and prepared by the wonderful physical and chemical changes of the vegetable kingdom.

The middle ages of creation's history had arrived, when this voiceless scene was to be clothed and animated. The highest form of vegetable life was brought forth and with it the lowest form of animal life, the protozoan. But before animals could appear it was necessary that one of the most miraculous of all changes take place, for the atmosphere was still loaded with noxious and poisonous elements and gases, namely, carbon-dioxide, carbon-monoxide and carbon acid gas. As plants and trees appeared they inhaled these compounds, stored up the carbon and threw off free and pure oxygen, which is so necessary for the existence of animal beings.

A double object was thus accomplished; first, the purification of the air, and second, a great amount of fuel was stored up. The theater of these changing scenes was the whole of that area now covered by the cool measures of the country. The time consumed during the epoch is calculated by the strata of coal formed to be about 1,500,000 years. A series of dynasties flitted like shadows over the face of our planet and disappeared beneath the dim horizon of the past, while the empire of man was but an idea dwelling in the Almighty mind.

God alone was spectator of the progress of the mighty work which was being accomplished. We now enter upon a new age in the history of the world. The reptilian army arrived and took absolute possession of the land and sea. It is a solemn and impressive thought that the footprints of these dumb and senseless creatures have been preserved for thousands of ages, while so many of the works of kings and conquerors which date but a century back, have been obliterated from the record of time.

Next we see the mighty lands covered with huge and mighty glaciers, remains and markings of which can still be observed at the present date in our country. The snows of many winters gathered on the slopes of North America, and the summer's sun sufficed to change them to a bed of porous ice. Glaciers brooded over all the land. Such was the fate of the fair vales which we thought just ready for the occupancy of the human race. Rains fell then, as now,

upon the surface and nourished the vegetation which had formed a foothold; thus the conditions were again changed, favoring the existence of man. Finally it is worthy of remark that nature had not only anticipated the coming of man, but had contemplated the exercise of human intelligence. It was the obvious purpose of the Deity that nature should be investigated and that by such investigations man should become not only wiser, but more reverent, religious and happy. The history of our race, traced back a few thousand years, loses itself in traditions and myths. In obscurity we can just discern the rude form of man, clad in skins, frequenting in the chase with bow and arrow. While the lands had become scarcely stable in their place, yet man seems to have suddenly made his appearance among the beasts of the earth and controlled them with a conscious superiority. Once he contented himself to capture prey sufficient for food, as the bear and tiger did, in whose company he lived.

What a picture of progress! How abject once, how spiritualized, how Godlike now! Is not man nearer to God? The question now arises, Will there be an animal superior to man? This has been sufficiently answered in the foregoing passages and is also contradicted by our Christian belief and researches. While we ponder the fact, the world is growing cold, events are carrying us to a state of total refrigeration. Perhaps the mountains will have been leveled first and the continents swallowed up by the seas; perhaps the volcanoes will have first been extinguished and the earthquake will have lain down to its final slumber. Let the earth have been frozen, let the bright sun have been extinguished, let the moon and stars wander darkling in the eternal space, will this then be the end of matter's history? Is this the end of which philosophers and poets have dreamed and prophesied? From our point of view we can discern the course of nature still wending onward. There must be progress even after the funeral of the sun's rotation, when revolution and gravitation will have ceased, for they will have reached their state of equilibrium.

But what is the spirit of man, whose thoughts, chained in flesh, feel evermore that they are the offspring of God, the brothers of angels and the heirs of perpetuity? Who shall tremble at the wreck of matter, when, in perpetual youth he shall outlive suns, systems and firmaments, and through the ceaseless cycles of material history shall see creation rise upon creation the ever-recurring mornings of eternal life?

*McPherson, Kans.*



#### THE POLICY OF THE NEW BRITISH CABINET.

THE policy of the new government is clearly indicated by the policy which its members pursued in opposition. In foreign policy it will do its utmost to carry out the principle of continuity. It will re-

pudiate none of its predecessors' engagements. Sir Edward Grey will take up the foreign policy of Lord Lansdowne at the point where he dropped it, and will endeavor so to act that no one at the other end of the wire will know there has been any change in the personnel of the administration. In colonial policy it will welcome every overture made by the colonies to a closer union with the mother country, but it will scrupulously refrain from any attempt to force the pace of federation. It will hold the colonial conference which Mr. Chamberlain hoped to use as a protectionist weapon, but it will point to its majority recorded at the coming election as rendering all discussion of preferences based on food taxes absolutely futile. In South Africa it will hurry up the grant of responsible government both in the Free State and in the Transvaal. It will probably begin by sending out a commission to inquire into—(1) the unpaid compensation claims, (2) Chinese labor, and (3) the establishment of responsible government.

In Ireland it will, as Mr. Chamberlain has said, have a policy of home rule by installments. It will do everything the Irish Nationalists demand that can be granted without forcing a breach with the Protestant prejudices of the House of Commons or provoke the veto of the landed interest in the House of Lords. The question of the evicted tenants and of the Catholic University stand in the forefront. No opportunity will be lost to advance in the direction of home rule, and everything will be done to conciliate the Nationalists, who possess a voting strength of 83 in the House. If this be transferred to the Conservative lobby, it makes a difference of 166 in the Liberal majority.

In home affairs it will be primarily engaged in amending the Education Act and the Licensing Act of its predecessors. The veto of the House of Lords will render it impossible to carry out in full the wishes of the Nonconformists and the temperance reformers. But it will do what it can in both directions. The question of the unemployed and the whole subject of the treatment of the poorer classes will be one great crux of the new administration. It may deal with the land laws, but not at first. Nor is it likely it will attempt to disestablish either the Welsh or the Scottish Church.

The navy will be maintained at its present strength. The army expenditure will be reduced, and, if Mr. Haldane is fortunate, reduced very considerably. There will be a strong movement in favor of general physical training of the whole nation, but conscription will be treated as a thing abhorred. The volunteer forces will be developed, and a determined effort made to make the regular army efficient.—*From "The Liberals Again at the Helm in Great Britain," by W. T. Stead, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.*



## THE IMPORTANCE OF USING GOOD LANGUAGE.

G. V. KENTON.



MOST people attribute too little importance to the use of good language. They fail to realize that it is one of the most essential things in making friends and in building up character. They cannot see to what good advantage the study and the use of language may be put; therefore they allow their forms of expression to dwindle down to such an extent that they never use any more words than those that are absolutely necessary in expressing what they wish to say.

Too little stress is generally placed upon the use of good language in school. Although pupils have been required to master the rules and directions concerning the use of language, yet, if they have not been required to put them into practice, they have not been benefited thereby. We must put a thing into practice as soon as we have learned it. Do not allow improper expressions to be used in the class-room, but always insist upon correct language in all studies and at all times.

Men who are attributed with the highest of common sense are often heard saying these words: "I don't care whether Tom, Dick and Jane learn any grammar or not; that won't do 'em much good; just so they get a little arithmetic, spelling and geography they'll be all right." But they have failed to appreciate the fact that every time we open our mouths to speak we must use language, and that it is used 365 days in the year, about 16 hours in the day, 60 minutes in the hour and 60 seconds in the minute; whereas to the average individual, arithmetical problems that are of any consequence rarely come up daily, weekly or even monthly.

Nothing is better than to hear a young man, wherever he is placed, using only correct forms of expression. The boys of this generation, it seems, have a peculiar but unpleasant faculty of originating vulgar terms and expressions. These expressions, after continued use, become so impressed upon the young minds that when they desire to use good language, they almost invariably fail. To be able to use good language whenever we desire it, we must use only correct forms of expression every time we talk, so that it becomes a second nature to us.

Nothing is more disgusting than to hear a young person, in company, continually making errors in an attempt to use correct language upon that occasion.

Have you ever noticed what a great impression people make upon you the first time you are brought into contact with them? You have conclusive evidence, in your own mind, as to the character of that individual

gathered from your first acquaintance. If the person was polite and used good language, you, no doubt, were favorably impressed; but, on the contrary, if his sentences were filled with improper expressions and vulgarisms, how disgusted you became with him!

Not only is the use of good language beneficial to a person in securing friends, but also in securing positions; for no business man will want a young man or woman to occupy any position of trust who does not know how to talk when necessary.

Many common errors in language result from inability to distinguish between certain small words in our speech, such as, *sit* and *set*; *lay* and *lie*. There are but few people who know how, at all times, to use these four words correctly, and since they are the commonest misused words we will discuss them. The best rule that may be applied to these words is: Whenever a person or thing performs an act upon anything, use *set* and *lay*, as: He set the bucket upon the table. Lay the book upon the table. Whenever a person or thing does the act itself use *lie* and *sit*, as: The bucket sits on the table. The book lies on the table.

If we could only get people to see how much better it would be if they talked properly and what small expense it would be to them, we should have done a great thing, and the world would be greatly improved thereby.

*Hardin, Mo.*



## RELATION OF THE PASTOR TO THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

THE work of a pastor is to teach and to lead. He is so to teach his people that they shall know what is right. By line upon line, by precept upon precept, he is able to get the truth into the minds of his people. He is to teach them what is good. He is to warn them against what is evil. He is also to seek such an influence over them that he shall lead them to do good and to shun what is evil. He is to be an example to them, by embodying in his own life all the virtues which he seeks to have them practice. The field of his efforts takes in the whole realm of what affects moral and religious life. Home duties, social duties, moral duties, religious duties, and even political duties where they involve religion and morals are all to be enforced by his teachings and his life.

The saloon question is certainly one which takes in a consideration of all the duties named. It involves problems which affect the best interests of humanity in the home, in society, in the church, and in the state. If the home has one enemy, if God has one enemy, surely that enemy is the saloon. It blights the home, it demoralizes society; it opposes true religion; it endangers the safety of the state; its spirit is the devil. It has not one redeeming virtue, but is the cause of

eighty per cent at least of the crime which curses our country. I heard the warden of the state prison at Joliet say just a few weeks ago that eighty per cent of the inmates in that institution were there directly or indirectly because of strong drink.

#### **Should Stand in the Open Against the Saloon.**

Surely then the pastor ought to stand against it out in the open, so that his attitude will never be questioned. Shame on any preacher, pastor or otherwise, who is afraid to do this. He is a coward, and God never wants a coward to deliver his message. "A minister but still a MAN" should be true of every one in the pastorate. Certainly the preacher who speaks out the truth about the liquor traffic will offend some hearer. He may even offend some contributor. But what of it? He must never please men except by pleasing his Master. When he fails to reason concerning temperance because Mr. Brewer or Mr. Distiller, or Mr. Dramshopkeeper is in his audience, he shows himself not only unfit for the pulpit but for the kingdom of God.

#### **Work of the Anti-Saloon League.**

The work of the Anti-Saloon League is work against the saloon. Its motto is, "The only solution of the saloon question is no saloon." Its work all the time is in that direction. It agitates and educates and seeks anti-saloon legislation. It stands for the enforcement of the liquor laws which we have until they are repealed and we have better ones. The Anti-Saloon League does not believe for one moment that a perjurer in a mayor's chair is any better than another perjurer in the penitentiary. It believes that a man who will solemnly swear to close saloons on Sunday and then deliberately ignore his oath would swear falsely on the witness stand in a court of justice did self-interest demand it. It wants all the no-saloon territory it can get, from a school district to a whole nation. If it cannot secure prohibition for the entire State of Illinois, it will not therefore refuse to secure freedom from the curse for a county or township.

#### **Believes in Giving the People a Chance.**

In Illinois the Anti-Saloon League believes in giving the people a chance. It sees a large section in the best element of our great State disenfranchised as to a question which affects them more than any other. The farmers in many counties have saloons foisted upon them by the vote of a few small villages—maybe in some cases only one small village. These saloons make crime. As a result of their presence in the county, farmer boys are often entrapped. Murders are often committed which entail on the county immense court expenses. The bulk of these expenses the farmer must pay. And not one cent of the license money does he receive. A system which thus works to the prejudice of one class of citizens against another is

un-American, is a shame, is an injustice. These farmers ought to have a voice as to whether saloons shall be open in their counties or not. So the Anti-Saloon League wants a county local option law which will secure to a multitude of our best people their just rights, and the work of agitation and education must never stop till this end is reached. Surely the pastor by virtue of his office is so related to this work that he must take part in it.

#### **The League is the Churches' Federation Against the Liquor Traffic.**

In Illinois the Anti-Saloon League is made up of the churches. Apart from the churches it has no existence. In this movement the churches are federated. Fighting the liquor traffic is like fighting fire in your city. You never stop to ask who the man is who brings a bucket of water to pour on the flames. He may be a Christian or he may be an agnostic. That cuts no figure. So in killing snakes or mad dogs. So in seeking to destroy the serpent of the still. Here is common ground for every professed church and follower of Jesus Christ. In many things we cannot federate, but here we can. From Roman Catholic to Baptist, from Episcopalian to Congregationalist—we can all fight together. We can all put our means together. We can all rejoice together when the right gains the day. So the Anti-Saloon League is what the churches make it. It is the work of the churches. Hence, the pastor sustains the same relation to the Anti-Saloon League that he does to any other department of the work of his church. He is related to it just as he is to his Sunday school, or to his young people's society, or to the missionary agencies of his denomination.

#### **Pastors are Leaders in the Anti-Saloon Work.**

It also follows that the pastors are the leaders in the Anti-Saloon League work. They have the oversight of it, and its success depends on them as truly as does any other work of the churches. They can kill it dead, or they can make it a success. Never had any set of men a better opportunity to do a glorious thing for God and home and country than have the pastors of our land to-day through this Anti-Saloon League. Hence, the pastor is to foster the work of the league with all zeal. He ought to tell his people about it, and then tell them again about it. He should never stop telling about it till he knows it is on their consciences to join in the great movement.

#### **First Speak for League and then Open his Church to It.**

The American people are generally right, or will get right, if you can get at their consciences. And the Anti-Saloon League has a plea which cannot but stir the blood and awaken the conscience if we can get men to hear. So the pastor must not only speak to his people himself, but he should encourage Anti-



Saloon League specialists to visit his people and address them. We have several of these men in this State. The doors of every church in the State ought to on suitable occasion be open to them. A pastor can put up an Anti-Saloon League worker before his people with as much confidence and with as little apology as he would put a representative of denominational missions or denominational education before them. He ought not to make even a seeming apology for doing so. Thus he will have his people in sympathy with the Anti-Saloon League, even as they are in sympathy with him as their pastor.—*Rev. W. P. Throgmorton, in American Issue.*



#### NIAGARA'S DANGER AND THE REMEDY.

AMONG various other subjects dealt with in this message, Governor Higgins has some timely and vigorous words to say about the protection of Niagara Falls. He remarks that more than twenty years ago the State of New York sought to redeem the falls from vandalism by restoring the surrounding scenery to its primeval beauty and creating a State reservation as a free pleasure ground for the people. He proceeds to show how the granting of rights to electric-power companies to withdraw water above the falls is now threatening to destroy the cataract altogether. He declares that the work of protection cannot be effective without an international agreement, inasmuch as the Niagara River is the boundary line between this country and Canada. But he advises the forfeiture of undeveloped water grants and the strict enforcement of existing laws. Certainly the time has come when the government at Washington should take up the question of Niagara preservation with much energy. To begin with, the Niagara River is a navigable stream and the diversion of its waters might be opposed at Washington on that ground. In the second place, the international line divides the river, and the subject is properly one for diplomatic treatment. In his last message, President Roosevelt recommended California for having presented the Yosemite Valley to the United States Government, and proceeded to make the interesting suggestion that the State of New York should turn over its Niagara Park as a national reserve, to be cared for by the government at Washington. The President used the following sentence: "Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the preservation of Niagara Falls in all their beauty and majesty." The Merchants' Association of New York and the American Civic Association are important bodies which are now bestirring themselves in what has become a very urgent need for action if irreparable harm is not to be done to Niagara. Not to elaborate the point, it can be asserted with confidence that there

is no industrial necessity whatsoever for the destruction of Niagara Falls. It is a matter of pure greed and rapacity. From the commercial standpoint, the falls as an object of natural beauty, has a far higher value than the electrical power that can be generated by the diversion of the entire Niagara River. The fame of Niagara attracts visitors from all parts of the world, and this redounds to the benefit of transportation companies as well as to the innkeepers and tradesmen of neighboring towns and cities. They have learned in Switzerland and Italy that the tourist industry is the most profitable of all. And Niagara Falls, as a great object of natural beauty, is much more valuable from the standpoint of the tourist industry than from that of the development of motive power. But apart from commercial consideration, the Falls of Niagara ought to be preserved, and the British and Canadian governments should join with our own speedily in coming to the rescue. Here, then, is a proper subject for activity on the part of the Secretary of State.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for February.*



#### ABOUT THE KORAN.

IN Arabic the word "koran" means "that which ought to be read." The koran is divided into 144 chapters called suras, a word meaning really "row," "order," "series." In manuscripts these chapters are not numbered, but bear titles, sometimes derived from the subject matter, but usually from the first important work. Some chapters have two or more names because of differences in the manuscripts followed. Each chapter is divided into smaller portions, called verses by non-Moslems, but in Arabic known as "ayat," signs or wonders. The entire book again is divided into sixty equal portions, called "ahzab," each subdivided into four equal parts; or into thirty parts called "ajza," each consisting of two "ahzab," and again divided into four. All the chapters except the ninth begin with the bismillah: "In the name of the most merciful God." Twenty-nine begin with certain letters of the alphabet, which are believed to be the peculiar marks of the koran and to conceal several profound mysteries, the understanding of which, the more intelligent confess, has not been communicated to any mortal, their prophet only excepted.

According to Moslem tradition, the Archangel Gabriel paid 24,000 visits to earth while revealing to Mohammed the wishes of the Creator. Some few chapters were delivered entire, but the greater part was delivered piecemeal and written down at the prophet's dictation by Zaid, his secretary. The first revelation, it is generally agreed, contained the first five verses of the ninety-sixth sura. After the passages had been written down they were published to

the prophet's followers, several of whom took copies, while most learned them by heart, and the originals were then placed in a chest, in no particular order. For this reason it is uncertain when many of the passages were revealed.

Abu Bekr, Mohammed's first successor, collected the originals, which were on palm leaves and skins and had copies made by Zaid from the dictation of those who had committed the passages to memory; he further placed the suras in the order still followed, putting the longest at the head of the list, without regard to historical sequence. Some time later Osman had the koran copied in the Quraish dialect and suppressed the versions made by Abu Bekr.—*Selected.*



### OUR GULF PORTS PROSPEROUS.

NEW ORLEANS now ranks second only to New York among America's exporting ports, and Galveston is third. Gulfport, Miss., leads all domestic ports in its shipments of lumber, Pensacola in sawed timber, and Mobile in cross-ties. Consider that, besides New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and San Francisco, of the seacoast cities, surpass New Orleans in population; that Galveston, which has about one-ninth as many inhabitants as New Orleans, ranked eighth as an exporting port at the time it was nearly demolished by a flood and a West Indian hurricane in September, 1900, when more than eight thousand persons and millions of dollars' worth of property were destroyed; that Gulfport was founded only seven years ago and was opened to commerce in 1902, and you will get a fair idea of the recent industrial development along our Gulf coast.

The natural wealth and physical condition of the surrounding country, and of the country adjacent to the streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, are responsible for the major portion of this prosperity. Some persons who put much faith in figures and know little of causes attribute it to the Panama Canal's prospective completion. Refill the Culebra cut and abandon the ditch, and the present export business of our Gulf ports would not diminish one iota. The steamboats of the Mississippi, the Alabama, the Tombigbee, and the Red rivers would continue to go heavily laden to tidewater, and the great railroads of the South and West still would haul cotton, wheat, rice, sugar, oil, lumber, turpentine, and iron to the Gulf coast for reshipment to all parts of the world. It is an economic fact so well established that men learned in commercial affairs everywhere admit it.

"Kick a barrel of flour at Minneapolis and it will roll to New Orleans," James J. Hill once said in explaining why it was less expensive to send Western consignments for foreign ports to the Gulf coast than over the steep grades of the Alleghanies to the Atlantic.

That is part of the story, but New York and her sister cities of the Atlantic coast have no cause for undue alarm now, nor will they have in the future. They are to remain great ports of the East, middle North, and part of the Northwest, while the cities of the Gulf, especially New Orleans and Galveston, will hold the same relation to the Western and Southern States. The lines of demarcation have simply been more clearly drawn and the rapid development of Dixie and the newer West gives a phenomenal aspect to what is really a natural consequence.—*From "The Development of Our Gulf Ports," by Robert Wicliffe Woolley, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for February.*



WHEN a woman trumps up an excuse to separate from her husband another man is usually the cause and vice versa. So much in this world below is a veneer of polite decency over a rotten core. These bad threads can usually be traced from the woven cloth back to the home and schoolroom. Let more attention be paid to the teaching of domestic science to our girls so that they will grow up to be contented mothers and useful women. Too many women of to-day have tendencies that lead them away from the useful and beautiful art of keeping a home. To many it is a lost art and to some it is drudgery instead of happy employment. Then it is no wonder their children come to the school discontented little creatures that do not know what fortunate environment means.—*Kansas Educator.*



OUT of a child's early training should come reverence, courtesy, truth and obedience. These traits may not appear all at once, but while young and in the plastic period he should receive such impulses, and have such impressions made on his mind as will develop into full vigor when the elements of life shall beat full upon him at noonday. The whole period of youth is formative and for this reason education is but the proper bringing out of character in its highest and best sense. Youth is the seed time of life and the harvest will depend upon the sowing and the seasons. Parents and teachers, what kind of seed are you sowing? Let us hope that it is good and let us pray for a divine blessing to rest upon the soil so that it may produce a bountiful harvest.—*Kansas Educator.*



THE Swiss village of Zofingen, in the canton of Aargau, was decorated with flags recently in honor of a hen which had laid her thousandth egg. Five adjacent villages sent deputations, accompanied by bands, which serenaded the industrious hen.



"Ingleenook Day" is March 27.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

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## DIDN'T WORK.



CERTAIN hardware dealer, like all the other storekeepers in a large town, was bothered more or less with a stream of applicants, who were largely boys, wanting some position in his establishment. He had various ways of testing the applicants when he wanted additional help, and a great many ways of getting rid of those he did not want. One day, when he was busy about his work, he accidentally upset a box of tacks into a drawer where there were a lot of brass screws. It looked almost like an endless job to separate them. A happy thought struck him; he would leave that mess for the next boy that applied for a position. He had several good laughs to himself and with the other clerks as to how much fun they would have with the next fellow that came in. They hadn't time for much fun; soon there stepped in a bright, brisk little man of fourteen summers, who said he would like a chance to do some work in the place. The gentleman said, "All right, young man, I have a job for you," and with a wink at the chief clerk, he set the boy at the task of straightening the contents of the drawer. At first the boy did it as the proprietor had undertaken it, by picking out one at a time and getting about every third one in the end of his thumb.

In about a minute he had enough of it, straightened up and began to scratch his head. Those who were watching him began to smile. He evidently was thinking. Presently he walked over to the shelf, picked up a horseshoe magnet, came back to the box and in thirty seconds he had every tack in the box and the screws still in the drawer. He knew the magnet would not attract the brass, but would adhere to the tacks. In another moment he had asked for another job. The man admitted, afterwards, that they really didn't need a boy just then. But the boy's aptness, his peculiar emergency skill and the interest

which he took in his employer's work had appealed to the proprietor and he hired him. He often raised his wages; the boy afterwards became a partner of the firm.

Some great lessons are to be learned from the incident above. In the first place, the little fellow really wanted work. These days it appears that more people are seeking a way to get through life without work than those who are really hunting it. Again he had no choice of jobs. What he wanted was a chance to earn a living. Many people could get work if they could just get the consent of their minds to be humble enough to work at the labor offered them. He sought a way by which he could protect himself, and, at the same time, be expeditious in the employment given. He differed from a great many in the fact that he did not try to see how much time he could put in. Unconsciously he defeated the joke that was perpetrated. We may oftentimes, if we go about our business in a businesslike way and attend strictly to it, defeat the purposes of those who are plotting and scheming against us. The devil is always busy; he always has some one to thwart the purposes of every honest effort. The more attention we pay to his interference the more his work is advertised; the more noise we make about what our enemies say the harder it is for us to cope with them, for two reasons: First, it strengthens the cause of the enemy; and, second, it monopolizes our own thoughts and energies so that we do not have full use of them. The boy was thoroughly absorbed in the work in hand; he heard none of their remarks and saw none of their smiles, but used his brain power in inventing some way to dispatch business.

No, their plan did not work. It was a good thing. Had the boy been turned away he might have become discouraged; as it was, his life was a success.



## DO YOU EVER BARK?

A LITTLE boy who had been given the arduous task of mowing the lawn did as boys often do, made a contrivance to make the work seem like play. It was always much easier accomplished in this way, even if it was not done so well. He hitched his pet dog to the lawn mower and made him help to pull it; this the dog enjoyed for a little while, but it soon became monotonous. When people would pass along the street the dog would stop and bark at them; finally the boy said to one gentleman, who was passing: "Don't mind the dog, Mister, he's just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine." This gentleman laughed and passed on, but afterwards he thought a great deal about that. There are a great many people in this world who, like the dog, think it is easier to bark than work.

How many times have you stopped the horses at the end of the field, while plowing corn, and barked at the neighbor over the fence while you both ought to have been plowing corn? How many times have you made your gravel bed out of old scantling so the gravel would trickle through and cheat the government out of several cubic yards of gravel during the season? Have you ever been guilty of throwing a stone in the middle of a load of hay to make it weigh heavier, or let the load stand out in a shower of rain? Have you watered the hogs just before driving them on the scales? Have you mixed brown sugar with the maple molasses in the springtime, because it would be easier to bark than to work? Have you ever been guilty of criticising a sermon when you could not preach one half so good yourself? Did it ever occur to you that it is easier to be critical than correct? It is easier to burn a house than to build one. Do you spend more time in tearing down the character of other people than in building one of your own? The barking the dog was doing did not mow any grass; everything being equal, it took almost as much energy to bark as to pull, but the dog would rather do the barking. That's it; there is the trouble. Many people go farther out of their way to do an injustice to some one than to do a deed of kindness. As a rule it seems easier to hinder than to help.

They say a barking dog doesn't bite, but suppose he doesn't. We have learned here that he often wastes a lot of time. No doubt you have seen your own dog sit at the corner of the house and bark at the moon for hours, and it might be you were guilty of scolding him for it; at the same time you have been guilty of trotting out one of your old hobby horses and barking about that until all the neighbors were tired of it. Which do you do, bark or pull?



#### PROSPERITY.

SOME folks base their ideas of prosperity of the country on the fact that there is more money, millions and millions more, in the banks than there has been at other times. That kind of prosperity is all right and is a fine witness that old age surely comes, and care for the future must be taken. A thrifty people should know that their earnings and savings are increasing. But there is another kind of prosperity that points to the welfare of the American people. It seems that the average American is better in many ways than he has ever been before,—not only financially, but he has provided better homes, established better schools, made a stronger effort to disseminate the Gospel, elevated the plane of social life and increased the volume of literature.

In all these departments of life a great many mistakes have been made, but mistakes are indices that

point to successes. Man succeeds by making mistakes. A mistake solicits a more careful attention for the future. The imports and exports of our country, the manufacture of food products, the quality and quantity of clothing worn by the people, all go to show that our country is very prosperous.

A few years ago the population of the United States was huddled up along the Atlantic seaboard, and in a few of the valleys in the eastern part of this country, but the tide of civilization has moved steadily westward with a sturdy step; and the sons of former generations are slowly, but surely, making a nation of beautiful country homes, all over the broad west and south, even many of our prosperous boys and girls have pushed north into the British Dominion; and from here to the very border of the Gulf, we have every indication of prosperity.

When a hive of bees swarm it is an indication that there should be two homes instead of one; that sufficient honey has been provided for the sustenance of both. The vast resources of our country are adequate to the demand and the people are finding it out. According to history, sooner or later we will have to undergo another financial panic of a more or less severe nature. Here is a word of warning to the young men and women who are starting out to make homes for themselves. Get your foothold as soon as possible, where you can do it the easiest, and make up your mind to endure the hardships that are necessary to establish a home and demonstrate to the world the intrinsic worth you possess, which makes you worthy of the prosperity that is sure to follow. Be proud of your country, honor it, improve it, save it and be an active factor in making it one of the most prosperous nations of the earth. It is both your privilege and duty.



#### LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

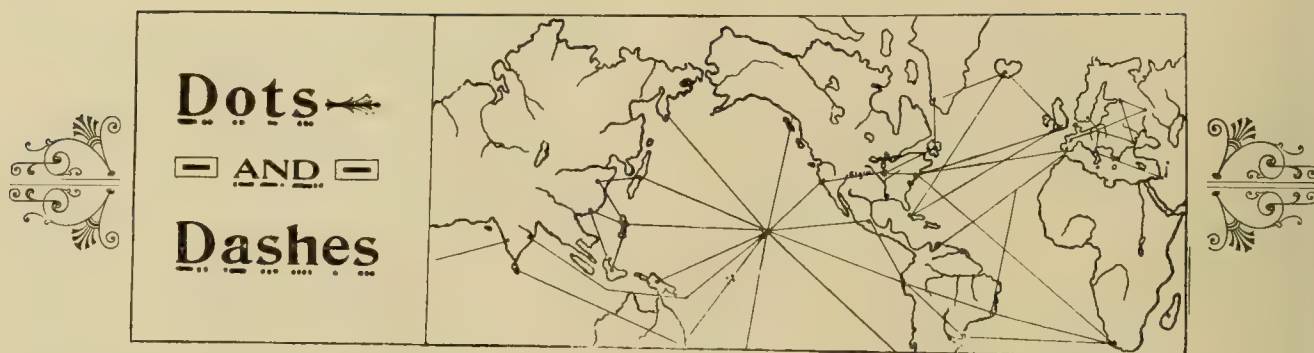
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.  
Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown and holy,  
When each gem is set with care.  
  
Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond;  
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.  
Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.



Read about "Inglennook Day" next week.





THE King of England, by his own hand, gave the British navy the largest battleship of the world, with a tonnage of eighteen thousand five hundred, and at a cost of \$7,500,000. It is said that at one charge the *Dreadnaught's* guns will throw twice as much metal as any foreign war vessel. She is said to be the swiftest battleship afloat, the only one propelled with turbines. Her armor is sufficiently heavy that it cannot be penetrated by any battleship afloat. The armor is twelve inches thick and extends seven feet below the water line. Indeed it begins to look as if the world was preparing for peace.

MEXICO is to have more railroads, as E. H. Harri-man has recently secured valuable concessions for the construction of the same.

PLANS have been accepted by contractors for a \$2,000,000 Catholic cathedral in the city of St. Louis. The exterior of the great edifice is to be of Romanesque architecture and the interior Byzantine. It will be built of granite, and it is expected to require three years to complete it.

IF Cleveland can furnish Chicago with seventy-five cent gas, what is the reason Chicago cannot furnish it herself, and what is the reason other cities cannot make it for the same price?

WATCH for the editorial next week on "INGLENOOK Day."

RECENT statistics show that within the last ten years England has spent for drink from \$875,000,000 to \$950,000,000 a year. This averages more than her entire revenue, and yet the people think that it is a matter of liberty to be allowed to consume all the liquor the people want to.

THE new British Parliament is a surprise to itself, that is, the House of Commons. As the result of a recent election about three hundred new faces appeared. Altogether the house was composed of six

hundred and seventy members. Of course Balfour was not there, he was not reelected. The House is divided as follows: Liberals, three hundred and seventy-seven; Irish nationalists, eighty-three; the Laborites, fifty, and the Unionists, one hundred and sixty.

THE holy books of the Hindoos forbid woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, pencil her eyebrows, eat dainty foods, sit at a window, look into the mirror, during the absence of her husband. Really very few of these things should be done when her husband is of these, whether she has a husband or not, and yet, as a rule, the Christian women disobey their holy book more than do their heathen sisters.

OHIO has practically donated eighty thousand dollars to the Bridge Trust.

COLONEL A. J. LOVEJOY, of Rockford, Ill., on Feb. 20, broke the world's record in the hog market by selling his prize winner for \$25,000.

IF Chicago would spend the same amount of energy and money to secure prohibition of the liquor traffic that they are doing to secure high license, it would look a good deal more as if they wanted to remove the curse altogether.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, of the Rock Island, has been appointed traffic manager for the Frisco and also for the Eastern Illinois line.

THE Western Passenger Agreement members appointed yesterday chairmen Charlton of the Transcontinental Passenger Association, McLeod, of the Western Passenger Association, and Hannegan, of the Southwestern Passenger Association, to draw up, within a week, a plan to correct the abuses of the present system of handling land and immigration business.

It is reported that the people of Venezuela are ready to welcome the overthrow of Castro.

It is estimated that the number of automobiles in use in this country is 100,000.

THE Bethany Bible School, 188 Hastings St., Chicago, has formulated a very excellent plan for the correspondence course in the study of the Gospel of Matthew. It is tangible, clear, safe and thorough. The policy of the school is that the work accomplished must be purely on its own intrinsic merit. For the paltry sum of TWO DOLLARS any one in the United States and Canada can get this splendid course of training, and the INGLENOOK is sure that there are ten or fifteen thousand Sunday-school teachers and Bible students who ought to take advantage of this opportunity. It is next to the best thing, which would be a personal attendance at such a school.

ONE of our exchanges, in commenting on the incident of the Kentucky man who was killed near California, that State, with thirty-eight thousand dollars on his person, thinks that it must have been a mistake that he was from St. Louis, for they never let them get away from there with that sum. He certainly was not from Chicago, or he would never have gotten away at all.

MRS. JOHN W. WATTERS, of New York, said to be insane, threw three of her little children into the Atlantic Ocean, from the deck of a Fall River steamer, and then committed suicide by drowning. It remains, however, that she still possessed enough sanity to write notes to her husband explaining matters in detail. That's the trouble with the insanity these days, it's so mixed up with the possession of the evil one that we are inclined to think there is but very little real insanity about it.

MRS. ANNE W. WALKER, of Philadelphia, the richest woman in the world, will turn her residence into a business property and live over her store. It is wonderful what riches will make people do. In this instance it has gotten to the point where it is on a parity with poverty. Poverty has done the same thing many a time.

PATTERSON, N. J., supported a hundred thousand dollar fire recently.

IN the editorial columns next week "INGLENOOK Day" will be explained.

MORE than two million people have now gathered at the annual religious fair in India, held at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, near the city of Allahabad. The special feature of this year's gathering is the appearance of a new prophet, who is said

to be the most learned of the Mahatmas of Thibet. He is a tall man of sixty, who speaks various dialects of India. It is said that the people flock to him by thousands. He is known as Lat Swami, and is worshipped by the lesser leaders as one of divine origin.

EVERYBODY is waiting in suspense for the decision on the railroad rate bill.

THE authorities at Washington seem to entertain some fears as to a formidable uprising in China, even worse than the Boxer trouble of 1900. The fact is that the authorities are so much concerned that Roosevelt seems to be in favor of sending other regiments to the Philippines. The war department is already actively engaged in transporting supplies to Manila, to be used in the event of trouble with China.

SIX American monuments have been dedicated near Santiago, Cuba, recently, in memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the siege of Santiago during the Spanish War.

THE two-cent steam railroad fare bill has been approved by Governor Pattison, of Ohio, and within thirty days the law requiring that two cents should be the maximum rate charged by the railroads in Ohio will go into effect. It is generally conceded that the abolition of free passes by the railroads tended to whet the legislative appetite for the two-cent bill. It is thought that this act will do away with round-trip tickets, excursion rates, and, in a measure, some of the accommodation trains. This will undoubtedly affect the smaller lines, some of which may be turned into electric lines.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made a strong appeal last week for the sufferers in northern Japan, where the famine is much more severe than at first supposed. His appeal to the Americans was very urgent and pointed, to give of their abundance to the thousands of their fellow-men who are on the verge of starvation. He suggested that contributions be sent to the American Red Cross, in care of Charles H. Keep, treasurer, Washington, D. C.

THE famous negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, died recently at Dayton, Ohio, of consumption. He received his public school education at Dayton, and began work as an elevator boy. It is claimed that his father was a runaway slave of pure African blood.

UNREST is noticed among the people of Peru and the government there fears a revolution.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### THE DAIRY WAGON.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.



I DROVE the dairy wagon a long time ago.  
But my joys I cannot brag on in this little  
rhyme.

How those cans would rick and rattle—I can  
hear them still—

Rattle o'er the level prairie, rattle up the hill.  
I my thoughts could never master, never keep my plans  
For the chuck-a-luck-alucky of those old milk cans.

But I ceased to drive that wagon a long time ago;  
O'er that road no more I travel daily to and fro.  
Other scenes now greet my vision, pleasant to behold,  
Crowding from my mind the mem'ries of those days of  
old:

But when all is still and night her sable empire scans,  
In my dreams I hear the rattle of those old milk cans.

Illinois.



“WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, FROM NOW ON,  
SAVE SOME MONEY.”

J. KURTZ MILLER.



THE more I see of the great poverty of our  
city, the more I feel to preach the text I  
have chosen.

Every one who fails to save some money  
regrets it in old age. When the real bitter-  
ness of life comes on, it is too late then to  
learn the art of saving “the dollar,” that  
was not needed when it was in hand. It is too late then  
to call back the nickels, dimes and dollars spent in  
foolish pleasures.

Make up your mind to save a little money. No  
matter how little, MAKE A START. Begin to live  
on less than you make. Make up your mind you can  
save a dollar and stick to it until you have a dollar  
saved. Then set your mark to save five dollars, and  
persevere until you succeed. Then set your stake still  
higher, go from ten dollars to one hundred dollars  
and so on and on, until you have well fixed in your  
spirit the habit of saving some money.

Many a bright young man is lost to the world, and  
the church, because he has not disciplined himself to  
save money. There be splendid ministers in our own  
church who would be still more splendid had they ac-  
quired the habit of saving some money; but as it is  
they are everlastingly behind, always after the other  
fellow to borrow of him five dollars or ten dollars or

twenty dollars for just a week or two. This cripples  
a man's influence for good very much, when once it  
is known that he has not built up, in his spirit, the hab-  
it of saving money,—doing more than living within his  
income.

The ordinary man can save out of his own earn-  
ings enough to give him some independence. He  
should do this. He must do this if he ever expects  
to be of any real vital force in this world. With most  
people to-day, their income manages them, instead of  
their managing their income and saving some. The  
successful individual is the one who disciplines him-  
self, and saves some money. The Japanese are a  
saving people. They work hard and spend little. Of  
course, in their country the fashions do not change.  
Our American people are kept at the breaking point  
all their lives because they are slaves to the present-  
day fashions. Let others set fashions and follow them  
if they will, but be thou a free man and not a slave.  
Cut loose from all extravagance and save every cent  
possible.

When you get a little money together hold on to it.  
Learn to keep it to yourself. Don't talk about your  
money. Put it in a good savings bank, where it will  
draw interest and keep adding to it. Watch it grow.

Don't be led into money-making schemes. Don't  
be too free to buy stock. More money has been lost  
in the past two years throughout our Brotherhood  
by our people buying stocks than it would take to  
build a Brethren's meetinghouse in every one of our  
large cities in this country. When we have a little  
money saved, we are more willing to take a sharper's  
word and give it all to him than we are to put some  
in the Lord's hands.

Begin this year to save. Make up your mind that  
you are going to have some money that is your own,  
by your own savings. Don't drift with the millions of  
careless, shiftless, and money-spending people who  
can't hold a dollar, but let their money go like water  
through a sieve.

When you have mastered my text, and can save,  
be sure that you don't become money greedy, and  
then, like some, rob the Lord, and miss his blessing  
in this life and the life to come. Learn to make some  
money, and to save some money, and above all learn  
the secret of laying up some in God's bank where  
“thieves do not break through and steal.”

Brooklyn, N. Y.



Watch for March 27 next week.

## MEDICINAL VALUE OF SOME VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

GRACE HILEMAN MILLER.

CELERY is a preventive of rheumatism.

Bananas are good for people having "chest complaints."

The juice of grapes is laxative, but the skin and seeds have the reverse tendency.

"Honey is a good substitute for cod liver oil" and parsnips may take the place of sarsaparilla.

Beetroot and potatoes are fattening and should be eaten by people who want to become fleshy.

Celery and onions are nerve tonics.

Lettuce soothes the nerves and is good for victims of insomnia.

Spinach, apples and Brazil nuts often ward off constipation.

Cranberries are good for overworked livers.

Tomatoes have a beneficial effect on torpid livers, but stimulate gouty tendencies.

Dates are highly nutritious and often prevent constipation.

Asparagus aids the kidneys.

"Carrots are good for those having a tendency to gout."

Cucumbers are hard to digest and doctors claim they contain typhoid fever germs.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



## IN HIS NAME.

### The Self-Sacrificing Generosity of a Poor Shop Girl.

THERE are a few noteworthy actions in life that are not heralded in the morning papers, and there are a good many people who do not telephone for the reporters when they do noble deeds. We give an instance.

It was a cold dark evening, and the city lights only intensified by their sharp contrast the gloom of the storm. It was the time when wealthy shoppers are eating their hot suppers, when the stores are closing, and when the shop-girls plod home, many too poor to ride, tired with the long day's standing and work.

One of the shop-girls we have alluded to was hurrying home through the slush after a hard day's work. She was a delicate girl, poorly dressed, and wholly unable to keep out the winter's cold with a thin fall cloak. One person noticed her as she hurried along. She was evidently very timid and self-absorbed. A blind man was sitting in an alley by the pavement, silently offering pencils for sale to the heedless crowd. The wind and sleet beat upon him. He had no overcoat. His thin hands clasped with purple fingers the wet, sleet-covered pencils. He looked as if the cold had congealed him.

The girl passed the man, as did the rest of the hurrying crowd. When she had walked half a block away she fumbled in her pocket, and turned and walked back.

For a moment she looked intently at the vendor of pencils, and when she saw that he gave no signs, she quietly dropped a ten-cent piece into his fingers and walked on.

But she was evidently troubled, for her steps grew slower.

Then she stopped, turned, and walked rapidly back to the dark alley, and the man half hiding in it. Bending over him, she said softly, "Are you really blind?"

The man lifted his head and showed her his sightless eyes. Then with an indescribable gesture he pointed to his breast. There hung the dull badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said humbly. "Please give me back my ten cents."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, and held out the coin.

She took out her purse. It was a very thin one. It contained but two silver dollars, one-third of her week's hard earnings—all she had. She put one dollar of it into his hand with the words:

"Take this instead, for the dear Lord's sake, and go home now. You ought not to sit here in this bitter wind and sleet." Then she turned her steps homeward, pitying the wretched man, and thinking that no one had seen her.

Thinking no one had seen her? God had seen her; and one man, who to his dying day will never forget the act.—*Youth's Companion*.



## A GOOD WAY TO KEEP APPLES.

W. P. DAME.

ONE of the simplest means of preserving apples, and one that will insure you fine-flavored apples any time during the year, is the following: Cook your apples till they are well done; place them in an ordinary earthen jar, of any size you may choose, and over them place a layer of cotton batting. Tie a piece of paper over the top of the jar to keep out the dirt, and these apples are ready for use any time afterwards, and will be fresh and as well flavored as when you put them away.

*Elgin, Ill.*



To remove old putty and paint, make a paste with soft soap and a solution of caustic soda, or with slaked lime and pearlash. Lay it on with a piece of rag or a brush, and leave it for several hours, when it will be found that the paint or putty may be easily removed.



Read the editorial next week on "Inglenook Day."



### NEW HOMES IN THE WEST.

THOUSANDS of new homes will be established in the West during the next five years if the plans formulated by the government are carried out. It is the intention of Uncle Sam to throw open to settlement some of the big Indian reservations which at the present time are not being utilized for any good purpose. This will provide homes for thousands of people who are eager to take up the pursuit of agriculture in the West. More than seven million acres will be opened to settlement during the next year, but it will be impossible for settlers to take up this land until the government completes some irrigation projects which are now designed.

The Shoshone reservation in Wyoming, 1,150,000 acres of which are to be thrown open prior to June 15, will be the next in line. The Crow Indians in Montana, have ceded 1,150,000 acres of exceptionally good land, which will be disposed of some time next summer, the exact date yet to be determined. The Flathead reservation, also in Montana, will probably be opened simultaneously with the Crow. This will add 1,433,600 acres of good land to the grand total subject to settlement. Next in line is the reservation of the Yakima Indians in Washington, also to be opened during the summer of 1906. Here 1,636,000 acres are to be disposed of to prospective homeseekers. The Crow reservation in Montana is considered the pick of the Northwestern Indian lands, containing as it does a good percentage of agricultural soil, the Flathead and Shoshone reservations taking second and third places, respectively, in this regard.

This reservation, however, is affected by one of the reclamation projects which is under way. It is called the Hutley project, which will irrigate about 35,000 acres. That part of the reservation to be opened was ceded to the United States by the Crow Indians through an act of Congress, approved April 27, 1904, and one of the conditions of the cession was the allotment in severalty to Indians of homestead entries upon reclaimed land. After the completion of the allotments, the remaining area is to be disposed of according to the rules governing the sale of reclaimed land. Perhaps the prize gem of all unallotted Indian land in the country is located in southern Oklahoma, in the heart of the great Southwest, and is known as the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache pasture.



### THE GAME OF LIFE.

MANY a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game, and that no effort, however great, on his part, could materially change the result. But, my young friend, the fate that deals your cards is in the main

your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have the superior energy, ability and determination requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined to seize and use your opportunities and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages.

Just because circumstances do sometimes give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians, put commonplace clergymen in uncommon pulpits, and place the sons of the rich at the head of great corporations even when they have only average ability and scarcely any experience, while poor youths with greater ability and more experience often have to fight their way for years to obtain ordinary situations, are you justified in starting out without a chart or in leaving a place for luck in your program? What would you think of the captain of a great liner who would start out to sea without any port in view and trust to luck to land his precious cargo safely?

Did you ever know of a strong young man making out his life program and depending upon chance to carry out any part of it? Men who depend upon luck do not think it worth while to make a thorough preparation for success. They are looking for bargains. They are hunting for short cuts to success.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port. He rows against it if it flows the other way."—*Success*.



### BUSHEL OF COIN FOUND ON FARM RECALLS CAREER OF A NOTED COUNTERFEITER.

ALL Ardmore, Pa., rushed out to the old Saunders farm, near there, one afternoon recently, when the report was circulated that an Italian laborer, digging a road, had plowed up over a bushel of half dollars. Many of those who went out succeeded in getting several of the coins, only to be disappointed in finding them to be counterfeit.

The coins are of excellent workmanship, and are in a good state of preservation, needing only to be dipped in silver to make as natural a piece of money as one could find. They bear the dates of 1846 and 1851, and were evidently the work of old Sam Saunders, who was in his time one of the cleverest counterfeiters who ever made bogus money.

Saunders, after many escapades, was tried, and upon conviction was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. While he was in jail the Civil War broke out and the convict was set to making boxes to be used in transporting arms. One day he built a box which he could open from the inside, and, fastening himself within, he was carried out of the prison. At

the railroad station the box was stood on end, and, unfortunately for the convict, he was left standing upon his head. Finally the strain became too great, and he was obliged to make an outcry. He was taken from the box and returned to prison, more dead than alive.

After serving a couple of years of his sentence, he was pardoned and returned to his old home, which had in the meantime become the horror of the countryside. Here the "bushel of half dollars" was found recently, and government inspectors from Philadelphia have taken charge of the find.—*Selected.*



#### AN EVERYDAY CREED.

I BELIEVE in the efficacy of soap.

I believe that work is the best panacea for most ills, especially those of the mind, and that fresh air, exercise and sleep are the best medicines for the body.

I believe in fun and laughter, both as a tonic for the blues and as an outlet for high spirits.

I believe in the beauty of flowers, sunsets and mountains; in the music of birds and brooks.

I believe that there is a bright side to everything, and that we would be more aware of the good about us were our hearts more responsive to its touch.

I believe in human kindness.

I believe that an ounce of frankness and explanation is worth a pound of repentance and forgiveness, and will often prevent heartache and bitter misunderstanding.

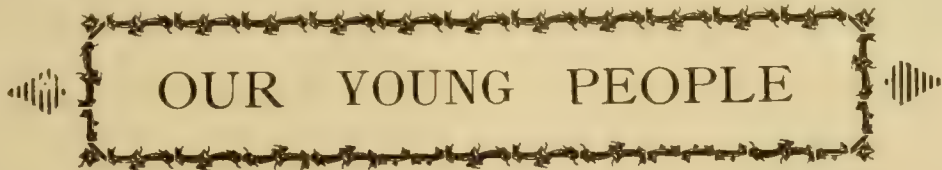
I believe in the hearty handshake, in hospitality, comradeship, friendship and love.—*Boston Brown Book.*



By pasting a bit of paper upon the eyelid a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that winking requires one-third of a second.



It will pay you to see what "Inglebrook Day" is.



#### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXIX.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Valetta, Malta.

In the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, fifty-eight miles south of Sicily, is a little dot of an island called Malta, hardly visible on our maps of small scale.

Amidst a furious storm our Captain Evans signaled a pilot who hastily answered our summons and guided us safely into a place "where two seas meet," into the adjacent harbor of Valetta. The billows roll and swell and spend their fury against the stout rocks as if all the pent-up anger of the sea was being poured out in one blast upon the little island: and the artillery of the heavens echoes and re-echoes in mighty tones, while the canopy is ablaze with illumination which makes the heavy clouds of inky blackness seem as a dark curtain of death lined with a border of gold cast over a fathomless watery grave whose walls are of solid rock.

When the dark night surrenders to the melting rays of a brilliant morning, what a sight meets our eyes! We are surrounded by fifty men-of-war, above whose funnels rise the bold fortifications of enormous dimensions. This wonderful little fortress commands over one thousand pivot guns, is garrisoned by twenty thousand troops, and supplied with provisions for one hundred thousand men for a period of seven years, plus one million tons of coal. These are replaced according to the rate of consumption, so that this amount is always here.

Malta is the gate that leads to England's back farms. Its proximity to Egypt, India, South Africa and the British Isles themselves makes it of incalculable value to the kingdom as a coaling station, general supply store, garrison, fort, etc.

About two centuries ago it was taken by the French from the Turks. In this revolution a disgrace was laid upon the Ottomans, in that their wives willfully deserted them and preferred the French as their future protectors. A penalty from the papacy was decreed upon the transgressors, that for the next two hundred years their faces must be shaded by a cowl, which is a long-fronted bonnet similar to our American Shaker bonnets, and they are to be seen here to-day, worn by all, whether their station be high or low. But they rejoice that a very few more years will end their punishment and they will be at liberty.

This is also a rendezvous for Catholic priests, there being about ten thousand here continually. Some of the monks came aboard and gave our captain a small box of snuff, hoping to get a backsheesh of two or three shillings, and promised to pray for us a safe voyage, and a strong wind in our favor. But a strict understanding is, no backsheesh, no prayers.

The native Maltese are said to surpass even the Turks in dishonesty, bribery, treachery, crime and falsehood, and they are exhibiting some of their skill on the unfortunate passengers who chance to halt here. For example, they bring on deck some beautiful canary birds for sale at fabulous prices, and after a reduction of some three hundred per cent from the asking price a bargain is made. But the drenching rain soon reveals the sad but stern fact to the purchaser that he is the possessor of a black Maltese sparrow painted yellow, and the strains of melody were pouring forth from a tin whistle in the vendor's pocket. Similar frauds follow.

A few years ago when Lord Granville was governor of the island, being displeased with the sanitary conditions, he ordered a general renovation. Among other finds he states that there are thousands and thousands of people



living in caves cut far back in the soft, rocky cliffs, of which the island is chiefly composed, who had actually never seen the light of day, and many had been born, lived and died without ever seeing the outside world.

They are nominally a people; practically semi-aquatic parasites, eking existence from the passers-by, for their island has no soil except that which is transported from Sicily and dispersed systematically by foresters. When the island is once covered with a forest it will be indeed beautiful. Their language is a conglomeration of Italian and Arabic, and their education a blank.

Valetta, their capital, is a most beautiful little city, well-built and surrounded by a moat about three hundred feet deep, and walled as of ancient days, the old gates still being hoisted by chains. One gate is now called Victoria and another Valetta.

All this is Malta of to-day, and not Melita of two thousand years ago. The Melita of twenty centuries ago is the place where Paul and his party experienced a hurricane similar to the one we have just described, and you ought to read Luke's description of it in the twenty-sev-

enth and twenty-eighth chapters of Acts. The place where the two seas met is simply the open place between two islands where the tide rushes through. They had a very narrow escape, but finally gained the shore on broken pieces of the ship. The barbarous people received them kindly, but when Paul was snake-bitten their superstition frightened them nearly to death; but afterwards they were constrained to believe him a god. The party staid here about three months, during which time Paul performed some miracles. They evidently found use for a compass in those high seas, for they borrowed one at Syracuse.

The lighters have now filled our bunkers with coal, and we are off for England, where we shall reëmbark for "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

As soon as our vessel can plow her way through the many hundred miles of water to the best land in the world we will be able to talk to you face to face, and our letter writing will be at an end. Sincerely yours,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE RURAL SANCTUM.

**Subject for Discussion: Resolved, That the Dishcloth is More Easily Dispensed with than the Broom.**

THIS question is for open parliament; what woman and girl does not use both? What have you to say on the subject? You have an opinion; why not tell the rest of us? Several are going to write; some have already written and it is a good subject. Try it. Do it now before you forget it. Next week we will give a subject for the men and boys. By that time your article will be here and you can read the discussion while they are getting theirs ready. This will be entertaining and instructive provided you all take part in the discussion. Of course, if everybody lets everybody else do the writing there will be nothing to be learned; we have to know what you know about the subject. Write three or four hundred words, make your sentences short and to the point and you will be heard with interest. We do not care whether you have ever written an essay or not. This department is for you, now use it. Here is a secret for you to keep. Next week we will ask the men to write on "Fences on the Farm." They do not need to know that till next week, so keep it a little quiet.



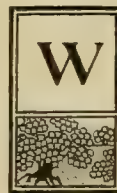
PEOPLE kill one another for the perishable things of this world, and refuse to take eternal life as a gift.



No man can wear a crown very long who cannot control himself.

### BUILDING AIR CASTLES.

A. M. TRUMP.



WHO is there that has not built air castles, some time in his life? In the first place, what is an air castle? Simply the expression of an ambition,—a desire to do something or to be something.

The building of air castles is one of the first things that a child learns to do after he has reached the years of intelligence. Take for instance the small boy or girl. How often we hear the boy say, "When I am a man, I am going to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a preacher," as the case may be, according to his particular fancy, depending somewhat upon the training he has received. Again, we hear the girl say, "When I am a woman, I am going to be a teacher, or a nurse, or a musician." They are building air castles. Beware, little boy, little girl, that your castle does not fall to the ground, like the house which was built on the sand, leaving you to rebuild along some other line.

Take the young man. What sort of a castle does he build? If he is just entering business, he may say, "When I have my business established, I will do great things, and gain for myself a reputation and fame in the commercial world." Beware, young man, lest you fail to consider that your castle has only the air to rest on as a foundation.

By the time a man has reached advanced age, he has usually ceased to build castles for himself, but

now builds for others, probably hoping to see his children become useful men and women. Take heed, then, that your castle will not have to fall because you did not give them the parental training and instruction which will make them useful in the world.

Building air castles, then, is simply laying plans for the future, but our friend, Robbie Burns, has said,

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley"

There are many things which tend to cause our plans to go wrong, our air castles to tumble down, not the least of which is the wicked, malicious work of slanderous tongues of people who seek the downfall of some one else's castle, that their own may be built higher. This is not worthy of comment.

On the other hand, is it always best for our air castles to stand—for our desires and ambitions to be realized? Every day we see men who are utter failures at the work they have chosen, or if not complete failures, men who would have succeeded far better in some other line. Physicians who would have made better lawyers, merchants who would have made better farmers, and I might mention preachers who would have made better laymen. To such as these, it were far better if their castles had been destroyed and been reconstructed on some other foundation.

We believe in air castles,—that they are an incentive to honest effort on the part of everyone. But there is a limit to all things, or should be, and when the merchant builds his castle on the foundation of dishonesty, or possibly when the Christian builds his castle on the foundation of hypocrisy, trying to deceive his fellow-man (he knows full well he cannot deceive his God),—in short, when a man or woman resorts to deception in order to build higher their castles in the air, they have reached what should be the limit of their castle building.

Then let us build air castles, but let us be careful how we build and where we build, that they do not tumble down and bring disaster and ruin to the builder.

*Indianapolis, Ind.*

#### CHARACTERS AND OBJECTS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

Nine-sixty-nine years old was he;  
No doubt older yet he thought he could be.

For wrong he labored with all his might;  
More valiantly yet he fought for the right.

One thousand women loved him,  
This man so very wise;  
It might have been his riches  
Or the beauty in his eyes.

Four full days in the grave he lies,  
Till Jesus his Master bids him arise.

This man was lonely, and (it's no fib),  
God gave him a wife made from one little rib.

Three rooms were in the building,  
Enclosed in one same wall;  
But the room within, the center,  
Was most precious of them all.

This beautiful garden, oh, where can it be?  
Some people imagine it is now the Dead Sea.

He was talkative, forward, excited and bold;  
Yet he never once heard his Master scold.

This very wicked woman,  
Met a very cruel death:  
She was thrown from some high building,  
And the dogs did eat her flesh.

The name of this sect of people,  
Begins with the letter J.  
Because of one sin they committed,  
They are persecuted to this day.

Jealous he was, as jealous could be,  
No one was ever more jealous than he.

The Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,  
He tells us try be like him; he knows it if we are.

#### Answers.

- |                |                    |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Methuselah. | 7. Garden of Eden. |
| 2. Paul.       | 8. Peter.          |
| 3. Solomon.    | 9. Jezebel.        |
| 4. Lazarus.    | 10. Jews.          |
| 5. Adam.       | 11. Saul.          |
| 6. The Temple. | 12. Jesus.         |

Hartville, Ohio.



#### FAD OF AN EASTERN MUSICIAN.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

THERE are fads and fads. Foolish fads, sensible fads, harmful fads, and fads that prove beneficial to the faddist. But one of the queerest fads we have lately heard of is that of Mme. Marta Bramsen, who does not believe in wearing stockings. Mme. Bramsen came to Pittsburg with her husband a few months ago, and is head of the vocal department in a fashionable music school. Probably a bare foot in a sandal is all right at society functions, and in rooms of summer temperature; but were madam in these northern regions when the beautiful, cold snow is more than two feet deep on the level, and a cab not always procurable, we believe that her antipathy to hosiery would no longer prove a fad, but instead we would hear a sensible, "Presto, change; fad or no fad!"



HIGH position can not shield any one from the evil consequences of his own wrong doing.



ACHERONTIA, a species of moth, has on the back of its thorax a remarkable representation of a human skull, and is much feared by the ignorant and superstitious, who have named it the "death's-head moth."



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### CHOICE.

What is the cargo, Soul?  
The merchandise of kings,  
The spoils and gems of lands afar,  
Or a freight of trivial things?

Where is the voyage, Soul?  
To shores that are steeped in sun?  
Or the barren islands of Brief Desire  
That shelter when day is done?

The breezes are fair and soft  
While the mooring holds in sight,  
But his is the guerdon who dares to sail  
Where the world is rimmed with light.

—Grace Duffield Goodwin, in S. S. Times.



### GRANDMA'S BERRY PIE.

I like to go to Grandma's when vacation days come round,  
She lets me play out in the hay and roll upon the ground;  
She's good to little boys like me and gives 'em lots to eat,  
And says she doesn't mind it if a fellow's tooth is sweet.  
Her things are always "homemade," and they're better  
than you buy.

You ought to taste, for instance, some of Grandma's berry pie.

She keeps it in the pantry, 'way up on the second shelf,  
And when you're good she tells you you can go and help yourself;

I climb up on the barrel and cut a great big slice,  
And when the red juice oozes out, my! doesn't it look nice?

I try to mind my p's and q's as Grandma says I should.  
If your reward is berry pie it pays you to be good.

Some days I go a-fishin' in MacMurry's pool for pike.  
And Grandma fills my dinner pail with things she knows I like;

I bait my hook and throw it in and watch, till by and by  
I seem to grow real hungry for a piece of berry pie,  
And as I sit upon the bank and wait and wait and wait,  
I wonder if the fish would bite with Grandma's pie for bait.

—Clara Louise Angel.



The troubles we talk about to one another grow. Those  
we talk about to God die.



### DOG WANTED.

At the last anniversary of the Cheshire school Bishop Brewster told of a minister who apologized for the shortness of his sermon by explaining that his dog had chewed up the first and last pages of his manuscript; whereupon a little boy in the congregation was heard to exclaim, "Say, I wish somebody'd give our minister a purp."—January Lippincott's.

### GRAVE ERROR.

The sympathetic visitor paused before Cell No. 3377 and looked upon the occupant.

"May I inquire what brought you here?" queried the visitor.

"I engaged in the banking business," said No. 3377, "and made the grave mistake of departing from the regular methods."

"O, you violated the law by loaning yourself too much money to carry on your outside business?"

"Not much, sir. If I'd done that I would have been a financier. I entered the bank with a jimmy and the night watchman gave the alarm."



Forty-three per cent of inhabitants of Cincinnati are of German blood.



The right kind of love never complains that its burden is too heavy.



### THE WAY HE LOOKED AT IT.

"So you want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?" asked the grouty father.

"Ye-s, s-i-r," stammered the young man.

"Well, can you support a family?"

"How many are there of you, sir?"—Yonkers Statesman.



"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs?"

"Oh, n-no; everybody has his peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes; of course."

"W-well, that is y-your p-peculiarity; m-most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."



### RULES BY WHICH TO RISE.

Find your purpose and fling your life into it. Try to be somebody with all your might.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. Start right.

The first thing you should do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future; but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Necessity is the priceless spur.



Instruct your children, not merely by word, but by example; practice and theory must go hand in hand; example is more powerful than words; words sound, but example thunders; words teach, but example draws.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter IX.

THIS new railroad running from Klamath Falls is to hold a one per cent grade, which will materially assist the schedule, besides save lots of fuel in climbing the mountain ranges over that route. This means a great thing for the Butte Valley. It is to become the main thoroughfare for the two great railroad systems of the Great Northwest to reach San Francisco, which is now the main harbor of the Pacific coast.

The more I study the resources, conditions and possibilities, the more I am inclined to think I never want to leave this country until I have accumulated some wealth; and Sile likes to hear me talk that way, for he has no intention at all of leaving. He thinks he has become a permanent fixture in the valley, and that his services are really necessary here.

One of the greatest opportunities the country has afforded a man in the last twenty-five years is open here to some genius who is inclined to saw-milling. There are twelve hundred acres of timber here in the Butte Valley that is of exceedingly fine quality, and, as I told Sile, I believe that there are many instances in which one tree, if well cut, would sell for enough money to buy the acre upon which it stands. The surrounding mountains, especially on the west side, are literally covered, and there are millions of feet of timber that might be made marketable at a very small cost. And since this valley is to be settled up and at least two towns built here soon, there will be no end to the lumber trade, because houses, barns, stores, factories and things like that will have to be constructed, and it takes material to do such things. The man who gets in here on the ground floor with ingenuity to conduct and control such an establishment, is the man who will not only be a promoter of this section, but will be a wealthy man before he is very old.

I learned also the other day that this is a great country for English walnuts. Down south farther the English walnut industry is a very profitable one, and many people are going down there to buy that kind of land. But the land here can be bought for one-fourth the price it can be purchased for down there, and it is equally as valuable, so far as the quality is concerned.

Talking about fruit trees, the other day up near Klamath section we saw some cherry trees that measured, with a tape line, nine feet in circumference, and the natives told us that they have been producing every year since they can remember. This is very encouraging in the way of fruit culture.

I want to continue my investigations of this valley

from time to time, as we can get away. There are some things that militate a little against it. One thing is the work. Around a big ranch like Mr. Wallace's there is lots of work to do, and it is only now and then a day that we can get off. It seems that when I have my part of the work up, so that I could go, Sile has his work just so that he cannot go, and I have been almost tempted to accuse him of arranging his work so that he could not get away, because I 'bout half believe he would rather stay at home and help Lucile take the milk to the creamery than to investigate the land proposition. I want to satisfy myself thoroughly in every particular. But so far as I am able to see at the present time, I am going to have me a home which will not only be a nice place to live, but will enable me to accumulate some wealth before I get to be an old man. The trouble is back East a man has to work all his life to get comfortably situated and then lie down and die just when he is ready to enjoy life.

As I was writing this the stair door was opened below, which allowed me to hear the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace as they entered the sitting room. Mr. Wallace said, "I tell you, it won't do, something has to be done. While I was feeding the cows this evening, I was passing along right where Blossom and Betsy stand, and I thought I heard Lucile and Sile talking, but it was getting so dark I could not see them; all at once Alek, who was down at the power house, pulled the trough over the water wheel and the electric lights flashed on, and there they were standing, facing each other, behind where the cows stand, as close together as if they couldn't hear well in the dark. And the part of it that worried me was that they were talking very earnestly and seriously about their own cows and their own house and things that I couldn't understand."

Mrs. Wallace gave her husband to understand that she had overheard several remarks in the creamery, cellar, kitchen and other places that had led her to believe that they didn't always intend to stay at home. Mr. Wallace wanted to know if she thought it was best to dismiss Sile, but the old lady answered, "Why, laws-a-me, no! He is so good and kind to help about the house and barn that I really don't see how we ever got along without him; besides, if this thing does turn out kind o' serious I'm sure Lucile won't have to do so many tricks about the house alone as I have done."

"Humph, jes wait till they're married wunst, you'll see."

(To be continued.)



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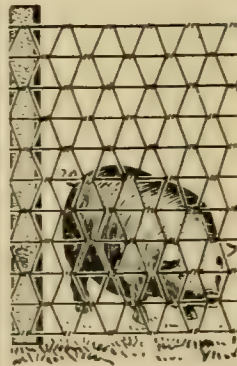


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I can say positively that I am perfectly well of that dreaded disease, "cancer." I had a cancer on the side of my nose for five years and could scarcely make up my mind where to go, as there are so many cures, but fortunately I was induced to try Drs. Rinehart & Co., of Kokomo, Ind., and am happy to say that in three weeks' time it was all healed and well. I advise anyone suffering from cancer to try their treatment, as it is painless and permanent. Anyone can have their free book on the subject of cancer by writing to the above-named firm.  
Michael Troyer,  
8t4 Twinsburg, Ohio.



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points in Montana, Colorado, Utah,  
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Via the Chicago, Union Pacific &  
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Satisfaction guaranteed or your money  
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Watches from 88 cts. to  
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PAUL RAILWAY

Greatly reduced rates will be made  
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Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Se-  
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Northwest. Half rates for children  
of half-fare age. Liberal stop-overs  
allowed on all tickets. Tickets are  
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routes and train service see nearest  
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### Homesekers' Excursion to the Northwest, West and Southwest

Via the North-Western Line. Excur-  
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above. Standard and Tourist Sleep-  
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# A Woman's Way

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MANY a knotty problem has been solved by a woman's tact and judgment. Mr. C. Zacharias, of Connellsville, Pa., relates an incident which is very much in point. He says: "Dr. Peter Fahrney, I owe you an apology. I have for years looked upon your remedy, the BLOOD VITALIZER, like all other ready-prepared medicines, as valueless. My wife would use it occasionally and with what she would term 'grand results,' but I looked upon it as purely a woman's whim. This year, however, I was laid up sick in bed for six weeks with terrible pains in my back. A doctor came regularly to see me, but he did not give me the least relief. My wife, taking, in a certain sense, advantage of my helpless condition, finally persuaded me to try your BLOOD VITALIZER, and I will tell you frankly that your remedy cured me completely. That is now six months ago. I have indeed learned to appreciate your medicine."

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has won over and made friends of many skeptics who were sick and in distress. They have become the most enthusiastic champions of the remedy. It is a medicine which rarely disappoints. It is mild in action yet certain in results and contains nothing but what will do the system good.

## A MINISTER WRITES.

Holly Springs, Miss., Jan. 29, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The **Blood Vitalizer** came to hand in good condition. I was glad to get it. As long as I have your **Blood Vitalizer** I can ward off all bilious attacks and get on all right. I think it is the most effective and gentlest medicine for the stomach and bowels I have ever tried. I shall always keep it on hand for the benefit of myself and others.

Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) W. Poston.

## THE ONLY MEDICINE.

Toledo, Oregon, Jan. 9, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I thought I would write to you and thank you for the great benefit my wife has derived from the use of the **Blood Vitalizer**. It is the only medicine that has ever done her any good. We obtained the **Blood Vitalizer** of your local agent here and the remedy is taking the lead of all medicines in this neighborhood.

Kindly send us your paper and pamphlet.

Yours truly,

T. P. Fish.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER ceased to be an experiment more than a hundred years ago. Time has still further tested its merits. It has established itself as a family remedy in thousands of homes, even to the fourth and fifth generation and is daily growing in favor. To be convinced of its health-giving powers, order a trial box, if there is no agent near. It is not a drugstore medicine, but is supplied direct to the people. Address

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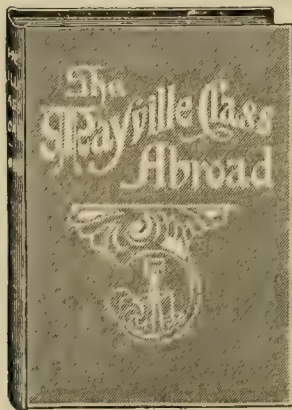
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YOU CAN IF YOU WILL TAKE HOLD  
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SOLD 200.

"I sold eighteen books (Mayville Class Abroad) to-day in this town. This hundred is going faster than the first hundred. You will soon have to ship me another. I carry the books with me, as that seems to please the people the best. The book certainly is a good seller. Ship the next hundred by freight, as it is much cheaper."—Fred Viney, College Corner, Ohio, Feb. 13.

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\$33 to points in California. \$33 to North Pacific Coast points. Greatly reduced rates made to many other points West and Northwest. Half rates for children of half-fare age. Liberal stop-overs allowed on all tickets. Tickets are good in Tourist sleepers. For further information regarding rates, routes and train service see nearest ticket agent or write F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

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To Brethren going West we would like to recommend this successful irrigated country. We have a good church building, 80 members and excellent schools. A new railroad has just been built through our town. This is a great grass and hay country. Diverse feed farming is principally engaged in. Our valley is noted for fruit and vegetables. For further information, enclosing stamp, address:

**Elder I. H. Miller or H. M. Lichty,**  
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### COLONIST LOW ONE-WAY SECOND CLASS RATES

To Tennessee, Kentucky, Nebraska, Wyoming, Kansas, Colorado, Missouri, New Mexico, Mexico, Texas, Western Louisiana, Arkansas, and Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

Via the North-Western Line, will be in effect on Tuesdays, March 6th and 20th. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
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# THE LAST WEST

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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last," is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

## PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

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People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

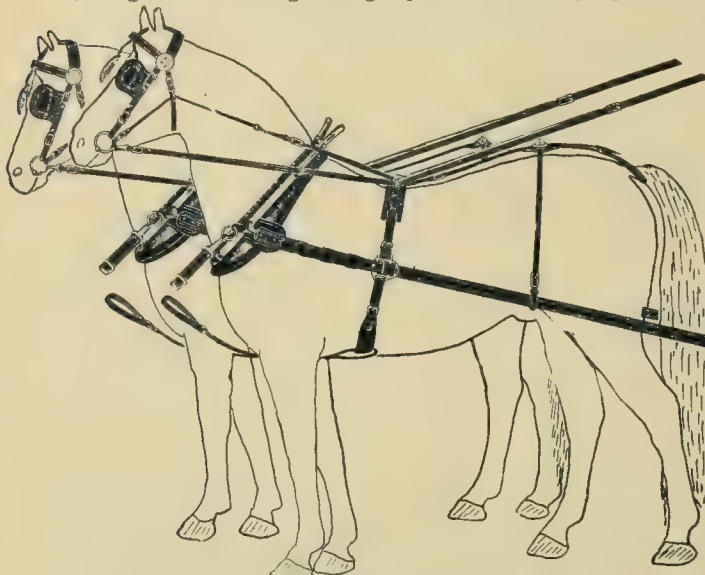
DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.



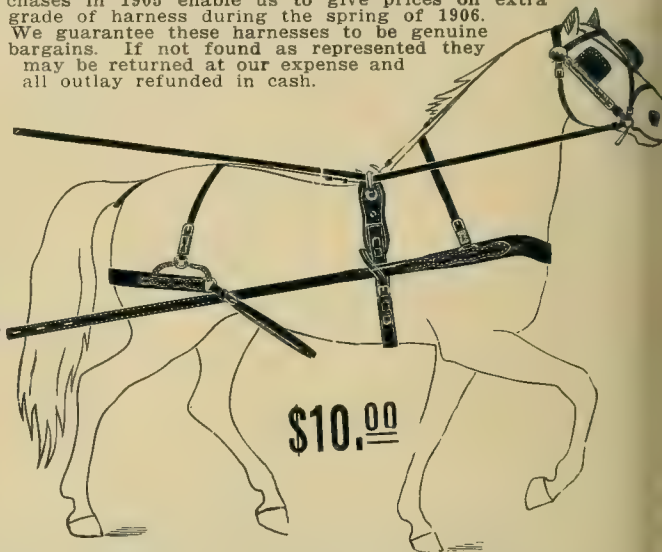
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We are now on the sixth floor of our new building. There has been a constant advance in the price of leather. During 1905 we bought large quantities of any specials we could, expecting to stock up when we moved to our new place, and since leather has constantly advanced, our early purchases in 1905 enable us to give prices on extra grade of harness during the spring of 1906. We guarantee these harnesses to be genuine bargains. If not found as represented they may be returned at our expense and all outlay refunded in cash.



**\$20.00**

**1906 Team Harness.** Made of good, solid, heavy stock and guaranteed sewed for service. Every part is thoroughly well made and guaranteed not to rip. NOTE.—We are furnishing a special shaped **hip strap**, 1-inch **back strap** with cruppers to buckle. We offer you the very best value that can be bought for the money. It is the cheapest to buy when service is considered. This harness is adapted to use all through the Central, Western and Eastern States. The bridles have sensible blinds, round winker stays, ¾-inch cheeks and adjustable round reins. Has black clipped double ironed hames and 1½-inch, 6-foot tugs, doubled and stitched. Champion trace buckles. (Note change in back band.) We furnish a turtle back band with hook and terrets, harness leather, top well shaped, hair stuffed, and thoroughly made in every respect. (Breeching can be quickly attached to hip straps above the trace carriers and with the side straps to the martingale. (See "extra" below.) Martingales are 1½-inch. **Breast straps** 1½-inch, with slides and snaps. **Lines** are 18 feet long and 1-inch, with snaps. **Trimming**, XC plate. Fits 1400-lb. horses. **Weight**, about 65 lbs. Regular price for this Harness, .....\$22.00 Our Inglenook Price to advertise and guaranteed to please, for even .....\$20.00



**\$10.00**

**1906 Single Driving Strap Harness** different from others. Special wide saddle and pad with long patent leather housings. Heavy traces, wide lines, and splendid workmanship make this one of the most desirable sets of harness ever offered at such a low price. The long housing of patent leather on the saddle adds greatly to the fine appearance. Every part is given an excellent finish.

**Exceptionally Well Made.**

**Bridle**, ¾-inch box loop cheeks, fine patent leather blinds nicely stitched, round winker stays, three-buckle flat over-check with noseband. **Breast Collar** made of good, heavy, clear trace stock, curved and has box loops for neck strap. **Traces**, 1½-inch and single straps, made of select oak tanned trace leather. **Saddle** 3-inch "Strap" style. Wide patent leather jockeys with three rows stitching. Extra long patent leather housing as illustrated. **Swinging bearers**, 1-inch, raised, double and stitched. **Belly-Band**, 1½-inch "Griffith" style, double stitched. **Breeching**, heavy single strap with scalloped points, three-ring stay. **Hip strap**, ¾-inch, **Side straps**, ¾-inch. **Turnback**, scalloped, ¾-inch with round crupper dock sewed on. **Lines**, 1-inch throughout, made of select stock with spring billets. **Hitch Strap**, ¾-inch. **Trimming**, nickel, or, if preferred, imitation rubber. Fits 900 to 1,250-pound horse. **Weight**, boxed, about 30 pounds. Regular price, .....\$13.00 Our Price to advertise and please you, .....\$10.00 We can't be undersold on this harness.

**Wheels**—¾ or 1 inch tread, 38-44 inches high, Sarvan patent, Steel Tire.

**Gear**—Wood Spring Bar or Bailey Hangers when ordered, 4 and 5 leaf easy riding Springs, long distance Collinge Collar, Arch or Drop Axle, Drop Axle regular, Arch Axle when ordered, Axle Caps glued to Axles and polished smooth, Full Bottom circle Fifth Wheel with King Bolt, selected Hickory Reaches and ironed full length.

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**Painting**—Body, Black, with very fine line of striping. Gear, Green or Carmine, neatly striped.

**Body**—Nicely proportioned, full length Rocker Plates.

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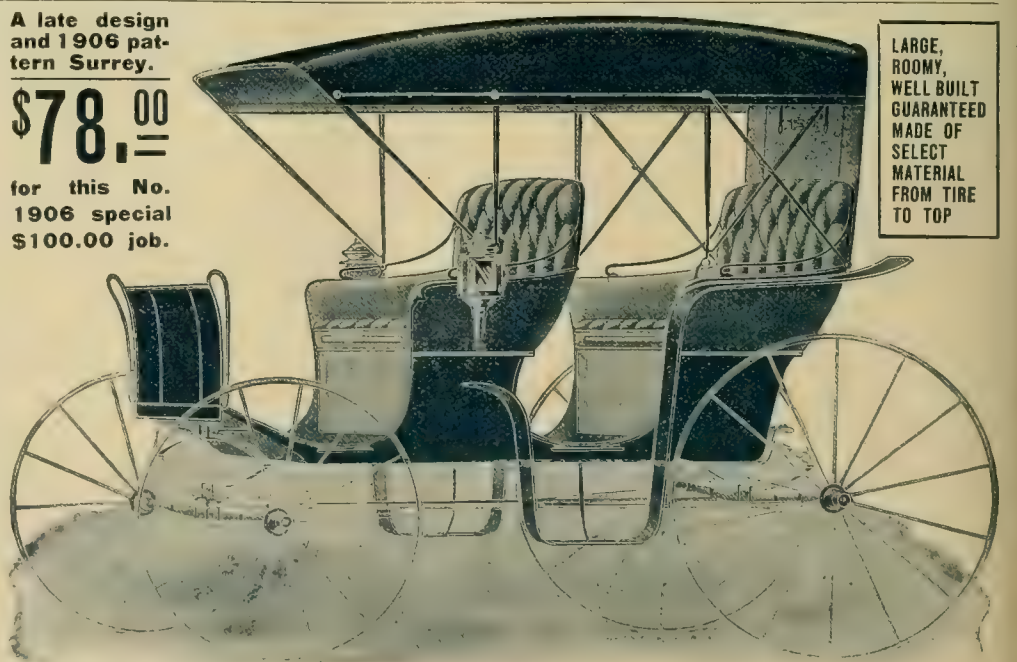
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**Extras**—Leather or Plush Trimming, Leather ¾, and Leather Back Stays, solid Rubber Tire, Pole, etc. See price below.

A late design and 1906 pattern Surrey.

**\$78.00**

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Price complete with shafts and 1-inch guaranteed rubber tires, ..\$91.00  
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# THE INGLENOOK

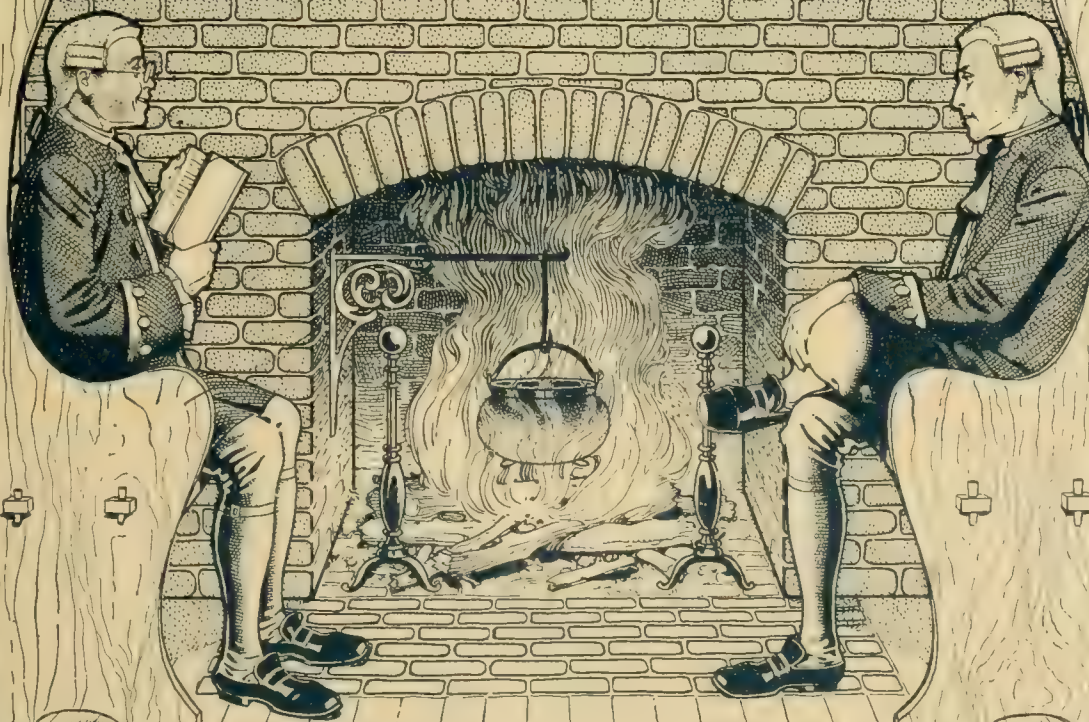
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

AMONG SOME SOUTHERN BATTLEFIELDS.  
—Hettie Stauffer.

THE VALUE OF PREPARATION.—S. C. Taylor.

THOUGHTS FROM SEVERAL MINDS.—Lulu  
C. Mohler.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

March 6, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 10. Vol. VIII



## CHEAP RATES

(To Oakley,)

## KANSAS

AND RETURN

### First and Third Tuesdays March

From Chicago,.....\$17.20  
From St. Louis,..... 14.10  
From Kansas City, ..... 10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

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and visit the Brethren at many points in Kansas.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of improved land that can be bought at from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre.

They are wanting the Brethren to settle around the churches already organized. At Moreland, Kansas, they are wanting a minister. Elder Daniel Crist, at Quinter, tells me the District Mission Board will help support a minister at Morland, Kans.

Write for

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.  
IT'S FREE.

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Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,

Omaha, Nebraska.

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(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

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From Chicago,.....\$19.55  
From St. Louis,..... 17.25  
From Omaha,..... 10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East.

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North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

### THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

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out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

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# Prove all Things

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PROVE all things; hold fast to that which is good, is sound advice. It is especially true in the matter of medicine. Thousands of families depend on DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER as their family doctor. They have proved it and found it good and never wanting. Mr. Joseph Sebek, of Ferre, Pa., says: "The BLOOD VITALIZER is our family doctor. For years we spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills in our family. That was before we heard of the BLOOD VITALIZER. It cures and prevents a host of serious ailments. We have six children, but for six years, since we had the BLOOD VITALIZER, we have not had a doctor in the house."

Such is the story, told in many forms by thousands of men and women who have tried the health-giving properties of this plain old herb-remedy. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER rarely disappoints. No ailment is so bad but what this medicine will do good. It is mild in action, yet certain in results. It is a preparation in which one can place full confidence, as it contains nothing but what will do good.

## SAYS "IT'S ALL RIGHT."

Custer, Mich., Aug. 9, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Your **Blood Vitalizer** is all right. Everybody who has used it says that it has done more than is claimed for it. It is worth everything.

Yours truly,

R. F. D. No. 2.

Edward Engle.

## CANNOT BE EQUALED.

Timberville, Va., Sept. 16, 1905.

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Dear Sirs:—I must say your **Blood Vitalizer** cannot be equaled. Mr. David Messick, near Timberville, was troubled with pains around the heart and unable to do any work, but after using one bottle of the **Blood Vitalizer**, he is a well man.

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Respectfully,

R. F. D. No. 37.

Christian Hollar.

## THE ONLY MEDICINE.

Toledo, Oregon, Jan. 9, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I thought I would write to you and thank you for the great benefit my wife has derived from the use of the **Blood Vitalizer**. It is the only medicine that has ever done her any good. We obtained the **Blood Vitalizer** of your local agent here and the remedy is taking the lead of all medicines in this neighborhood.

Kindly send us your paper and pamphlet.

Yours truly,

T. P. Fish.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is distinctly a household remedy. It insures and secures rugged health. It is also invaluable in emergencies. As a blood purifier, it cleanses the system and stimulates the vital organs to proper action. It corrects digestive troubles and restores natural functional activity to the liver and kidneys. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER ceased to be an experiment over one hundred years ago. It is not an article of commercial traffic and is therefore not to be had in drugstores, but is supplied to the people direct through local agents appointed in every community. If you know of no agent in your neighborhood and you are interested, write to the proprietors at once and receive full particulars as to how to obtain it. Address,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**



## Victor Liver Pills

The superior Family Liver Pills. Very mild in their action and act as a Laxative, by taking one before retiring. In larger doses they are anti-bilious Pills and cure Biliousness, Liver and Stomach troubles. A favorite among the Ladies. If your dealer does not have Victor Liver Pills you can get them for twelve 2-cent stamps by addressing

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Cures all Sick and Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Brain-Fag, Sea and Train Sickness. Eleven cures 10 cents. Mailed on receipt of price.

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## BRAWNTAWNS The Victor Tonic

Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion by Building the Digestive Organs. Thirty Days' Treatment 50 cents. Send by Mail on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
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Write for list of the best Corn, Wheat and Alfalfa Producing Farms.

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BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

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PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.

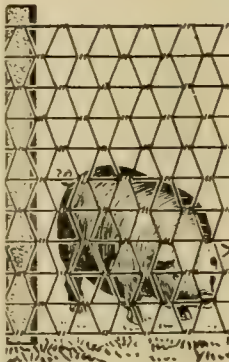


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We cure you of chewing and smoking  
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### CANCER CURED.

I can say positively that I am perfectly well of that dreaded disease, "cancer." I had a cancer on the side of my nose for five years and could scarcely make up my mind where to go, as there are so many cures, but fortunately I was induced to try Drs. Rinehart & Co., of Kokomo, Ind., and am happy to say that in three weeks' time it was all healed and well. I advise anyone suffering from cancer to try their treatment, as it is painless and permanent. Anyone can have their free book on the subject of cancer by writing to the above-named firm.  
Michael Troyer,  
8t4 Twinsburg, Ohio.



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From 22½ in. up to 6  
ft. high and 1-in. mesh  
up. Direct to farm-  
ers. Write for cata-  
logue and prices.

THE HOLLINGER  
FENCE CO.,  
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S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII

MARCH 6, 1906.

No 10.

## BE SOMETHING.



E something in this living age,  
And prove your right to be  
A light upon some darkened page,  
A pilot on some sea.  
Find out the place where you may stay,  
Beneath some burden bow;  
Take up the task with willing hand,  
Be something, somewhere, now.

Be something in this throbbing day  
Of busy hands and feet,  
A spring beside some dusty way,  
A shadow from the heat.  
Be found upon the workman's roll;  
Go now, go reap, or plough;  
Bend to some task with heart and soul,  
Be something, somewhere, now.

Be something in this golden hour  
With action running o'er;  
Add some momentum to its power,  
A voice unheard before.  
Be not a king without a throne  
Or crown to deck the brow,  
Serve with the throne, or serve alone,  
Be something, somewhere, now.

—Selected.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*Love and right are inseparable companions.*

*Better be kind, even if you don't feel like it.*

*Life is what we make it, not the way we take it.*

*Happiness has wings and can take its departure  
without much effort.*

*The person who looks at the world through self  
always has a blurred vision.*

*The world always has a place for steadfast men.  
Have a purpose in life and stick to it.*

*It's easy for a minister to tell his congregation how  
to reach heaven, but he might find it difficult to per-  
sonally conduct them there.*

*Easy virtue is the nurse of hard vice.*

*The grace of God penetrates exceedingly deep.*

*Liberty is opportunity for all who realize the best.*

*They who talk to themselves always have an ap-  
preciative audience.*

*The world wants men who will not lose their in-  
dividuality in a crowd.*

*It is possible to borrow and be the gainer by the  
interest. A good book, for instance.*

*If men had to harvest all the wild oats they sow  
the crop of seed would soon disappear.*

*On the journey of life we never lose any time by  
stopping to help some one make a new start.*

*There is one good thing about building air castles  
—it keeps the builder looking up instead of down.*

*Put a good name in one scale and great riches in  
the other and the average man hesitates a long time  
before choosing.*

*He who does not control his tempers will soon be  
controlled by them, and he who is pushed by his pas-  
sions must perish.*

*No man can do his duty reforming the world with  
the scent of tobacco or whiskey in the message he  
attempts to deliver.*

*The man who does no more than he is paid to do  
is usually the man who is complaining about not get-  
ting what he is worth.*

*Whenever a man offers as an excuse for wrong-  
doing that he is a victim of environment it is generally  
safe to guess that he chose the environment.*



## Among Some Southern Battlefields.

HETTIE STAUFFER.



HE enthusiasm of almost all school children is kindled much above its normal temperature when they are interested in the historical facts and events of the great conflicts of the nations, and more especially is this true when the interests of our own country are the points at issue; in their breasts lie smouldering flames of patriotism and sacrifice, ready to ignite in behalf of this nation

own; and dotted here and there, on mountain and plain are living evidences of the truth of past carnage and bloodshed.

The tourist can perhaps find no section within the United States of greater historic interest than the far-famed battlefields of eastern Tennessee and northern Georgia, because here were fought some of the severest battles of the Civil War. As he lands in Chattanooga, which has a population of 50,000, he at once knows that in many respects he is in a modern city, however, in some phases quite different from our hustling northern towns; but at any rate much in advance of the shattered village of 2,000 as it was during "war times," when the soldiers formed the greater bulk of the population. As one studies carefully its habits and customs and notes its location



The Old Snodgrass House from a Different Angle.

whose freedom has been purchased and whose internal difficulties have been compromised by the blood of its loyal, patriotic sons.

Not only is the youth of our land thus deeply interested, but those of riper years, of wider understanding, experience emotions known only to those who have gained their knowledge, not from the pages of history, nor from the lips of ancestors, but from that broader, truer and sterner source of *actual experience*. The battlefield has been to them their ground for information. Vain are the efforts to blot from their memories the scenes of cruelty and death which live as stains of crimson to mar the history of this enlightened, civilized country we love to call our

as it is snugly cradled among the towering surrounding heights, he feels deeply conscious of the truth that it is a typical, southern, mountain city.

Different routes lead to the many points of interest without the city, but the one quite frequently traveled is eastward by way of Ninth Street to the National Cemetery.

This plot of ground contains seventy-five and one-half acres, and truly should be a place of deep reverence and quiet meditation. The gateway is a magnificent structure of marble, costing \$17,000. Through this arch is obtained admittance into one of the most beautiful "Cities of the Dead" in the United States. As the winding driveways lead among the well-kept

lawns covered with multitudes of grass blades, the monotony of which is broken by the nodding rose or the creeping violet or perchance by some tropical plant or climbing vine, and as the southern pine or sweet-scented magnolia lends its cooling shade to aid the balmy mountain breeze in its refreshing mission, and above all as the feathery tribe unselfishly give forth their melodious notes, one faintly imagines that

In a more distant and remote section are seen the graves of thousands over which no mourner's tear was ever shed. Some mother's boy for whom she had fond hopes and bright anticipations was doomed to a premature, unknown grave. Perchance the possibilities of a Webster, a Lincoln or a Gladstone were cruelly crushed, and the anxious desires and fervent prayers of a mother-heart vanished as a bubble on the great deep.

Orchard Knob, on McCall Avenue, is a place in which all students of United States history are deeply interested. Each schoolboy and girl knows about



Gate to National Cemetery, Chattanooga.

all emotions are foreign to the place save those of pure joy and happiness. But, ah! hidden in the deep recesses of the inner feelings is a consciousness that solemnly whispers the sadness which caused the beautifying of this sacred place. There comes unbidden



Snodgrass Hill.

Thomas seizing this stronghold and how Grant afterwards had his headquarters here and with a scrutinizing eye watched the movements of his antagonist, Gen. Bragg, on Missionary Ridge. This mound has



Incline Plane Railway on Lookout Mountain.

the truth that here in this lap of mother-earth lie nearly thirteen thousand Federal soldiers—men who sacrificed their lives, their all, for their country and ours.



Snodgrass House.—Headquarters of Gen. Thomas.

been carefully preserved and, dotted as it is with evergreen trees and towering monuments, presents a place of great interest and beauty.

Another point of no less interest and much more picturesque is the Missionary Ridge Mountains. The government has built a winding road eight and one-



half miles long on the crest of the ridge. A drive along this way can scarcely be described. All nature seems to contribute to make it sublime and fascinating. The city of Chattanooga in full view, the mountain sides covered with bending shrubs and ferns and creeping mosses, the fertile valleys to the east and the west, the winding streams whose banks are fringed with vegetation, the towering, distant hills and mountains, the azure overhead and the golden rays of the sun, all aid to make it a picture that must be seen to be realized.

On this ridge are two observation towers: the one

evidences of the work done by the swift cannon ball, and had they the power to speak there surely would rise, simultaneously, a multitude of voices as witnesses on the negative side of war and its direful influences.

The "Battle Above the Clouds" has made one of the detached spurs of the Cumberland range, the northern extremity of which overlooks the Tennessee river, the mountain of perhaps the greatest historic interest in America. Its highest point is more than 2,000 feet above sea level and is accessible by means of an inclined-plane railway 4,750 feet long, which affords a means of travel quite in advance of those



Some State Monuments Honoring Their Dead.

stands near the "Lone Pine Tree" where Bragg had his headquarters, and it was from this point that he was driven in the autumn of '63 and the coveted ground left to the Federal army.

South of Missionary Ridge is the Chickamauga National Park, which contains ten square acres and extends some distance into Georgia. Here in September were fought some fierce battles and the Unionists under Gen. Rosecrans were severely defeated. Care has been taken to preserve the original driveways over which the soldiers passed. Vast sums of money have been expended in costly monuments in honor to those who fought so bravely on this battlefield. One of the places of deepest interest is known as "Bloody Pond." During the fiercest of the battle this was the only available water and its banks were strewn with the dead and wounded who came there to quench their parching thirst. The trees and rocks are living

when Hooker and Grant led their soldiers up the rugged heights by paths that would scarcely be recognized as being possible of access, and planted the flag upon a rock upon which, perchance, the tread of human foot had never yet been heard.

Not only is Lookout mountain noted for its historic worth, but also for its grandeur and its extensive scenery. From one point seven States are visible and as the rugged heights are scaled and a view taken of the adjacent country, the sublimity and magnificence of the scene call forth deep reverence for the Hand at whose command the universe was formed. Truly David realized the magnitude of God's greatness when he wrote these lines: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

May the Lord be praised because he has given us



Bragg's Headquarters, Missionary Ridge.

these visible beauties that we may more fully realize his power and greatness.

*Arcanum, Ohio.*



#### FROM SWITZERLAND INTO ITALY.

THE famous Saint Gothard Pass begins very soon after the shores of Lake Lucerne are left behind. The scenery by this mountain road is said to be the finest of all the Alpine passes, for if one would go from Switzerland into Italy he must cross the rugged Alps.

The wagon road at first gradually ascends the left bank of the River Reuss, which flows in a deep channel below; after passing a number of bridges and many waterfalls the grandeur of the mountains increases. One mile beyond the village of Groschenen the great railroad tunnel begins. Until the Simplon tunnel was finished on the first of May of last year, the St. Gothard tunnel was the longest and most remarkable in the world. Now it holds second place, for the Simplon tunnel is longer and was built with greater labor and expense. The Simplon is twelve miles long, and was seven years in building and cost \$15,000,000, the expense being borne by Italy and Switzerland alike.

When one crosses the mountains by train he loses much of the grand scenery, for tunnels have no windows through which the traveler can look and see the grandeur through which he is passing.

Besides the main tunnel there are forty others of lesser length, so that much of the time is spent in inky darkness. On emerging from one of these dark passages one can look back on the track over which his train has passed, as the road is very winding, in common with all mountain railways. The scenery is grand and inspiring. Many great cataracts dash from pre-

cipitous heights, being lashed into foam before the river is reached. The farther south one goes the less thrifty are the people. The villages are less neat, more idle people are seen, and the country has a run-down appearance, for the Italians are not as progressive and industrious as their Swiss neighbors.

The railway skirts Lake Como, which is one of the prettiest of the Italian lakes. One might think they washed an indigo mine their waters are so very blue. Como is a large lake, being thirty miles at its longest point, and is surrounded by fine gardens and vineyards. The mountains around it are quite high also and the shores are lined with the handsome summer homes of the wealthy residents of Milan who spend the hottest months on the cool lake.

The peasants are engaged in the cultivation of silk. The silk, as you know, is the product of silk worms which must be fed upon the tender leaves of mulberry trees that grow luxuriantly in that region, and mulberry orchards are as common as apple orchards in our own land. There are three of the lakes not far apart, all of which are deep blue and charmingly surrounded.

The railroad leads to Milan, which is known to the Italians as "Milano," and is one of the largest and wealthiest cities of Italy. In the older portion the



Umbrella Rock, Lookout Mountain.

streets are narrow and irregular, and hard to distinguish one from another, but the newer portion is a very modern city. The central part centers around the Piazza del Duomo in which the great cathedral is situated and from which the principal thoroughfares radiate.

The cathedral, which is said by the people of Milan to be the "eighth wonder of the world," is a very large structure, and next to St. Peter's at Rome, and the



cathedral in Seville, Spain, is the largest church in Europe, if not in the world, and one of the very finest.

The building was modeled after the Cologne Cathedral, and was finished at the end of the fifteenth century. The interior is supported by fifty-two pillars each twelve feet in diameter, the tops of which are crowned with life-sized marble statues of saints. There are six thousand statues used on the inside walls alone. The roof is adorned with ninety-eight gothic turrets, and two thousand additional statues are used for their decoration, making a total of eight thousand statues of saints and holy personages to be seen on this one building. It is no wonder it has cost many fortunes to decorate the cathedral when we consider the work on the great number of statues alone.

The stained-glass windows are marvels of richness and coloring. Nowhere in the world can such beautiful combination of colors be seen as in these cathedral windows. Three of the larger ones contain 350 scriptural subjects each. The life of Christ is told eloquently in one of the windows, and the history of Abraham and Isaac in another, and incidents in the lives of the apostles in the third. The oldest windows were decorated more than three hundred years ago, and still retain their original colors; the newest is but eight years old. Once every twenty years the interior of the cathedral is cleaned! It takes two hundred men forty days to complete the process. The outside, which is of marble, is never cleaned and is very old and weather-stained, but to this the people do not object, as they venerate the ancient, and, one might almost say, dirt.

It is said on good authority that 40,000 persons have been known to stand in the cathedral at one time and not be too much crowded for comfort. The ceiling is very skillfully painted in imitation of perforated stone, and is delicate and beautiful. The floor consists of stones of mosaic of different colors.

Many notable ceremonies have taken place in the cathedral, among them being the crowning of Napoleon I as king of Italy. From the roof an excellent view of the city and surrounding country can be seen. Adjoining the cathedral is the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, which consists of a number of buildings connected by an arched glass roof and a dome, forming a clean and light arcade in which are the best shops of the city. The show windows of foreign shops are often the most attractive part of the establishment. Sometimes in entering a small store one finds that almost the entire stock of the merchant is displayed in the show windows. The merchants understand perfectly the art of making them attractive and thereby are successful in disposing of many of their wares to tourists who would pass the same articles by without a second glance if they were not so attractively displayed.

Italian money is reckoned in liras and centimes.

The soldo (five centime piece) is equal to one American cent. French money passes equally well as Italian coin, as the countries are near together and the standard of values is the same.

One of the saddest sights in Italy is the number of neglected children to be seen begging in the streets. They become very skillful pickpockets also, and one must be continually on his guard, for the children will crowd ahead of him and snatch his purse in a twinkling, and dash through the crowd before a stranger realizes what has happened.

There are several parks and boulevards, many picture galleries and an old monastery in Milan, where may be seen the remains of the celebrated painting, "The Last Supper," which has been copied, and in the form of an engraving is to be seen more frequently, perhaps, in our own land than any other picture of the old masters. The original is faded and will soon be lost to the world.—*M. A. D., in Round Table.*



#### GREAT FORTUNES OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following estimate of the present great fortunes of America is made by the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Last summer Henry Clews, the New York banker and broker, made some estimates of the size of the greatest American fortunes. This list, with one or two additions, was as follows:

John D. Rockefeller, .....	\$500,000,000
Andrew Carnegie, .....	250,000,000
William Waldorf Astor, .....	200,000,000
Gould family, .....	150,000,000
Marshall Field, .....	100,000,000
Blair estate, .....	100,000,000
William K. Vanderbilt, .....	80,000,000
Russel Sage, .....	80,000,000
John Jacob Astor, .....	75,000,000
D. O. Mills, .....	75,000,000
William Rockefeller, .....	75,000,000
William A. Clark, .....	75,000,000
J. P. Morgan, .....	60,000,000
James J. Hill, .....	60,000,000
Huntington estate, .....	60,000,000
H. H. Rogers, .....	60,000,000
Mrs. Hetty Green, .....	50,000,000
Henry Phipps, .....	45,000,000
John D. Arhbold, .....	40,000,000
Henry M. Flagler, .....	40,000,000
James B. Haggin, .....	40,000,000
Armour estate, .....	40,000,000
James Henry Smith, .....	35,000,000



A REDUCTION of rates on California fruit, it seems, has been agreed upon. Ten dollars for refrigeration of a car will now be the rate from San Francisco to Chicago and seventeen dollars and fifty cents from San Francisco to New York.

## THE VALUE OF PREPARATION.

S. C. TAYLOR (DECEASED).



PREPARATION is one of the essentials prerequisite to success in any undertaking. The primary meaning of success carries with it the idea of overcoming all opposition in order to attain a desired object or aim. There would be no such thing as success were there no opposition to be met.

The height of one's ambition, no matter how unworthy or how insignificant his undertaking, is to succeed. And there must be a sufficient amount of energy put forth by him who would win to overbalance the opposition. This labor must not be directed indiscriminately, but must be concentrated in order to be effectual and economical. A small amount of force wisely exerted may overcome a much greater force unwisely directed.

This fact was clearly demonstrated during the Civil War, in the battle of Chancellorsville, where Hooker, with ninety thousand men, attacked Lee, who had just half that number; but Lee handled his troops so skillfully that at every point of attack the Federals were outnumbered, and the result was the worst defeat experienced by any Union army during the war.

The greatness of success is measured by the difficulties to be overcome and the worth of the object sought. Therefore the greater the undertaking the more labor required and of greater consequence is success.

Since life is in truth a reality, and we should all desire to make the best possible of it, to enter upon the duties of an undertaking, the result of which is so momentous, without a thorough preparation, should certainly be stamped as the height of folly, and must result in failure in the end.

Viewing life from the right standpoint, realizing its importance and our obligations to use it prudently, the importance of our vocation, whatever it may be when chosen from this consideration, cannot be too highly estimated. And to discharge our duties faithfully we must take advantage of every opportunity and means afforded us. Do we desire to excel, to stand on the top round of the ladder, then we must be able to cope with those who stand on the round below us. We are living in an age of advancement; an age when greater minds and a greater number of them are being exercised for the advancement of civilization and knowledge than in any age in the past.

If we would reach the goal set in advance of our time, we must seek the aid of others. We must build on the foundation which others have laid. We must shape the material which they have wrought out, smooth and polish the rough places, then plan and build for ourselves. Each generation is standing up-

on the shoulders of its ancestors; and our posterity must bridge over the chasms and fill up the defects which we have made or left undone, if they truly live in advance of our time.

He who sees life with an undimmed vision must realize that the time allotted to man is short in proportion to the amount of labor to be accomplished. No great good is ever acquired without much labor, without facing boldly the foe and earnestly contending for the right.

When we contemplate the vast multitudes of humanity that come into existence, and the very few who really live in the minds and hearts of their posterity, who have made the world better by their having lived in it, we are impressed with the necessity of improving our time, by striking at the proper moment and in the right place.

We may ask why the great majority of mankind pass from this stage of action with no fruit to perpetuate their lives. Perhaps many good reasons might be given, but the principal one may be expressed in this brief and simple expression, "Lack of preparation."

Preparation is as essential to the fulfillment of our life work as a foundation is to a building. The lack of either will result in ruin. Everything requires preparation to be successful. We must qualify ourselves to live rightly; we must prepare to die rightly. That preparation should be thorough, for then one will be able to accomplish more in a short time than he may otherwise do in a lifetime. Perhaps of all the men who have lived, the one whose life has influenced the world most extensively is Moses. Yet his entire labor contributed to the world covers a period of only forty years, while his preparation covers a period of eighty years.

Again we may ask, "Are not men born to be great?" Or have not certain occasions and opportunities given some men advantages over others, as in a battle, a speech at the bar or before an assembly? The answer is, *No*. No more than the nugget of gold became metal by the miner taking it from its hidden place in the earth; no more than the science of war, the knowledge of law, or the command of language can be acquired in a single day. Men who have come into prominence before the world on such occasions have prepared themselves for the occasion. While other men slept they were toiling; while other minds were filled with thoughts that tend to blight their best interests, their minds were feeding upon healthful thoughts, thus broadening their capacity and storing up useful knowledge. When such minds are mature they are like a locomotive filled with steam, trembling and throbbing from its latent force within. The throttle is opened, the force is applied and the engine speeds along with its enormous load. So the mind filled with knowledge, when an opportunity is given



—when the throttle is opened—moves; and it moves not only itself, but it draws other minds after it. Thus prepared, the unfolding of a mind, like a swollen bud turning to the beautiful rose, crowning its efforts with success, is what may seem to some as a reaping without a sowing.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

To neglect preparation is to ignore the greatest opportunity in life. It is like embarking on the great ocean without a rudder to be tossed about by the boisterous waves, and be stranded on the sands of time or wrecked on the shallows of disappointment.

The maxim, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," is a good one to follow. Everything must be well done to endure. The qualities of thoroughness and completeness alone perpetuate the works of man; and can we for one moment entertain the idea that those gems of perfection found in literature, in science, and in art are other than the products of a thorough preparation? We are all builders, each one erecting his own monument, every moment of our time adding to its size; each thought and act either shining in its wall or ever marring its beauty, and our life as a whole determining its worth. As we build it, so shall it stand, a living record inscribed by our own hands. The slab of marble erected o'er our graves may crumble and pass into its elements, but our temple is a page in the past, and is as unchangeable as time itself. Then let us build to stand the test of time and eternity.

Would we have our oratory echo and reëcho down the coming ages? Listen to Cicero: "What others give to public shows and entertainment, nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to the study of philosophy." Would we be an honored and beloved statesman as Gladstone? Carry a book in our pocket that we may utilize our leisure moments as did he. Would we mount the heights of science like an Edison? Then be master of our undertaking. Would we choose to become a distinguished sculptor? Then like Michael Angelo, impair our health by studying anatomy for twelve years,—acquire efficiency, and though we may be called from our labors at the noonday of life, as he was, not too soon to immortalize our name. Would we write like a Shakespeare or a Milton? Then our command of language, our storehouse of knowledge from which we draw, must be as inexhaustible as theirs. Would we realize the fondest hopes of the poet, the most perfect ideal of the artist, the impenetrable laws of nature, so diligently sought by the scientist, the laws of justice and many which the genius of the statesman could never reach? Ah! do we *not* hope to see all things blended into the ef-

fulgence of a glorious eternity? Then prepare to meet our God.

*Whitesville, Mo.*



## THOUGHTS FROM SEVERAL MINDS.

LULU C. MOHLER.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun." While this is a truism and our subject is nothing new, we must once in a while be reminded of certain principles and moral precepts, for by constant moulding we gain symmetry of character.

To understand more perfectly and gain new ideas, a company of people discussed influence from several viewpoints.

### The Meaning.

What is influence? Influence is power. Unlike some mighty powers, such as knowledge, love and strength, it is a gift to every individual. A power stronger than he, and one he can control at will with perfect ease. It demonstrates itself wherever he goes. Many of the effects are apparent to him, while many he never realizes. At times it works boldly, and again, subtle, silent and still. "It is like a tiny brook, growing to be a mighty river, swelling out to the boundless, fathomless ocean. On it rolls until an angel with one foot on land and one on sea shall swear that time shall be no longer." It is one of the forces moving the mighty army of humanity on to destiny—silent, awful and grand.

A writer spoke words good and true. "Oh! it is a terrible power that I have—this power of influence—and it clings to me, I can not shake it off. It is born with me; it has grown with my growth, and is strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves; it is powerful in every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life. I cannot live to myself. I must either be a light to illumine or a tempest to destroy.

"We may forget this secret, silent force; but we are exerting it always, and he is wise with a wisdom more than that of earth who seeks to put forth the highest power for good, be his home a cabin or palace."

Be honest, true, "clean-minded and four square" to do good and not evil to our fellow-man; be strong enough to surmount the influences around us that will dwarf and distort our souls; for we live not any man to himself, but are all woven woof and warp into God's grand plan.

### Effects.

By a thoughtless remark, an envious tearing down of some one's plans, we dishearten some timid soul. He will conclude it is useless for him, in his weakness, to carefully cultivate that character he longs to claim as his own.

Those who believe Christ is true, love him and fol-

low him as an ideal, should be mindful in conduct and speech that they do not seem as those who are indifferent to God. We may lead many from godly lives and present to them idle, passing thought.

One wonders why we had only one Paul. We have had many minds that equaled his in producing sublime thoughts, but few who will give every faculty and all their strength to live Christ's grand plan.

A young woman spoke of noble men: "Their influence is always good. It inspires us to do our best deeds, think our purest thoughts, speak our kindest words, and live the best Christian life.

"Christ in his sermon on the mount gives us a direct command: 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' Matt. 5: 16.

"It takes a good Christian man to be a noble man. Who of us were not made a little better when we read of the tragic death of Wm. McKinley? And why? Not because he was president, but simply because his pure, Christian life shone out and above everything else.

"When physicians worked over him, what did he say? 'Thy will be done.' Later, when the death angel hovered near, what were his thoughts? Again it was, 'Thy will be done.'

"Beautiful influence. The ripples have not reached the other shore. They go on and on wherever the story of his life and death are known and shall never entirely fade from the surface of the beautiful waters of grandest human influence.

"What was Martin Luther's influence?" Froude says, 'No man is what he would have been if Luther had not lived.'

"Some children in their childish ways were debating among themselves how they would know when to do good. Finally one spoke, 'I'll tell you. If you want to know what is right, just ask Mr. —, he can tell you.' Now what is this? Simply the influence of a Christian man.

"Blessings on the sunshine people, scattering smiles and kind words all along the way."

#### Home Influence.

Next a kindly voice was heard reminding us of one of the grandest of God's principles. "Parents are overcome, at times, with the sorrow and discouragement of seeming failure; but remember, if your teachings and counsel are founded on the right and truth, they can never fail of doing good. And be they good or ill the child will never shake off the remembrance; it sings all about them: mother's smiles and tears, father's sorrow and confident satisfaction are pictures in memory's halls that can *never* fade in life here, nor beyond the veil.

"After father and mother passed on, the two sons, James and John, planned to pull down the old house; it had served its time. James gave one blow with the

intention of ripping up the old floor. Suddenly rising up, he cried out, 'I can't do it, John. Right here stood that little table with the Bible where father read the lesson in family prayer.' Then memories clustered thick and fast—the old house stands in the old loved spot."

#### Voluntary and Involuntary.

Several spoke of the influence we control and when it is uncontrolled by our puny strength. We may resolve to make glad hearts or carry gloom that is cast off from our own sad or discontented hearts. We resolve to remember discouraged Harry as he wrestles with moral lessons beyond his strength, lending a hand to one poor in purse and spirit. Then, too, an ugly demon whispers, "Do it, do it," and a fiendish deed is done.

We must admit the fact of the power moving everything steadily and surely. Events and circumstances compel us to yield and do. This we cannot control. We cannot master the pain or various emotions that wring from us the hasty word that can never be recalled.

#### Our Books.

Another spoke his opinion of the books we read: "I do not see the need of our reading consisting wholly of good stories, working out a good moral thought, as, for instance, the writings of Roe, George Eliot, Dickens or Thackeray. They are good and are needed to a certain extent, as well as the beauties of Irving and Hawthorne, for they teach us beautiful language; but one should not exclude other lines of development.

"My idea of reading for every one is to help us accomplish our two aims in life. We have our chosen work to think of, be it farming, law or teaching. Read to educate yourself for that. Then we have our ideal of manhood and womanhood. That asks for a broad line of study, which takes in poetry, moral philosophy, romance, as well as practical ideas and religious thoughts, and all that will cultivate our best traits and subdue the bad, broaden our mental vision and give us sympathy for our fellows.

"A man may have a lifetime to study and educate himself, and every man should make the best use of his opportunities.

"Every woman should be well educated in her line of work, and she should be trying always to be successful. Her life work is mapped out for her by the heavenly Father, and 'hers is not to make reply, hers not to reason why, hers but to do and die.' Some, to their loss and sorrow, rebel, and leave it for something not nearly so satisfying or paying.

"We admire, always, a woman who believes in her womanhood, is proud of her calling, and can talk intelligently of her vocation, understanding all the varied phases. An intellectual woman is ideal, not necessarily a college-bred woman, but a woman that



is well read, has ideas and knowledge of many things, for she will need it in her teaching, advising and sympathizing.

"A woman must scrub and scour, and sweep and cook, but greatest duty—she must train for life and for heaven. Some time must be given for other things if she means to keep always a little in advance of her little folks and on a level with her grown children.

"Once a lady, who has given much time and thought to child study, said her mother was very fond of poetry and that she and her brother passionately loved it." See the influence?

One might speak of influence in all its forms, but we need to have a good understanding of its marvelous strength and like the engineer at the throttle keep a clean, pure, vigilant outlook that this power does not become an evil master and wreck us on the reefs and dash some other soul to endless death. Subdue it and become a skilled artist in the use of its power and it will be an agent of good works, not a tempest of destruction.



### EIGHT MILLION DOLLAR IRRIGATION PROJECT.

GUY E. MITCHELL.



OLD was discovered in the Boise River Valley, Idaho, in 1862, and during the succeeding twenty-five years over \$200,000,000 were taken out. A large but evanescent population flocked to the valley, although the nearest railroad was 200 miles away and everything had to be freighted in and out. But only one crop of gold could be garnered and the expectation was that when the pay-dirt had all been panned, the valley of the Boise, like many other mining districts, would vanish from the map as a producing locality. Not so, however. The output of the valley to-day from its hundred or so thousand acres of splendidly irrigated land is fast approaching the profits realized from the mines during their best days. Certainly when the enormous irrigation works which are there being constructed by the government are completed the output of agriculture will contribute to the world's wealth every year and for all time thereafter, an amount much greater than the annual products of the "Basin" diggings during their palmy days, while the valley will support a population of at least 200,000 people.

The State of Idaho is larger than all New England, but it has less than two persons to the square mile. What it needs is water,—the storage of the melting snows from its vast mountain ranges which run riot to the Gulf of California every spring. Its climate is delightful and invigorating, with a latitude of the

south of France and northern Italy. The Boise Valley in the southern part of the State lies at an elevation of about 2,500 feet and the lowest temperature during the year is slightly under freezing.

In Boise Valley, as in California in the early days, the demand for food, and the exorbitant prices for vegetables and meat, induced some of the hardy Argonauts to break the rules of caste and engage in what was then considered the humblest of occupations, the growing of potatoes, cabbage and small fruits. With splendid markets this industry prospered and grew, and when the placers were exhausted a thriving farming community remained to develop these permanent resources of the valley.

But little of the "Klondyke" of 1864 remains. Its disappointments and lavish rewards, its destitution and reckless prodigality are things of the past. To-day it is difficult to realize that this valley was one of the famous theaters where reckless and daring spirits were the principal actors and where only the fittest survived. Unlike many of the Klondykes which have had their day during the past sixty years, this valley provided for the overflow, and the spirit of enterprise which prompted thousands to brave all dangers in the search of gold, found a field here for the exercise of surplus energy in the construction of canals and the reclamation of the lands in adjacent valleys.

Like the Mormon farmers, the early tillers of the Boise Valley found irrigation necessary, and since the first crude efforts nearly \$2,000,000 have been expended in the construction of irrigation works, and more than 100,000 acres of land have been reclaimed. Substantial cities and towns have grown up, railroads cross the valley in every direction, and from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 have been added to the productive capital of the West. But the limit for private enterprise has been reached. The natural flow of the river has been fully utilized, and it is only by the construction of engineering works enormously expensive that the complete agricultural development of the country can take place. The only agency which can safely undertake this great work is the United States. With commendable enterprise the owners of land in the valley have harmonized all questions of conflicting water rights and are now preparing to co-operate heartily with the government in carrying forward what is termed the Payette-Boise project, the largest of the national reclamation works which has yet been approved by the Secretary of the Interior.

#### Larger than Salt Lake Valley.

The construction of this great system will require several years and entails the expenditure of nearly \$8,000,000. The area to be reclaimed is 370,000 acres, or more than twice the cultivated acreage of Rhode Island. The work consists of storage reservoirs on the headwaters of the Payette and Boise rivers, and in the Boise Valley the building of gi-

gantic dams on these two rivers and about 200 miles of main canals. The Secretary has authorized the initial construction of a dam in Boise River, about 33 miles of main canal, and a reservoir which will be capable of storing water enough for the late irrigation of about 120,000 acres of land in Boise Valley.

The bids were opened at Boise, Idaho, on February 1, 1906, and the contracts provide for the expenditure by the United States of about \$1,000,000. The Boise Valley now has a population of about 30,000. It contains 50 per cent more irrigable land and has a more favorable climate than the great Salt Lake Valley of Utah, which to-day sustains a population of about 150,000.

*Washington, D. C.*



### THE UNIVERSALITY OF PALESTINE.

BY A STUDENT.

THE study of the life of our Lord in the Sunday-school lessons this year makes the land of his labors of special interest.

Universality is a large word to apply to a country 140 by 40 miles,—scarcely as large as Vermont, but size does not always mean most in questions of importance. Greece was small, and Egypt, and England, but their influence has been world-wide.

Palestine is the most wonderful of all countries because its universality is manifested in so many directions. It is universal in geological features, universal in climate, universal in its animal and vegetable life, universal in its location, universal in its history. Why? Who concentrated so much of the world in this little corner and why? Out of it came a universal people who gave to the world a universal book and a universal Christ.

The land has always had a most wonderful fascination. It drew Abraham thither and his descendants after him. It has drawn an innumerable multitude of pilgrims from all parts of the world. Scientists, historians and travelers of all kinds have hung over the land as if held by a spell.

Why? "What is to be seen in Palestine? To the south, God in history; to the east, God in history; to the north, God in history; to the west, God in history. What is to be heard in Palestine? On Lebanon at noon, on Calvary at midnight, on the Mount of Olives at sunrise, in Gethsemane at sunset, God, God, God, who was and is and is to come. He at whose word the hills melt and the mountains smoke has spoken through Palestine as through no other trumpet of earth or time. The most important question ever raised by human search, How can the soul be delivered from the love of sin and the guilt of sin?—has received in Palestine—not in Greece, not in Rome, not in India—a satisfactory answer."

Back of Christ and the Bible was the people Israel, and back of the people was the land as truly chosen and prepared as the people. Let us study it more in detail, keeping in mind the purpose of its universality.

#### Geology.

1. Universality is expressed in the geological features of the land. It was formerly submerged; then came an upheaval which lifted the central range of hills, then a sinking occurred which resulted in the formation of the strata of animal rocks; then the whole country rose and remained as at present. This process produced some remarkable features.

(a) Universality in surface. The land is not a plain or a plateau or mountain range or valley—it is all together. On the west is the maritime plain widening out from the "ladder of Tyre" on the north into the plain of Sharon, and then into the plain of Philistia and then the desert on the south and merging into the "Shephelah" or border land to the east.

Parallel with these comes the central range which starts with the mountains of Lebanon on the north and, after a section broken by the plain of Esdraelon, gradually ascends until the highest point is reached south of Jerusalem.

Deep "wadys" intersect the range at right angles all the way along, increasing in size toward the south.

East of this range comes the Jordan valley, the most wonderful geologic formation in the world. It was caused by a crack in the fold or wrinkle of the earth at the time of the great upheaval. The deep seam is the valley, and the Jordan rising from several sources near the northern border and but a few feet above the level of the Mediterranean, flows through a marsh, through the lake Huleh or waters of Merom down a grade constantly growing steeper, through the sea of Galilee, down swiftly into the Dead sea, 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean and with a depth of 1,300 feet at the deepest.

To the east of this valley is the eastern range of hills, broken and rough, rising abruptly from the Jordan and sloping gradually to the east.

Here then we have plain and highland, mountain and valley, lake and river, bog and desert, snow-capped peaks 10,000 feet high and dead waste 1,300 feet below the sea.

(b) By means of the break in the crust of the earth and the rising and sinking of the land, every strata of the earth's crust is brought to view and all the geological periods are represented in the soil, from the virgin red clay to the latest vegetative covering.

There is the boggy coast land, the wild border land, the almost uninhabitable hills, the desolate Dead sea region, the desert encroaching on the south and east, the limestone hills ever wasting away to renew the fertility of the valleys, and there are the fertile plains already mentioned which are garden spots to-day in



spite of centuries of Turkish desolation. Nowhere in the world is there to be found such a variety of soil and surface as is packed in this little country of Palestine.

#### Climature.

2. Universality is expressed in climate. From the mountains of Lebanon which never remove their white mantle, to the depth of the Jordan valley by the Dead sea where the heat is tropical in consequence of the heavy atmosphere, there is found every zone and degree of temperature.

By a short journey,—almost in a few hours,—one may pass from winter's cold to summer's heat. Within this little territory the four seasons may almost constantly be found. Snow and rain and drouth, hail and sunshine, storm and calm, all are experienced here. Earthquakes are on record, and all that is to be found elsewhere in the way of climate is found here.

#### Life.

3. Universality is expressed in the vegetable and animal life of Palestine.

If we have every variety of climate and soil and the widest range of altitude we may expect to find all the varieties of life which are adapted to these conditions. And so we do. Thousands of species of plants have been catalogued as native here: roses of Sharon, lilies of the valley, figs and thistles, stately palms and groves of oaks, all manner of fruits and flowers.

And what is true of plant life is also true of animal life. Nowhere is there such a variety of species, reptiles and creeping things, owls, bats and all flying things, the coney in the rocks and the fierce wild beasts in the mountains and deserts.

An illustration may suffice. When Livingstone was in Africa he caught a peculiar type of fish in lake Tanganyika which sheltered its young in its gills—a habit without a parallel anywhere in the world—*except in Palestine*. Canon Tristram, "The City and the Land," page 72, says that he caught this same fish in the sea of Galilee.

Another scientist says, "There is not another spot on earth where so much of nature is focused as in this little corner. You have Alpine cold and torrid heat. Here are all the animals; birds, insects, plants, shells, rocks, of all zones."

As Gregg says, "If the Jew is the miracle of history, then Palestine is the miracle of geography."

#### Location.

4. Universality is expressed in the location of Palestine.

The ancient civilizations occupied a crescent-shaped territory covering an area of some 220,000 square miles. Of this crescent the valley of the Euphrates formed one horn and that of the Nile the other, while between the two was the desert of Arabia and above the arch was the great sea and the gateway to the

western world. Now the very capstone of the arch was this land of Palestine.

Out from the land of Bactria, "the brooding place of the primitive nations," came hordes that moved like herds of beasts to the north through Armenia and to the south to India and we know not where.

Up from Arabia came pushing the overflow from the deserts and founded the civilizations along the Nile on one hand and along the Euphrates on the other.

Egypt and Babylon grew and expanded until they touched each other, and that meeting place was Palestine.

The country has been likened to a bridge with the sea on one side and the desert on the other, while across it marched the civilizations of all the ancient world. There was no other route for the armies to pass from one country to the other. The hills of Palestine guarded the bridge.

It has also been likened to a place of refuge, for all the wandering tribes of antiquity when driven from their home in Arabia or elsewhere seemed somehow to get into this country before disappearing again to their final abodes.

It has also been "the bone of contention" throughout all ages, not so much on account of its size or its resources, although it has fertile plains, as on account of its strategic position.

The highway from one country to the other lay through the plain of Esdraelon, which has been called "the battle-ground of the nations," and the whole country was important as a guard for the borders of Egypt and Babylon. It was not in the hands of any master and as the soil drank the blood of many nationalities the people of the land received the influence of all their varied customs. Located mostly on the hills of the central range, they were in a way isolated and yet could overlook all the procession that passed and repassed below.

#### Purpose of Universality.

It has been commonly taught that God took Israel from Egypt to Canaan that they might be an isolated people whom he might teach and hold faithful. Dr. Harper suggested that instead of Palestine being chosen with a view to complete isolation, it was chosen for the very purpose of bringing Israel into touch with every other nation. This was done, because universality in Israel is expressed by a continuance of events which made the people a world people.

Originally a composite race, the Hebrews received in Palestine the influence of Arabia, then of Babylonia, then of Egypt, then of Assyria, then of Aramæa, then of Phœnicia and the Canaanites, then of Later Babylonia, then of migrations direct from Arabia, then of Syria and Greece and finally Rome. No other nation has such a history, for Israel touched every civilization

from the most ancient down to Rome and received a contribution from each, which became a part of the people.

The heritage of character and religion which the Hebrews brought to Canaan underwent changes as they passed from nomadic to agricultural, and then to city life, and then the broken, varied country which was their home through all these centuries of change and turmoil forbade any close national political unity, which might have resulted in decay as in other nations, but it brought out a wonderful literature and liturgy and developed the people along other than the customary lines.

Here in this land, adapted to bring out every phase of human nature, the inspired prophets builded upon the gross things received from their ancestry and the nations about them, the lofty conceptions of God which have been their gifts of priceless value to the world.

The land is the natural home of all the imagery and eloquence of these leaders. Sinai in its grandeur was just the place for the awful spectacle at the giving of the law. Ebal and Gerizim cannot be matched anywhere as a place for the blessings and curses. Nowhere would the tired master be more likely to sleep than in the hot, heavy atmosphere of Genessaret. Nowhere could a psalmist find more inspiration than over the hills and plains and under the skies of Palestine.

The book has been a universal book because in it there has been something for all ages and ranks and nationalities and conditions. The Iclander and the African find themselves at home somewhere in its chapters.

Pictures from the hills, scenes from the plains, illustrations from earth, sea and sky are right at hand, and as the book grew throughout the centuries it could not help but be a book for all ages and all peoples.

Universality, therefore, builded into the chosen land in its nature, its climate, its life and its history, expressed itself in universality in the people, who were the living embodiment of their surroundings and breathed forth their spirit in a universal Book, and in due time when all the lines of history had converged and all the influences that had been planted there were ripe, and all the world had made its contributions, then blossomed forth the One who was and is the universal man, the type of human perfection—the incarnation of the one true God and Father of mankind, who will yet draw all men unto himself.

Now may one most fervently say with Moses of old, "When the Most High gave to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the children of men, he set the bounds of the peoples according to the number of the children of Israel." Deut. 32: 8. And the land, chosen as a funnel to gather up the inspirations of the ancient world, poured them forth as through

a gateway to the modern world. As Christ is the center of history so Palestine is the key of the world.  
—*Brethren Evangelist.*



#### RAPID TYPE-SETTING.

It was on the International and Great Northern World's Fair train. The passenger was lolling back in supreme content. The smooth, rapid, smokeless travel was evidently to his taste. Just then the conductor, an old ex-printer, came along.

The passenger handed up a slip which read, "J. B. Jones, Houston to Longview, account of Harris County *Clarion*." His very *sang froid*, overdone as it was, convinced the conductor that the man before him was not the man to whom the pass had been issued, and probably was not a newspaper man at all. He resolved to try him.

"How much type can a good printer set in a day?" he asked.

"Oh, a good man can set 'bout a quart," replied the suspect, without removing his gaze from the flying landscape.

The conductor gasped and passed on.



#### HE MEANS YOU.

A DRUNKEN man stumbled into church one Sunday and sat down in the pew of the deacons. The preacher was discoursing about prevalent popular vices. Soon he exclaimed:

"Where is the drunkard?" The poor drunken man considered the call personal, so rising heavily, he replied: "Here I am," and remained standing while the drunkard's character and fate were eloquently portrayed. A few minutes later the preacher reached another head of his discourse, and asked:

"Where is the hypocrite?" Gently nudging his neighbor, the drunkard said, in an audible whisper:

"Stand up, deacon, he means you this time. Stand up and take it like a man, just as I did. It will do you good."—*Selected.*



TWENTY-FIVE hundred representative women of Chicago, who are housewives and charity workers, are to coöperate with the juvenile courts in removing dance halls, ice cream parlors, moving picture shows, and such other things as lead boys and girls astray. Why not put a high license on them like the saloons, if that's a good method to use in extirpating them?



ONE of the machines exhibited at the dairy show recently held in London was a neat contrivance by which butter could be made out of fresh milk in sixty seconds at the tea table.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## CIRCULATING MEDIUMS.

IN these days of railroads and steamships, when the whole world, by communication, is brought into a smaller compass than the little territory of New England was two or three generations ago, everybody is compelled to come in touch more or less with everybody else. In the European countries, when a line is crossed, it is not uncommon to find a new language, new customs, new costumes, a new kind of money, in fact another people; in broad America the expanse is so great and lines are so widely separated that we have a conglomeration of languages and customs, but one kind of money.

Students of philanthropy have had no trouble in arriving at a conclusion that a circulating medium of value should be established so that one kind of money would be good anywhere in the world. This would do away with an endless amount of money changing in which there is considerable amount of grafting, and which would also be quite a relief to the traveling public. It would relieve the government of the expense of the great exchange banks, at least of their exchange systems. It would relieve the school-teacher of teaching the many different systems of computation. With a few exceptions the world is doubtless ready for a movement of this kind. It would be a great advantage if some simple system could be adopted that would eliminate the difficulties in the systems which are more complex. The French system is very simple on account that they are governed by the metric system, which is the decimal system, and certain amounts are raised and lowered by moving the decimal point, which, as a matter of course, relieves mathematicians and accountants of a great deal of labor.

Another thing that would facilitate intercommunication would be a new postage stamp which would be good in any part of the world. There was a time when, if an individual made a voyage to some other continent, he had undertaken almost as great a thing

as to go to some other planet, but modern transportation makes continents but a few days apart. There was a time not very far behind us, when receiving a letter from a foreign country was almost like an angel from heaven. Such things have become commonplace since almost every transatlantic steamer brings a cargo of two or three thousand mail bags.

When the volume of daily foreign mail is considered and the endless amount of trouble and uncomfortable experience business men, postal clerks and others are subjected to by the present system of postal service, it is a demonstrated fact that we need something better. The postal union was a long step toward facilitating intercourse between the people of different nations; but that step was not a final one, and there are other steps to come. We need a new postage stamp that is good anywhere in the world. Foreign correspondence is such a common thing to-day that business men want to do the same as they do at home, enclose a stamp for reply; this is nothing but business courtesy, and yet it cannot be done in our foreign mail. We have no way of remunerating our friends for the expense to which they have gone to answer our letter. It would be no more difficult to issue a stamp of this sort than to make express cheques payable in any part of the world in any kind of money. It may not be within our reach just now, but if it is ever within your reach to say a word in favor of anything that will facilitate matters of communication, be on the alert to do it.

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THANKS.

WE are under the deepest of obligations to the members of the INGLENOOK family, who were so kind as to speak to their neighbors and friends about the INGLENOOK at the beginning of the year. Our subscription list increased a good deal and it is by far the most solid, substantial subscription list we have ever had. We have not one single short-time subscriber on the list; everybody in the family is a full-fledged, high-class member of the family, and this great accomplishment has been achieved through the loyalty of the INGLENOOK family. It is such a little thing for one to do to speak of the merits of the paper to a friend, when he calls, and demonstrate to him how he can ill afford to be without good literature in the home.

Another fundamental reason why the INGLENOOK is prospering so nicely is, because lately a large number of readers of the magazine have become so intensely interested in the material presented that they are taking part in the discussion. We have received articles from several new contributors lately, and their work is well taken with the public. When we can once enlist the hearty coöperation of the readers, so that they will take part in the discussion of the vital

questions that are before us, we will have solved the problem of conducting a successful home paper.

If the constituency are satisfied to allow the editor to do all the talking, the paper will not be worth much. It is the exchange of current thought that becomes valuable to the reader. Of course the editor must exercise some judgment as to what should be said in public; very well, he can do that, yet at the same time open parliament ought to be granted to the fertile minds that, from week to week, come in touch with life's great realities. There is no use of each one living over the same routine of experience. When one has learned a good lesson from life, why not let him tell the rest so that it will not be necessary for them to spend valuable time in learning that lesson by experience, when they can learn it much quicker by instruction?

Now then, consider yourself one of the family, with an equal right to help along, both in speaking of the magazine to your friends and in contributing to its columns. Don't be discouraged if your article should not appear the first time you try. It is true, you did not walk the first time you tried, but keep on calling the attention of the public until you are heard. There are only a few fundamental rules governing contributions and contributors. They are these: Have something to say, say it, quit; that's all. If these are obeyed, your article is a success.



#### TUESDAY, MARCH 27, IS INGLENOOK DAY.

TUESDAY, March 27, 1906, has been designated as "INGLENOOK Day." On that day any one may obtain the INGLENOOK for the balance of the year 1906 for 50 cents. INGLENOOK readers everywhere are asked to devote at least a portion of the day to an effort to increase the INGLENOOK's circulation and thus widen its sphere of usefulness.

Some people take a day off to visit their relatives, spend a day in the woods, celebrate Washington's birthday, or to strew flowers on the graves of the dead on Decoration day.

We cannot make March 27 a legal holiday, but we can ask you to put in the day, or a part of it, or even just two hours, for the benefit of the INGLENOOK. Kind acts cannot be paid for in money, and we are not going to offer you cash as pay for what you can do for us. Look here! The price of the INGLENOOK is \$1.00 a year, and it's worth the money too. Many *monthly* magazines are \$1.00 a year. The INGLENOOK is a *weekly*. July 1 would be the regular time to offer the paper to the end of the year for 50 cents; but for a certain reason March 27 has been named "INGLENOOK Day," and we are going to give the paper to new subscribers from March 27 to the end of the year for 50 cents, which will be three months free.

Now, dear reader, will you take the day,—remem-

ber, March 27—one-half a day, or even two hours, and ask a few of your friends to become readers of the INGLENOOK nine months for 50 cents? The only way we can pay you is to make the paper good, then better, and then the best in the world. Do you enjoy it? Your reward will be in bringing enjoyment to others. Your letter enclosing orders should bear postmark, March 27. Do not send any orders until that day. Get as many ready before as you can, but be sure to mail them on March 27.

If every reader of the INGLENOOK would secure at least one new subscriber on "INGLENOOK Day," the list would be increased to more than 15,000.

Every INGLENOOK reader, in sympathy with the work the INGLENOOK is striving to do, is requested to tell his neighbors of the program for "INGLENOOK Day." The coöperation of those in sympathy with the principles for which the INGLENOOK stands is invited. If we may depend on your assistance on "INGLENOOK Day" send us a brief note to that effect.



#### CONSISTENCY.

SOME one has said, "Consistency, thou art a jewel!" Whether he realized or not what a great thing he said perhaps will never be known. But the more we think about it and the longer we live in experience, the more we are able to appreciate the great fact set forth in the proverb. Consistency, when applied, modulates advice so that it can be used. Advice so many times is like clothes that are outgrown. Some people persist in giving advice that was all right two or three generations ago, but they have forgotten that "the world do move."

Again, advice is oftentimes given which can never be accepted because the one giving the advice is guilty of the same fault as the one receiving the advice, only in another way perhaps. The one for whom the advice is given is almost sure to see the inconsistency in the preacher not practicing what he preaches. If sermons were only preached from practice and not theory, two things would happen: There would be a great decrease in the number of sermons preached, and what would be preached would be wonderfully short. In giving advice, a good thing to do before giving it is to try it and see if it works well, and then suggest it to some one else with the same precaution that is used when investing money.

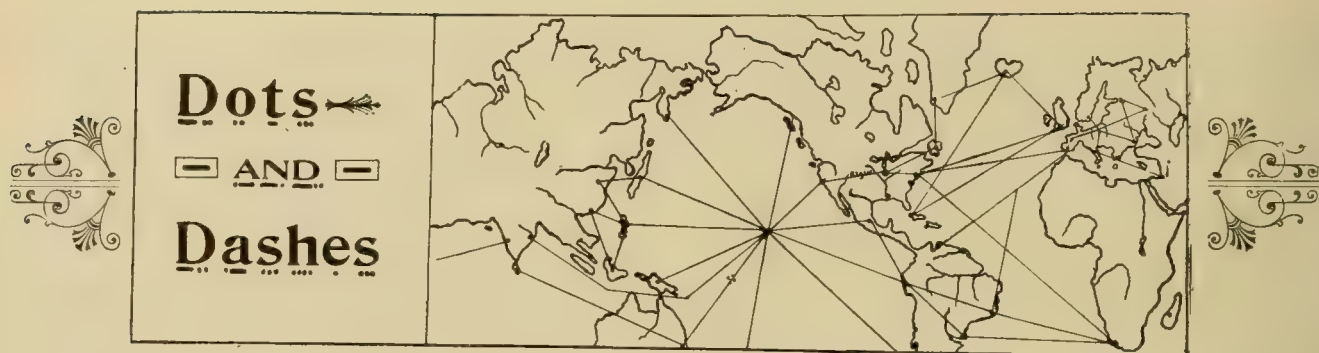


TEN million pounds of shrimps are caught annually on the German coast. Most of them are netted at a depth of thirty or forty feet, but a great many men and women still earn a living by gathering shrimps from the flat beaches at low tide.



THE triumph of the wicked is the longest step he can take toward the devil.





THE Senate has passed the anti-hazing bill.

THE Hungarian Parliament was dissolved by military force.

FRANCE has concluded private negotiations with Germany.

THE Attorney-General of Missouri is making it warm for the Standard Oil.

ATTORNEYS have testified that the reason why process-servers have been unable to find John D. Rockefeller has been at last discovered. It is said that a secret, underground passageway connects his house with the house of his son on the next street, and, through the agency of this subterranean duct, the oil king has been able to flee from the presence of a subpoena. A strong effort is being made by the State of Missouri to take away the charters from the Standard Oil. If this report isn't true, it is too bad that it is out; if it is true, it shows what money will do with a man, even if he is a professor of religion, and again demonstrates the truth of the Bible statement: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

FOLLOWING an outbreak of popular disapproval against the report of the committee on the lighting of the city of New York, which made no promise of a cheaper rate on gas, the authorities ordered an eighty-cent rate. Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, vetoed an eighty-five cent proposal because he favored a seventy-five cent rate, but the council adopted the measure over his head. Elgin still pays \$1.10.

PROF. P. E. SHAW, of the University of Nottingham, England, has constructed an instrument of wonderful delicacy, by which one seventy-millionth part of an inch can be measured. The apparatus has to be suspended by rubber bands from a frame, in a felt-covered box, and it can only be used at nighttime, when all of the factory machinery in the vicinity is at rest. The jar of the machinery interferes with its delicate

work. The machine has already been applied to practical use in the improvement of the telephone, as it will measure the smallest audible movement of the diaphragm. It is expected to serve as a delicate coherer in wireless telegraphy, and, possibly, in determining the movements of molecules of matter. It is a wonderful invention and certainly will prove beneficial to science.

TWENTY-ONE persons were more or less seriously injured, recently, by the derailment of a Wabash train near Columbia, Mo.

THE officials of the Pennsylvania railroad are now investigating the Strang gas-electric motor vehicle. The machine is designed to run upon any standard track at the speed of the fastest passenger train. In general appearance it very much resembles a parlor car. In one end there is a twelve-foot space which contains a seventy-eight-horsepower, five-cylinder gas engine which operates an electric generator, giving fifty kilowatt electric current. The car will climb any grade that a locomotive can climb. It has storage batteries in reserve for grade climbing. A trip will be made from New York to San Francisco, shortly, by one of these machines, with several prominent railroad officials aboard. It is expected that this kind of power will speedily come into use, and especially where competition with trolley lines is close. No third rail or trolley is necessary. A large car is now being built which will pull two trailers. The inventor is Mr. L. G. Neilson, and the car was built at the Brill Works, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSEPH CANNON, the speaker of the house of representatives, claims there are about 1,500 bills introduced into the present congress which, he claims, will require ten years, if each of the bills receives due attention. It is Mr. Cannon's idea that about eighty-five per cent of them ought to be returned to be acted upon by the state. His words on the subject were these, "We are all sovereign men, with the power to assert our rights, yet sometimes we sit supinely down and cry to the National Government to help us." Mr. Cannon is right about it. Thousands and hundreds of

thousands of dollars are spent in lengthy sessions of congress because the people send bills there which should be considered at home. Other representative bodies are often misused in the same way.



THE President has finally approved of the decision of the Canal Commission for an eighty-five-foot level waterway across the Isthmus.



OHIO has demonstrated that employment bureaus are the very thing for the unemployed. Last year employment was found for nearly twenty thousand persons at an average cost of sixty-eight cents each. This is regarded by sociologists to be both cheaper and better than trying to support poorhouses.



GEORGE B. FOSTER, of the Chicago University, has recently written a book, "The Finality of the Christian Religion," which is likely to cost him his position. He has not yet been dismissed, but the question is likely to come up again. Of course he claims that his object is not to destroy belief in Christianity, and that his object is to support that faith on scientific principles; but it will take a bigger book than the one he has written to explain it so that it would read that way. It is high time that this school and a good many others should not only watch the books, but the teachings of the men under their employ.



TWENTY populous blocks in the Harlem section of New York City were deluged recently from the breaking of two water mains by a dynamite blast. The dynamite was used by a construction crew, and, of course, the damage was unintentional. It is supposed the loss will reach some hundreds of thousands.



THE Board of Engineers, acting for the Michigan Central Railroad, has invited bids for the construction of a tunnel under the Detroit river, from Detroit to Windsor, Canada. The tunnel will be a mile and a half long; the work will be directed by the Detroit River Tunnel Company.



SENATOR HALE, of Maine, has now brought a bill into Congress to appropriate ten million dollars to the construction of a modern warship, to be named *The Constitution*, and to be built by the Columbia Safety Steamship Co., of Boston. The plan of the company is to make an immense battleship, which will be non-sinkable and non-capsizable. It seems to be the purpose of the people these days to make a battleship that cannot be destroyed. Then the next inventor makes a gun that will destroy anything that can be made. Following that, of course, the next

thing to do is to make a vessel that even that gun cannot destroy. Now comes one who wants to build a vessel so large and so strong that it is non-capsizable. It is a queer optical delusion that prevents the public from seeing the beautiful harmony existing between the peace conferences of the nations and the continual preparation for war. So long as the general government is running this sort of a bluff on the people, how can we expect our municipal government to be free from counterfeit and pretense.



A FIRE in the business section of Rutland, Vt., destroyed six blocks at a loss of eight hundred thousand dollars.



OUT of nearly eight thousand only two hundred and forty of the INGLENOOK family ask to have their paper stopped, and of course quite a number of these were stopped because of deaths, marriages, etc. This is one of the most remarkable records that a periodical can show. Many times that number have asked to be placed on the list and when "INGLENOOK Day" comes we expect at least a thousand letters asking for admission into the INGLENOOK family. The figures shown above are the best evidence that the INGLENOOK is improving in quality. Have you yet spoken to your neighbor or friend about investing fifty cents on "INGLENOOK Day"? Do it now, before you forget it.



THE New York Insurance Committee has recommended some radical changes in the management of life-insurance companies.



AN official announcement has been made that Professor Ernst has discovered a new method of photographing bacteria, which makes it possible to watch the life of diseased germs, to watch the effect of medicine upon them and to see new facts as to their form, which has heretofore been counted a mystery. Under the present method no picture of germs can be made until they are colored by chemicals, but Professor Ernst uses the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and photographs them without the use of chemicals. The laboratory men will hail the coming instrument with pleasure.



A BERLIN paper says that a Hungarian inventor has produced an electrical apparatus which will enable one man to operate accurately all of the guns on a warship. After the first trial it is said that orders were given by Great Britain, Germany and Russia.



MR. AND MRS. LONGWORTH are enjoying their honeymoon in Cuba.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### THE NEW BABY.

Yes, I've got a little brother,  
 Never asked to have him, nuther,  
     But he's here.  
 They just went away and bought him,  
 And last week the doctor brought him,  
     Weren't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,  
 Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,  
     'Cause you see,  
 I s'posed I could go and get him  
 And then mamma, of course, would let him  
     Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,  
 "Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?  
     Just that mite!"  
 They said, "Yes," and, "Ain't he cunnin'?"  
 And I thought they must be fupnin'—  
     He's a sight!

He's so small it's just amazin'  
 And you would think that he was blazin',  
     He's so red.  
 And his nose is like a berry,  
 And he's bald as Uncle Jerry  
     On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a brick.  
 All he does is cry and kick,  
     He can't stop;  
 Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—  
 I don't see why pa don't change him  
     At the shop.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,  
 And we really didn't need him  
     More'n a frog.  
 Why'd they buy a baby brother  
 When they know I'd good deal ruther  
     Have a dog?

—Kansas Farmer.



### COMPENSATION.

W. H. ZIEGLER.



UNNING through the universe is a law unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, yea, changeless as God himself. We call it the law of compensation. In the writings of the masters we find constant allusions to it. Astronomers, physiologists and psychologists recognize its sway in their respective lines of work. Historians record its actions in the lives of individuals and the

progress of nations. Our every act proclaims our confidence in its fulfillment.

Were it not for this inexorable law the farmer would not plow his fields and bury his grain. Apparently it is thrown away, but he knows that by the law of compensation he will reap much more than he has sown. It is by the action of this changeless law that we expect to gather fruit and nuts from the matured tree many years from the time we plant the seed.

Naturalists tell us that no creatures are favorites. All have compensating advantages for those disadvantages they may possess. The fable of the stag illustrates this admirably. A stag one day saw his reflection in the clear water of a pool. He greatly admired his branching antlers and despised the small thin legs. When, however, he heard the huntsman the legs he had so despised soon carried him to a place of safety. He was soon after caught in the underbrush by the antlers he had admired and was killed by a beast of prey.

We find the same law in mechanics. When we gain in power we lose in speed. The same is true of the effect of climate over governments. A cold climate invigorates. A warm climate breeds malaria and pestilence. We of the temperate zone are sure that if we were where there was no winter we would soon be wealthy, raising a number of crops each season. But the effect of the climate is to induce indolence. It is for this reason that we never in all the history of the past ages find a powerful nation in the tropics.

The same thought finds expression in the writings of all our authors. Among fables in which the first intuitions of truth find expression, the one given is an excellent illustration of the fact that the workings of the law were observed in the bygone ages. In proverbs, which, some one says, are the cream of a nation's thought, we find constant allusions to the same law. Observe the following: Give and it shall be given unto you. Nothing venture, nothing have. What will you have? quoth God, pay for it and take it.

In the beautiful song, "The Bird with the Broken Wing," the author says,

"But the bird with the broken pinion,  
 Saved another from the snare;  
 And the life that sin had stricken,  
 Raised another from despair;  
 Each loss has its own compensation,  
 There's healing for each pain,  
 But the bird with the broken pinion  
 Never soared as high again."

Lowell says in that matchless prelude to the Vision of Sir Launfal,

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us:  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
At the devil's booth all things are sold,—  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.  
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.  
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.  
No price is set on the lavish summer  
June may be had by the poorest comer.

Thomas Gray has this to say:

Large was his bounty, his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send  
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

Read on the pages of history the same inexorable law. The excesses of those in power will ever serve to stimulate the oppressed until they as the Barons of England under King John rise against them and greater liberty comes to all. It is this fact, so evident in the past, that gives me faith through the present reign of political bosses and boodlers. Already some few stars are shining forth through the clouds of corruption. With such leaders as Folk of Missouri, Weaver of Philadelphia and Hughes of New York, the people of America cannot help being led to a brighter day.

But you say, If for every gain there is a corresponding loss, if for every good there is an ill, what is the use of striving for the good and true? Why not just drift? The objection to such a course is that the good and true are the only real things. Error and falsehood are mere negations. Let us then cry, "Excelsior."

*Royersford, Pa.*



### AN INDIAN STORY.

WHILE spending a week in New York State last summer I went for a drive one afternoon, down a narrow valley between the hills near the Catskill mountains. By accident I got in conversation with an old gentleman of probably seventy years. He was an interesting talker and told me among other things that he was in the war from '61 to '65. He found I was interested in Indians and told me the following story, which I tell in his own way as near as I can remember:

"It was in '61 when my company—Company E, of the Second New York Artillery—went to the front in Virginia. We were joined soon by eighteen Indians from Tonawanda, N. Y., who were sent to play in our band. Before many weeks they were ordered to turn

in their instruments and go into ranks as privates, to carry muskets and undergo the hardships of soldier life in the Civil War.

"Some objected and after continued correspondence with Washington, orders came to let them go home if they wished. So the government paid their way back to the north. One Indian, Konkopot by name, refused to go, but enlisted in my company, E. At first we fellows were rather careful about associating with Konkopot, but before the end of the first year every man in the company was his friend, he was made sergeant at about that time. He was then about thirty-five years old and a strange fellow for a soldier. He never drank—he saved his money, except what he spent for books. He read very much. His word was as good as his bond, and he always did what he said he would do on time. At the end of the war he had a few hundred dollars and this he took back home.

"Just a few years ago I was in Boston at a reunion and was talking with a friend about another Indian who was on Hancock's staff in the '60's. A young Indian near by came to us and I found that he was Konkopot's nephew. He told me that the old man was still alive and well, and had some money laid by for the rainy days."

As I drove slowly up the valley I thought of the days of '61 and of Konkopot, who had left those he loved and had let the seventeen friends go home while he had stayed to face death if necessary for four long, bloody years, and to give his help in preserving the Union under whose stars and stripes he and the seventeen others had spent happy lives. I thought of the boys at Carlisle and of the many who are always willing to do anything to help along, though not every one knows it as a kindness, but this means all the more to those who do know.

I tried to look into the future and see who the ones are to be who have the courage, energy and character to do the right and best thing and let the seventeen go their way if they will. I could not see far into the future, but of one thing I felt sure; that the future of the Indian, as well as of the white man and the negro will not depend upon the ones who do only the easy thing, who run away from an opportunity to do what is best, because the "fun is over," but it will depend upon the ones who have for a time sacrificed pleasure and comfort that they might do the hard things, the things which the other fellow failed to do.  
—E. H. Colegrove, in *The Arrow*.



THE metal handles of furniture frequently become so tarnished that it is impossible to restore their polish permanently by rubbing or ordinary means. This may be done, however, by painting them with the gilt, bronze or silver paints that are used in decorating, and which may be purchased at any art shop.



### "MASON AND DIXON'S LINE."

#### Origin of the Old Term and Where the Line Really Is.

To the average reader perhaps it will be a matter of news to hear that the old familiar Mason and Dixon line, which figured so prominently in the problems leading up to the civil war, did not come into existence as a result of the arising of these problems, and its original projection was not even remotely connected with the matter of slavery, says the *Memphis Appeal*. An explanation of the causes leading up to the running of the line that was much copied in the '30's was printed originally in the old *Salem Gazette*, a journal published early enough in the last century to print extensive reports of the trial of Aaron Burr. As narrated by this old paper, the running of the line antedated even the revolution, and occurred a full century before the war between the States. This ancient account is as follows:

"Whenever the rights, interests or duties of the northern or southern States, respectively, are in question reference is commonly made to 'Mason and Dixon's line.' This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, the two gentlemen who were appointed to run the unfinished lines in 1761 between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the territories subjected to the heirs of Penn and Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1739, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement in 1739 between themselves. A decree had been made in 1618 by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore and those adjudged to his majesty (afterward to William Penn), which divided the tract of land between Delaware bay and the eastern sea on one side and the Chesapeake bay on the other by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the fourth degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the king's decree imperative.

"But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, 1718, and of Lord Baltimore in 1714, till John and Richard and Thomas Penn (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father William), and Cecilus Lord Baltimore, grandson of Cecilus, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1722. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and was delineated a division by an east and west line, running westward from that cape to the exact middle of the peninsula. Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement and he endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kingly decrees and proprietary arrangements followed which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary

line. This was effected in 1789. But the cause in chancery being decided in 1759 new commissioners were appointed who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open till 1761, when the line was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon."



### THE HABIT OF SAVING.

INDIVIDUALS who save and accumulate sums of money for lucrative investment are individuals who form the habit of saving.

To be prodigal of your resources is natural. It is a survival of the primal nature. Saving is an acquired trait. It is necessary, therefore, to form habits that are conducive to economy. Many men and women who work for wages and salaries find it difficult to save, unless some circumstances force them to it. The fact that this indulgence only means a dollar or a dime, as the case may be, is regarded as a sufficient excuse to spend the money. It will take long to acquire a fortune by laying up the odd pieces of change. Yet many great institutions derive their entire patronage from dimes, nickels and even pennies. The habit of saving means the saving of the little denominations. It is to curb the inclination to spend money simply because the denomination is insignificant. Anyone can save the dollars, big bills and gold pieces.

That the prodigal side of man is understood is found in the devices for catching the pennies and the dimes. To offset this and encourage him to lay by a portion of his earnings, savings banks and the monthly payment plan for real estate, property assurance, etc., are in existence.

Our wealth is our property, in the possession of property is centered our material well-being, our prosperity. The habit of saving, if persisted in, will make all men possessors of property. The value of the property and the measure of our well-being depends upon the amount of our accumulation and the measure of our desires. A thrifty people is a contented people. Improvidence results in want and suffering.

Habits of saving will contribute to individual happiness and to general prosperity in proportion as the habit of saving, thriftiness, becomes a habit common to all people.—*The Arrow*.



### WHAT WATER CAN DO.

IMAGINE a perpendicular column of water more than one-third of a mile high, twenty-six inches in diameter at the bottom. Those remarkable conditions are complied with, as far as power goes, in the Mill Creek plant, which operates under a head of 1,960 feet. This column of water, which, if liberated, would be just about enough to make a small trout stream, gives a capacity of 5,200 horse power, or enough power to run a good-sized ocean-going vessel. As the wa-

ter strikes the buckets of the waterwheel it has a pressure of 850 pounds to the square inch. What this pressure implies is evidenced by the fact that the average locomotive carries steam at a pressure of 190 or 200 pounds to the square inch. Were this stream, as it issues from the nozzle, turned up a hillside, the earth would fade away before it like snow before a jet of steam. Huge boulders, big as city offices, would tumble into ravines with as little effort as a clover burr is carried before the hydrant stream on a front lawn. Brick walls would crackle like paper, and the hugest skyscrapers crumble before a stream like that of the Mill Creek plant. It takes a powerful waterwheel to withstand the tremendous pressure. At Butte

Creek, California, a single jet of water six inches in diameter issues from the nozzle at the tremendous velocity of 20,000 feet a minute. It empties on the buckets of what is said to be the most powerful single waterwheel ever built, causing the latter to travel at the rate of ninety-four miles an hour, making four hundred revolutions a minute. This six-inch stream has a capacity of 12,000 horse power. The water for operating the plant is conveyed from Butte Creek through a ditch and discharged into a regulating reservoir which is 1,500 feet above the power house. Two steel pressure pipe lines, thirty inches in diameter, conduct the water to the powerhouse.—*Scientific American*.

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXX.

#### On Board "Oceanic."

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

From Malta we headed straight for Gibraltar. Several times we came in sight of the coast of Africa; for a while we ran alongside the Spanish coast and saw the beautiful vineyards there, and the farmhouses dotted here and there in contrast with the other countries, where the people live in little villages.

Gibraltar is truly a great fortification, but as Roscoe said when we were in Ireland, it would not be nearly so difficult to take Gibraltar as it would to take the harbor of Queenstown. The fortifications really are on the wrong side of the mountain; it would be the easiest matter in the world for some other nation to fortify the other and bombard the works. The captain informed us, however, that several million dollars had been appropriated to change these to the east side of the rock.

The Strait of Gibraltar at the narrowest place is about eight miles wide. As soon as we passed through the Strait we turned north to Liverpool and passed through the Bay of Biscay, which is always a terror to the mariner.

By the way, I must tell you what we saw just after we left the Mediterranean Sea. The sea was very rough and all of us girls were lounging in our cabin, because we could hardly keep our feet on deck. Roscoe came running down stairs and told us to hurry on deck and see a couple of whales. We followed him and reached the deck in plenty of time. The bull and his cow were floating alongside several rods away; they did not seem to notice our vessel; they were having a good time basking in the sunshine and spouting water. We made various guesses as to the size of these whales, and for fear that our conjectures would be wild we referred the matter to the captain, who took his field glass and scanned them very carefully and said that the male was as long as his vessel. I suppose if we were to tell you that this whale was more than twice as long as the Mayville high school building you would hardly believe it; but you have the captain's word for it and not mine. You know some peo-

ple claim that the story about Jonah and the whale could not be true because there are no whales in the Mediterranean; but we know this one was very close to the Mediterranean; also while we were at Jerusalem, the German consul, who dined at our table, said that he and his surveyor found a carcass of one which had floated ashore south of Cæsarea, which was nearly two hundred feet long. So people must be a little careful about their statements, especially when they are denying the truth of God's Word.

We arrived at Liverpool in good time, waited one day for our vessel to load and we were again on board one of the great transatlantic leviathans. At the end of the first day we stopped at Queenstown for the Irish mail. During the voyage the third engineer told us that we had the roughest voyage that he had experienced in fifteen years. The old vessel just raved and tossed; and if you want to see a real good description of what we experienced read from the twenty-third to the thirtieth verses of the 107th Psalm. This tells it exactly; and, when you remember that our ship was seven hundred and four feet long and it would climb the waves, which were as large as mountains, balance on the crest for a moment and then slide down the other side into the trough, you will not wonder that it seemed as if it would never stop until it reached the bottom of the sea. After having pierced the billows by two hundred feet of her bow, her buoyancy would again cause her to return to the surface and the wild waves, which were crested with sea-foam as white as the driven snow, would dash over our deck fore and aft and beat against the vessel as if to crush it.

When we stood at the wharf and saw this mighty ocean monster, all made of steel and riveted together with thousands of rivets, it looked as if it would stand any sort of persecution by the elements; but when we see her tossed by the billows as if she were but chaff in the wind, we have a small basis with which to contrast the power of God and man.

During the storm a young man from Ireland died on board. He was to seek work in America; his family were to follow soon. It is all over now; he had told someone



his brother was to meet him in New York. The passengers, by collection, raised a hundred dollars to save his body from being thrown into the sea. The captain sent a wireless telegraph message to his brother in New York. The storm made us a day late. When we entered the harbor, the old Goddess of Liberty welcomed us back to our native land. Breakfast was early; baggage was soon made ready; a hasty good-bye was given to the friends we had made on board. Hundreds were at the taffrail anxiously gazing at the crowd on the wharf to be the first to recognize a familiar face. The little tugs were doing their best to pull our great palace up to the dock. She was moving by inches. Handkerchiefs by the thousands were waved. An old lady near by saw her sister waiting for her, whom she had not seen for twenty years. The brother of an old Jew was watching and waiting for him, and the tears were trickling down his rough cheeks unbidden. A young mother, with her darling in her arms was anxiously looking for her husband, who had preceded her to this goodly land to find a home, and she was anxious to show him her little darling that he never saw. There is the hearse awaiting our dead friend. How we pity his brother! Oh! the many anxious hearts

that were expecting someone to meet them. The Mayville party did not expect to be met by anyone they knew, and how sad the thought! Agnes just now said, "How sad it will be when the old gospel ship crosses the great ocean of life and anchors on the banks of eternal deliverance, and the gang-plank is thrown out for the righteous to go ashore, and the angelic choir of heaven comes down to meet the redeemed with palms of victory and crowns of glory, how sad, oh, how sad it will be if no one is waiting and watching for us!"

There! The vessel has stopped and the people are flocking ashore. Our trip is ended; our voyage is over; the Lord has wonderfully blessed us. We will soon be in Mayville. This is my last letter. It is number three-score and ten, and, if we all live to be that many years old, we will never get done telling of the many evidences we have seen that God's Word is infallibly true.

Yours in Christian love,

Marie Stewart,  
Oscar Stewart,  
Agnes Clarke,  
Roscoe Clarke,  
Gertrude Merritt.

(To be continued.)

## The Rural Sanctum

THE question for Rural Sanctum discussion this week will be for the men to handle: "Fences on the Farm." It may be discussed from any angle preferred. Write at once. Don't say, I can't. Do it now.

\* \* \* \* \*

RESOLVED: That the dishcloth is more easily dispensed with in the home than the broom.

**RESOLVED: THAT THE DISHCLOTH IS MORE EASILY DISPENSED WITH IN THE HOME THAN THE BROOM.**

ADAH BAKER.

I BELIEVE the dishcloth is more easily dispensed with than the broom. We find that the broom has had its place even from the time it was used to sweep the cobwebs from the sky.

We have all realized that the cobwebs do not always remain in fairyland, but they persist in finding their way right down into our homes. You all remember the old adage—yet it is so popular that it will bear repetition:

"Where the spider webs grow,  
There beaux won't go."

So beware, girls, before you decide on dispensing with the broom—the most practical antidote for cobwebs.

We are living in the age when woman's rights are being recognized more and more. Now you all know without further argument that nothing will maintain

woman's rights more effectively than to have the broom near at hand as a means of maintaining her equilibrium in time of trouble.

Now look at the question from its sanitary side, it seems that one cannot afford to harbor the dishcloth with its time-honored but truth-telling sobriquet, "The old greasy dishrag." It is a germ-carrier of disease.

If women only understood the practicability and cleanliness of scalding water and scrub brushes, they would see that much time would be saved by dispensing with the dishcloth, and the home would be in a better sanitary condition.

Who could think of permanently dispensing with the broom? We might even be lenient enough to consider the use of a substitute, such as a carpet sweeper, for awhile. But after a few days' use it will be seen that no article, save the broom, has yet been invented that can pervade every nook and corner and clear out the dust that is most sure to gather in such places.

But some one may raise a question similar to this, "Does not the broom stir up disease germs that are in the dust?" I will say that if they are being har-

bored in your house you ought to take off your hat to Dame Broom who is able to bring them into the sunlight where they will be killed.

There are other uses of the broom in favor of its not being the most easily dispensed with, such as scrubbing, sweeping yards, sweeping barn floors and other farm buildings, carpet whipping, mattress and couch dusting, cleaning papered walls, whitewashing trees, scrubbing troughs, and many other reasons which might be enumerated. But I believe that if one takes a broad view of the subject, these are sufficient to prove that the broom is the most useful article of the two.

*Hollansburg, Ohio.*

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### BROOM vs. DISHCLOTH.

ELMA LILLIGH.

I FAVOR the negative side of this question, and will give a few reasons below.

The dishcloth is used three times a day in the home, while the broom is used but once, hence more necessary.

One time failing to use the broom does not make as great a showing of carelessness as one failure to use the dishcloth, as litter is more easily removed from the floor by means of the hands, without the aid of the broom, than food is removed from dishes without the aid of the dishcloth.

Litter can be removed more quickly than a lot of dishes can be cleaned, and a little dirt on the floor does not look as untidy as a great stack of dirty dishes, not saying anything about the pots, and other vessels used in preparing a meal that could not be cleaned very easily without the dishcloth.

We could be careful and not carry so much dirt in the house as to necessitate the use of the broom, while if we were ever so careful we could not keep from soiling dishes.

Besides, the door mat could be used to prevent dirt from entering the house, while dishes are soiled in the house.

Food if left on dishes would decay and be more offensive to the nostrils than dirt left on floors.

Food adhering to dishes would be a greater source of disease, as it would be a greater breeding ground for microbes.

Besides, the broom does not destroy the germs, but merely changes the location, while the warm water and soap which are used in cleaning dishes, help to exterminate the germs.

Vigorous airing would remove many of the germs of disease from a room, better than they could be destroyed from food left in dishes, and a room could be renovated by the use of disinfectants to kill other germs that could not be destroyed by airing. •

The primary use of the broom is for looks, while the use of the dishcloth is sanitary.

And if the argument is advanced that the dishwashing machine renders the use of the dishcloth needless, it could also be claimed that the carpet sweeper could supersede the broom.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

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### WAGES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

GRACE HILEMAN MILLER.

THE following are the average wages paid here at normal times: Day labor, 17½ to 25 cents per hour; ranch(farm) hands, \$20 to \$30 per month and board; milkers, \$30 to \$40 per month and board; clerks, \$25 to \$85 per month; teamsters, \$2 to \$2.50 per day; street car conductors, 23 cents per hour; fruit packers at piece work earn from \$1 to \$2.50 per day.

The following are for eight-hour-day's work: Carpenters, from \$2.50 to \$4.50 per day; bricklayers, \$5 to \$6 per day; laborers, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day; painters, \$3.50 per day; plumbers, \$4.50 per day; lathers, \$2.50 per 1,000. Wages for work overtime, time and half time; for work on holidays, double time.

So much for the men; on the other side of the house washerwomen get 50 cents per dozen pieces; servant girls, \$18 to \$30 per month; children's nurses, \$15 to \$30 per month; experienced nurses, \$10 to \$15 per week; trained nurses, \$15 to \$30 per week; plain sewers, about \$1 per day; seamstresses, from \$1 to \$5 per day; berry pickers (women and children), 1 cent per pound box; orange and lemon packers, from \$1 to \$2.50 per day; quilters, \$1 per spool of thread; house-cleaners, 20 cents per hour. Girls make from \$1 to \$2.50 in the fruit canneries during the latter part of summer and beginning of autumn months; children and women earn from 50 cents to \$1.25 cutting fruit for the dry yards.

We get many letters of inquiry as to wages in Southern California and the chances for the writer to get work; the long and short of it is, the worthy workman who will do what he can get until he gets what he wants to do is seldom without employment. In the winter time when fruit packing is at its height there is more work than the men to be had can do and *vice versa* during some other parts of the year.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*

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AN Arkansas printer, in making up the forms in a hurry the other day, got a marriage and a grocer's ad. mixed up so that it read as follows: "John Brown and Ida Gray were united in the holy sauerkraut by the quart or barrel. Mr. B. is a well-known young codfish at 10 cents per pound, while the bride, Miss G., has some nice pig's feet which will be sold cheaper than any in town."—*Ridge Record*.



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### ON A CASH BASIS.

An eminent physician in P—— had cured a little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps towards the house of her son's savior.

"Doctor," she said, "there are some things which cannot be repaid. I really don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hand."

"Madam," replied the Doctor coldly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendship, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, Doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the fee."

"Two hundred dollars, Madam."

The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank-notes of one hundred dollars each, gave two to the Doctor, put the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly, and took her departure.—January Lippincott's.

### FULL UP.

When the ladies were picking up the dishes after a Sunday-school picnic given to children of the poor quarter several slices of cake were found which they did not wish to carry home.

One said to a small lad who was already asthmatic from gorging, "Here, boy, won't you have another piece of cake?"

"Well," he replied, taking it rather listlessly, "I guess I can still chaw, but I can't swaller."—January Lippincott's.

What pen ought never to be used for writing? A sheep-pen.

Why is a fish-hook like the letter F? Because it will make an eel feel.

Why are bells the most obedient of inanimate things? Because they make a noise whenever they are tolled (told).

What letter is that which is in-visible, but never out of sight? The letter I.

Why is attar of roses never moved without orders? Because it is sent (scent) wherever it goes.

What city is drawn more frequently than any other? Cork.

What is the difference between Charon's boat and the oldest hen in existence? The one is a foul old wherry, and the other a werry old fowl.

If you tumble to the bottom of the second week in April, what sort of Yankee would you suggest? A Down-Easter.

When is a ship romantically in love, and when is she foolishly in love? When she's attached to a buoy, and when she's anchoring after a swell.

What is the difference between a chimney-sweep and a gentleman who finds that the mourning he purchased to wear at his friend's funeral fits him exactly? One is blacked with soot and the other is suited with black.

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is a-loft.

What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.

Which is heavier, a half or a full moon? The half-moon, because the full moon is as light again.

Why are the fourteenth and fifteenth letters in the alphabet of more importance than the others? Because we cannot get on (O N) without them.

### PEBBLES.

#### Hard to be Identified.

A stranger came into an Augusta bank the other day and presented a check for which he wanted the equivalent in cash.

"Have to be identified," said the clerk.

The stranger took a bunch of letters from his pocket all addressed to the same name as that on the check.

The clerk shook his head.

The man thought a minute and pulled out his watch, which bore the name on its inside cover.

The clerk hardly glanced at it.

The man dug into his pockets and found one of those "If-I-should-die-to-night-please-notify-my-wife" cards, and called the clerk's attention to the description, which fitted to a T.

But the clerk was still obdurate.

"Those things don't prove anything," he said. "We've got to have the word of a man that we know."

"But, man, I've given you an identification that would convict me of murder in any court in the land."

"That's probably very true," responded the clerk patiently, "but in matters connected with the bank we have to be more careful."—Pittsburg Index.

"It requires a vast deal of courage and charity to be philanthropic," remarked Sir Thomas Lipton, apropos of Andrew Carnegie's giving. "I remember when I was just starting in business. I was very poor and making every sacrifice to enlarge my little shop. My only assistant was a boy of fourteen, faithful and willing and honest. One day I heard him complaining, and with justice, that his clothes were so shabby that he was ashamed to go to chapel.

"There's no chance of my getting a new suit this year," he told me. 'Dad's out of work, and it takes all of my wages to pay the rent.'

"I thought the matter over, and then took a sovereign from my carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a stout warm suit of blue cloth. He was so grateful that I felt repaid for my sacrifice. But the next day he didn't come to work. I met his mother on the street and asked her the reason.

"Why, Mr. Lipton," she said courtesying, 'Jimmie looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him around town to-day to see if he couldn't get a better job.'"



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter X.

THERE was nobody around the premises that was really in favor of dismissing Sile. The boys knew all about the intimacy that was growing up between Sile and Lucile, but they did not in the least object, for they knew already what a fine fellow he was. Some strangers have the ability to make themselves overagreeable, and after awhile their pleasantness wears off and they become sour, crusty fellows. There is an old saying that "you must live with people in order to know them," which is true, but there is another class of people that can never hide their real characters, no difference what kind of clothes they wear, nor in what country they live, and Sile is that kind of a boy. His real nature has to come out and nobody can say anything about him, but something good. The people here have learned to know him. The only reason why the old gentleman spoke as he did about turning him off was that he had other matters on his mind and had not noticed the development of the love affair between the two as the other members of the family had. As I say, this was not objectionable to Lucile's mother or either of the other members of the family.

There is another point of view from which the boys often looked, and that was that they both hated the dairy department of the farm work. When it came to milking and taking care of seventy-five or eighty cows, it takes a lot of work, and the boys would much rather attend to other kinds of work on the ranch than to do this part. And Sile, as I have said before, was very willing to take care of the cattle and help Lucile do the milking and take the milk to the creamery.

I do not mean to reflect that all of this was because Sile wanted to work with Lucile, because I remember back in Ohio he preferred doing this kind of work to any other, and there is good money in it out here in this country, where pasturage is so cheap, the grade of cattle so good and the price of products so high, and the dairy business pays very well.

When they came to know that there was no re-monstrance against their affections by any member of the family, Sile and Lucile became bolder in the demonstration of their respect for each other, and

it was no uncommon thing for them to go out riding or to attend church at some distant village. So far it has been a difficult matter to attend church regularly in this valley. Sile and I have always been used to attending church regularly, and we miss our church privileges. But the company that owns the land in this valley and expects to colonize it, says it is going to build a church here about the first thing it does, so that the people who come here may have church privileges. I am sure if the Brethren back in the eastern States come flocking in here as we expect them to as soon as they find out what an opportunity is here, they will enjoy that privilege especially.

I am told that there are two or three elders of the Brethren church who are already in the notion of moving into this valley, and by the time spring opens no doubt there will be several of them here. Mr. J. P. Massie, of San Francisco, told me that it is the intention of the company to see to it that the church relations are about the first consideration here.

You see there are to be two or three towns built up in this valley, because the area is too much for one town, and no doubt the church will be in one of these towns, and it will be convenient for the Brethren who locate all over this valley. In a good many instances, where the Brethren have come from the East and started in a new country, they have had to use school-houses in which to hold their church services for a long while, until enough money could be raised from the scanty means they had accumulated in trying to get a start, with which to build a meetinghouse.

Now it is the intention of this company to relieve the incomers from that obligation. Lumber is very plentiful here and the company has any amount of it, and if some of the Brethren could furnish a little work in hauling there could be a church erected here for a very small amount of money, and church services could be had from the very beginning of a settled colony. Sile and I have talked this matter over again and again, about colonizing this valley, and we are glad that the Butte Valley Land Company is taking hold of the project, because there is no use in such a nice valley like this lying here without being occupied, and there is no place in the world too good for the Brethren to locate, and why not have several more churches out here, where the climate is delightful, the soil fertile and the chances for making a livelihood are the best?



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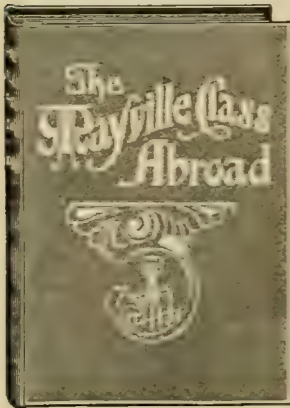
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SOLD 200.

"I sold eighteen books (Mayville Class Abroad) to-day in this town. This hundred is going faster than the first hundred. You will soon have to ship me another. I carry the books with me, as that seems to please the people the best. The book certainly is a good seller. Ship the next hundred by freight, as it is much cheaper."—Fred Viney, College Corner, Ohio, Feb. 13.

### AVERAGES TEN PER DAY.

"The books (Mayville Class Abroad) are going well. I sold fifty the first five days I was out. I have begun on the second fifty. I average about ten a day, and have only called at one house at which I did not sell. I want to arrange for some more territory before long."—John L. Wagoner, Pyrmont, Ind., Jan. 14.

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# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worse more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Pre-paid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you; without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time." J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with x.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in the nose?

Do you have pains across the front part of the head?

Do you have pains across the eyes?

Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper.

1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.

2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
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Name ailment or describe your case.



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We are printing it on much better paper this time and are binding it in our own bindery, insuring a much better book than previous edition.

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglebrook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

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tirely enclosed by  
Cast Iron, includ-  
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the stove, so  
there is no chance  
for rusting. Oven  
Door is Balanced  
by Springs At-  
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of Oven, so that  
the heat will not  
affect it.

The flue back is also cast iron. All  
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for burning wood.

The fire box is so constructed that  
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The high closet is handsomely or-  
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Has a nickel hearth at the front  
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ashes to fall out on the floor.

The base is cast and has broad  
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The trimmings are full nickel in-  
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stands, oven thermometer, open  
hinges, and nickel high closet or high  
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Square Range without Reservoir and High Warming Closet.

Range, as Illustrated, with Reservoir and High Warming Closet.

Range No	Size of oven.	No of Lids.	Size of Lids, in.	Shipping Weight.	Price.	Range No.	Size of oven.	No of Lids.	Size of Lids, in.	Shipping Weight.	Price.
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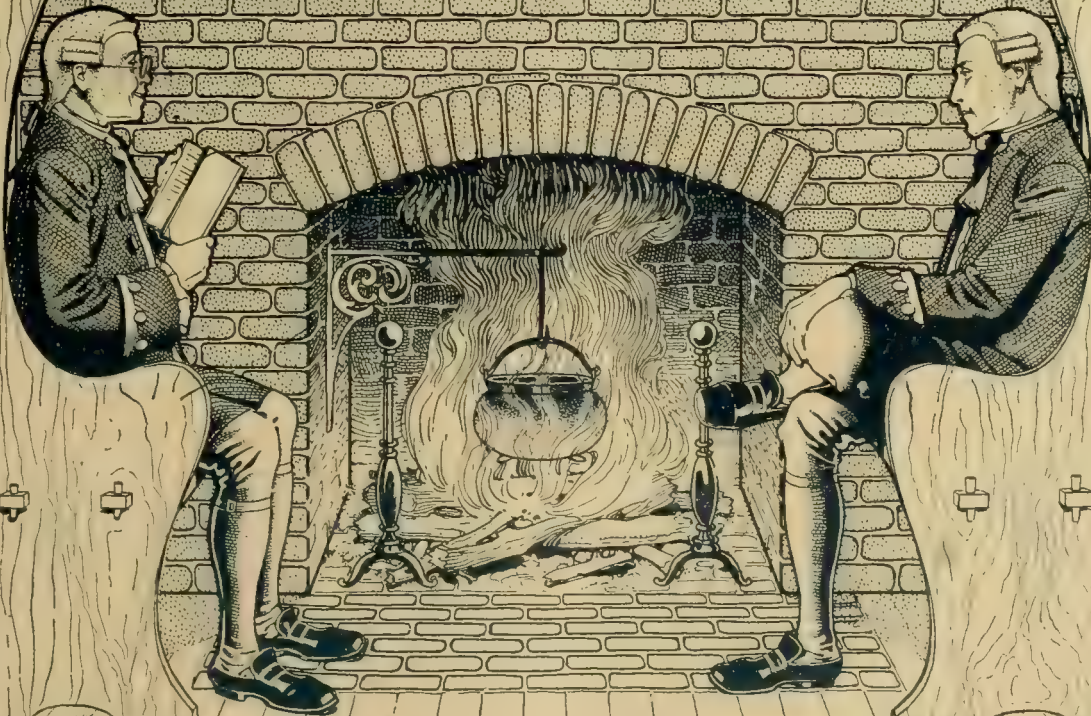
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Roscoe Conkling Bruce.

PUSH, PLUCK AND LUCK.—W. Carl Rarick,  
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THE INDIAN GIRL AND THE HOME.—Sadie  
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in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

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### THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

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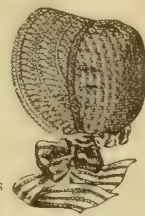
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1st.—Length over head.  
2d.—Width across back of neck.  
3d.—Width of forehead from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet. We guarantee satisfaction.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,  
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## ACETYLENE

Probably you know it is a gas that is made in an apparatus placed in your house and that it gives a cheaper, better and safer light than city gas. It is also used for cooking. Especially adapted for homes, churches and business houses. Requires but about twenty minutes' attention once a month. Over 100,000 homes lighted with it and its use rapidly increasing.

I make and sell one of the best generators on the market and am looking for a good place to establish a branch factory. If you or your friends would be interested in a good paying proposition, write me. Will also be pleased to answer any question about placing this light in your home, church or business house.

JOHN E. STRAYER,  
Waterloo, Iowa.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



# WHAT A DOCTOR SAYS

about a well-known herb-remedy. It is not very often that a member of the profession will recognize merit in a ready-prepared medicine. The ethics of his profession will not permit it. It is, however, gratifying to learn that there are physicians who have the moral courage to express their convictions and who are not so blinded by professional prejudices but what they can see merit where merit exists. Dr. Henry D. Huy, of Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows concerning DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER: "Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill. Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the trial which I made of your DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has been very satisfactory. The case, which came under my observation, can be classified under the general heading of 'old age.' The first doses administered acted as an alterative and changed the condition of the patient. The result was so favorable that it was thought advisable to continue its use. Its effect in vitalizing and toning up the vital organs of the body has been very marked and highly curative. There seems to be a steady and continuous improvement and good results are in view. I shall gladly continue to recommend the use of this honest remedy whenever occasion demands it and acquaint you with the results. Yours very truly, Henry D. Huy, M. D., 1027 Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Mo."

The above goes to verify what has been said by thousands of others concerning DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. It tones the relaxed organs and stimulates them to natural action. It regulates the bowels and purifies the blood. It is mild in effect, prompt in action and certain in results. It is a remedy both for young and old.

## SUFFERING WITH RHEUMATISM.

Shepherd, Mich., Dec. 12, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I used to suffer terribly with rheumatism, but since I used the **Blood Vitalizer**, which is now about two years ago, I have been in good health, for which I thank the Lord. I do not want to be without the **Blood Vitalizer** in the house. I have disposed of several bottles of the medicine and if it should accomplish as much for others as it has for me, there will be a big demand for it here. I will soon have to send in a new order.

Yours very truly,

R. F. D. No. 3.

Mrs. Emma Vernier.

## THOUGHT SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 28, 1905.

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Dear Sir:—You have not heard from me for some time, as I have been out of town. The **Blood Vitalizer** we ordered has been used largely in our family. We like it and find it very good. It seems to help in all cases of sickness. It have been of special value to my wife. She suffered with kidney trouble, but is now well. We almost thought she had consumption, she looked so bad. Send us another box for family use. With sincere regards, I remain

Yours truly,

1935 Pierce St.

Joseph Jedlicka.

For further testimonials and particulars regarding this old herb-remedy, send for paper and pamphlet which is sent free to everybody. It tells the interesting narrative of its discovery over one hundred years ago. Remember, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not a drugstore medicine; not an article of commercial traffic. It is supplied to the people direct by specially appointed agents. Address.

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112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

CHICAGO, ILL.

# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

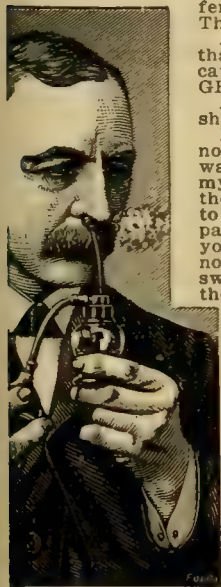
Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worse more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will cheerfully and willingly send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time." J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with x.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in the nose?

Do you have pains across the front part of the head?

Do you have pains across the eyes?

Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper.

1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.

2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO.

Name ailment or describe your case.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MARCH 13, 1906.

No. 11.

## WHEN FAITH IS DIM.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

THE light burned low; the midnight hour  
Chimed from the mantel, sweet and slow,  
As if old Time were loth to let  
His Yesterday forever go.

Outside, the March wind wailed and grieved,  
And swelled in loud and angry roar,  
Liks billows on a storm-swept sea,  
Along a wild and rocky shore;

When from the cot beside my own  
A little voice spoke wistfully,  
Its tumbled, curly head upraised:  
"Mamma! I's 'fraid; p'ease look at me!"

I comfort him his chosen way,  
With loving glance fixed on his own,  
Thinking, meanwhile, how like to his  
The fears of children older grown.

His tiny hand clasped warm in mine,  
In perfect trust he falls asleep,  
Unfretted, though the storms beat on,  
Since love its tireless watch doth keep.

Dear Christ! Thou Father—mother-heart!  
When faith is dim, and round our path  
Strange sounds of strife affright our souls,  
And storm-hid sky no star-beam hath,

Then look thou through the shadowing gloom,  
And like the morning's gladdening ray,  
The love-light in thine eyes divine  
Shall drive earth's terrors all away.

Elgin, Ill.

## SNAPSHOTS.

Many a corporation has been sunk by its floating debt.

An agnostic is a man who doesn't believe in his own belief.

Fortune usually smiles on the man who hustles while he waits.

Contentment is better than money, but it is equally as scarce.

*Example is better than precept.*

*Never attempt to judge a woman's brains by the size of her hat.*

*Some tailors guarantee fits and some doctors guarantee to cure them.*

*If you don't know whether a thing is wrong or not, notice who endorses it.*

*The devil's dye stuffs are not sure colors, and will not stand the water of truth.*

*Most men would die in despair to-day if it weren't for to-morrow's expectations.*

*Hurry, care, sin, are so many blankets thrown over the heart to smother its hungry cry.*

*If a man is obliging and tells his wife everything, she should be generous enough to believe it.*

*Speak softly and carry an olive branch, and you will go far in a day and leave friends along the way.*

*Use what talents you possess; the woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sang the best.*

*To oppose foreign missions because there is so much at home that needs to be done is as foolish as to refuse to doctor a sore foot while you have the earache.*

*A good teacher, like a good clock, works regularly, keeps both hands employed, strikes at the right time, gives every moment its true value, has an open face and always speaks the truth.*

*Do not be discouraged when you seem to be accomplishing little. Look back over the past and you will find that when the most important changes were taking place in your life you did not realize it.*



## ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE NEGRO

ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE, of Tuskegee Institute.



THE weightiest single truth emerging from negro affairs is, perhaps, the increasing segregation of this people in pretty well defined areas or black belts. With the agricultural and social black belt of Alabama I am here particularly concerned. This is the "prairie region" by virtue of a black, calcareous, highly fertile soil, rich in humus, which closely resembles the fertile soil of the western prairies. Thrown over a plain of cretaceous rocks, the Central Prairie Belt is from thirty-five to forty-five miles in width and crosses lower Alabama from east to west twisting to the north. The mean elevation of this region above the Gulf of Mexico is about two hundred feet. Pine-clad hills rising from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet above the plain, enclose it north and south. In Frederick Law Olmsted's classic map of the Cotton Kingdom (based mainly upon the census of 1850), the prairie is designated as producing less than two bales of cotton to each slave and hence a "subordinate cotton district," but as having more slaves than freemen in the population.

Though emancipation secured a certain nobility to negro labor, the geographical location of the major black belts has not greatly changed. Since the war the congestion of negro population has

increased. Restricting attention to Alabama, we find that the twelve counties in each of which in 1900 the negro population comprised over seventy per cent of the whole, form a continuous belt across the State largely coinciding with the Central Prairie Belt. The aggregate population of these counties was 438,000, of which eighty-five per cent was negro. The ratios of negro population to white in this area have been:

1880.....	3.6 to 1
1890.....	3.6 to 1
1900.....	5.5 to 1

In the twenty-year period (1880-1900) the negro population has increased twenty-seven per cent and the white has decreased eighteen per cent.

If the Mississippi Delta black belt be climatically protected against white incursion, the Central Prairie (with a mean annual temperature approximating 63 degrees Fahrenheit and an annual rainfall approximating 51 inches) seems to be protected by stronger barriers than its pine-clad hills—by social barriers. The white farmer is indisposed to immigrate to a region where he and his sons will be engaged in the same grades of common labor as negroes and where white associates are scarce. On the other hand, the negroes find the social climate of white counties, like DeKalb and Winston, where less than one per cent of the population is negro, insalubrious.

Only a word need be said of the immigration of the foreign born into the Central Prairie. Bearing in mind



*Booker T. Washington*

that in 1904 only three per cent of the European immigrants were headed for the South Atlantic States and only one per cent for the South Central, we are

not surprised to find that only three per cent of the aggregate population of the prairie region is foreign born and that almost one-half of the foreign born are in the city of Montgomery. Certainly the Italian peril is in the region of hypotheticals. Although the black, calcareous, highly fertile soil of this royal domain of nine thousand square miles holds out great inducements to white immigration, there seems no reason to suppose that the causes which have built up and are sustaining this social black belt, are apt to decline in potency for at least the next fifty years.

Under these circumstances, it becomes interesting and important to enquire whether tendencies assuring the negro's increasing industrial efficiency, are apparent in the life of this black belt.

At the outset it must, of course, be confessed that the white county negro makes a better showing statistically than his black county brother. Comparing twelve white counties in northern Alabama with the twelve black counties, we find that of the total negro population ten years of age and over in 1900, fifty-one per cent were illiterate in the white counties and sixty-seven per cent in the black. In the white counties the negroes were in charge of 2,800 agricultural holdings and of this number they owned some part of one thousand, or thirty-seven per cent. In the twelve black counties negroes were in charge of fifty thousand holdings, and owned some part of only four thousand, or eight per cent.

"The industrial experience of the two races," remarks the census with oracular impersonality, "justifies the conclusion that the segregation of the negroes in the South or North inures to the benefit of neither race. The negro, at least, makes the better progress the more closely he is associated with the white man and the more he is enabled to see in the example of the white man an incentive for becoming a land-owner. Take away this example by segregating the colored man from the white, as in the black belt of the South, repeat Haiti in a lesser degree, and some of the Haitian conditions are reproduced." Now, a word of caution may be appropriate with respect to the ownership of land as a criterion of industrial efficiency. The value of land in the white counties is low and in the black counties the plantation system operates against the sale of small parcels on easy payments. After all reasonable qualification is made, however, I think it must be admitted (as Mr. L. C. Powers pointed out

in 1901) that on the whole the industrial efficiency of the white county negro is higher than that of his brother in the black belt and that this is due largely to the presence in the one case and the absence in the other of the white man's example. Is the Central Prairie, then, tending toward Haitian conditions?

I wish to indicate one or two considerations which show that the absence of the white man's example has some important compensations in the prairie region.

The first and most obvious compensation lies in the fact that direct industrial competition is a seed-bed of race friction. At best the white man looks upon working alongside a black man at a "nigger job" with extreme repugnance. And to make matters worse, the negro has always greeted a white man picking cotton with jocular scorn; to the white man the joke is exasperating and the scorn intolerable. My personal observations in the Delta of Mississippi



Class in Mechanical Drawing, Tuskegee.

confirm Mr. Stone's contention that the absence of a white laboring class—particularly farm laborers—accounts very largely for the rather amicable relations there between whites and blacks. To a perceptibly less extent in the prairie—in 1900 the ratio of negroes to whites was in the Delta seven and one-tenth to one and in the Alabama prairie region five and five-tenths to one—the amicable relations between whites and blacks are notable. The distribution of lynchings, one might expect, would throw some light upon the relations of the races. But the most recent student of this subject, Doctor Cutler, says: "In the comparison of the percentage of lynchings with the percentage of negroes in the population by counties no correlation can be clearly distinguished." In Wilcox county the Snow Hill Institute for the industrial training of negroes was fathered and is largely sustained by the great planters, particularly the well-beloved Simpson family; in Macon county the work of Tuskegee Insti-



tute would have been impossible were it not for the sympathetic interest and active coöperation of the leading white citizens. Such instances, of course, prove nothing; I cite them merely as illustrative expressions of the disposition of the substantial whites of the black belt to coöperate in movements which tend to raise the level of life of the negro population. For

gation of negro population tends to lessen race friction and in the long run to offer the negro a wider range of industrial opportunity.

A second compensation for the absence of the white man's example lies in the fact that the mass of the negroes quickly find themselves ill prepared to compete even on equal terms with the whites. Mr. C. F. Stout, the psychologist, has called attention to the idea that "probably the most essential factor" in the decay of backward peoples before advancing civilization is their inability to "apperceive" the new experience rushing upon them, to adapt themselves to the social and industrial conditions actually confronting them. Disappointment, discouragement, a haunting suspicion of impending ill, and a broken spirit ensue. To be sure, the white county negro is ahead of his black county brother, but he is very far, indeed, behind his white competitor. Daily and



Finishing Buggies, Tuskegee.

the negro storekeeper to rely largely upon white patronage is rare in the white but no novelty in the black belt. That the small amount of race friction already developed in the white counties has by no means reached its acute stages it were idle to deny. Should immigration from the North or from Europe increase in volume, it would go chiefly to the white counties and thereby tend to make their social climate more insalubrious to the negro than ever before. Germans from the neighborhood of Cincinnati, settling since the war in Winston and Cullman counties, have in some fashion reduced the total black population of the two counties to twenty-eight lonely souls! In the white counties, every industrial advance of the negro, every industrial advantage gained over the competing whites, every evidence of material prosperity, every effort at the industrial organization of black men carries in its bosom serious risks. It is concrete experience of this situation that helps to impel the ever increasing resort of substantial negroes to the protection of the black belt. I think I am perfectly safe in affirming that, by eliminating white field laborers from direct competition with black, the segre-

hourly the superior efficiency of the white impinges upon the black man's consciousness. The white belt produces from one-fourth to one-half a bale of cotton to the acre on poor land—the same product that the black belt produces on next to the best land in the



Where the Students Print the School Paper, Tuskegee.

South. To no small extent the whites use selected seed, plant an increasing variety of crops, rotate their crops, use fertilizers with some intelligence, plow diligently to avert the effects of drouth, readily take to new implements and machinery, stick to their tasks with a degree of constancy, practice many minute economies both in production and in consumption; and



consequently they forge steadily ahead. If the negro learns more rapidly here in the white counties; he loses (I think) much more of his buoyant optimism than is well. "The light-hearted hopefulness or the absence of care which so agreeably characterized the race a couple of generations ago," says Doctor Thom, of the Sandy Spring, Md., negro, whose industrial condition is relatively good, "is largely gone." The struggle for existence in the midst of economically competitive and socially antagonistic surroundings has had its saddening—perhaps its hardening—effect upon these people." Something of that sort I have repeatedly observed in the negroes of the white zone; whatever it be,—and, you may be sure, it is not merely the replacing of childish joyousness with adult seriousness—it bodes no good. And one must remember that in the white zone the black man—the most sociable creature in the wide world—finds himself a castaway and pariah, cut off from the very important social resources of every considerable negro community.

Recognizing that the Black Belt offers some important compensations for the absence of the white man's example, let us note some changes in the Central Prairie region so far as the last two censuses permit.

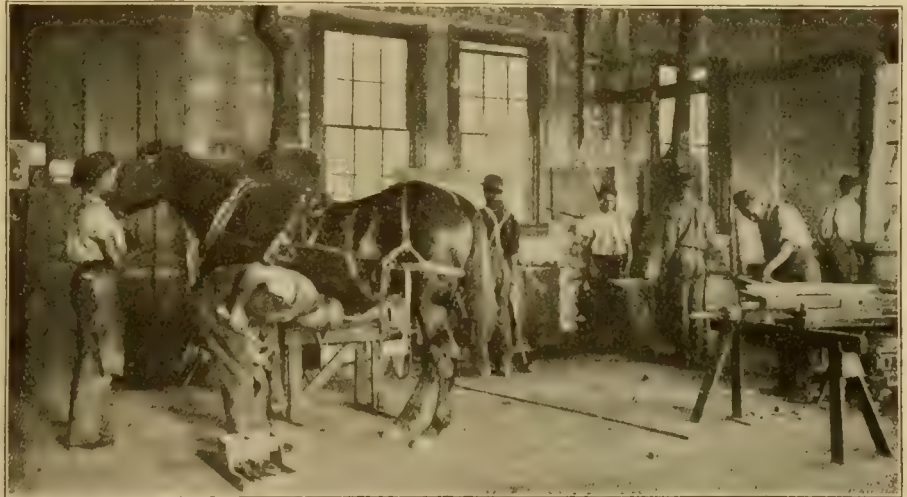
The increase in population from 1890 to 1900 was fifty-nine thousand, in consequence of an increase of seventy-one thousand in negro population and a decrease of twelve thousand in white. The aggregate population of the villages, towns, and cities increased 7.4

per cent, or eighteen thousand. The agricultural population was augmented by over forty-one thousand. In the cities and towns, the whites increased more rapidly than the blacks. The diminution in aggregate white population is due to serious losses in the agricultural districts; and, hence, the proportion of negro farmers is much greater to-day than in 1890.

In considering the matter of farm ownership, in the Central Prairie, one must remember that the scarcity of labor in all these years has been enough to tempt every landlord to invoke the utmost rigors of the crop lien system to tie his negroes to his lands; and that the profitableness of the tenant system in the Central Prairie is such as to prevent effectually any considerable offering for sale of small parcels of land on reasonable terms. There was an increase in the aggregate number of persons who own some part of the land they till—from nine thousand six hundred to eleven thousand, or 13.6 per cent; but the propor-

tion of owners to the aggregate number of farmers decreased from 21.7 per cent to 17.8 per cent. In view of the decrease by emigration of over twelve thousand whites; and the increase of over seventy-one thousand in negro population, largely by immigration; and the probable consolidation of landholdings consequent upon the rising price of cotton,—in view of these considerations, I see no reason to assume any decrease in the number of negro farm owners. On the contrary, if there was a general betterment of conditions among the great body of black farmers, there would be good ground to assume an increase in the number of negro farm owners.

Gradual but substantial improvement in the industrial condition of the great body of negro farmers in the Central Prairie is certain,—such a statement is abundantly justified, I feel, by my personal observation and enquiry of experienced and competent critics. But, there is happily some statistical evidence to the



In the Blacksmith Shop, Tuskegee.

same effect. From farm laborer to share tenant, from share tenant to cash tenant, and from cash tenant to owner—these are, broadly speaking, the steps which the negro must take toward economic independence. "The renter for fixed money rental," says Doctor DuBois very truly, "belongs in the highest of the emerging classes. The sole advantages possessed by this class are their freedom to choose their crops and the increased responsibility which comes through money transactions. While some of the renters differ little in condition from the metayers, yet on the whole they are a more intelligent and responsible class, and are the ones who eventually become landowners." It is precisely in the enlargement of this class that we should look for the negro's industrial advance. Now, the aggregate number of agricultural holdings in 1890 was forty thousand four hundred; whereas ten years later the number had increased to sixty-one thousand four hundred, of which 81.7 per cent were in charge



of negro farmers. In spite of a decrease which must have been considerable, in the number as well as in the proportion of white farmers, the number of cash tenants has increased from sixty-four per cent of all tenants to eighty-four per cent; the increase in absolute number was almost six times as great as the total number of white cash tenants in 1900. Despite the immigration, there has unquestionably been, therefore, notable improvement in the condition of the masses of the black farmers. Of the fifty thousand negro farmers in the Central Prairie region in 1900, 77.5 per cent were cash tenants. That this improvement in industrial condition is an expression of increasing efficiency, I think there can be no reasonable doubt.

This conviction is not weakened by inspection of the statistics of tenure of farm homes. (The figures for 1890 and for 1900—the first referring to *all* families and the second to *private* families—are so nearly similar in character that proportions based upon one

blackest of Alabama's black belts have, I believe, substantially improved. Segregation has doubtless retarded immediate natural progress by eliminating the white man's example; the progress made has been won without that advantage and will doggedly be held. The Black Belt folk are not stolid and stunned; they are hopeful despite the serfmaking proclivities of the crop lien system—hopeful and eager too. To no paltry extent they are shrewd in learning and in applying the lessons of hard experience. Tendencies are clearly apparent in the Black Belt, I say, that substantially assure the increasing industrial efficiency of the negro farmer.

Several very interesting industrial experiments are in progress in the Central Prairie and at least two of them—one at Tuskegee and the other at Calhoun—have already won no small measure of success. The aim of these land schemes is to make possible the buying of small farms in the prairie region on reasonable terms and easy payments. This is wholly a beneficent application of philanthropy at eight per cent. Perhaps the most important service of such enterprises lies in stimulating neighboring planters to build better houses for their tenants, to charge less interest, to temper the asperities of the crop lien.

The work of educational institutions like Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for the moral and industrial training of the sons and daughters of the black farmers, has passed the experimental stage. The aim of such schools—small ones, meagerly equipped, are scattered here and there at points



A Corner in the Shoe Shop, Tuskegee.

of them are "entirely comparable" with similar proportions based upon the other.) 16.8 per cent of all farm homes in 1890 were owned in part by the families occupying them, and 17.4 per cent in 1900. There was an increase of two thousand six hundred, or 33.4 per cent, in the number of owned homes. Taken in connection with the greatly increased numerical predominance of negroes in the agricultural districts; and with the great increase in cash tenants, indicating a general upward movement,—taken in connection with these things, this increase in ownership of farm homes lends very strong probability to the idea that here is a further expression of the betterment of the negro farmer's industrial condition and his enhancing efficiency.

Despite the gravest disadvantages, the industrial condition and efficiency of the black farmer in the

of vantage—is to return a goodly proportion of their students to live and labor as centers of influence in the Black Belt and to equip them specifically for such service. Tuskegee Institute has sent out from its classrooms and shops and farms six or seven thousand young men and women with quickened faculties and reasonable aspirations, with definite skill in some trade or industry, with the habit of continuous labor thoroughly ingrained. These young people have lived in a well-ordered school community administered by negroes long enough to receive its practical stamp and hopeful spirit. It is to such trained black men and women that the nation must look more and more for quickening the pace of the Black Belt negro.

Nor can I omit mention of the very important work of Farmers' Conferences of the Tuskegee type. The Tuskegee Conference has disseminated information as

to rotation of crops, fertilizers, improved machinery, and the like far and wide among thousands of negro farmers in the lower South. The real function of the Conference, however, is not to instruct but rather to inspire. It reaches out for the farmers and their wives, calls them sharply to account for their shortcomings, praises them heartily for their humble achievements, and encourages them to ever more persistent effort. Booker Washington thinks it decidedly worth while to prick the conscience of the Black Belt negro.

In the hurly-burly of a highly energetic civilization bent upon material achievement, the negro is summoned to catch up and to keep up with peoples upon whose habits the discipline of centuries of civilized living has been stamped. For the negro to have caught up in forty-five troubled years of freedom is inconceivable except upon a cataclysmic theory of social progress; that on the whole the negro in the Central Prairie of Alabama has developed notably and shows great promise for the future, is indubitable. The ultimate test is of course not absolute but relative development; but this test cannot be inexorably applied for many years because a vast and growing population cannot be supplanted in the twinkling of an eye.

*Tuskegee, Ala.*

✻ ✻ ✻

Orders bearing date of March 27, accompanied by fifty cents, are good for **Inglebrook** to January, 1907.

✻ ✻ ✻

### PUSH, PLUCK, AND LUCK.

W. CARL RARICK, B. E.



NO man is born into the world whose work is not born with him, and no royal permission is requisite to launch forth on the broad sea of discovery that surrounds us, most full of novelty where most explored. For things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the divine Providence in behalf of the human race. There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.

Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; and force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement are the martial virtues which must command success. Each individual should carry the motto, "I will find a way or make one."

Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute.

What you can do or dream you can do, begin it.

Before the battle of the Nile, Nelson said, "There is no *if* in this case. That we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the tale is a very different question." His quick eye and daring spirit saw an opportunity of glorious victory where others saw only probable defeat.

England and Austria laughed in scorn at the idea of Napoleon transporting across the Alps, where "no wheel had ever rolled or by any possibility could roll," an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery, and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all



Making and Upholstering Barrel Furniture, Tuskegee.

the bulky munitions of war. But the besieged Massenia was starving in Genoa, and the victorious Austrians thundered at the gates of Nice, and Napoleon was not the man to fail his former comrades in their hour of peril.

The soldiers and all their equipments were inspected with rigid care. A worn shoe, a torn coat or a damaged musket was at once repaired or replaced and the columns swept forward, fired with the spirit of their leader.

High on those craggy steep gleaming through the mists, the glittering bands of armed men like phantoms appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon a cliff to gaze at the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude. When they approached a spot of great difficulty, the trumpets



sounded the charge, which reëchoed with sublime reverberations from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Everything was so carefully arranged and the influence of Napoleon so boundless that not a soldier left the ranks. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, so that the long file extending nearly twenty miles might not be thrown into confusion. In four days the army was marching on the plains of Italy.

When this "impossible" deed was accomplished others saw that it might have been done long before. Many a commander had possessed the necessary supplies, tools and rugged soldiers, but lacked the grit and resolution of Bonaparte. He did not shrink from difficulties, however great, but out of his very need made and mastered his opportunity.

Gen. Grant at New Orleans had just been seriously injured by a fall from his horse when he received orders to take command at Chattanooga, so sorely beset by the Confederates that its surrender seemed only a question of a few days. Though in great pain, Grant gave directions and was removed to the new scene of action at once. Things assumed a different aspect immediately. A master had arrived who was equal to the situation. The army felt the grip of his power. Before he could mount his horse he ordered an advance. Soon the surrounding hills were held by Union soldiers. Were these things the result of chance or the indomitable determination of the injured general?

History furnishes thousands of examples of men who have seized occasions to accomplish results deemed impossible by those less resolute. Prompt decision and whole-souled action sweep the world before them.

True, there has been but one Napoleon; but on the other hand, the Alps that oppose the progress of the average American youth are not as high or dangerous as the summits crossed by the Corsican.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities. Seize common occasions and make them great. You are now on a level with those who are finally to succeed.

Henry Clay, the "millboy of the slashes," was one of seven children of a widow too poor to send him to any but a common country school, where he was drilled only in the "three R's." But he used every spare moment to study without a teacher, and in after years he was a king among self-made men. The boy who had learned to speak in a barn, with only a cow and a horse for an audience, became one of the greatest of American orators and statesmen.

The poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him.

The continual exercise of the will gains the day for man. Character is power, is influence; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support,

and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor and happiness. This is only to be gotten through the long struggle of years.

To-day's success is the harvest from yesterday's sowing. To-morrow and forever we will reap what we are sowing to-day. We get out of life just what we put into it. The world has for us just what we have for it. We find nothing in the world which we do not first find in ourselves.

"Life is what we make it. The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." "There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off."

From the same materials one builds palaces and another hovels; one rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins.

It rests with the workman whether a rude piece of marble shall be squared into a horse block or carved into an Apollo, a Psyche or Venus De Milo. It is yours if you choose to develop a spiritual form more beautiful than any of these, instinct with immortal life, refulgent with all the glory of character.

Knowledge, energy, push and pluck annul fate.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn.

"Be firm; one constant element of luck  
Is genuine, solid, old, Teutonic pluck.  
Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowsbars loose the bulldog's grip;  
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

General Grant once said, "I know no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which through all changes of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its post."

Grant never looked backward. Once after several days of hard fighting without definite result he called a council of war. General after general told how he would withdraw or fall back or seek a more favorable position in the rear. At length all eyes were turned upon Grant, who had been a silent listener for hours. He rose, took a bundle of papers from an inside pocket, handed one to each general and said: "Gentlemen, at dawn you will execute those orders." Every paper gave definite directions for an advance and with the morning sun the army moved forward to victory.

Astonished at a command to storm an important but strongly defended position, an officer rode back and said: "General, if I understand your order aright, it may involve the sacrifice of every man in my command." "I am glad, sir that you understand my order aright," replied the silent general.

For thirty days he rained sledge-hammer blows upon Lee in the Wilderness, fighting by day, advancing by night. The country shuddered at such unheard of carnage, and demanded his removal; but ever to his inquiring officers came the cool command, "By the left flank, forward," while he electrified the nation by the homeward dispatch, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." When with the Confederacy at his feet, the storm of vengeance seemed about to burst, his magnanimous words, "Let us have peace," fell like a benediction upon the hearts of victors and vanquished alike.

"There is room enough up higher," said Webster to a young man hesitating to study law because the profession was so crowded. This is true in every department of activity. The young man of to-day who would succeed must hold his ground and push hard. Whoever attempts to pass through the door to success will find it labeled in large letters, "PUSH."

The perfection of grit is the power of saying, "No," with emphasis that cannot be mistaken. Learn to meet hard times with a harder will and more determined pluck. The nature which is all pine and straw is of no use in times of trial, we must have some oak and iron in us. The goddess of fame or of fortune has been won by many a poor boy who had no friends, no backing or anything but pure grit and invincible purpose to command him.

The barriers are not yet erected which shall shut out aspiring talent. Give a boy health and the alphabet and it rests with him what his future shall be. Those who wait for luck and legacies never amount to much. Who ever knew of a man becoming wise or good by luck? Those who have failed in life usually believe in luck, fate or destiny. They will cite numerous examples of men who have made "lucky hits," or who have been "lucky dogs."

Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstances; "It was somebody's name," or, "He happened to be there at the time," or, "It was so then and another day it would have been otherwise."

Strong men believe in cause and effect. Successful men agree that things go not by luck but by law; that there was not a weak or cracked link in the chain that joins the first and last of things.

There is no luck for all practical purposes to him who is not striving and whose senses are not all eagerly attent. What are called accidental discoveries are almost invariably made by those who are looking for something. A man incurs about as much risk of being struck by lightning as by accidental luck.

Is the universe an infinite chaos in which order has no throne? Is law a fable? Has luck ever made a fool speak words of wisdom; an ignoramus utter lectures on science; a dolt write an *Odyssey*, an *Æneid*, a *Paradise Lost*, or a *Hamlet*; a coward win at Yorktown, Waterloo or Richmond; a careless stone-cutter

carve an *Apollo*, a *Minerva* or a Greek slave? Does luck raise rich crops on the land of the sluggard, weeds and brambles on that of the industrious farmer? Does luck put common sense at a discount, folly at a premium? Did luck give Watt his engine, Franklin his captive lightning, Whitney his cotton gin, Fulton his steamboat, Morse his telegraph, or Edison his phonograph?

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character.

Stick to a thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the place you fill and that no one else can fill it as well. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself; go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer.

"I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battles without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust  
Than living in dishonor; envies not,  
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,  
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot;  
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest  
To every toiler; he alone is great,  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

*Indianapolis, Ind.*

\*\*\*

GLASGOW, Scotland, has the biggest rope ever made. Strangers view it as one of the sights of the city. Manufactured to haul cars through one of the subways, the rope is seven miles long, four and five-eighths inches in circumference, and weighs nearly sixty tons. It is made of one unjointed and unspliced length of crucible steel.

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ALL railway employes in Prussia will, hereafter, be examined once in five years. For those no longer considered physically qualified, pensions will be provided or other places found.

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A FAINT haze is thrown off by smokeless powder which is clearly discernible through violet glasses.



### WEEDS THAT ARE USED AS FOOD.

THERE are a great many plants, which we are in the habit of calling weeds, that are really good for food. It is well known that the American Indian, in his native haunts, can sustain life for weeks and weeks on roots and greens. Living, as he has, for many years in the wilderness and depending upon his gun and his knowledge of plants for food, he has learned to make use of many plants that the white man simply considers weeds and casts aside as unfit for food.

It is surprising how many of these plants can be used and really make nutritious food. One of the most common weeds is dandelion; it is, however, used by many people as greens, and makes a very good substitute for spinach. Many other weeds which can be used for greens or salads are chickweed, plantain, purslane, oxalis, Lamb's quarters, dockweed, milkweed, pokeweed, sweet flag, sassafras, cowslips, watercress, etc., etc.

Many of these plants that spring up in the garden are uprooted and thrown away as of no value; but if one were depending upon roots and herbs that grow wild, they could very nicely sustain life for a long while, if they knew the value of these weeds.

In the early spring days our grandmothers used to go into the fields and along the roadside to gather a "mess" of greens; they were familiar with the nutritious value of many of these plants, which we call weeds. They gathered them, whole basketfuls, carried them home, washed them, put them on in a great iron pot, adding water, and letting them boil a few minutes, pouring off the first water, and then set them boiling again, with a piece of fat pork, and salt and pepper as seasoning. When these plants are cooked very tender and served with vinegar they make a healthful and nutritious dish.

It is interesting to know that some of these plants, which we are in the habit of calling weeds, were once cultivated. For instance, the despised plantain, which we put forth so much energy to destroy and drive out of our yards, was once cultivated as a salad plant. It was called the Star of the Earth.

While the usual way is to mix all sorts of these weeds together for greens, yet there are some of the plants that can be used alone and make a very palatable food. The young shoots of the milkweed can be tied in bundles and used about the same as asparagus, or it can be parboiled with pork and potatoes and all served together in the same dish. The red shoots of the pokeweed, which can be found on the first warm days in the spring, should be used when about four or five inches high, and only then. It also can be used alone. When this plant reaches maturity poisonous properties appear in both root and plant, so that neither leaf nor berry should be eaten.

Very few people know that the little greenish flow-

ers of the sassafras plant, when dry and powdered, form what is called the "gombofile" of the Creole. The Choctaw Indians used to prepare it and sell it in the French market in New Orleans.

We are so apt to speak of a plant as a weed, and cast it aside as useless. The very name "weed" has come to mean a plant that simply cumbers the earth; but we should not forget that our own cultivated plants were once simply weeds. We have taken a few weeds and improved them by cultivation, but there are hosts of others that we trample under our feet and pass by, that would yield just as nutritious and healthful food as some of those that we carefully cultivate in our gardens.

While nature is prodigal and produces for the sake of producing, nothing finally comes to stay except those vegetable forms that actually have some value. Every plant has its use; the only trouble is, we have not yet learned for what they are useful, and in our ignorance cast them aside and call them weeds.—*E. P., in Medical Talk.*



### THE SOUTH'S INDUSTRIAL ADVANCE.

BETWEEN 1880 and 1905 the South increased the number of its cotton spindles from 667,000 to 9,205,000, and the consumption of cotton in its mills from 225,000 to 2,163,000 bales. To some readers that on its face may not convey much meaning, but these figures gain a new force when it is remembered that New England and all the country outside of the South in 1880 consumed 1,350,000 bales, or six times as much as the South, and in 1905, 2,282,900 bales, or but a few thousand bales more than the South. Between 1890 and 1905 the South nearly quadrupled its consumption of cotton, while New England increased 28 per cent. A new conception of the meaning of the 3,100,000 tons of iron produced is gained when it is remembered that this is nearly as much pig iron as the entire country made in 1880, and that the 70,000,000 tons of bituminous coal now mined in the South, and annually rapidly increasing, is 28,000,000 tons, or 66 per cent more than the output of bituminous coal for the United States twenty-five years ago. All that has been accomplished in Southern material upbuilding which can be measured by dry statistics is, however, as nothing compared to the value of the experience gained, the capital accumulated, and the realization of power and strength as against weakness and hopelessness of twenty-five years ago. If from Mount Mitchell—the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains—a bird's-eye view of the South could be had, there would be seen a mighty, resistless, onward movement of a people who, having struggled amid the darkness of the wilderness with no pillar of fire to guide them, strengthened in body and mind by the hard but victorious fight, have at

last come in sight of the Promised Land. No longer moving westward as heretofore, the tide of population would be seen to be turning southward. The hardened veterans of the South's struggle for industrial independence are seen to be drawing heavy reinforcements from this incoming tide. Capital, the greatest coward on earth, joins the procession, and the South, beggar no longer, invites the world's surplus money seeking the most profitable field on earth for investment,—invites it not with a beggar's plea, but with the right to say: We are independent, we can stand alone, we have accumulated enough of money and experience to assure a great and steady advance; but so vast is the field, so sure are the returns, that we bid the world a welcome, that all may share in the utilization of our resources and in the consequent wealth to be created. Here, says the South to all mankind, is a region of which earth has no duplicate. Does that statement seem too strong? Examine it a moment.—*From "The South's Amazing Progress," by Richard H. Edmonds, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for February.*



#### SALOON VS. BUSINESS.

WALRUFF'S brewery, in Lawrence, Kansas, was a valuable piece of property. Prohibition made it useless for that purpose and the owner sold the building and left the State. This turned twelve men he had employed out of that into some other industry. Some people called it a "business calamity" to lose that brewery and the wages of the twelve men it had employed. But soon the big building was put to use again as a shoe factory, and now, with about the same capital that the brewery had, it employs one hundred sober operatives.

Supposing the brewer's twelve men to have all been sober citizens, let us compare the business record of the brewery and the shoe factory, allowing that the men have the same wages, which we will put on an average of ten dollars a week.

The brewer's men had their \$120 a week, or \$6,240 a year, to expend in house rent or homes, food, clothing, and household needs. The one hundred shoemakers have \$1,000 a week, or \$52,000 a year, to expend in the same way. The brewery men rented at most twelve cottages. The factory men must have one hundred cottages or lodgings.

Under the new system the builders, butchers, bakers, grocers, clothiers, etc., of the town have one hundred customers in place of the twelve they have lost, besides a large amount of money from other customers that formerly went for beer. More than eight times as much money goes from that factory alone into the tills of the traders and workers of that town as used to go there from the brewery.

The shoes that are turned out harm no one. They

serve a useful purpose, preserve health, and give comfort and pleasure. They are among the necessities of civilized life. There is not an oath, a theft, a wife-beating, a fight or a crime in a thousand pairs of them.

It was not so with the beer. That hurt, more or less, all who used it. Every barrel had in it curses, blights, diseases, lies, abuses and crimes. It created pauperism, filth and rags wherever it went. It turned good citizens into tramps and thieves and made a business of seducing and debauching innocent boys and girls.

The brewery needed a jail, police court, poorhouse, lunatic asylum, and watchmen. Not even twenty shoe factories would ever need any one of these where there is no brewery or grog shop.—*Pioneer.*



#### WHAT IS IN A TRADE?

A TRADE makes you independent.

A strong crutch upon which to lean.

It is a passport to all countries and climes.

A demand note which passes current everywhere.

Something which can be carried in our heads and hands.

The only property which cannot be mortgaged or sold.

It is a calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure.

The one thing that cannot be learned in an academy or college.

A thing about which neither friends nor kindred can quarrel.



WILLIAM MARCONI has been awarded the honor of being the legal originator of wireless telegraphy by the United States Circuit Court. In a suit against the De Forrest Company, Marconi claimed the right, and the judges decided that he was the first to describe and the first to achieve the transmission of definite intelligent signals by means of the Hertzian waves.



WM. JENNINGS BRYAN resigned as chairman of the board of trustees of Illinois College, because his colleagues decided to accept money from Andrew Carnegie. This advertisement didn't cost much, since the salary was not burdensome.



EACH of two steamers which recently left the Chinese port of Amoy for the United States carried fifty tons of bulbs of the "sacred Chinese lily" for the American market. They are mostly narcissus bulbs.



THE Illinois Central Railroad is now in the control of E. H. Harriman and associates, of the Union Pacific Company.



## NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD.

IN a recent number of the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris) there appeared a statistical paragraph on the newspaper press of the world. It follows: "Among European countries, Germany stands at the head with 5,500 newspapers, of which 800 are dailies. England occupies second place with 3,000—809 dailies. France has 2,819, of which, however, only one quarter appear daily or two or three times a week. Italy publishes 1,400 newspapers, followed in their order by Austria-Hungary, Spain, Russia, Greece, and Switzerland. The total number of newspapers published in Europe is about 20,000. In Asia, not less than 3,000 newspapers appear periodically, the largest number in Japan and the British Indies. Africa has the smallest number of newspapers, only 200 dailies being published in the whole continent, of which 30 are published in Egypt, the balance in the European colonies. In America, the newspaper business is very extensive. In the United States, 12,500 newspapers are published, of which 1,000 are dailies; 120 published by negroes. Australia has but few newspapers." Commenting on this paragraph, the editor of the *Daily Consular and Trade Reports* remarks: "If the newspaper statistics given in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* are as incorrect for the remainder of the world as they are for the United States, it would be better had the compilation never been published. Bearing in mind that the *Hebdomadaire* informs the world that only 12,500 newspapers are published in the United States, of which number only 1,000 are dailies, the following statistics compiled in the Bureau of Manufactures from Rowell's American Newspaper Directory for 1903 will show the erroneous statistics given out by the French journal: 'Newspapers published in the United States at the close of 1903: Weeklies, 14,455; semi-weeklies, 499; tri-weeklies, 54; dailies, 2,215; total newspapers, 17,223. Periodicals published in the United States at the close of 1903: Monthlies, 2,710; all other periodicals, 552; total periodicals, 3,262; total newspapers and periodicals, 20,485.' Assuming that the *Hebdomadaire's* statistics for Europe are correct, it will be seen that the daily and weekly newspapers published in the United States are in number nearly equal to the dailies and weeklies published in all Europe."—*Review of Reviews*.



## THE TEACHER'S KINGDOM.

HAVE you ever thought of the little schoolhouse as the seat of a throne where there reigns a sovereign in whose hands are the destinies of a nation? Have you ever viewed it as a kingdom wherein love and loyalty are learned, or crime and treachery grow?

Day after day during the cold winter months this humble abode is the royal palace of the queen whose

influence lasts, not for a few brief years of school life, but for a whole lifetime; whose dominion extends not over a few perches but to the very gates of eternity.

What royal rank the teacher has! How splendid are her possibilities! How excellent should be her qualities! It is a noble sight to see a queenly woman within a schoolroom.

What subjects figure in this kingdom,—little ones fresh from the hand of nature. Patiently, gently, wisely must the teacher deal with them. They are sensitive and singular. They are not always loyal. The teacher shares the common fate of all monarchs. There are conspiracies and rebellions and heart assassinations which blight the grandest efforts. But glorious are the results she may attain. Her subjects go forth to fight the hard battles of life, and if rightly ruled they will win magnificent victories. Their fleets often sail on the briny sea of sorrow, but they will not sink if properly guided under her direction. Her host will vanquish evil if admirably trained.

She rules the most important of all kingdoms. Its success means the overthrow of ignorance and the upbuilding of wisdom. Recognizing then her importance, realizing the preciousness of her subjects, conscious of difficulties to be endured by her, apprehensive of the splendid results she may achieve, let the teacher majestically mount her throne, and under the guidance of the Great Teacher sway her scepter with splendid purpose and superb power.—*L. E. Snyder, in Purple and Gold.*



## WILLIAM R. HARPER, PROPHET.

ONCE he defined the university as the prophet of democracy. And himself the incarnation of the spirit and purpose of his own university, he stood upon our western horizon a prophet—a prophet, worthy to have place with those prophets of the elder day whose scriptures he so diligently searched. The great teacher is always the great prophet in that he foreordains by his teaching. The prophetic power of this man was heightened, multiplied, by his assembling about him hundreds of other prophets, organizing, inspiring, directing their effort, that the prophecy of his ideals should come true; and establishing a school of prophets which for generations should continue; not merely to interpret the past and measure the present, but, as President Harper himself wrote out his aspiration for it, "to lead democracy in the true path." In the very midst of his definition of the university as a prophet, he reveals the militant character of his own ideal prophet,—a university that fights the battle of democracy, its war-cry being, "Come, let us reason together." This is the best depiction of himself,—not a mere interpreter of the past or a measurer of the present, but a militant, dynamic prophet of the future

as well.—From "*President Harper and His Life Work*," by John H. Finley, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for February.



### THE MILITARY USES OF "SKI."

NORWAY and Sweden, being preëminently "Lands of the Snows," it was but natural that the military authorities should turn their troops into ski-ers. For nearly two centuries the modern armies of Norway and Sweden, as distinguished from medieval forces, have maintained permanent regiments of troops mounted upon ski, and stationed for service in regions where their presence would be most useful. Certainly, the Norwegian ski-troops had every advantage against the Swedes in the fighting that marked the early part of last century.

The wonderful dexterity, the swift marches, and the holding of snowy positions thought to be impossible so impressed the powers of Europe in those days that, first, Germany, and then in turn Austria, Italy, and France, likewise mounted some of their Alpine troops on ski,—though, of course, not on the same scale as is the case in Sweden and Norway. The armies of both these nations carry out extended maneuvers on ski during their long and very snowy winter.

Perhaps the most interesting occasion is the so-called "three days' maneuvers," which takes place annually in the neighborhood of Christiania. The troops proceed to a given rendezvous on ski, and encamp in some suitable spot. From here scouting parties are often sent out on a ten days' march across the wildest and least frequented parts of the country, where the only living things met with are bears and wolves. This cross country march would be absolutely impossible to ordinary infantry,—much less cavalry,—no matter how light their equipment. Thus, it will be seen that an enemy not carefully equipped and trained in the use of ski would be utterly helpless in this country, and quite at the mercy of the native ski-mounted troops.—From "*The Norwegian 'Ski' Maneuvers*," in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for January.



### AMERICA'S GREATEST BRIDGE.

THE new bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Quebec will put the East River bridges into the second class. The river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,595 feet. The span of the Williamsburg bridge is 1,600 feet. The Quebec bridge will be 1,800 feet from pier to pier. Its total length, however, will be much less than that of either of the New York structures, because of the elevation of the river banks at the points of approach.

The East River bridges have a clearway of 135 feet above the water level. The Quebec structure will have a clearway of 150 feet. Its width of eighty feet is less than that of either of the New York bridges, the East River bridge being 85 feet and the Williamsburg bridge 118 feet. It will carry a double track railroad, a double track trolley, highways and sidewalks. Its towers will be 360 feet above the river, compared with 278 feet for the Brooklyn and 325 for the Williamsburg. The contractors are an American firm, and the structure when completed will form a part of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from Moncton to the Pacific coast.



### DEPLORABLE DON'TS.

Don't judge cigars and women by their wrappers.  
Don't try to kill two birds with one stone. Use a shotgun.

Don't run into debt as long as you can find a stone wall to run into.

Don't request your grocer to supply you with butter of the first rank.

Don't judge a man by the things his next door neighbors say about him.

Don't forget that the wisest owl occasionally hoots at the wrong time.

Don't sit with your back to a sight draft; it may get too warm for you.

Don't punish children by striking them on the head. There are other places.

Don't waste your time disputing figures. They seldom lie—except in gas meters.

Don't think because life is short that one set of good resolutions will last a lifetime.

Don't forget that the money you intend to save is not drawing interest at the present writing.

Don't worry about trifles. Remember the hole that lets the water in your shoe will let it out again.

Don't imagine that every sad-eyed woman you meet has loved and lost. It's more than likely she loved and got him.

Don't censure a society woman for entering the theater a little late. She probably had to wash the dinner dishes before she started.



PEARLS that are kept under lock and key will, in the course of years, become dull and lose the sheen which makes them so valuable. Pearls never keep so well as when they are constantly on the necks of their owners.



THE First East Surrey regiment of the British army is never without music. When its band is not playing, thirty men who are experts on the mouth organ provide the music, the whole regiment whistling an accompaniment.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## SNOBOCRACY.



ONE of our Chicago papers, not long since, tells of a Wm. N. Frew, Jr., the son of a millionaire attorney of Pittsburg, who had the ill fortune to be chosen as a jurymen on the "Geyser" murder case. Of course there was no other way but that he was to be shut up with the rest of the jury, in a stuffy little room on the top floor of the courthouse. All week long he occupied the same sleeping quarters with the eleven other men, and marched out with them three times a day to a cheap restaurant.

The young millionaire thinks this is one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a soft-handed heir of a soft snap. His imprisonment has been the source of continual annoyance to the parents of young Frew, and has been a continual disgust to him. His parents have sent him home-cooked meals, flowers and reading matter. They say it is just too bad, too bad, the "son of a millionaire attorney" to be compelled to submit to the same inconvenience to which plain, everyday citizens, serving as jurors, are put, keeping the same sleeping quarters with "eleven other men" and marching out with them three times a day to a cheap restaurant!

There is no doubt that young Frew was greatly disgusted and annoyed, but why should he be? Could it be possible that the "Fourth Estate" has fallen under the blandishments of snobocracy, because he chances to fall heir to a fortune without having earned it? Is his flesh and bone any better than the "eleven other men" who earned their daily bread, who were born in the same country, and who were probably just as loyal citizens as he? Why does the American public tolerate such an uprising of caste feeling as this? Why does not the public speak loudly in its disapproval of such demonstrations of bigotry?

However, this is not the first rank or the first class who has run a pretty good bluff on the public to make

any showing at all. What a man lacks in ability and presence, he has to make up with money, because titles in this country are not plentiful. If he lived across the waters he might present his application for a high-sounding title, but since he is a born citizen of America, his only show for recognition among the "snobs" of the upper tens is to begin his abuse of the real men of the country.

Such demonstrations as referred to above are the best evidences in the world of the lack of manhood. George Washington, Abe Lincoln and Ulysses Grant were not afraid to eat and sleep with their men. The greatest men in the world are the men who most fully recognize the manhood of other men. It takes a great man to not despise a little man. If these "eleven men" were really ordinary men, young Frew could not have demonstrated it more plainly that he was a great man than to recognize these little men. But since he has turned them down with disgust, he has not only demonstrated his lack of manhood, but he has also placed in the hearts of those other eleven men a greater disgust for aristocracy than was in his breast for poverty.

It was to be hoped that when slavery was driven out of this country that the caste system was at an end, but aristocracy is a greater slave than ever bound the black man in the South. It makes slaves and fools of people who ought to show themselves to be men. Snobocracy and aristocracy go along hand in hand with absolute monarchy and anarchy.



## IMPRESSIONS.

IN the Publishing House, where the INGLENOOK is made, the foreman of the pressroom says, that during the months of November, December and January, the Publishing House made three million impressions on the presses. Now an impression means the printing of one form, which contains several pages. For instance, an INGLENOOK, which contains twenty-four pages of reading matter and eight pages of advertising, making thirty-two pages in all, is made with three impressions. A page of the INGLENOOK averages a thousand words. Therefore, there would be about thirty-two thousand words made with three impressions.

It would be a safe estimate to say that ten thousand words are equal to one impression. Then by turning it around we would say one impression equals ten thousand words. Then, during the last three months, if there were three million impressions made, and each one represents ten thousand words, we would have the enormous sum of thirty billions of words leaving the Publishing House inside of ninety days, to go on their mission throughout the world.

From one standpoint only three million impressions have been made, but from another standpoint the good

Lord only knows how many impressions these words have made. When we think that not only one person may read the magazine, but that many may pick up the same one and have impressions made on their minds, it becomes an enormous responsibility to be behind such an output. And yet this is what the editors of the papers here at the Publishing House have to do. They are required to stand behind all of this literature which leaves the House and be, in a measure, responsible for the good or evil done by it.

In the study of impressions we find they are of many and various kinds. Besides the good and bad impressions there are heavy and light ones. It is to be supposed that some of the impressions made last for a lifetime, while others pass away with the reading of the literature. There may be a great many reasons for all this. The literature may be put up in such a style that it will create impressions which are indelible, and yet it may be that the table of the heart, or the condition of the mind, may be such that it is not impressionable. In this case it is very difficult to make an impression.

When a man falls on the frozen ground it does not matter how heavy he is, he makes no impression on the ground, but when it is muddy it is easy enough to make an impression in the mud. So after all as much depends on the condition of the reader as on the writer.

Now the lesson that is to be drawn from all of this is simply this: If one publishing house can send out thirty billions of words in ninety days, on the aggregate, and not a very large publishing house at that, what could the INGLENOOK family do in one year towards making good or bad impressions in the world? We will say, for example, that eight thousand Inglenooks go about their daily tasks, meeting all sorts of people, in all sorts of ways, telling all sorts of stories, and having all sorts of conversations, how many and what kind of impressions are being made? What kind of impressions have you made heretofore, and are you willing to continue or do you want to change the character of impressions you have been making?

We have noticed in making the INGLENOOK that it is very easy to correct a mistake before it goes to the press, but after the form is once locked up in the chase, and the cylinders of the press begin to revolve, and the magazine is folded and sent out to the world, mistakes cannot be corrected. These are the kind of mistakes that are called irretrievable,—they cannot be corrected. We might send out a thousand INGLENOKS to catch one mistake which had gone out before, but the mistake would never be caught; because it might be that not all would read the correction that read the mistake.

The only way to correct a mistake safely is not to make it, or at least correct it before it escapes your

lips, because when a bad word is hastily spoken it never returns. It may be a difficult matter to lasso a wild horse on the plains, but it is much more difficult to harness a bad word that has escaped the lips in a fit of anger.



#### YOU ARE A PARTNER.

YOU have been thinking and talking about that "INGLENOOK Day," March 27. Well, it's only two weeks off yet; in these two weeks you will see your friends and neighbors several times as you may call on them on errands or as you go to spend the afternoon visiting or calling on them or as you see them on the street; you will have many opportunities to talk about the INGLENOOK and "INGLENOOK Day." We are not so particular what you say about us, only that you say something.

The INGLENOOK aims to bring together such materials, stories, items of news, biographies, editorials, and facts as are not usually found in other journals. The INGLENOOK is not a rehash of other journalism; but it is an independent effort to supply good reading matter to those who love it.

The world is thinking and doing things, and there is no reason why we should not know what its thoughts and deeds are without a rider of evil forever goading us to accept some of his stupefying poisons so common in the current literature of the day.

The INGLENOOK is a clean sheet, uplifting in its influence, moral in its tone, interesting, profitable and varied in its material. Will you tell somebody about it? Especially about the special bargain on that day.



THE sinner has no greater enemy than his own heart.



#### BIRD TRADES.

The swallow is a mason,  
And underneath the eaves  
He builds a nest, and plasters it  
With mud and hay and leaves.

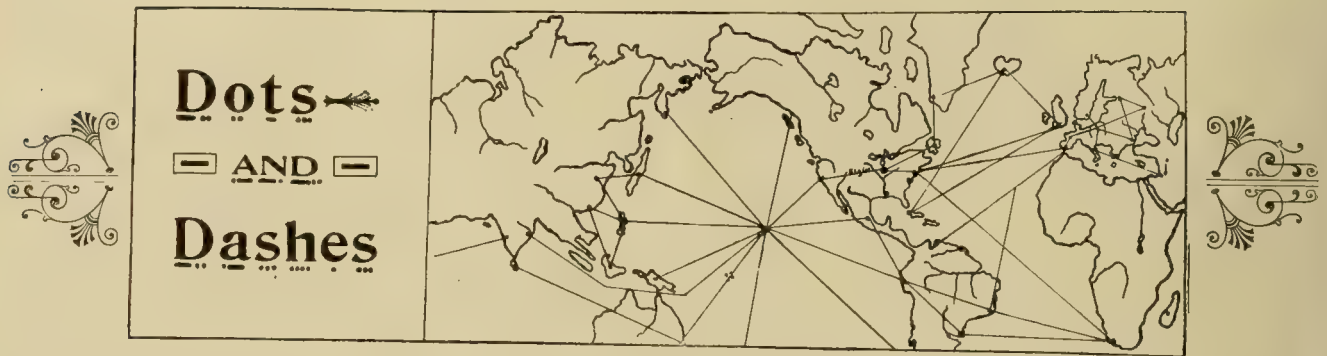
Of all the weavers that I know,  
The oriole is the best;  
High on the branches of the tree  
She hangs her cozy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—  
A carpenter is he—  
And you may hear him hammering  
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners:  
Some build upon the ground;  
And busy little tailors, too,  
Among the birds are found.

—Selected.





THE drainage canal case, which has been pending in the United States Supreme Court, has been decided in favor of Chicago. The court held that the contention, that St. Louis water was polluted by sewage from Chicago, was not established.

CHRISTIANS, all over the United States, and especially in this vicinity, ought to be chagrined and surprised when they learn that in the city of Chicago there are, at the least calculation, ten thousand persons, who, at sunrise, bow the knee and do obeisance to Apollo, the sun god of mythology. In the evening-time they worship Diana, the deity of the moon. It is said that human sacrifice has already been offered, in our own great city to this miserable god. It begins to look as if foreign and home missionaries should join hands and become one solid phalanx, and face the enemy. Christianity will have all it can do to throw off the burden of sin that is committed under the folds of our flag.

THE King of England has been ill for some time. The English press seems not willing to believe in his disability. His hair is quite white and he is compelled to use a cane on account of a swollen limb. One of his majesty's greatest regrets is that he is obliged to give up smoking. If the king had given that up before he began, he would not have this battle to fight in his old age. Even the king cannot meet a formidable foe like that without either conquering or being conquered.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, came near repeating the awful act of two years ago, when a negro murderer was lynched in the same place as the former tragedy. It seems that two negroes wounded two white men. They sought shelter in some old buildings. The buildings were set on fire and the negroes fled. They were pursued with clubs, stones and dogs. The offenders were arrested by the authorities and secretly taken to Dayton. When the people found it out, two companies of militia were required to prevent the mob from following. It is queer that twelve hundred good citizens should lose their heads because the men

were black. Had the criminals been white men the great misdemeanor might have been passed by without scarcely a notice. The whole thing is a matter of race prejudice rather than a united effort against sin and crime. If the twelve hundred will organize themselves and march through the town of Springfield and clean out the cesspools of crime and debauchery, good results will doubtless follow. But crime will never be punished through race prejudice.

SECRETARY ROOT, speaking of the scandals in the Congo Free State, says: "Our country is not in a position to take the initiative step, because it has no spheres of influence in Africa, neither any possessions. Our relation to the Congo Free State is that of one sovereign to another, consequently we are without power to even investigate existing conditions. We do not even have diplomatic representatives in that country." We wonder if it is easier to hunt an excuse to keep out than it would be to hunt an excuse to get in, like we did with Cuba. We seem to have a right to furnish firearms and liquor to help on with the human slavery that exists there.

At the close of the fiscal year, the United States treasury reports \$1,102,002 more receipts than expenditures. February's balance amounted to \$4,474,727.

THE French Compagnie du Nord has just put on the rails a sixteen-wheeled locomotive for drawing heavy loads up steep grades. It is about fifty-two and a half feet long and has a traction force of twenty and a half tons.

A TWO-CENT passenger rate has been declared against by the Commercial clubs of Nebraska, in annual session at Omaha. They also adopted resolutions against passes.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN & Co., the fifty million dollar syndicate, who, four years ago, floated the one hundred and seventy million dollar ship trust, closed up last week with a five million dollar loss to its members.

MR. AND MRS. LONGWORTH spent last week at Santiago, Cuba, making horseback trips over the battlefields of the Spanish War, taking particular interest in Kettle Hill, where the bride's father made his famous charge.

THE Singer Manufacturing Company have announced plans for a new office building at the corner of Liberty and Broadway, New York. From the center of the great structure will rise a forty-story tower to the height of 593.1 feet from the street. It will be sixty-five feet square with thirty-six stories. The remainder of the tower will form a dome. This building will be thirty-nine feet taller than the Washington Monument. The next highest building in New York is the Railroad Exchange, which we mentioned a few weeks ago, which is 404 feet high.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has granted permission to the State of Virginia to prosecute the State of West Virginia with the object of compelling that State to assume its share of indebtedness belonging to the State before the formation of the State of West Virginia as a separate State. At the same time the State of Washington was permitted to sue Oregon to determine their boundary lines.

THE women of New York have come to realize the deadly menace of the evil of street noises in the city. The Woman's Club have directed their efforts particularly against the howling huckster. They say that the women in their homes rarely have an uninterrupted hour of quiet and rest throughout the day. When they get this accomplished, the next job they ought to tackle is to stop the noise in the night, so that the bread-winners of the day may get their rest.

RECENTLY the principal college building of Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio, was destroyed by fire. Three students were burned to death and nine seriously injured. The fire started in the dormitory in the early morning, while all were asleep.

KENTUCKY, Minnesota, Tennessee, Wisconsin and Nebraska have practically decided to conduct jointly an investigation of life insurance.

IN Union College, New York, a class of students of the electrical engineering course had gathered in the laboratory for their usual lecture. The professor was arranging to give an experiment by the use of an electrical apparatus, and Paul Wait, one of the junior students, volunteered to help adjust the apparatus in order to perform the experiment. In so doing he came in contact with an exposed portion of

the machine, and 2,300 volts passed through his body, causing death two hours later. Wait was one of the best athletes in the college, and his father was one of the wealthiest men in the town of Fort Edward, the home of the young man.

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE has won his fight before the Indian Affairs Committee against an attempted fraud in the sale of the lands of the five civilized tribes in Indian Territory.

ANOTHER dastardly crime was committed by a negro at Shreveport, La., who assaulted a little white girl, but a much more heinous crime followed when a mob of what ought to have been respectable people, publicly shot the negro to death, and cremated his body in the presence of the mob. Two wrongs never make one right.

JOHN B. STETSON, the hat manufacturer, died recently at De Land, Florida.

BUFFALO is getting a cleaning out. Mayor Adams has begun the operation of a city gas plant, to compete with Standard Oil. He has told wealthy men, through served notices, to stop swearing off taxes, or he would send them to jail. Wednesday he closed one hundred saloons in one part of the city, and made the brewers' association agree not to sell beer to any more saloons of ill repute. We would like to know what other kind exist. When a business has to exist by the number of lives it wrecks, how can it be of good repute? If the mayor sticks to his proposition he will have them all out.

A NEW kind of strike is on. It is called the American Society of Equity. Their headquarters are at Indianapolis. It is composed of farmers. A call has been issued to the two thousand members, now belonging to it, to withhold from the market all farm products, except at prices named by the society. They want at least a dollar a bushel for their wheat, and a minimum selling price has been fixed for all their selling products.

THE Cash Buyers' Union, of Chicago, has fallen into the hands of a receiver.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., recently made an able defense in behalf of Joseph, who made a "corner on corn" in Egypt by preparing for famine in years of prosperity. Wonder whether he built any libraries.

THE interstate commerce commission will investigate the Standard Oil methods in controlling railroad rates at Kansas City.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### OUR SCHOOLDAY TASKS.

D. D. THOMAS.



Of little worth the gild of sky,  
The lurid setting sun has given,  
Of little taste for poetry  
To him, for money's worth has striven.  
But to the artist yet I know  
There's worlds of wealth for him to gain,  
And to the poet's frenzy glow  
There's hoards of booty for his pain.

We do not live by bread alone,  
Tho' much of toil it takes to get;  
The flowers of a humble home  
Sustain our beating hearts, and yet  
We could not live by these alone.  
God has ordained the body's waste  
Should take of matter, bone for bone,  
As relished by material taste.

Now sentiment is not all loss,  
Nor sentiment is not all gain:  
Each has a physical heart to engross  
With finer nourishment than brain.  
And so as life is passing on  
We look on earth and air and sky  
To shield our young hearts from the storm,  
While schoolday tasks are passing by.

But yesterday we labored not,  
It seems to us so long ago;  
For toiled, we each our axis shot,  
And by our longing, made time slow.  
To-morrow we shall sever ties,  
Go forth to battle, one by one,  
'Neath sunny or 'neath darkened skies  
Until the victory is won.

To-morrow? That may sadden us,  
But we shall think of naught to-day,  
But bounties that may gladden us  
And drive each threatening cloud away.  
Just joy enough to make us glad  
Alike the ether of the sky.  
No freak of earth can make us sad,  
While schoolday tasks are passing by.

Let giddy rounds of folly play  
Its havoc with a ruder crew;  
Tho' launch they on a fairer day  
And look not at the distant view.  
But we will take our work e'en now  
And beat the blessed burden, too,  
And even when the tempests blow,  
Are stronger for the tasks we do.

But while we learn to read and write,  
Let hearts receive a training, too;  
And steer our choosing by love's might,  
And to God and self be true.

The mission that remains for each,  
O, we can fill it if we try,  
By gathering what the moments teach  
As schoolday tasks are passing by.

Harrod, Ohio.



### THE INDIAN GIRL AND THE HOME.

SADIE J. MILLER.



THE Indian girl does not have much of a realization of what self-reliance is, so far as having her own choice in life is concerned. She is chosen to be a wife, in most cases, at cradle age; therefore knows nothing but to follow out the plans others have made. In talking with a Hindoo reformer along this line he said, "It is a deplorable fact that usually not even the parents are given the right to choose the way for their children."

Speaking of American girls the Nook said she ought to be able to dress herself at ten. Well, now, I assure you the Indian girl can do that, but in the majority of cases she does not own clothes up to that age, because she goes entirely without. Yes, she really goes without a stitch of clothing as well as do her little brothers.

She is considered not worthy of being educated. That is, to educate her will spoil her and make her disobedient to her husband. There is a rule or saying among the men that without beating her there is no getting on at all. They very closely follow the saying, for their wives, that Solomon gives to parents for children, *i. e.*, "Spare not the rod." To see a woman sew is very rare. Ask why she sews not and the answer comes—to cook and eat is all she knows,—no one ever taught her, how could she know? Her mother knew not, wherein could her daughter have known?

At eighteen she is married and has been for years, with family cares thrust upon her. Usually at this age the sensible American girl is advancing her education as fast and much as possible. She has other things to speak about besides marriage and matrimony, but in most cases the Indian girl thinks not beyond it. They talk of it in house and home, street and town, waiting at the station or wherever they are. Indeed you have a hard time to get their conversation on anything else.

But let the American girl come amongst them with needle in hand, doing her own sewing by way of mak-

ing all her clothing, knitting, crocheting, hem-stitching and then you hear many regrets, such as, "If we could do so, look at the advantages," and she enumerates them one by one. She is not to blame for her condition but rather to be pitied. To make her own clothing would be an easy task compared to the way American girls must dress. The fact that their styles never change is more reason why she should learn to do this for herself and children.

Not long ago one of our orphan girls went to her former home. There she was associated with young ladies of her own age, this being about twelve years. Did she know herself? Did she feel at home? Under the influence of Christianity these few years raised her many degrees above the standard and parents cried out, "Look at her advantages over our heathen girls! She can read, write, sew and talk sense."

The girl returned to her school work in the orphanage, thankful that she had been snatched from heathendom. Mollie can think and act, arranging for future usefulness in the home as well as our American girls. Thank God for those that have been spared! And would that there were many more thus saved from wretchedness.

In the average heathen house the maidens have perhaps a half dozen earthen vessels for cooking, a small place in one corner, on the ground, where the cooking is done, a few brass plates on which to put the food. This constitutes the house furnishings. No cupboards, cases, chairs. No needles and thread whereby to learn if she so desired. Therefore she is not to be blamed for the little progress made among those of her sex. May the Lord help us to teach and raise the standard in the homes. It requires patience, perseverance and many other qualities which sometimes we think we have not. "Go ye into all the world and teach."

*Umallā, India.*



## PEARL AND HER BABIES.

N. REESE.

SOMETIMES I think we can learn beautiful and useful lessons from animals, lessons that we might not see in people though they were enacted under our very eyes daily. Many of you perhaps do not like cats, but I think the majority of the ladies do, so I hope you will be interested in the story of Pearl and her babies. Pearl is still living, although I am not positive as to the fates of her four children.

She was only a grey and white cat, doubtless you would have called her ordinary, but to us she was very wonderful. She lived in the barn where she had lived for many years and where she had raised her various children. But the babies of which I speak

were only little fluffy balls when we first met Pearl. We were very fond of them and paid many visits to the barn, at which visits Pearl was always present and evinced her displeasure and distress very plainly. Sometimes she was even ungracious and could scarcely be persuaded to leave the nest that we might take the kittens out, and then she would walk round and round the box, mewing plaintively and watching carefully to see that all were returned to the nest. One lady in particular was very fond of the kittens and scarcely a day elapsed that she did not go to the barn, often bringing back one of the kitties with her.

At such times Pearl was distressed indeed. No doubt there had been times when her kittens had gone to the house and did not come back and unlike many mothers, the attention to her children did not flatter her—rather it caused her uneasiness. And I wonder if cats could not tell of fluffy kittens of which ruthless hands had robbed them many times?

One day the kittens were gone. We searched high and low, but without results. We were distressed for Pearl who seemed most complacent as she lay in the sunshine, and if cats wore sleeves I am sure Pearl would have laughed in hers. At any rate it seems to me now that she *did* wink. Many days elapsed before we found the kittens.

There stood in the barn a trap which had not been used for many months. One day it was ordered out and while the horses were being hitched we noticed that Pearl acted in a peculiar manner, even running after the vehicle. Way out in the city we were disturbed by the kittens' voices and under the seat we found Pearl's babies, safe and sound. No wonder their mother was uneasy as we drove away and don't you imagine she was glad to see us come back?

And so when you go to take a kitten from its mother, remember Pearl and her babies and that *she* was just a cat too.

*Kansas City, Kans.*



THERE are times when we all have bundles of old papers which have to be burned, and this is dangerous in a fire grate. The following is the method which will avert danger of the chimney catching fire: Make a tight roll of all the papers and fasten them with some pieces of wire. They will then form a kind of log, and burn slowly without flames. The roll may be made any size, and several burned together.



STARCH and iron wide lamp wicks and wicks for oil stoves. They will not then cause trouble in fitting them into the burners.



A PIECE of asbestos, to be put under anything cooking that is likely to burn, is a very handy thing to have in the kitchen.



## BIGGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

### Don Luis Terrazas's Eight Million Acres Present an Agricultural Superlative.

IN a moment of vinous enthusiasm Daniel Webster put his hand in his pocket, asked how much the national debt was, and offered to pay it himself. A Mexican farmer, Don Luis Terrazas, a great friend of President Diaz, once offered to assume the Mexican national debt; and it wouldn't have kept him awake nights if his offer had been accepted. Don Luis has what you might call a tidy little farm at Chihuahua; about eight million acres. Takes the Mexican Central trains more than half a day to cross it. Whew! Don Luis is thought to own more than a million cattle, but a bagatelle of a hundred thousand or so more or less never bothers him. His stable consists of some 100,000 horses; his sheepfold of 700,000 sheep. From 200,000 to 300,000 calves are branded with his brand every spring. More than a thousand cowboys and so on keep his cattle on a thousand hills. By the way, his farm includes a few mountains, for diversification. At his slaughter and packinghouses near Chihuahua City, 250,000 cattle, as many sheep, and hogs innumerable are killed; and away they go in his own refrigerator cars. Some 40,000 persons dwell on his estate and are ruled by this Arabian Nights farmer, who lives in a two-million (silver) dollar castle and is a swell and nabob such as these United States know not.—"*With the Procession*," *Everybody's Magazine* for January.



## FROM TORCH TO ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THERE is a long step between the torch of the fathers, still in use at the opening of the nineteenth century, and the electric searchlight, of which it was the humble progenitor.

The forerunner of the street light was the basket torch, fastened to a building at a street corner or later swung by a chain across the street. This basket filled with pitch-pine knots made the place quite light. Such a basket, but of enormous proportions, was swung from a crane at the top of a high place in Boston and gave the name to Beacon Hill.

In the year 1660 candle-making became quite common with the Pilgrim housewife. Tallow was not plenty, so the fat of the bear and the deer was added to the tallow, increasing the light but softening the candle, making it less durable. The method usually employed was dipping, with a few moulded candles for "company." To dip a number of wicks were placed upon the sticks a sufficient distance apart, the wicks suspended vertically. These wicks were dipped, or carefully lowered, into a pot of hot tallow on a cold day. Tallow would adhere and quickly cool. This

repeated, until the proper size was reached, secured the "taller dips" of the "mothers."

Not alone was the oil from the sperm what was used as an illuminate, but the fatty substance which gives the name to the fish was discovered to be the most excellent for candles, being more costly, but of greater power. Enclosed in little square lanterns "sperma-defs" candles lighted the streets of Boston, were suspended over the front doors of the wealthy, and adorned the front halls of elegant mansions. That which gave happiness to the young eye of "Dorothy Q," the grandmother of the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is still in existence.—*Scientific American*.



## NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK CITY is a great city. Things happen very rapidly there. Something doing all the time.

Some statistician who was curious to figure out how fast things happen in New York, has taken the pains to collect a large amount of statistics, from which he has deduced a great many interesting facts. Here are some of them:

He has figured out that one immigrant arrives in New York every forty seconds.

One person is arrested for some crime or offense every three minutes.

A child is born in New York City every six minutes.

There is a funeral every seven minutes.

Every thirteen minutes a couple gets married. Perhaps the number thirteen in this connection may account in some degree for the many unlucky marriages.

Every forty-eight minutes a new business firm starts up.

A building catches fire every forty-eight minutes, and a ship leaves the harbor of New York every forty-eight minutes.

A new building is erected every fifty-one minutes.

A passenger train arrives in New York every fifty-five seconds, a little more than one a minute.

Some one is killed by accident in New York City every two hours.

Every seven hours some one fails in business.

Every eight hours an attempt is made to kill some one.

Every ten hours some one commits suicide.

Every two days some one is murdered.

An average of three divorces is granted each day.

No wonder they do things fast in New York. No wonder there is a good deal of stir and bustle there. If all these things are happening at this rate the wonder is that things hold together at all.—*Medical Talk*.



THE British colonies are seventy times as large as the area of the United Kingdom.

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

### THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LXXI.

Many months have passed since our party returned to Mayville. The letters being printed a week apart in the "Mayville Times" required much more time than the length of their vacation. Another term of school is well-nigh gone; a very marked improvement is to be noticed in the teaching power of Miss Merritt. She has a reserve force that is very noticeable to every one. The opening exercises are so interesting that nearly every morning the patrons of the school and citizens of the village attend them. Oftentimes Oscar, Roscoe, Marie and Agnes are called upon to give talks at chapel. The literary society has also been aided very materially by an occasional stereopticon lecture from one of the party. Besides this, you remember that in Marie's letters she has made reference to a number of relics that were bought by the boys. These relics have been used in class work, in lecture work and have been placed in the Maynor Museum to remain there.

It might be well here to give a little idea of a few of the things that were appreciated by the Mayville people in these lectures. Instead of having the regular lecture course as usual, with talent from other places, Dr. Burgess decided to use home talent, and our party did themselves credit as well as the community a great favor. The proceeds of the lectures go to create a fund for the vacation of the next class of graduates.

At one of these lectures the auditorium at the Mayville high school was taxed to the limit. Invitations had been sent to surrounding schools and even to the county superintendent. Our entire party was on the platform. Of course Miss Merritt did the lecturing. Marie Stewart was dressed in the costume of a Mohammedan lady; Agnes Clarke in the costume of a Bethlehemite lady; they secured the services of Elsie Mills, and she represented a Bedouin Arab lady. These costumes were all complete, and, as Miss Gertrude gave a detailed description of the lives of these people, and how it all relates to the fulfillment of prophecy, the audience remained motionless. On the other side of the rostrum Oscar Stewart sat, clad in the costume of a Palestine shepherd. Next sat Roscoe Clarke, dressed as a Mohammedan sheik. They had secured Raymond Tracy to dress as a farmer of that country.

When Marie stepped to the front she had a veil over her face so that no one could see who she was; around her was thrown the Mohammedan dress, which is nothing more than two breadths of goods sewed together with the seam at the waist, one breadth being used for a cloak and the other for a skirt. From the time they are twelve years old until they die, these Mohammedan girls are not allowed to let a man see their face, with the exception of their father, brother, husband, or son; their garb is very simple, easily made, easily worn and easily paid for; the styles never change; a delineator is useless. The costume which Agnes had was quite different; the skirt she wore was worked with a kind of thread of very bright colors. The jacket was of a bright scarlet; on her head

she wore a sort of hat made of red felt and covered with gold and silver coins,—really the imitations of coins. Over and above this hat she wore a long, white veil worked with fancy embroidery, very tastefully; the veil did not cover her face as in the case of Marie, for Marie represented the Mohammedan lady, while Agnes represented the Christian lady of Palestine; but poor Elsie was a sight to behold; her dress was not bad; she had a long, black costume, something like our princess style, but her headgear was something curious. Close to her head was a small skull cap, used only for the purpose of holding in place the elaborate face veilings which she was compelled to wear. This veil is not made of fine texture like the one worn by Marie. On the contrary it is made of heavy coins, nearly as large as our half dollar, only not so thick. These almost cover the face; except a place for the eyes and it quite well represents the Mohammedan lady of the Jordan valley.

The men in the audience seemed heartily to appreciate the costume of the boys. Oscar's shepherd outfit was something new to them all. First, he wore a long, white shirt, reaching to the ankles, having large, flowing sleeves; over this was a koombaz, which was a striped and spotted garment, representing Joseph's coat of many colors. A simple girdle encircled the waist. His shoes were made of ram skins colored red, and soled with camel hide. These shoes, Miss Merritt said, were the same as worn in the days of Abraham and Moses. For a coat he had a simple undressed sheepskin, with slits made in the corners of the hide for the armholes. His hat was a white felt fez, covered with a red one and bound by a kafyeh which was doubled to serve as a band. Between the white and red fez he carried his darning needle, thread, comb, notes, letters, mortgages, a flint with which to light his pipe, and other little things that Americans stuff into their pockets. In his belt he carries a large knife, which he uses to skin animals and sometimes as a weapon of defense; also hanging to his belt you find a scrip in which he carries his food for the day. You remember it was a bag like this in which David put the five smooth stones which he gathered by the brook. In his hand he carries a shepherd's club, spoken of in the twenty-third Psalm; he uses it as a staff by day and a rod by night. On one end is an enlargement as large as a man's fist, with which he pounds the rock in the eveningtime, making a sound by which his sheep may follow him when it is too dark for them to see. The shepherd's crook, so often spoken of and written about, and even pictured in the hands of our Savior, was a thing wholly unknown to him; that belongs to Scotland and some theologian, who was educated in that country and who has seen hundreds of shepherds of the Cheviot hills, has innocently led the public astray by showing this crook to be in Palestine. They have the Bible kind there unto this day.

The costume of the farmer, worn by Roscoe, differs somewhat. He always wears the koombaz, but instead of the sheepskin coat, invariably wears an abbah; these garments evidently is the same garment as was laid aside by our men are made of sheep's wool and striped brown and white according to the natural color of the sheep. This



Savior when he washed the disciples' feet, and like those that were thrown in the way of the donkey upon which he rode into Jerusalem. Many times, instead of the double turban, worn by a shepherd as described, the farmer has but one, because these people are exceedingly poor.

The character represented by Raymond Tracy is again different; Bedouins live on plunder; they live invariably in tents; in fact, they will not live in houses or even enter a house; they are afraid the building might fall on them. In these tents they often have very fine rugs. The abbah worn by a shiek is often threaded with silver and sometimes with gold, and is really the relic of the Babylonish garment. These garments cost a great deal of money. The head covering for a shiek is still different from the other two described. He takes the square kafyeh, folds it cornerwise and places it over his head much as a woman uses a breakfast shawl. Next he puts an igal around his head as a band to hold the kafyeh, then he tucks the kafyeh under the igal so as to make a real good umbrella to keep off the sun.

These were six interesting characters, and the audience

seemed carried away with the interesting lectures given by the teacher. They were also shown a pair of phylacteries, worn by the Jewish priest, a genuine virgin's lamp, a reed like the one with which the Savior was smitten, some lentils like the ones over which Jacob and Esau had their trouble and from which the red pottage was made, a roll of the law made of goat skin, written by one of the scribes, some husks like the prodigal coveted, a handful of pulse like Daniel preferred, an old-fashioned, one-handed plow, a wine skin, the widow's mite, a tear bottle, a seamless garment, and a number of other things which established beyond question that the land and the Book harmoniously agree.

The people of Mayville are not considered skeptical, but scores of them said, as they left the room, each evening of the lectures, that the impression was more firmly fixed upon their minds than ever that the Bible is the Word of God, and that every syllable of it is true. The great heart of James Maynor overflows with joy at the success of his project.

The End.

## The Rural Sanctum

**Resolved: That the Dishcloth is More Easily Dispensed With in the Home than the Broom.**

### AFFIRMATIVE.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

YES, the dishcloth is more easily dispensed with in the home than the broom, because we can wash our dishes without a dishcloth. With plenty of hot water and clean soap we can wash our dishes perfectly clean with our hands or a small brush. Then after they have been washed, if placed in a drainer and plenty of hot water poured over them, they are cleaner than if wiped with a cloth.

The dishcloth, unless carefully cleansed after each using, is a germ harbor anyway.

Then if our dishes are dusty, we can take a fine bristled broom and dust them, and they are just as clean as if we had used a dishcloth.

And if we have cooking utensils, or dishes that are difficult to get clean, we can take a pot scraper, a spoon with the handle broken off is an excellent thing to use to remove any substance that may adhere to them. Then we can use a medium long-handled fine broom to wash them with, in place of a dishcloth, and we need not burn our fingers either, and they are just as clean, too.

But how about those who use the dishcloth to hold hot vessels? Dishcloths are not intended for that anyway. A well-padded mitten or glove, kept especially for that purpose, is excellent, or even a holder made of soft paper is just as good.

True, in many ways it would be disagreeable to be without either. But the dishcloth can be substituted by something just as good, or even better, healthier, and used with less work.

But how could we do without a broom? We could get a substitute for the broom part. But the handle? How could we keep our homes respectable? How could we get the cobwebs from our walls? How could we get the dust off our carpets, without taking them up every day and dusting them? Suppose you had no carpets. How would you get the coarse particles of dirt, wood scraps, etc., that accumulate, regardless of how careful we are? It would be a "killing" task to get down on hands and knees every day with a cloth to dust the floor. No, we must have the broom if we want the "wimmen folks" to live as long as the men. Then, too, in a case of emergency a broom can be used as a weapon of defense, where a dishcloth would amount to nothing.

Certainly the dishcloth is more easily dispensed with in the home than the broom.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*

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### NEGATIVE.

LOUINE HOWARD.

Of all the useful articles used in the house the dishrag and the broom are two of the most useful.

Now suppose the housewife would have to part with one of these useful articles. The question would then be which one would she let go.

We all know the wisest thing for her to do is to thoroughly discuss the subject with herself and see which one she could part with to the best advantage. After her careful consideration of the matter we feel certain she will decide to let her old friend, the broom, go. And why do away with the broom rather than the dishrag?

The model houses of to-day are the ones with the hard wood floors, with or without rugs. Now the broom is not necessary in such a home. The mop and the carpet beater are sufficient. They are also much more healthful than the broom, because there is no filthy dust raised every time we wish to clean the floor. Then, too, it saves the housewife the bother of dusting the furniture so often. We all know some dusting is necessary, but the broom makes about three times as much dust as would accumulate if the broom were not used.

But some may say that the majority of homes do not have hard wood floors with the rugs. Well, this may be true, but many, many do have. Hard wood floors or no hard wood floors! Show me the housewife that would not, on hearing she must part with the broom, take up her carpets, if she owned any, and make rugs out of them, so that she could keep her floors clean without the use of the broom. If she has no carpets she is safe after all, because the broom cannot keep the bare floor entirely clean. The mop and water are necessary sometimes. Now that we are compelled to use them part of the time, why not use them all the time?

What is a kitchen without a cook? A cook without a dishrag? She might as well try to cook the meat and potatoes without heat as to try to get a meal without a dishrag.

Some of your food must be cooked, and tell me how do you expect the housewife or her cook to remove one of those hot, steaming vessels from the stove without a dishrag! It is true, some people use their apron, but this is a very bad habit and well-bred people will not do it. There is nothing to take the dishrag's place in the kitchen.

Some people say that the dishrag is a germ breeder. It is true the dishrag must have the proper care or it will become as many other neglected things.

Tell me how the people without the dishrag wash and wipe their dishes! Perhaps some will say to use the patent dish washer. Well, get a patent dish washer and try it for a while. I venture to say that it will not be a week before the dishrag will be reinstated.

It is impossible to remove grease from dishes without hot water and as three times the amount of water is required for the patent dish washer as is used in

ordinary dishwashing it is much more expensive. Then after all of your expense and bother the patent dish washer will not give satisfaction.

How do you, who are the least bit sensitive about your eating (and the majority of you are), like to sit down at the table and on glancing down at your plate, see little yellow spots here and there, shining like gold? You decide that someone has had eggs for breakfast and at once begin to look about to see what else he might have had. You may see spots of butter on the little butter plates and layers of hardened sugar in your cups and glasses. You might see many more such things. After you have made the search with your eyes you decide that they use a patent dish washer and you get up from the table and leave the dining room, most likely without eating a bite, and why? Because you have lost your appetite.

You may as well try to run a steam engine without steam as to try to run a house without a dishrag. I tell you it will not go. The dishrag is absolutely necessary to good housekeeping.

*Corydon, Ind.*



#### KIDS.

I wonder why some PAs have none,  
And others have so many.  
It seems the poor PAs have the most,  
And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town  
Has just one small boy only;  
But Pa says, Gad! he pities him  
In that big house so lonely.

It seems to me 'twould be so nice  
If kids all come out even;  
And when I asked Pa why they don't,  
He said, "Be quiet, Stephen!"

Then fam'lies all'd have bills like Pa,  
For us five kids together,  
He says, would bust a cattle man,  
We wear out so much leather.

But when the circus comes to town  
Pa's glad he has so many,  
For he has more fun takin' us  
Than if he han't any.

My Pa says some day that he'll be  
Too old to go on workin',  
And then he hopes that none of us  
Our duty will be shirkin'.

You bet we won't! We all love Pa.  
But wouldn't it be funny  
To have your father hangin' 'round  
And askin' you for money?

I've 'most a quarter in my bank  
To buy a bullet-moulder,  
But now I think I'll save it up  
For Pa when he gets older.

—May Kelley, in January Lippincott's.



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

I pity the man who does not work, at whichever end of the social scale he may regard himself as being. The law of worthy work well done is the law of successful American life. I believe in play, too; play and play hard, but do not make the mistake of thinking that that is the main thing. The work is what counts, and if a man does his work well and it is worth doing, then it matters but little in which line that work is done—the man is a good American citizen.—Theodore Roosevelt.

### The Letter I.

I am not in youth nor in manhood nor age,  
But in infancy ever am known;  
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,  
And, though I'm distinguished in history's page,  
I always am greatest alone.  
I'm not in the earth nor the sun nor the moon;  
You may search all the sky—I'm not there.  
In the morning and evening, though not in the noon,  
You may plainly perceive me, for, like a balloon,  
I'm always suspended in air.  
Though disease may possess me and sickness and pain,  
I am never in sorrow or gloom;  
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,  
I am the heart of all sin and have lived long in vain,  
Yet I ne'er shall be found in the tomb.

### Revised Proverbs.

It's a wise son who knows when to ask his father for money.  
The best policy is paid-up life insurance.  
A lawsuit is the thief of time.  
A dollar in hand is worth two loaned to a friend.  
Do a man to-day—he'll do you to-morrow.  
It is folly to be wise to all you see and hear.  
Where there's a will there's a feast for lawyers.  
It is never too late to love or go home.  
Nothing will be done well that you do yourself if you don't know how.  
Go slow and get left.  
When the cat is away the night is quiet.  
A friend in need is a friend to steer shy of.  
An honest man's word is as good as his bond when you've nothing to lose.  
Don't look before leaping when an automobile comes scorching your way.

—January Lippincott's.

To forget God's goodness is as wicked as to break his commandments.

### She Did Not Know.

At the Nice casino, during the season here, I attended, said a Pittsburg woman, a concert given by Seigfried Wagner's orchestra. There were many Americans at this concert. Next to me sat an elderly American woman in a beautiful gown, and a noted Russian Countess was beside her.

The two during the intermission, began to converse. The Russian lady had visited America several times. She

was conversant with American music. She said a number of intelligent things in good English, but my compatriot's replies I was unable to hear. Finally, though, I did hear one.

"Don't you think," said the Russian, "that Damrosch is the best conductor in America?"

"I dunno," said my compatriot, "as I ever rid on his car."

### A Two-Sided Reason.

In the early boom days of Atlantic City a meeting of the City Fathers was held to vote on the question of fencing in that piece of ground set aside by the city for the burying of the unknown dead who were cast up by the sea. Before it was put to vote an old salt, whose mind was intensely practical, arose and expressed his views.

"My fellow-members, in regard to this putting up of a fence, I think we'd better go a little slow. Five hundred dollars is a heap of money to spend to enclose a lot which, God knows, none of us that are out wish to get into, and none of them that are in can get out of."

The fence was not put up.—Freeman Belcher, in January Lippincott's.

The thanksgiving that is based on what we receive will not provide the happiness of the thanksgiving based on what we have been enabled to do for others.

### Why Norah Was Worried About It.

My maid Norah went to consult a fortune teller and returned wailing dismally.

"Did she predict great trouble?" I asked sympathetically.

"Och, mem, sich therrible news!" moaned Norah, rocking back and forth, wringing her hands.

"Tell me," I said.

"She told me that my father wurks hard shovelin' coal an' tindin' foires."

"But that's no disgrace nor sorrow," I said, a trifle vexed at such affection.

"Och, mem, me poor father!" sobbed Norah. "He's bin dead noine years!"

### Taking Time by the Forelock.

A lady, entertaining a guest of importance, was giving final instructions to her maid.

"Now, Polly," she said, "in the morning take a pitcher of hot water up to Mr. X's room. Be sure not to forget this."

"No'rm," Polly answered. The lady thought no more of the matter until the next day, when at noon she remarked casually, "Of course, Polly, you carried that hot water to Mr. X's room this morning?"

Polly beamed. "D' law, Miss Mary, I was so 'feared I mought furgit dat water dat I cy'ard it up las' night."—January Lippincott's.

The Germans are especial lovers of the cities. In the nineteen cities of above 200,000 population, thirty-six per cent of all the Germans in the country live.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XI.

WHILE the boys make a good deal of sport of us in our plans, which they call air castles, yet Mr. Wallace says something will come out of it. He recognizes the fact that when that railroad comes up through the valley this spring, one feature will aid materially in colonizing the valley, and the only thing that a man has to do is to get here and get hold of a farm before the prices double themselves two or three times. I want to get my piece of land set out in apple trees right away, so they will soon be ready to bear. This is a great country for that kind of products, and when they once begin to bear, a man has a future established that will bring him returns every year as long as he lives.

Sile says he would rather use his farm for some other kind of products, because he is going to need returns from his farm sooner than I will. He expects to get a start of cattle from Lucile's father and go into the dairy business at once. And if my guess is right the great day for them is not very far off.

A lot of us were down at the terminus of the railroad the other day, where a number of men of the valley had collected to see the railroad men pushing a new artery of commerce into our pleasant little valley, and a great many questions were discussed, as there generally are in a crowd of that kind. Among other things we took up for discussion was the temperance question. Of course it was discussed pro and con; some of the fellows there liked their whiskey pretty well and others were very much opposed to the liquor traffic. As I have told you before, Sile does not say much until he gets ready, but when he does, you can always understand what he thinks about a thing. One word brought on another until the question of colonizing this valley came up in connection with the temperance business. Some one thought that when these new towns were built up along this railroad, it would be a splendid place to start in the saloon business and make a lot of money. When that thought was suggested, Sile sprang from his comfortable place on a pile of railroad ties, like a mad lion from his lair, his eyes fairly dancing with fury, and said he expected to see to it that the land grants and titles for all the property in that valley would be drawn up, containing the clause that no liquor should

be bought, sold or manufactured, or even used in the valley, under penalty of a heavy fine. He grew quite eloquent. He said that if the people who colonized that valley would ever allow saloons to come into their towns they ought to be punished by fate, by having every one of their sons fill drunkards' graves, and their daughters to live in the embrace of drunken husbands; that they really deserved that as a penalty for their indifference to the welfare of others. The arguments created quite a stir, and I believe that the thing will terminate in good. I know we discussed the question here at home in the evening when we came back, and the question grew so warm and interesting for us that we sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. J. P. Massie, and asked him what arrangements could be made along that line.

You know Mr. Massie is the business manager of the California Butte Valley Land Company. He wrote right back and said that that clause should be under every foot of land in that valley, and that the people who came there could rest assured that if there was ever any intoxicating liquor in that valley it would be brought there; and not only that, but it would have to be used in a very quiet way, or somebody would be arrested and fined to the extent of the law.

I found out when we were down in Southern California that Pomona and Riverside, and other towns down there, have been kept clear of the liquor business, and there are no finer towns in the State than these; they show every sign of cleanliness and prosperity, and we can have just such towns in this valley if we stand up for our rights.

There was a gentleman here from Virginia, the other day, looking over the valley, and when he was driven up and down the valley, noticing the mountains in the distance all covered with timber, mountain streamlets rushing down the valley with fine fish, he said it reminded him of old Rockingham county, Virginia, and he said there were thousands of people down there, who, if they knew what opportunities there were here, would flock in here like an exodus of the Israelites, and I believe that is true. I know there are people back in Ohio, who are reading my letters in the *INGLENOOK*, and they have somehow found out my post office address and are writing me letters until it begins to look like I would need a private secretary in order to answer the correspondence. I wish they would write their letters to Mr. J. P. Massie, 207 Union Trust Building, San Francisco, Cal., and talk to him about it because he knows all about this proposition.



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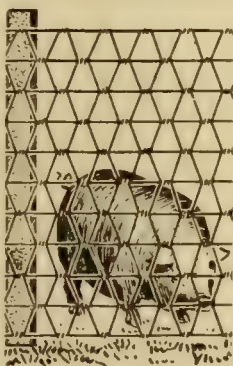
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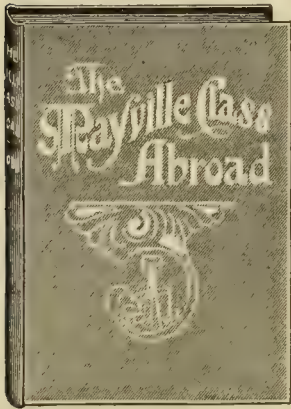
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Via the North-Western Line, will be in effect on Tuesdays, March 6th and 20th. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## 500 Agents Wanted

To Sell Books. Good Books;  
Good Commissions. Write at  
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last," is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



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for Particulars.



# A Few Extra Values in Our Men's Furnishing Department

## OUR SPECIAL LEADER IN NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.

**No. 14B-60.** Here we are offering one of our special leaders in a Negligee Shirt made from Garnier's T. N. cloth and is guaranteed fast color. This shirt is made up with special care, so that it has all the appearance of a high grade shirt and can not be bought at retail for less than 50c. Has cushion collar band, three fancy pearl buttons down the front, full body and sleeves, with cuffs attached. Has a light color background with neat stripes and checks, making it a neat and handsome shirt. Sizes, 14 to 17.

Each .....\$0.35  
Three for ..... 1.00

## MEN'S MOHAIR FRONT SHIRT.

**No. 14B-52.** Men's Fine Negligee Shirt, with collar attached. This shirt has a mohair front and collar; the body is of fine quality cotton which exactly matches the mohair in color. Is a light cream shade and has the appearance of a high priced shirt. Can be had in plain bosom or fancy twirled figures in same color. This is a very popular shirt and is worn everywhere. Made with extension neck band; soft cuffs attached, and four pearl buttons down the front. This is a handsome shirt at a low price. Sizes, 14 to 17.



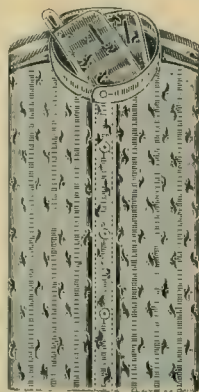
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**No. 14B-64.** Men's Fancy Blue Chambray Negligee Shirt, made from extra good quality cloth in a pretty blue shade. Made with three ¾-inch plaits on each side and one 1½-inch box plait in the center. Each side plait is beautifully piped with white linen, as shown in cut. The white edging shows only 1-16 inch wide, thus giving it a very neat and dressy appearance. To be worn with white collar. Every shirt is carefully made and you will be pleased with the value in this shirt. Cuffs attached. Sizes, 14 to 17.

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## MEN'S EXTRA QUALITY NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.



Each .....\$0.95  
Three for ..... 2.75

## MEN'S SILK FRONT SHIRTS.

**No. 14B-70.** Men's Fancy Silk Bosom Negligee Shirts, made in the best possible manner, with bosom of silk interwoven in fine quality of madras; body of percale to match; patent cushion neck band; shaped yoke; fancy pearl buttons down front and full, large body and sleeves. This is a high grade shirt and will be worn everywhere this season. Retails regularly at 75 cents. Comes in various colors, every shirt being a perfect beauty, and we fully guarantee its quality. Cuffs attached. Sizes, 14 to 17.

Each .....\$0.45  
Three for ..... 1.25

## FANCY PURE SILK FRONT SHIRTS.

**No. 14B-72.** Men's Fancy Negligee Shirts, made with extra strong and rich designed silk bosom, with body of strong percale, exactly matching bosom. Custom made throughout; three fine imported pearl buttons down front. Can be furnished in either light or tan color. This is a handsome shirt and is usually sold at \$1.50. We can not speak too highly of this as a shirt for beauty. It is guaranteed fast color. Cuffs attached. Sizes, 14 to 17.

Each .....\$0.90  
Three for ..... 2.60

## MILITARY SHIRT.

**14B-316.** Our Blue Chambray Shirt cut in military style is an ideal work shirt made from good quality medium weight blue chambray. Is cut with fan-

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Each .....\$0.45  
Three for ..... 1.30

**No. 14B-302.** Men's Single-Breasted Black and White Drill Work Shirt. Made in best possible manner from soft and pliable drill, will not get hard and stiff when washed; is absolutely one of the best grade drill shirts made. We have endeavored to select the best possible made and these are all made especially for us. Size, 14 to 19.

Each .....\$0.50  
Three for ..... \$1.40

## MANHATTAN BLACK CAPE COAT.

**S2.** Manhattan black cape coat is made with a large shoulder cape and is especially desirable for those exposed to stormy weather. Is furnished with a cape overlapping and fastened in front, leaving the arms free; has no binding, girting on any part of the coat; has large fly collar lined with soft flannel and patent snap buckles. Guaranteed absolutely water-proof; sizes, 36 to 46 inches chest measurement. Price ...\$2.50

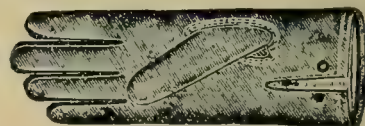


**XX.** Men's best grade rubber coats about 53 inches long with 20-inch slit in back. Double back and shoulders, one inside pocket, ball and socket fasteners and draw buckle on sleeves. Regular size.

Each .....\$2.75

**XXX.** Same quality as above with double storm front. A saving to you of 33¼ per cent in these coats.

Each .....\$3.00



**No. 030.** Men's Patent Cut Railroad Brand Glove. No seams in fingers to hurt or rip. Made of Texas steer hide leather; heat and waterproof; sewed with heavy linen thread; adjusting string fasteners; toughest wearing gloves made; all sizes, from 8 to 10½. Price, per pair .....\$0.50

**14B-75.** Men's Kid Gloves, silk sewed and fancy stitching, gusseted fingers, snap fasteners, light or dark brown colors. Per pair .....\$1.00

**14B-77.** Extra Quality Kid Glove, light weight, best make and finish. Per pair .....\$1.35

**14B-83.** Mocha or Undressed Kid Gloves, finest stock, silk stitching, full cut seams, color pearl gray or brown. Per pair .....\$1.35

Our line of men's hats is composed of such quality that will merit praise from all who wear them. We have revolutionized our hat business by making special arrangements with the largest manufacturers in this country. Order from our large mail order catalogue and then tell us how much you are pleased.



# THE INGLENOOK

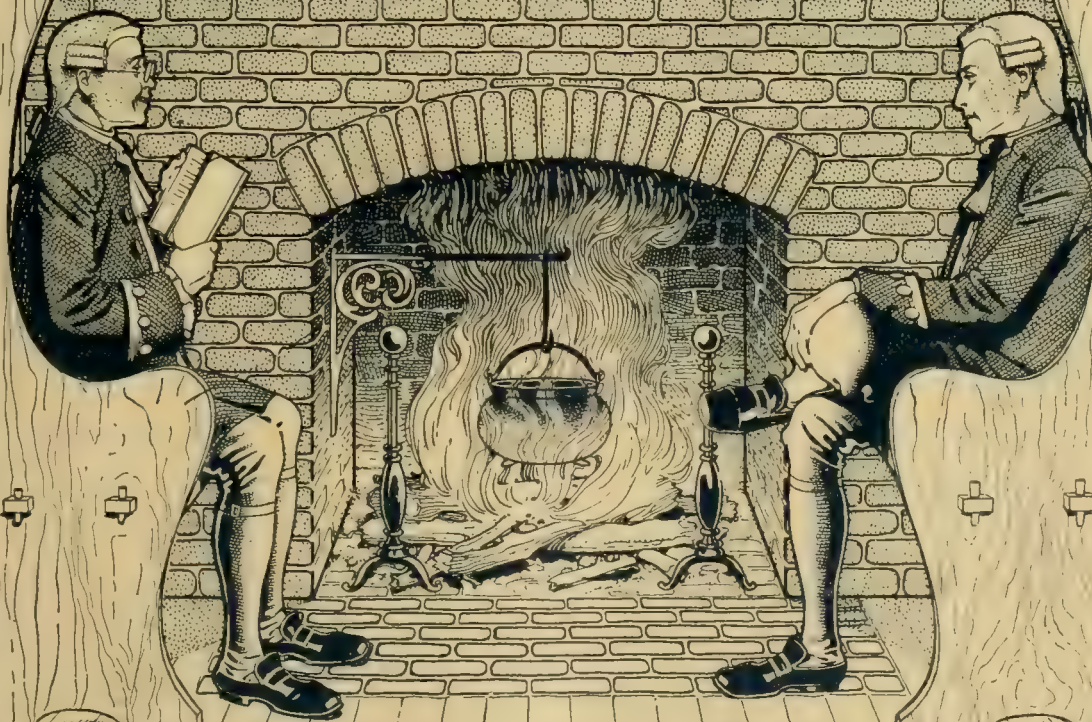
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

BOY IN HIS NEW HOME.—Oma Karn.

OUT OF SCHOOL LIFE INTO LIFE'S  
SCHOOL.—Emerson Cobb.

AUNT CHARITY'S CLOCK.—Susan Hubbard  
Martin.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

March 20, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 12. Vol. VIII





# Union Pacific Railroad Company.

E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Nebr.  
GERRIT FORD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebr.

## PASSENGER and TICKET DEPARTMENT.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,  
*Colonization Agent.*

Praether Ranch, Butte Valley, Cal., March 6, 1906.

Mr. E. M. Cobb,

Editor, "Inglenook,"

Elgin, Illinois.

Dear Brother:

While sitting here, in this bright electrically-lighted room, after driving all over the Butte Valley with Mr. J. P. Massie, of San Francisco, Cal., and Mr. Thomas Costello, of Maroa, Ill., I think it appropriate to express my gratification that it has been decided to publish, in pamphlet form, Eph. Brubaker's story of Silas Smith's Second Wife, which is appearing in the Inglenook each week in serial form.

I wish you would send me 1,000 of the pamphlets, so they can be mailed FREE from my office in Omaha to every one sending his name or his friends' names and post office addresses.

Yours fraternally,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Geo. L. McDonald". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping "G" and "M".

Colonization Agent U.P.R.R.,

Omaha, Nebraska.

# The Holman TEACHERS' BIBLE

(BLACK FACE TYPE)

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Greatest Achievement in Bible Making, and the Best Teachers'  
Bible Ever Offered for Sale Anywhere.



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**LIGHT IN WEIGHT.**—Easy to Carry and Easy to Read.

This is the very **LATEST** and **NEWEST** Teachers' Bible Published. It includes every possible improvement in Bible making. The type is a **Clear, Clean, Sharp BLACK FACE** and is printed on the finest paper obtainable. It is a beautiful Bible; is **Easy to Read** (just the page for those suffering from impaired eyesight); **Compact in Size**; **Light in Weight**; **Easy to Carry**, and the **Bindings are Absolutely Flexib'**

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A Thumb Index on Either of the Above Styles for 35 Cents Additional.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
**ELGIN, ILLINOIS.**



# Medical Talk for the Home

---

*Medical Talk for the Home* does not simply talk about medicine, but it talks about everything that touches the physical life of man. It stands for clean homes, for ventilated homes, for plain but wholesome food.

It stands for homes free from hate and gossip, greed and aristocracy.

*Medical Talk* includes within its scope the health of horses, the welfare of birds, the happiness of all creatures, domestic or wild.

*Medical Talk* believes that every man and woman should treat each other kindly and give each other a fair chance for life, health and happiness; it believes, also, that men and women should treat dumb animals kindly and give them a chance to live and be happy, too.

*Medical Talk* talks about medicine; it talks about health; it talks about happiness; it talks about everything that contributes to the bodily perfection and enjoyment of any and all living creatures.

Here are some of the things that *Medical Talk* advocates and some of the things which it opposes:

## WHAT MEDICAL TALK ADVOCATES

Absolute Freedom for all schools of medicine.

Fresh air and sunlight for chronic diseases.

The right of physicians to do honest advertising.

The right of every patient to know what medicine he is taking.

The duty of every physician to prevent disease as well as to prescribe remedies.

The right of every person to choose his own physician.

The equal validity of all diplomas issued by legally chartered colleges.

The growing confidence in mental power to heal disease.

An increasing distrust of the healing power of drugs.

Cremation as the best means of disposing of dead bodies.

## WHAT MEDICAL TALK OPPOSES

The idea that consumption is contagious.

The tyranny of health boards.

The rise and progress of medical legislation.

The medical trusts governed by a code of medical ethics.

Killing of innocent creatures by the sportsmen.

Torture of animals in the name of medical science.

Compulsory vaccination.

Reckless and needless surgery.

The use of coal-tar preparations and other narcotics.

Keeping the masses ignorant concerning disease and medicine.

Denying patients food they desire.

Covering up the crime of those who hold diplomas.

*Medical Talk* is the only magazine of its kind in the world. It has a greater circulation among non-professional readers than any other regular medical journal. It has also the largest circulation among that class of physicians known as liberal, or unethical, of any medical journal. It tries to deal fairly with all schools of medicine without favoring any of them.

It reaches fifty thousand homes with plain, practical information as to what is going on in the medical world. *Medical Talk for the Home* is an attempt to select the most interesting and useful information contained in the technical medical journals and translate it into language that the average reader can understand. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year.

In order to know exactly what *Medical Talk* is you should have a copy of it. A sample copy will be sent free. Address,

**MEDICAL TALK PUBLISHING CO.,  
COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

# THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE

---

NEARLY every home visited by the doctor on his daily rounds has in it more or less sick headache, backache, sideache, stomachache, lameness and soreness,—sufferings which cast a heavy shadow over life. He pays little attention, however, to these “common” ailments; in fact, considers them beneath his notice. He is generally waiting for some great occasion, some supreme emergency, which shall call for the amputation of a leg or an arm, or the laying open of the human viscera; then you will see him bristle with interest. The truth of the matter is, that the doctor who will resolutely and wisely set to work and investigate the cause and treatment of these “common” maladies of everyday life will enhance the value of his professional services tenfold.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, however, has become by reason of its exceptional merit, the “regular doctor” in thousands of homes. A century's use has demonstrated its health-giving properties. Men and women in all stages of life have found it a help in time of need. No one has been so sick but what it has brought help and no one so well but what it has done good. It purges the blood of its impurities, stimulates the vital organs to natural activity and carries off the waste and poisonous matter from the system. Assisted in this respect, nature is again able to assert herself and improved health is the inevitable result.

## A GRANDFATHER WRITES.

Sparta, Wis., Dec. 1, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Your **Blood Vitalizer** is the sole doctor in our family. I am the father of five girls and some of them are married and have children of their own and your medicine is the doctor in their family too. I have now been agent for the **Blood Vitalizer** for over twenty-five years. Those who use it have healthy families.

Yours truly,  
John Tepner.

## TWO GENERATIONS TESTIFY.

Tamaqua, Pa., Jan. 6, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—In regard to the matter of agency for your medicines, I am obliged to defer it as I expect to go away on an extended trip and will not be back home for several months.

I find your medicines, especially the **Blood Vitalizer**,

to be splendid medicines. They are in fact, invaluable. My father always gave them the highest praise, also. I shall write you again in regard to the matter of agency.

Yours very truly,  
Mrs. Sylvia Steigerwalb.

Box. 216.

## SICK FOR FORTY YEARS.

San de Fuca, Wash., April 6, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I cannot refrain any longer from writing you about your **Blood Vitalizer**. I had been sick and ailing for about forty years and I could not begin to tell you the number of doctors I had during that time without avail. Finally we heard about the **Blood Vitalizer** and after a little investigating, we decided that I should try it. I had used it about three weeks when I felt much better. After using twelve bottles I was entirely well and am still in the best of health.

Yours very truly,  
Mrs. J. B. Mulder.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is put up for a specific purpose—the cure of sick people. It had its birth over a century ago, in those early days when rugged honesty was the rule rather than the exception and has been handed down unchanged as a heritage from generation to generation. It occupies a place in the field of medicine distinctly its own and is not placed on sale in drugstores. It is supplied direct to the people through specially appointed agents—friends and neighbors whom you know and trust. For further particulars address,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue  
CHICAGO, ILL.**



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

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Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MARCH 20, 1906.

No. 12.

## GOD LOVETH ALL.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

UNTO every man and nation  
God will e'er extend his hand,  
Loving, under all conditions,  
Those obeying his command.

Neither rich nor poor are favored,  
Only for their love to God;  
Earning thus the Master's favor,  
Treading paths where he hath trod.

Those who love and will obey him,  
He will never once forsake;  
But within their souls be dwelling,  
Inner conscience to awake.

He will teach them life's great lessons,  
That bring peace into the heart,  
And the happiness of spirit  
Never will from them depart.

Though the home be poor and humble,  
God will find a dwelling there,  
If he finds the heart is waiting  
And is filled with earnest prayer.

Asking him to come be with them  
And to teach them what is right,  
He will quickly hasten thither,  
Shedding round about his light.

Everywhere he's loved and needed,  
He will always quickly go.  
Comfort give to those who seek him;  
Love and mercy, he will show.

And more room the humble hearts have,  
In which they God's love receive,  
With less pride and vain ambition,  
Will they cause his heart to grieve.

Oh! the blessed, blessed promise,  
That he never will forsake,  
And if we will love and trust him,  
Care of us he'll always take.

Then, why should we wander from him,  
Into worldly ways of sin,  
That we must, ere reaching heaven,  
Have a change of heart begin?

## SNAPSHOTS.

*Temperance is a good enough fountain of youth.*

*The church that does its duty never needs a revival.*

*Killing time is the wilful murder of opportunities.*

*Good ideas and envy do not sprout from the same soil.*

*The world wants men who put character above wealth.*

*It is a thick-skinned man who will not flinch at the truth.*

*The value of a gift is measured by the heart of the giver.*

*Money builds the house, but it is love that makes the home.*

*The least prayer that reaches God's throne shakes his footstool.*

*Many a lame man who does not limp is crippled only under his hat.*

*O, for the goods that moth doth not corrupt and that thieves cannot steal!*

*We should be pleasant, but not silly; polite and courteous, but not dudish.*

*The best times are those which permit us to look back at them without regrets.*

*The outward man perishes. Life itself proves it to us. Its lessons are gratuitous.*

*A true knowledge of God means more than mere historic or scientific knowledge of him.*



## Boy in His New Home

Oma Karn



HE was a pathetic-looking little figure as he went sturdily along through the crowded street, earnestly scanning each face he met. A child of four or five years of age, and, would you have taken the pains to look beneath the signs that so plainly marked him as a child of the slums, you would have seen a child fair-haired and fine-featured, a child of more than passing beauty.

Strange things had come into his young life during

toys the kind missionary lady had given him. Sometimes he wondered at his mother's long absence. But then he reasoned that she must be out washing, or perhaps scrubbing Mrs. Tilden's floor. Again he wondered who had put that long black box in the corner of the room and what was in it.

The next day kind hands lifted him up to the side of the long black box. He was surprised to see his mother lying there. "Mamma," he exclaimed wonderingly, as he reached out his arms towards her.

But there was no answering caress from the still white figure. Boy lightly kissed the silent lips, but still there was no response. Then he tried another overture, one that was often effective when the tired, overworked mother had overslept herself. He touched, oh, so softly, the thin cheeks, wondering in his baby fashion why they were so cold. But still there was no glad awakening, no fond embrace for boy.

"Mamma sleep," he said gently. "Mamma very, very tired. What makes you cry?" he added, looking wonderingly at the tear-streaming eyes of the good-hearted German woman who pressed him very, very close to her as she turned away from the long black box.

"Ach," she muttered to herself, "pore, pore boy! Vell, perhaps the goot Gott, he show us some way yet."

And then a few more had come in, good kindly hearts, rude and uncultured, but true to one another, and a tall gentleman in black. Boy knew he was a gentleman as soon as he got his eyes on him. The mean little room seemed better and brighter as soon as he had stepped into it. The gentleman stood by the side of the long

black box and talked for what seemed to Boy a long time. No one except good Mrs. Hilfe had ever stayed to talk that long before. Boy could not understand all the gentleman said, but when he had finished, he knew that his mamma had been very tired, that she was taking a long sleep, and, when she awakened it would be in a happy home where she would never be cold or hungry again.

And then they had carried the odd-looking box downstairs and put it in a long wagon. Some one had helped his father to his feet, and, supported by



"A child of more than passing beauty."

the past two days, things he could not understand. And strangest of all, she who had always explained everything to his inquiring mind, made no answer. She had gone away, they told him, and yet he could not understand. But now he was going to find out.

He had awakened two mornings before to find his mother gone from the hard bed on which they slept. Mrs. Hilfe, the good German woman who lived on the floor above, had given him his breakfast and looked after his wants. He had played happily all the day with his three-legged wooden horse and other



Mrs. Hilfe's stout son, he had staggered and lurched after it.

"Ach, the spalpeen," muttered that good woman again as she set Boy down on a chair and went to the window to watch the pitiful procession below, "to tink he be drunk now." And then a furious altercation on the floor above, among Mrs. Hilfe's own brood of tow-headed hopefuls, summoned her hastily away, and Boy was left alone in the room. Poor little orphan!

But the good woman did not forget him. It was dark when she returned. The pitiful little figure, now sound asleep, still crouched beside the stove. "Ach, pore 'lammie," she exclaimed, gathering him up and bearing him off, "shure 'tis full I am, with all the brattens, but there's a bit of a place for this one, too. Lay over here, you, Fritz." And she tucked him in a rude, boxlike bed with three of the towheads. Oh, beauteous charity! The greatest of all! What would the world be without your redeeming touch?

No sense of his great loss disturbed Boy's dreams, as he slept the healthy, hearty sleep of childhood. With the traditional activity of their race, the tow-heads awakened with the morning light, and after regarding wonderingly their strange bed-fellow, they pattered away to the mother for an explanation. After awhile Boy sat up in wide-eyed wonder. Where was he? Why was he in this queer bed, this strange room? Where was mamma? Ah, then it all came back to him.

The gentleman had said she had gone to the happy home. "But why didn't she take me with her?" thought Boy, and for the first time his lips quivered. "She always did unless she went to work for some one."

But she was not to work in the happy home. The gentleman had not said so, but from his ideas of toil he reasoned in his small mind that it could not be otherwise, "else how could she be happy?"

A sudden thought struck him. "I know where it is. Just on the other side of the great, wide place, with green grass, beautiful flowers, and great, tall trees,"—the park, but Boy's small mind could not

grasp the name. His father had taken him there one day during an interval between his drunken fits, and Boy had never forgotten it. Just beyond it was a great white house, with more green grass, beautiful flowers and great trees about it. Surely that was the happy home. He knew now what to do. He would go to his mamma.

By some intuitive process he put his plump self into his threadbare clothes, slipped out into a narrow,



Agnes Hunter scattered abroad the treasures in the locked up bureau drawer."

dark hall, down a flight of stairs, through another dark hall, and then out into the glorious light of the morning. On and on he trudged. The pink limbs grew weary, his breath came in gasps, and a great lump came up into his throat. He stopped for a moment and digging two chubby fists in his eyes, cried piteously. The sight of a policeman—that terror of slum childhood—sent him on. Ah, yes, there, it was



at last. That was the happy home. And mamma was there waiting for him.

The blinds were drawn, but the front door was slightly ajar, as if to let in some of the sweet spring sunshine. Boy went boldly in. He was not afraid. Why should he be? His mamma was there. On he pattered, across the polished floor of the wide hall, up a broad flight of stairs, into a room where there were books, books, books, everywhere, through another beautiful room and on to the doorway of another one, and then Boy stopped and gazed in wonder.

It was a beautiful room of blue and white, with a little white bed at one side of it. Beautiful pictures were on the walls. A beautiful little chair sat beside the bed. Playthings, story books, toys, and everything that could make a little boy happy were scattered about. But all these beautiful things were not what Boy was gazing at. A beautiful woman—Boy knew she was beautiful, although he could not see her face, which was hidden in her arms—was kneeling in front of an open bureau drawer. Boy could not see all that was in it, but he caught sight of a blue and white sailor cap, and a pair of dusty slippers peeping out. The beautiful woman did not stir or appear to hear him, she was very, very still, her white dress falling around her. Boy stood very, very still, too. Was this his mamma? Surely it was. The gentleman had said she would wear a shining white robe. The great lump came into his throat again. Did not his mamma want him? Was she not glad?

"Mamma," burst in a pitiful cry from his lips. The beautiful woman slowly raised her head, disclosing to view a tear-wet face, white and drawn with agony. Was she dreaming, or had she really heard that loved word once more? And then as she caught sight of the distressed little figure in the doorway she sprang to her feet with a low cry, and Boy and

the beautiful woman stood staring at one another in astonishment. Boy thought she looked very unhappy. Not at all happy like he expected to see her looking. She had been crying, and the gentleman had said she would never cry in the happy home. And it did not look like his mamma either. But then the gentleman had said, too, that she would be changed in the new home. But why did she not speak to him? Why did she look at him in that queer way? Boy's little heart grew very, very heavy. He could not understand again.

For Boy did not know, how could he, that at the same time the long black box had been carried away from his humble home, a white hearse, drawn by snow-white horses, had stood in front of the happy home. A tiny white casket, almost covered with the most beautiful flowers, had been carried down the long walk, followed by a tall gentleman, who was supporting the beautiful woman veiled in deepest black and weeping bitterly, weeping for her little boy who had gone away to be with the angels.

"Boy," panted the beautiful woman at last, "what—"

With a glad cry Boy bounded forward. Who but mamma ever called him Boy? Something impelled the beautiful woman to open her empty arms to him, and he sprang into them with sobs of joy. He had found the happy home.

For Agnes Hunter, when she learned the true facts, scattered abroad the treasures in the locked-up bureau drawer, quit the hopeless grieving and longing, gave the beautiful child over whom she had so bitterly mourned safe into the tender Shepherd's care, took into her heart and home, and raised to noble, useful manhood the little waif that had been so strangely sent to her.

*Covington, Ohio.*

## Out of School Life into Life's School

Emerson Cobb



**I**T has been well expressed that a man spends the first half of his life in anticipation of the second, and the second in regret of the first. The beginnings of this preparation of this first half of life are directed and guarded by the fond parent, before the child is old enough to think and do for itself. Indeed, it is a great while until the child is able to do this, and whatever may be the inclination of the pupil, he is watched and carefully taught by the parent and the teacher. Everything in the after life depends upon the teaching of this period. This is the time when the ground is most fertile, when seeds may fall into the heart and spring

up and grow steadily throughout the years that follow; and what is more essential to a good harvest than the sowing? This is the beginning of SCHOOL LIFE.

From this point, each year, yes, a shorter period than that, marks steps of advancement to maturity, toward that state of ripeness of education and character which we call manhood and womanhood, and this period of transition from childhood to maturity we are pleased to call SCHOOL LIFE. The manner in which this period is lived is in almost every case a cause of regret. "Oh, that I could have appreciated my opportunities!" we hear on every hand; and, "If I had it to live over, what a change there would be."

Why is this? Can you expect yourself, at the age of eleven years, to have the maturity of mind that you have now? Nonsense! This regret is idle, and if you live long enough you will regret that you wasted time in regretting it.

At last, through years of toiling and youthful cares, graduation is reached. To some this means the end of school life. Some at this point are ushered, unprepared for what they will meet, into Life's great school. What a pity! Their bodies weak and unprotected, their shoulders not yet broadened by cultivating duties, their mental systems not yet vaccinated by the preparatory burdens which are suited to their youthful capacity, to make them strong for coming difficulties, they set out, unarmed, into a hard, exacting world. Some, blessed with better fortune, are permitted to finish and polish their education in higher schools. Here, many talented youths are placed, before their maturity justifies it, and they do not make the best out of it, and the farther they go the less prepared they become for life. This is because they are being advanced in school life before they are ready, and woe to the conceited youth who mistakes the purpose of his school life! Would that it were possible that we could possess a habitual recollection that our school life paves the way for life's school. Why is it that the business world finds so few men out of the thousands who are capable of making business a success? Why is it that the literary world finds but here and there a genius out of the thousands who issue forth from high schools and academic institutions? Simply because success is now beyond their reach. Their school life has not been rightfully used and they are and must stay at the foot of their class in Life's great school.

We are pupils in our school days. We absorb what others have digged out by hard toiling from the mines of learning, and then we are prepared to assimilate what we have absorbed. If first we had to build a language with which to work, to construct numerical tables, to discover deep branches of science, to experiment with laws and economics without reference to history, where would we be? A life of labor could not complete one page to hand down to the generations. But at this age of the world, at this period of history, are placed in our hands records of the

deeds of generations of great intellects who have preceded us, the history of nations which have risen and fallen, the hypotheses of sciences which great men scattered throughout their several ages, have labored to construct, each adding his own feeble thoughts. Now in the space of a few years we can follow their ponderous footprints and catch up with the times, and then with all our strength, with all our powers, increased by our years of study, we may throw our shoulders against the mighty wheel. Here flashes in the great truth,—life is one vast study period, from the cradle to the grave. Our school life is that period of our education during which we are nurtured and our faculties cultured through the aid of others, whilst we are following up the mighty footprints on the sands of time, but at last, as we issue forth from the college halls well equipped and with our endurance well tested, we confront the giant, knowledge, in his truest light. It is then that we pass OUT of SCHOOL LIFE into LIFE'S SCHOOL.

One author has ably said, "We may do to-morrow what we to-day have qualified ourselves to do." That is, if we strive hard to-day, we shall be able to do more to-morrow with the added experience and education of to-day's work; and it is true.

In conclusion: When we step from one period to another, from our studies in the schoolroom into the education of everyday life, from school life into life's school, we are merely changing our method of learning, our motive is the same. From our earliest childhood, we have been taught. When we entered school, we thought lightly of the tasks before us, but as we progressed in years, the task ahead of us seemed greater every day, and from time to time, as we tried our steel against whatever lay before us, we strengthened ourselves for duties that are now shortly to come. We have been under the instruction of others, and we have made such rapid progress that now we have come to that place where we can grasp for ourselves the truths of life, for about us there are many who are yet in school life and whom it is our duty to help. Now we are able to stand alone, as our education continues, for we are now passing *out of school life into life's school*.

*Elgin, Ill.*

The rising sun gives but a feeble light and little heat; higher still it becomes brighter and warmer; until from the zenith it sends down its most brilliant and scorching rays. Our every day should find us throwing out the brightness of example and diffusing the warmth of charitable actions. Higher and higher we should climb until the zenith of our life is reached—the day of parting.



## How a Railroad Time-Table is Made



THE impatient passenger who a hundred times a day puzzles over a long line of figures to see when his train will arrive, has no conception of the labor that has been expended in the making of that time-table.

If he is accustomed to traveling, the passenger may be able to tell the exact minute that every train on the road should reach every station, whether it stops or not, what connections it makes, where it passes other trains, where the dining-car is picked up and where it is dropped again.

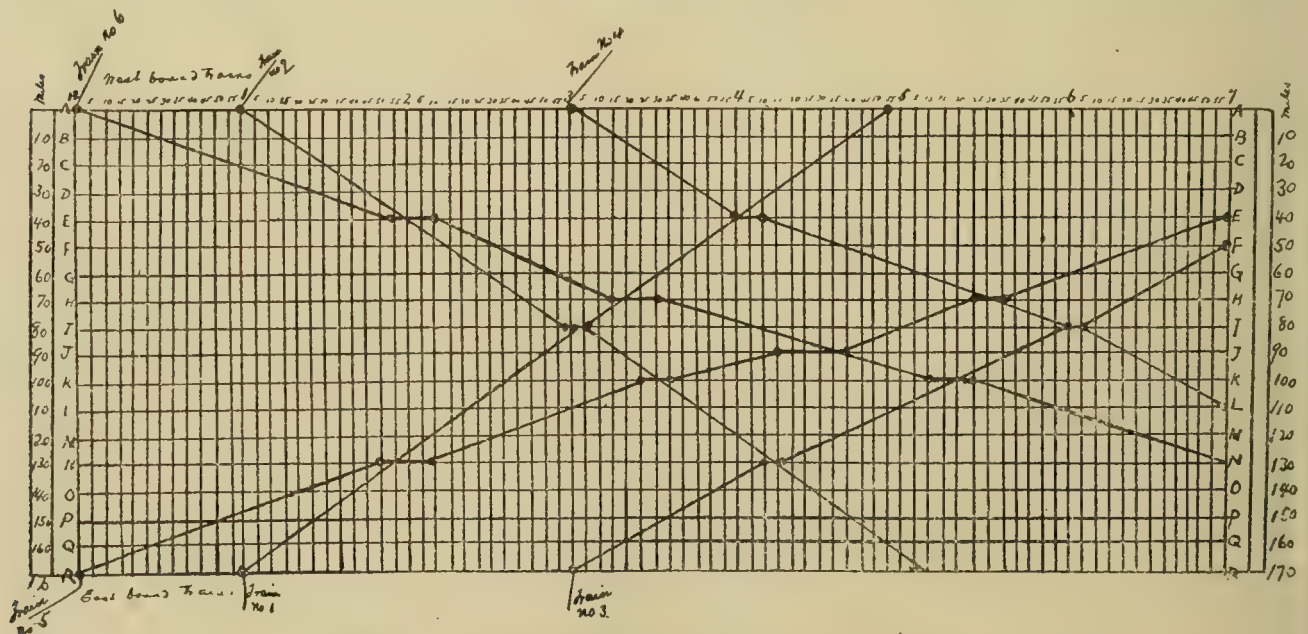
When a great railroad system desires to rearrange the schedule of a single train, it may necessitate changes at a dozen meeting points, and the readjustment of the time of half a dozen other trains. Espe-

pany has perhaps a million dollars' worth of property at stake, the value of two limited trains, besides the hundreds of human lives that they carry.

How is this accomplished, so that the man at the throttle, and the man at the desk, shall know exactly what to do?

At the general offices of the company, in a room set apart for that purpose, there is a time-board for each division of the road, a diagram of which, reduced to the very simplest form, is given here.

This diagram is supposed to represent a section of railroad one hundred and seventy miles in length, the stations A to R being ten miles apart. A is the eastern terminal, and R the western. The horizontal lines on the diagram represent these stations, while the perpendicular lines represent time, the hours be-



Refer to the diagram frequently while reading this article.

cially is this true if it be a single track roadway, with several trains a day going in different directions. The running of these trains must not interfere with each other; they must be accurately timed so as to meet at stations where there are side-tracks, and freight trains must wait indefinitely for passenger trains.

A readjustment of the schedule may mean that train No. 2 going west, must run a little faster between stations H and I, and that train No. 1 going east must run a little slower between stations J and I, in order that the two trains may meet at I, instead of J, as formerly.

A thousand other details must be arranged with a care and caution that does not permit the slightest deviation in time, or the remotest possibility of error. There must be no misunderstanding, there must be no mistake, there must be no accident. The railroad com-

ing divided into spaces of five minutes each. These time lines are usually placed one minute apart, but for the simplicity of this particular diagram, they are placed at five.

On this section of road it is intended to run three trains a day each way,—one freight and two passengers,—and as the road has only a single track, they must meet and pass on that.

The officials of the road charged with the duty of making a time-table, gather round the board at the general offices and begin to "string the board," as it is called. For the purposes of illustration let us assume that they start with train No. 6, a slow freight that leaves station A at twelve o'clock, noon. It is intended that this train shall travel west at an average rate of twenty miles an hour. A pin (black dot on diagram) is stuck in the time board at the intersection

of line "Station A" with line "12 o'clock,"—which means that train No. 6 leaves that station at that hour. From this pin a piece of string is stretched across the face of the board to where line "Station E" and "1:55" intersect. There another pin is stuck, and the string is fastened. This shows that train No. 6, traveling west at twenty miles an hour, will reach station E, forty miles away, at 1:55 P. M.

But there is a limited passenger train, No. 2, due to leave station A at one o'clock, one hour behind the freight, which shall travel west at an average rate of forty miles an hour. Of course it will easily be seen that this passenger train must overtake and pass the freight, but where and how? The string, as stretched, shows that train No. 6 will reach station E at 1:55; train No. 2 will reach station E just five minutes later. So the freight train is scheduled to pull up on the side-track at station E and let the fast passenger get by. The freight, as shown by the diagram, waits fifteen minutes at station E and then resumes its journey. The board shows, and the time-card when printed will show, that the freight has a clear track from that point until it reaches station H at 3:15 P. M.

Thus far we have followed only two trains. But it is necessary to provide meeting-points for trains going in opposite directions, meeting-points with ample side-track and switching facilities.

The board, when completely strung with a string for every train, will show that a certain limited passenger train, No. 1, which left station R, the western terminal, at one o'clock, traveling eastward at the rate of forty miles an hour, should reach station H about the same time that the westbound freight No. 6 gets there. The freight train must be hurried a little from station E to station H in order that it may be standing on the side-track and leave the main line clear when the limited arrives. This is done, and the strings show that train No. 6 arrives at station H at 3:10. The limited dashes past at 3:15, and the slow freight goes on about its humbler affairs. Station J is twenty miles ahead, that is about the middle of the line.

Another freight train, No. 5, going east, left the western terminal at the same hour that No. 6 started west. They travel at the same rate of speed, and the little strings that represent them on the board show that they would meet about at station J. No. 5 arrives at J at 4:15 P. M., and is standing on the side-track when No. 6 comes in. The train men exchange greetings, pass in safety, and go their separate ways. At seven o'clock in the evening freight train No. 6 has reached station N, 130 miles away, in seven hours, while passenger train No. 2 has reached R, the terminal, making one hundred and seventy miles in four hours. The freight train has stood three times on side-tracks, and passed four other trains. The pas-

senger has only waited once, for five minutes, at station I, to pass a train of its own dignity—the east-bound limited. All other trains have got out of its way and left a clear track.

All these things the railroad officials who are stringing the board in the general offices know perfectly well by simply glancing at the network of cords, and noting where they intersect.

Great care must be taken to see that these cords always intersect on a station line, never between stations, and always where there is an ample side-track. In order to accomplish this the strings have to be shifted and manipulated on the board; one train may have to be hurried, and another one run slower; a freight, perhaps, is made to wait for an hour, so the limited may pass it without delay.

When the board is zigzagged with cords until it resembles the net of some eccentric spider, when every meeting-point is arranged, every water-tank and coal-chute considered, then the officials are ready to prepare the time-table for the printer.

For this work two men are required, one to "read from the board," and another to write down the time at different stations as he gives it. An experienced railroader will read off such a diagram as this more readily than a child spells the letters from his blocks.

For instance, he will take the first train, No. 6, and by tracing the cords he will call out the hour and minute when it should reach every station. With this very simple diagram before him, it might be interesting for the reader to follow him and see how he knows:

"Train No. 6, westbound freight. Leaves station A at 12:00, noon; B, 12:30 P. M.; C, 1:00 P. M.; D, 1:25 P. M.; arrive E, 1:55 P. M." Then, according to the usage of the road, a note is made on the time-card showing that station E is a meeting-point. With some roads this is done by printing in heavy black figures the schedule time at meeting-points.

So the official calls out: "Arrive E, 1:55, black; leave E, 2:10 P. M.; F, 2:30 P. M.; G, 2:55 P. M.; arrive H, 3:15, black." The fast eastbound train must pass the freight at H. "Leave H, 3:30 P. M.; I, 4:05 P. M.; J, 4:35 P. M., black." The two freights pass at J. "Leave J, 4:40 P. M.; arrive at K, 5:10 P. M., black," another meeting-point. "Leave K, 5:25 P. M.," from which point the freight has an uninterrupted track.

In this way the two men take these little strings, one by one, each representing a train, and write down the time that they should pass the different stations. Their work is verified before it goes to the printer, is corrected in proof when it comes from the printer, and compared until every possibility of error is eliminated. Then it is put in the form of time-table so familiar to the traveling public.

Promptness and certainty are absolutely requisite



to the operation of a railroad. Should an accident happen to a locomotive and it fall behind its schedule time, a glance at this diagram will show how quickly that affects the running of other trains. They may have to meet at unusual points, miss connections and delay the mails.

Should an accident occur, and a train be stopped between stations, the first thing done is to send flagmen several hundred yards to the front and rear to guard against the possibility of another train crashing into the first. The telegraph operator at the nearest station is notified. In a moment the chief dispatcher at the central office knows that train No. 6 is standing between stations F and G and that it will be delayed for possibly half an hour. Every train in that section of road is thereupon handled with reference to that disabled freight, until it can be removed and the track cleared.

Should a train be so long delayed as to lose its "right of way," it is run "on orders" from station to station, and is not permitted to interfere with trains that are running on time.

The traveler, as a rule, has not the dimmest conception of the manifold precautions that are taken to insure his comfort and his safety. From the moment a train leaves a terminal, a detailed history of that train is preserved in the central office,—the name of every employé, the time of passing every station, where it takes water and coal, waits ten minutes at I for a connection, loses five minutes at K on account of a hot-box, makes up the lost time between K and O, arriving at O on time. Years afterward, in the files of the office, the history of this train could be produced and every detail of the trip recalled.—*Judge Harris Dickson, in The Interior.*

## The Influence of Music on the Human Soul

MANY and varied are the forces which have been potent in the foundation of the civilization of all nations. Philosophers and teachers alike of all ages and times have puzzled their brains to discover these factors. Why, for instance, has one nation stood firm, endured the conflicts of centuries, refused to die, while another has disintegrated and vanished? These are questions which have enlisted the best energy of the sanest minds of all ages. However, due to the achievements of these noble minds there have been a few landmarks established with almost absolute certainty.

It has been freely admitted by practically all teachers of the Christian era, that in all human civilization there is no force exerting such motor power, no agent stronger in society, yea, no influence which so sways the destiny of nations, as Christianity. But what have been the causes which have combined to make Christianity what it is? What are the foundation principles upon which it is built? What are the prime factors prevalent in its extension and development? What are the forces which have operated to give Christianity its beauty and charm? There is but one answer. Music stands first and foremost in possessing such strength. One may laud the delicacy of touch of a Raphael, another may celebrate the grandeur and strength of the Gothic structures, some perchance would exalt the symmetry and grace portrayed by a Michael Angelo, and yet others would fain immortalize a Shakespeare. But all of these fall into utter insignificance as a governing force in Christianity when compared to music. Nor can the sphere of music be confined to its effect upon Christianity. Non-Christian nations of all times have realized its presence. Neither has music been confined to the human voice or

the lyre. There is the great field of natural music, or music of nature, into which I dare not enter, which has been fragrant with influence.

To write a complete history of music would mean to write a complete history of the world, because of the intimate relation it sustains to language, habits, poetry, religion and life in general of all nations. The Greek philosophers believed in its subtle influence. Pythagoras said: "Music is the emblem of the Cosmos." His disciples believed that music had the power to restore original harmony to the soul in the hours of physical turmoil and unrest. Homer represents Achilles as comforting his heart with the sound of the lyre. The Greeks associated music with all the fine arts which were presided over by the Muses. The Greeks believed that music intensifies and quickens the emotions. They were so moved by the harmony and beauty of nature that they conceived the idea that the universe was one vast instrument, and the many planets constituted the various strings of this instrument. Thus we have their notion of the music of the spheres. Persecuted Jews brought song to Rome and Pope Gregory considered the art so essential that he required every priest to acquire a knowledge of plain song, for stability has not been destitute of the influence of music. The Chinese possess a natural affinity for the art. They are so engulfed by its power that they believe it can cause heaven to descend upon earth. Japan, a nation which to-day is making such rapid strides among the world powers, has been known to hold music in high regard. From the earliest pages of her history, through all her idolatry, and heathenism, Japan has revered music and connected it in some form with her worship. The Hindoos believe that music has a supernatural power. The

Egyptians included it in their national life. But in profane history, brilliant as music may seem to shine as beacon lights along the shore of time, it is only a star of the seventh magnitude compared with its splendor in sacred history. From the singing of the morning stars at creation, the giving of the decalogues at the sound of thunder and trumpets, to the time when the angelic host announced in glorious song the birth of the lowly Nazarene, until the heavenly choir shall sing the glorious anthem of the resurrection morn, music has been and will be supreme in sacred history. No wonder the poet who listened spellbound to the charms of song, said: "Oh, music, thou art either a recollection of paradise or a foretaste of heaven." The Bible is profuse with the phenomenal control. We are told of the part it played in the overthrow of the walls of Jericho. We are reminded of the soothing effect of music on the angered mind, in the account of David playing before Saul. Music had a distinct function in temple worship. We are informed by Josephus that Solomon's temple contained 40,000 harps and psalteries of pure copper and 200,000 silver trumpets. But why has music exerted such a beneficial influence? What is inherent in it that causes it to govern the human soul? That it has been prevalent in arousing human emotions in all ages, all will concede. But why?

"Music," says Spencer, "is the result of overflowing energy." When poets catch the spirit of music in words they write their tenderest lines. Martin Luther places music in importance next to theology. Congreve wrote: "Music has charms which can soothe the savage beast." Beethoven says, "Music is the medium between the spiritual and realistic life." Hence, how exceedingly difficult for finite man to define its sphere. Music is a gift from heaven; it is a creature of the skies. Many artists are busily engaged in the study of the tangible forms of the external; but music cannot be known in this way. It is a study of the soul. Music is the constant companion of man the world over. From the time our childish ears are charmed by the tender songs of a mother, until the hour of death, when the soul imbibed with song spans the gulf between the visible and invisible, music and human life are inseparable. However, music does not always tend to culture and refinement, nor to purity of heart and life. As there are impulses in the soul both for good and evil, so there are different classes of music diametrically opposed to each other. Some grades of music by association with other arts have been so employed as not only to be productive of evil, but degrading in the extreme. In its pure and undefiled state music is always uplifting in its nature. All music, when it preserves its legitimate relation to the great interests of human society, is refining and liberalizing in its in-

fluence. Music may be considered legitimate when it results in mental development, moral purity, delicacy and refinement of taste, and illegitimate when the opposite results obtain. Oh, that more could feel the renovating power that music has upon the soul! Oh, that more would cultivate their ears and tune their hearts to the harmony of music all about us! Would that to-day we would come into our heritage! Is it not a fact that the art of enjoying life is an accomplishment which few have thoroughly mastered? Music as a science may be classified under three heads: First, sensuous; second, psychological, and third, mathematical. Sensuous because it delights the ear; psychological because it records emotions and requires mental operations on the part of the hearer for due appreciation, and mathematical because it portrays agreements, differences and complexities. It is in connection with this second phase particularly with which our subject deals. In its relation to religion music attains its highest meaning. Luther says, "God has honored music throughout all ages." The keystone of the church is music and the keynote of the music is the church. Our purest and best music to-day has originated and been nourished within the pales of the Christian church. The relation of church and music is as real and vital as parent and child.

If I were to reiterate the history of our many songs it would only confirm this statement. Practically all our English hymns have been composed by ministers or Christian teachers. The most effective form of church music has been song. There is something peculiarly sacred in the human voice. How often have tears come to the eyes at the singing of sacred hymns. How many times have individuals wept for joy on hearing the Messiah. St. Augustine, when hearing the Christian chant at Milan, wept like a child. At the hour of death there is no music so sweet as the human voice. King Henry IV, when dying, asked that music be whispered to his weary spirit; then said, "God inclines our hearts to music."

Singing is the most charming of all arts when it is the voice of a noble nature and generous culture. The office of church music is to give a natural expression to the feelings of the soul with respect to the object worshiped and so to elevate a mood of worship. Music holds an office independent of words. It should portray definite soul states. For instance, here are two musicians, one of them can play the composition absolutely correct, but he plays in a mechanical manner. The other, although he may not play as correctly as the former, puts his life and soul into the rendition. He can play the production in one hundred different ways which reveal as many different soul states. Which will you hear? Ah! the music of the soul is sublime. One has said, "God's temple within the soul is the grandest music." Would you hear it vibrate in melodious strains? Seek quiet; forsake the



world of mirth and laughter and enter the world of love, sympathy and meditation. Probably it will be on the hillside in the stillness of the summer's evening. The day is fast drawing to a close. The shadows of the twilight are gathering thick and fast. Huge clouds in the western sky, which mounting up as so many majestic mountains, are tinted with the golden rays of the sunken sun. The birds are pouring forth their evening songs of praise. Listen and you will hear many apparent lost chords. Perhaps you will hear the joyous songs of the Sabbath school. You may hear the songs which your own childish lips sung with other children in some shady grove. You may hear those songs which you uttered when love's

impulses were first touching your heart. Perchance you will hear the songs your mother used to sing, or the songs which were sung when loved ones were laid away. But all is not harmonious. There are discords. Painful melodies are sung, on account of misspent hours and wasted opportunities. Would that it were not so. May we so cultivate soul music that all discord will be removed and perfect harmony remain. Cycles upon cycles will pass into oblivion. That which appears to be firm, enduring, abiding, will become transient, fleeting and evanescent as the morning dew. Then the soul tuned to the heavenly chord will burst forth into singing the new song in the new Jerusalem.—*The Religious Telescope*.

## Two Pictures

### Number One.



LATE, as usual," growled Mr. Hanson, as he looked up from the breakfast table at a slim lad of fifteen who was entering the room hurriedly.

"It seems to me, Arthur," spoke Mrs. Hanson from the lower end of the table in a fretful voice, "that you might get up in time for breakfast. You really are getting very lazy."

"Doesn't earn his salt," grumbled the father. "I tell you what it is, young man, you will have to do better than this, or you will have to go to work for a living."

With a sullen face the lad seated himself at the table, making no reply to the remarks of his parents.

"Art's getting to be quite a dude," said the elder sister, with a half sneer. "Look at his hair and his necktie! I should think, Art," she continued, "that you would know enough about the fitness of things not to try to wear a light blue tie with your black eyes and hair and grimy complexion. How much time did you spend at the looking-glass this morning?"

"I guess Art put in most of his time counting the hairs in his mustache. They are a little uneven, aren't they, Art?" laughed the elder brother. "It seems to me you have lost one on the right side."

The boy's face flamed angrily as he heard these words and the laugh which greeted them.

"What is the use of your pitching in?" he complained. "It's mean to strike a fellow when he's down." This sentence began in a bass tone and ended in a squeaking tenor, at which the little brother at the lower end of the table piped up: "Say, Art, you might sing duets with yourself and get a high price. They need bass and tenor singers in the choir, and they don't often find one that can sing both at a time."

Arthur threw down his knife and fork and was

apparently about to leave the table, when his father spoke, "Sit down, boy; don't make a fool of yourself because there is a little harmless pleasantry on your account. Go on and eat your breakfast."

The lad resumed his knife and fork in silence.

As Mr. Hanson was drawing away from the table, Mrs. Hanson spoke. "Can you give me some money this morning, John?"

"I can't give you any now," replied Mr. Hanson, "but I can send you some from the office, if Arthur will go down town with me before school; but he will have to hustle—I can't wait for any lazy bones! Come on," he exclaimed, taking his hat and leaving the room.

"Go quickly now," said Mrs. Hanson, "you won't have more than time enough to go down and get back by school time."

The boy followed his father, and walked about a half block behind him all the way down the street. As he returned to the house, he was met by his mother on the doorstep, with the urgent appeal, "Hurry up, hurry up, Arthur; it is nearly school time. Oh, dear! I never did see a boy such a lag-gard."

"I am not going to school any more," said Arthur sullenly.

"Indeed you are!" exclaimed his mother. "You go right along at once, and let me hear no more such nonsense from you. Hurry up, now," she continued, as the boy started towards school with a lagging step, "and mind your lessons. If I hear any bad reports from your teacher I shall tell your father, and he won't stand much nonsense, you know."

The noon meal was, in a way, a repetition of the breakfast. Everybody had some sort of a joke to make at Arthur's expense.

"I say, Ma," piped up little Tommy, "Art's got a best girl. I see him walking home from school with her every day."

"Oh, ho!" laughed the elder brother, "that is the reason why he is paying so much attention to his ears and fingernails. I say, Art, you had better wash an inch farther under your chin. We can still see just how far you apply the water."

"It is perfect nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, "to talk about 'best girls.' A boy that does not take any more care of his personal appearance than Arthur would not be looked at by any girl."

"Well, I will look after him," exclaimed Mr. Hanson, "if he does not pay more attention to business. Don't you forget it, young man!"

At tea-time Arthur had a little respite as there was a guest. He was not introduced to her, however, and was allowed to silently partake of his evening meal until, unfortunately for himself, his interest in the conversation incited him to make a remark. "I think," he began, and continued the expression of his somewhat crude ideas with self-confidence natural to a boy of his years.

"You think!" sneered the father. "Well, you had better have something to think before you attempt to tell it. I tell you, Miss Blake," he said, turning to the guest, "if there is anything you want to know about, just ask Art. He understands just exactly how business should be conducted; what studies a boy ought to take at school; and just how the government of the nation should be conducted. Oh, I tell you there is nothing like the knowledge which a boy of sixteen possesses."

Arthur's head sank before the sarcasm of his father, but no word was spoken by any one in his behalf. As the family left the table the suggestion was made that they proceed to the parlor for some music. The steps of all, except Arthur, turned in that direction. He started out of doors.

"Come on, Art," called the mother quite genially, "Miss Blake is going to play for us."

"I don't want to hear any of her music," growled the boy, laying his hand upon the knob of the outside door. At the same moment his father's hand was laid, not gently, upon his shoulder. "You come into the parlor and behave yourself. No boy of mine shall ever treat a guest uncivilly, as you have done."

Without a word Arthur followed his father into the parlor, and seated himself in a corner where he sat silent during the music. It was eight o'clock when the little group broke up and Arthur started upstairs.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To my room," replied the boy.

"Well, you see that you go to bed early," she commanded, "and be up in time for breakfast to-morrow morning."

Making no reply, the boy proceeded upstairs.

A few days before he had asked permission of his mother to take a term of dancing lessons. "Indeed, you shall not!" she exclaimed most decidedly. "No

boy of mine shall go to a common dancing school, associating with all the riff-raff of the place. You can just make up your mind to that."

"But, mother," pleaded Arthur, "all the nice boys and girls are going."

"I don't care; you shan't go. It will keep you up late at night, and you are bad enough now about getting up late in the morning. So just set your mind to rest. I have said it and I mean it."

Arthur had apparently accepted the decision, but when he went up to his room on the evening in question, it was not to study, nor to go to bed. Hastily changing his dress he climbed out of his window down to the porch and from there easily slid to the ground. Fifteen minutes later he was one of the merry company at the dancing school. It was not difficult to reach his room by the same route on his return.

All during the winter he attended the dancing school without the knowledge of his parents. Finding it so easy to elude their vigilance, he began to take the same method of meeting the boys at places more questionable than the dancing school; and when, at the age of seventeen, he was arrested with a number of others for some criminal offense, his parents were astounded at the disclosures which followed. They were heartbroken over his misdemeanors, and wondered why a boy of theirs, who had been so carefully brought up and so earnestly prayed over, should have gone wrong.

#### Number Two.

MR. MEREDITH looked up from the breakfast table as the door opened and a slender boy of fifteen entered the room.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, genially. "We shall pretty soon have to call you a 'second table boarder,' my boy."

"I know, father," replied the lad brightly, "it is too bad of me to be late to breakfast so often; but, really, I don't know what is the matter with me. I am so inclined to oversleep."

The father laughed. "I know just exactly what is the matter. I had just such a fit of sleepiness and laziness when I was about your age. My father found a way to help me. Instead of telling me that I must go to bed earlier, he set the clock in my room ahead a full hour, and said: 'Remember, my son, you go to bed and get up by this clock. Your bed time is ten o'clock and you get up at seven o'clock.' Of course I could not complain, because I had been accustomed to going to bed and arising at those hours. I knew that it was the wisest thing for me to follow my father's directions in this matter, and I was soon able to make my appearance at the breakfast table on time. What do you think about the plan, Billy?"

The boy smiled as he replied, "I think it a very good one, and I believe I will have a 'grandfather's clock' in my room."



"I say, Billy," spoke up his sister, "I guess you must have forgotten you were a 'bronze' when you bought that necktie." A warning look from her mother checked the remark, but she concluded with an apt turn: "But you have tied it beautifully. I wish you would show me how to tie an Ascot; I never can get that 'throw-this-end-over-your-shoulder' fling."

"All right," said the lad, "I will be glad to show you."

As he spoke his voice broke in the manner common to the adolescent boy, and the little lad at the foot of the table near the mother broke into a giggle. "I say, Billy," he said, "you ought to hire out to Barnum and Bailey as a whole choir in yourself."

Billy's face grew red, but before he could speak the elder brother had come to his assistance. "You had better look out, Harry; your day is coming. I can remember very well," he said, turning to Billy, "how I used to growl and squeak, and you will come out all right."

"Why, of course, he will," spoke up Mr. Meredith. "Billy used to have just as beautiful a soprano voice as you have, Harry. He is going to be a fine tenor one of these days. Tenor voices run in our family."

It was with a grateful look at both father and brother that Billy continued his meal.

"Can you give me some money this morning?" asked Mrs. Meredith of her husband.

"I am afraid I cannot, Sue, unless you can send down to the office for it."

"I will go right down with you," exclaimed Billy cheerfully. "I will have time before school."

"You will if you move briskly," said the mother, "and you know I am very anxious about your record in school this month."

"All right, mother, I will hurry."

As the father and son left the house, the man laid his hand kindly upon the shoulder of the lad, and the two walked down the street together, conversing in a brisk and genial manner.

Billy was back with the money in time to prevent any uneasiness on the part of the mother, but as he left for school, he said, somewhat abruptly: "Mother, I wish I could leave school. It seems to me I am big enough to go to work."

"Big enough, to be sure," said the mother, looking fondly into the face of her big boy, "but are you quite sure that you know enough?"

"No, mother, I am not. I suppose I ought to stay in school a few years yet, but it does seem such pokey work."

"I know, dear; but you won't be sorry in the end if you yield cheerfully to the wishes of your father and mother in this respect. You know how proud your father is when your standing in school is up to the mark."

"Yes, I know, mother, and I will try and not make him ashamed of me," said the boy brightly as he ran down the steps.

At the dinner table the conversation was full of general interest, and Billy's remarks were listened to with the same consideration as those of the other members of the family.

"Say, Ma," spoke up little Harry, "Billy's got a best girl. I see him walking home from school with her every day."

"That accounts for his clean ears and fingernails," began Margaret, but again the warning look of her mother checked her, and she continued: "Billy is such a nice looking boy, I am glad to see him taking more care of himself."

"Why, yes," said the mother, "we all knew that Billy would soon begin to have the pride of a young gentleman, and I am better pleased to have him associate with nice girls than with rough boys. But you know, Harry," she said, turning to the smaller lad, "we don't talk about 'best girls' in our family. My children have friends among both the boys and girls, and they leave questions of 'sweethearts' and 'beaux' until they arrive at the age of maturity."

"I can well remember," said Mr. Meredith, "when I was about Billy's age, that the society of good girls was a very great help to me in becoming more gentlemanly. Of course, I know that Billy's mother and sister are treated by him with thoughtful consideration, but I think that sometimes a girl outside of the family can do more towards 'licking a cub into shape' than even the best mother or sister."

A look of mutual understanding passed between father and son, and Billy arose from the dinner table feeling himself more of a man.

There was a guest at supper to whom Billy was introduced with the same care and consideration as had been shown the elder son and daughter. During the early part of the meal Billy made no attempt to join in the conversation, but, at length, becoming interested and aroused, he spoke up with all the assurance of the adolescent boy:

"I think," he said, continuing his remarks to express an opinion decidedly opposed to the views which his father had maintained.

No one interrupted him, and at the close of his remarks Mr. Meredith said genially, "Well, my boy, I am glad you think, even though you do not think along the same lines that I do. The objections that you raise cover so wide a range of thought that it seems to me best not to continue the discussion here and now; but some time, when we are both at leisure, we will discuss the subject together, and perhaps will find ourselves more nearly of one mind than we seem to be just now."

The boy had been silenced, but in no unkindly man-

ner and with no hurt to his self-love. In fact, he had an added feeling of self-respect from the fact that his father had treated him as if worthy of consideration, and with a willing mind he accompanied the family to their evening of music in the parlor. He had a little feeling of regret that he had not been permitted by his mother to buy a ticket for a term of dancing lessons, the first one of which was given that evening. When he broached the subject to his mother, she said:

"I suppose you know, Billy, what my feelings are in regard to your going to dancing schools."

"Why, yes, mother, but all the boys and girls are going, and it makes one feel so odd to be shut out altogether from the fun of the other young folks."

"I appreciate that," said the mother, "and I could almost wish that I felt differently in regard to the matter. I realize that you cannot, from the nature of things, take quite the same view of the subject as I do. But I would like to ask you for a year or two longer to yield yourself cheerfully to the wishes of your father and mother in this respect, feeling sure that we are just as anxious for you to have a good time as you are, and also feeling sure that we really know better what is a good time than you do. Will you do this, Billy?" she asked, looking into his face with all the assurance that a loving mother could feel.

For a moment the lad paused, and then stretching out his hand said: "Yes, mother, I will. I know that you and father want me to have the best time possible, and I am going to do just as you want me to do, for I am sure that I will be happier at home, feeling that you are happy, than I could be anywhere else, knowing that you were uneasy about me."

Appreciating Billy's obedient spirit, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith took especial pains to have cheerful evenings at home, and soon a number of Billy's companions began frequently to congregate in the Meredith parlor for social entertainment, and Billy found that he had not missed all the fun by missing the dancing school.

It was a proud and happy father and mother that greeted Billy on his graduation from college, and heard him say: "I am so thankful I did not leave school when I was fifteen as I wanted to do. I know I shall be worth more to the world because I have a better education."—*Mary Wood-Allen, in American Motherhood.*



#### LONDON'S SUPREME PROBLEM.

##### Appalling Physical Degeneracy that has Come About Through Unrelieved Poverty.

THE following memorable scene is described in Charles Edward Russell's "Soldiers of the Common Good," in the January *Everybody's*:

"At Millbank, London, on the Middlesex side of

the Thames, half a mile above the Parliament Buildings, is a group of substantial flat-houses built and owned by the London County Council. The architecture is good, air and light are provided for, the courts between are paved with asphalt, everything is clean, well-ordered, quiet, eminently respectable. In front is a little strip of park where the children play. On Sunday, July 2nd, at noon, there came through one of the asphalt courts a young man, a little boy, and a young woman carrying a baby. They were dreadful to look upon, all of them clothed in dropping rags, emaciated, tallowy, and unclean. The woman had a vacant face and next to no chin; the man had sloping shoulders, one higher than the other, and stooped. The boy reproduced and exaggerated the physical defects of the man and the woman. The man slowly led the way down the court, singing. I have never known a thing more grotesque and horrible. He was singing 'Rock of Ages,' not to the inappropriate air of Abt's to which it is usually sung in America, but to the tune used in the churches of England. It was not that his voice was feeble, or wailing, or pathetic. What struck every attentive listener with a kind of horror was that it was not the voice of a human being.

"They walked very slowly down the court and looked up at the windows. Two or three were opened and some halfpence were thrown out, perhaps five. And thus, singing in this frightful fashion, they took their rags and misery out of sight.

"They were the problem of London, those four, and they stood before the best answer that London has yet been able to make."



THE devil has pretty nearly reached his limit when he gets a preacher to running a saloon; but he has accomplished this very thing with a man by the name of Thackery, called a clergyman of the Church of England. He has a Rev. as a prefix and M. A. LL. D., as a suffix. I suppose these titles look well under the saloon sign in front of the building. Will the titles elevate and magnify the office of the saloon, or will the saloon disgrace the minister? He sells all kinds of intoxicating liquors; he is his own bar tender, when not engaged in church duties. He claims the church is dying of respectability, and he proposes to save it across the bar. If the other members of his church are anything like him it is to be presumed that he is mistaken about the church being overburdened with respectability. Of course that depends on the point of view. A hog is a nice animal from the hog standpoint.



THERE is some talk in Congress of a fifteen-million-dollar naval station for the Philippines. This is probably to teach the doctrine of peace in the newly-acquired territory.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

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## NAIL A BOARD OVER IT.



GENTLEMAN once took his curly-headed little boy upon his knee and told him the story of a lost lamb. He went on to describe how it had found a hole in the fence, had crawled through and escaped. When it had succeeded in getting through the fence it felt so glad and happy, to think it was free, it just skipped and played and ran away until it had wandered so far that it could not find its way back. He continued to paint the story with a background, and tell how the wolf had chased it, caught it, and had torn it so badly, and finally how a good shepherd had rescued it and carried it back to the fold.

The little fellow never said a word until his papa had arrived at that part of the story where the shepherd had carried the little lamb, all wounded and bleeding, back to the fold, where he placed it in safety within the door. The little boy, all excited and worked up with the incident, exclaimed, "Say, papa, did he nail up the hole where it got out?" This was the vital point in the story to the child mind; it should be the vital point in the story to every thinking person.

A great many preachers, lecturers and writers stop with a pathetic story of the rescue of the lost ones, and never think, even as far as the little child, to nail up the hole. How many thousands of people do you know who talk temperance, and pray and give to the cause, and who have worked among the victims of strong drink for years, and tried to get them to sign pledges and reform from the use of intoxicants, and all those bad things, but when they succeeded in rescuing the ones who have gone astray, and get to the place where they could nail up the hole, they never think about it. How many voters are there to-day, among the people who pretend to be Christians, and people who really pray in church for the deliverance of the victims from the awful curse, when they get

into the ballot booth with their ballots in their hands and the hammer raised, and could just as well nail a board over the hole as not, pick up the nail and drive the eagle or the rooster fast to the board and let the hole in the fence remain as wide open as it has ever been.

Every saloon, gambling den and house of ill-repute is a hole in the fence and the popular indifference which the public gives these places shows that we do not want them removed badly enough or we would have them removed. We have other things that we want, and we can have this if we simply exercise our right of suffrage that has been bought with the price of blood.

The same doctrine that is expressed by the little boy ought to be looked after in the home, in the church, as well as in society and politics. Corrections have been made many a time of the errors which children make, but the greatest errors often remain in not nailing a board over the hole after the lamb has been brought back into the fold. When children are real small, the mother often places things out of the reach of their little hands, when they have been reprimanded for having those things which they should not have, in order to avoid a repetition of the same reprimand; that is a good thing.

Now, if this plan could be kept up all our lives, and our temptations removed from us, when possible, they would prevent many a fall, where, otherwise, we lose part or all of our character. Some one may argue it is not wise to remove temptation from us, because temptations cause us to grow stronger in trying to overcome them. Well, that may be true in a certain sense; but if we avoid all the temptation that is possible, and our friends remove from us all they are able to remove, we will still have enough temptations to overcome to exercise our capacity to the limit in overcoming the remaining ones. We need never fear but that the devil will place before us everything that we can possibly overcome, and, in a great many instances, more.

So, after this, when you preach and have told the story of the lost sheep, don't forget to nail up the hole. After this, when you make a temperance speech, and think you have some one ready to renounce the awful curse, don't forget to nail your board over the hole in the fence. After this when you help a weaker one out of a difficulty and get him on his feet again, and the mud and slop washed off his person, don't forget to nail a board over the hole in the fence.

Yes, the little fellow was looking at the philosophical end of the story. There was a fundamental reason for his doing it. Farmers, don't forget to repair your fences; the hogs may get out once by discovering a hole in the fence. Probably that is not your fault; perhaps you did not know the hole was there, but after you have a chance to hunt for an hour or two among

the green corn, to get the hogs back through the fence, you certainly ought to be wise enough not to leave the hole open, but nail a board over it so you will not need to make another chase like that. It would be well to carry out this business proposition in all the lines of your work. If you have discovered a leak in your finances, don't fail to nail a board over the hole in the fence.



#### THE STUFF THAT MEN ARE MADE OF.

A CERTAIN man was blind in one eye. The nerve was dead. It was affecting the other eye. He was advised to have the blind eye taken out that the good eye might use all the nerve force. He consented to the surgical operation. He entered the hospital. Was prepared for the operation. Was placed on the operating table and given the anæsthetic. The surgeon took out the eye. Proper bandages were placed on the wound. The patient became conscious again.

He tried to see with his good eye. But, oh, the mistake! The surgeon had taken out the wrong eye. Terrible mistake. The surgeon was a man. He was thunderstruck, dumbfounded. He had spent twenty years gathering together a nice competency. House, home, notes and some cash. He said, "I give you all I have. It's all I can do. I cannot give you eyesight. I cannot make reparation."

His partial compensation was accepted because of the unselfish motive with which it was given. The INGLENOOK stands for the unselfishness which is to make the world better. Men make mistakes. They always will. But what is to be done with the mistakes? Use them as stepping-stones to an unselfish character. The INGLENOOK will help many do this.

#### Coöperation.

It's just one week yet. A week is not long. It's soon gone. We want to increase the number of INGLENOOK readers. Now is the time to do it. We are a large family. We want it larger. Some of you know how a tabernacle full of people at Annual Conference looks. Two tabernacles full is the size of the family of our subscribers, and about ten tabernacles full is the size of the family of our readers.

We are members of one family. We must work together. "United we stand; divided we fall." We meet you, you meet the public. We tell you; you tell them. We give you a chance; you do the same.

#### March 27 is Inglenook Day.

The only INGLENOOK Day this year. Now is a chance to double the list. If we get more subscribers, we get more dollars. If we get more dollars we make better INGLENOOK.

The price of the INGLENOOK will remain at \$1.00 a year. The more readers we have, and the more dollars we make, the better material we can put into

the paper. To increase the number of our readers we shall send the INGLENOOK to new subscribers to January, 1907, for 50 cents. You can help us. Get as many as you can till March 27. Mail them to us on that day. INGLENOOK Day.

Don't wait. Do it now.



#### NO UNDERSHADOW.

A FEW years ago a new kind of lamp came to our notice, which had several good qualities. The principal merit of the lamp, however, was the fact that it cast no undershadow. It was arranged so it could be fastened to the wall, with an arm which contained a reservoir to hold a supply of oil. Instead of standing upright, as is generally the case, the blaze protruded in a parallel line with the arm. The globe surrounds the blaze at the bottom, as well as at the top, and there being no bowl underneath the blaze, as is generally true of a lamp, the light goes directly from the blaze, below as well as above, and on either side, hence it casts no undershadow.

Have you ever noticed a hanging lamp, when lighted? It gives more light everywhere else in the room than right under itself; the lamp itself casts the undershadow, but this one does not. The inventor has accomplished a great thing. There is a lesson in it for all. It is often said of preachers that their preaching would be all right if they would practice what they preached, but they cast an undershadow. Some men have more influence away from home than at home; that man casts an undershadow. It requires no more oil to run that kind of a lamp than the one which continually casts a shadow under itself. It depends upon the construction of the thing. If your characteristics are such that they make a shadow, better arrange to remove them.



#### TESTIMONIALS.

The Inglenook is improving all the time.—John Barnhart, Newberg, Oregon.

The Inglenook is the best paper that comes to my house.—W. S. Bayless, Elgin, Ill.

Mrs. Kiger thinks more of the Inglenook than any paper we take; she always reads it before the Ladies' Home Journal or Saturday Evening Post.—S. D. Kiger, Indianapolis, Ind.

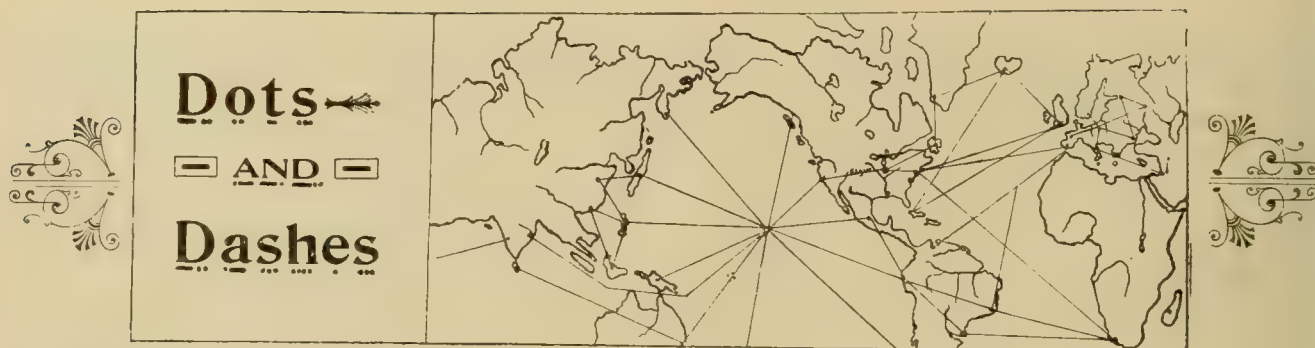
The Inglenook is getting better all the time. I think it has been simply fine all winter.—Emma Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill.

The Nook gets better every week.—Jennie Merchant, Laporte, Ind.



ELIJAH fled from Jezebel, but Ahab had the most to fear from her.





MORE than four hundred railroad conductors and engineers, representing the National Railway Unions, concluded a joint conference at Norwich, N. Y., for the purpose of bringing the different branches of service into close relations and to take steps toward the improvement of the social and moral condition of the members. This is one of the best movements we have heard of in eight years.

THE Gould Line of the Lake Erie & Western R. R., from Toledo to Pittsburg, published in their report that the present year shows a shortage of ninety-three thousand dollars.

Two persons killed and fourteen injured in a B. & O. wreck near Toledo, Ohio.

DON'T forget to do your duty on "INGLENOOK Day."

THE victims of the French mine horror numbered ten hundred and thirty-one.

THE Christian Catholic church, of Zion City, seems to be going through another series of trials. It is reported that three charges are held against Mr. Dowie that are criminal. Whether it is true or not we cannot say.

MAJOR GENERAL WOOD cabled the War Department that the American troops had engaged six hundred Moros, who had fortified the volcanic mouth of Dajo, in the Island of Jolo. The fight lasted from Tuesday till Thursday. The troops were compelled to ascend a height of twenty-one hundred feet at an angle of fifty degrees, with an invisible foe at the top of the ridge in the crater. For about three hundred feet the artillery had to be lifted with a block and tackle, but in the end every one of the Moros was slain, while the American loss was eighteen killed and fifty-two wounded.

NEW JERSEY has adopted the "Jim Crow" system for schools.

THE faculty of Stanford University has expelled the editor of their daily official student organ, for refusing to stand with the faculty in opposition to Hayden. Good enough; others follow!

THE Department of Superintendents of the N. E. A., at its recent Louisville, Kentucky, meeting recommended the following changes in spelling: "Buziness" for business, "enuf" for enough, "fether" for feather, "mesure" for measure, "plesure" for pleasure, "trauf" for trough, "thru" for through, "tuf" for tough, "tung" for tongue, "yung" for young.

THE Arche Club, of Chicago, by unanimous resolution has declared war on those newspapers which print details of crime in an attractive and sensational manner. The decision is a good thing. We hope they will be able to gain the victory, but some one ought to tell them in the beginning, to prevent their becoming discouraged, that they have a big job. There is room enough for another club or two of the kind in Chicago. If the club fails in its attempt, it would be nice if they could change their tactics and begin to reduce the crimes, or at least the cause of them, by upsetting the saloons; then there will not be so much of it to print. Begin at the right place if you want to do good effectually.

TACLOBAN, the capital of the Island of Leyte, P. I., has been destroyed. The financial loss is reported to be \$600,000. It was the fifth city of the island, and in a very important hemp district. A number of warehouses were destroyed. Government assistance will have to be rendered.

KANSAS is having some very high windstorms. For three days the velocity has reached thirty to forty miles an hour. The air is filled with dust and the sky has a leaden hue.

DR. JOHN BEARD, of Edinburgh University, thinks he has discovered "Trypsin," which is a cure for cancer. Better show us, John, that it will do the work.

ARMOUR & Co., of Philadelphia, sustained a loss of \$150,000 in a recent fire.

THE long-contemplated project of constructing a separate double-track railroad from Pittsburg to Philadelphia and New York, by the Pennsylvania R. R., is now to be fully realized. The main purpose of this project is to enable traffic managers to separate freight and passenger trains entirely, thus avoiding the expensive sidetracking of slow trains in order to operate fast ones. The line is expected to cost \$30,000,000 and will require a period of three years in which to complete it, in addition to extensive freight terminals. One of the first sections of the new two-track line will be between Morrisville and Newark. The annual report shows an increase of earnings of \$16,730,180.

MINISTERS of the district of the Central Passenger Association are receiving notices that their clergy certificates will not be honored for less than two cents a mile. If you did not think that the railroads would get even with the State of Ohio on the two-cent rate business, you are mistaken. This act will be hard on the wealthy churches, who take half of the poor preacher's fare from him when he comes to preach for them, because the railroad has given him a permit. Other things will follow. Accommodation trains will be taken from the service in many cases.

THE recent visit of King Edward of England, to Paris, attracted enormous crowds of cheering Frenchmen wherever he appeared in public, and the exchange of greetings with President Fallieres was one of marked cordiality.

GERMANY is following the example of England in the construction of eighteen-thousand-ton battleships. The German Reichstag Committee of Appropriations approved government measures providing for six additional armored cruisers and for increasing the displacement of two battleships already ordered to eighteen thousand tons.

It is the fashion nowadays to send missionaries across the water to save the heathen, fill the hold of the ship with rum, and then send a war vessel after the ship to protect the missionaries. Of course all this is very consistent.

In the Twentieth Annual Report of the Boston Chamber of Commerce it was pointed out that Boston has reestablished herself as the second port of the country, on the combined values, taking the place of New Orleans. The aggregate gain for last year was more than \$25,000,000.

CHINA is somewhat alarmed over the condition of the emperor. Late dispatches from Peking state that the Emperor Kwanga-Su is seriously ill and that the viceroys have been asked to send their best physicians at once.

THE forest service announces that a California lumber company has decided to extend, to vast tracts of timber, a system of fire protection, which will largely eliminate the element of risk in the forest industry. The plan calls for the clearing and burning of fire lines from two hundred to three hundred feet in width, the organization of a patrol, the location of tools and the erection of telephone lines.

THE devastating tidal wave which visited the South Sea Islands Feb. 7 and 8 resulted in the destruction of hundreds of homes in Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, one of the Society Islands in the southern Pacific. The property loss is estimated at \$2,000,000.

It has been reported that Turkey has decided to refund the customs duties, paid under protest, on consignments of educational materials destined for the American schools at Beirut.

CONSUL-GENERAL ROGERS, at Shanghai, has cabled the State Department that the American mission stations at Nanchang have been destroyed. Two English and six French missionaries were killed.

SOME important changes will soon take place in the Supreme Court. Justice Brown will retire on account of old age and failing eyesight. Chief Justice Fuller talks of retiring in favor of Secretary Taft.

IN New Mexico, near Portales, a prairie fire, covering more than a thousand acres of fine pasture land, has cost the country not less than a million dollars. A very similar fire is reported to have done about the same amount of damage in the Panhandle country, Texas.

THE village of Tavernola, Italy, which is built on the perpendicular cliffs about Lake Iseo, in the province of Brescia, was almost entirely destroyed by the giving way of the cliffs, caused from an undermining of the rocks by the lake. The disaster was preceded by a loud roaring sound, which alarmed the one thousand inhabitants in time to make their escape.

PEOPLE who claim to know, and who have lately visited the Pope, report that his state of health is very poor, and that he appears to be broken down by recent events in France.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### HOME.

D. Z. ANGLE.

Our family circle, may it be  
A joyous little realm;  
With love and purity e'er free,  
To steer and guide our helm.

A happy home ordained of God;  
Led by his powerful hand;  
The equal of ten million more,  
O'er all our goodly land.

Upon the home our nation stands—  
A sure foundation pier;  
Which crumbling 'neath dividing blows,  
Can leave no nation here.

Our family record, may it be  
One clean and spotless—pure,  
Carved on the hearts and minds of those  
Whose lives we do allure.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.



### AUNT CHARITY'S CLOCK.

SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN.



WHEN Nephew John paid Aunt Charity's entrance fee into the Old Ladies' Home, he thought he had done all that was required of him, and more. Unmarried as he was, he had no home of his own to take her to, neither were there any other relatives. Now that she was feeble, she was no longer able to look after herself. As John glanced over the little white room assigned her, he turned to the small, shrinking figure.

"It does look kind o' lonesome and bare, doesn't it, Aunt Charity?" he remarked as though he read her thoughts. "Seems like it needs a few of your things to make it look more homelike, but of course I couldn't afford to pay freight on 'em." "After all I've done for you besides," was on his tongue's end, but to his credit he did not say it.

"Of course not," echoed Aunt Charity meekly.

"You'll soon get used to it," went on John kindly. "The bed looks comfortable anyway. Well, good-by, Aunt Charity," and stooping hastily he kissed the withered cheek with a man's impatient desire to be gone, and dreading a scene.

But little Aunt Charity made no sign. She stood where he left her, in the center of the room, the hot

tears rolling down her cheeks, her trembling lips forced into a calm.

Poor, gentle, home-loving Aunt Charity. They were all kind to her after a fashion, and in the days that followed they tried each one to make her feel at home. But in spite of all their efforts, the sweet, wrinkled face each day grew paler and more pinched, the step more languid. Even the matron, sharp-eyed and vigilant as she was, had always a kind word for the bowed little figure in the black dress.

"There's something ailing her," the matron said to herself, and then she spoke to the doctor regarding her. After he had looked in upon Aunt Charity, in accordance with the matron's wish, the doctor returned this verdict:

"There's nothing to be done, Mrs. Whitcomb," he said. "It's just one of those cases not uncommon in old people, where there's a general weakening of the whole system. Take people at her time of life and uproot them, transplant them into new soil, in other words, why, they won't take to it, that's all. Keep her as cheerful as you can and perhaps some day she'll tell you what is troubling her. It's wonderful what a hold 'home' has on some women. Do what we can, we can never make these institutions quite like it. There's a good deal of meaning in the magic words, 'Under my own vine and fig tree.' We fail there."

"Yes," admitted the matron a trifle reluctantly, "and yet how much the poor souls need us."

"That may be," assented the doctor, "but we can't make them realize it."

But it was Mrs. Endicott who got at the root of the matter; young, rich, beautiful Mrs. Endicott, who was one of the patronesses of the Home. Seeing Aunt Charity one day she straightway fell in love with her sweet, worn face framed by its white hair.

"What's the matter with her?" she demanded of the matron. "I never saw anyone so pale."

Whenever she came after that, she always slipped away to Aunt Charity's room. It wasn't long before she found out all about her and the seventy-eight years of faithful humble servitude that had characterized them.

One afternoon she laid her soft, white hand over the frail, wrinkled one. "Aunt Charity," she said softly, "something troubles you. Won't you tell me?" And then all at once Aunt Charity burst into a passion of sobs.

"It's the things," she sobbed, "the things I used to

have before I came here. Oh, I miss 'em. It seems as if my heart would break with the strangeness of it all. I'm not complainin' of this life. It's one of God's ways of providin' for the old and feeble, and I'm both that, these days. Nobody needs me, and I've got nothing to care for, but, oh, if I could just have something that belonged to me before, the clock 'specially. Seems like after Uncle David died that that was all the company I wanted. He used to wind it every Saturday night, and afterwards it seemed to me that sometimes I could still see him. That clock was a sight of company those sad days, filled with memories as it was. Then there was his arm chair. I gave it to him on his fiftieth birthday and he never sat in any other afterward. You don't know how I love that chair, but John, my nephew, the one that brought me here, said he couldn't afford to pay freight on the old furniture, so he sold everything. It nearly broke my heart when he did it, but, dependin' on him as I had to, I couldn't say a word. Seems as if my mother named me rightly when she called me Charity. Since Uncle David's death, I've had so many bitter pills to swallow, but the sellin' of those things was one of the hardest."

A tear dropped on the thin, wrinkled hand and young and beautiful Mrs. Endicott saw it.

"She's fading every day," she thought. "Something must be done," and then an inspiration came to her.

"Aunt Charity," she asked gently, "who bought the things—the chair and the clock, I mean?"

"Mrs. Deacon Graham bought 'em both," was Aunt Charity's quick answer. "The rest of the things were scattered through the neighborhood. Most every one bought something." Aunt Charity looked up. "You don't know how hard it is to see everything go," she said huskily, "and then go yourself."

"I can imagine it," said young Mrs. Endicott gently.

"I don't like to complain," went on Aunt Charity more cheerfully; "it isn't my way, but when you get old, things don't look quite so bright and you're slow to adapt yourself to new conditions. Everyone here is as kind as can be, but I can't get used to the thought that this is my home; that as long as I live I must stay here in this strange room. If I had David's chair and the clock it might help."

Mrs. Endicott did not reply, but the very next day a letter went to Aunt Charity's old home. It was addressed to Mrs. Deacon Graham, and it contained a handsome cheque.

Dear Mrs. Graham:—

I have heard of you through our dear Aunt Charity Ames, now an inmate of our home. You will be sorry, I am sure, to learn of her failing health. I believe, however, if we could surround her with a few of the things she has been used to, it would help her. She seems to miss most her husband's chair and her old clock. She

tells me you bought both at the sale. Now I am depending upon you to help me. If you are willing to return them to her, enclosed please find cheque for twenty-five dollars for same. You may send them to my address and I will see that she gets them. With this money you will be enabled, perhaps, to buy you something that will please you. Aunt Charity seems to pine in our atmosphere, and I am taking this means to rouse her.

With best wishes and the hope that you can favor me, I remain, dear madam,

Very sincerely yours,

Cornelia Endicott.

Mrs. Deacon Graham gasped when she saw the cheque. "Sakes alive!" she cried, "twenty-five dollars for that old chair and the clock? Why, I couldn't think of taking but half of it, if I did that. I'll write right away and tell this Cornelia Endicott so. Whoever she is, she has a kind heart. Poor Aunt Charity! I'll express those things to-morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

One afternoon young Mrs. Endicott came to take Aunt Charity for a drive. The sweet old face looked more worn and faded than ever under the black bonnet. Mrs. Endicott noticed it. "Aunt Charity," she said, "what is it? Do you still miss the things?"

Aunt Charity's lips trembled. "Yes," she cried, "yes, yes. If I could only have that old clock again. It had such a pretty strike, Mrs. Endicott. Oh, if John only knew how it hurt me when he sold it, he'd never, never have done it. Only think, forty years that old clock kept me company. Its face was like the face of a friend. It ain't so bad here. Everyone is real good, but the nights are so long. You know I've always been used to hearin' that clock tick and the silence and strangeness is terrible. At home I used to wake in the night and listen to hear it strike, and the strange thing about it was that I always knew what time it was going to be, and then after I heard it, I'd go to sleep real satisfied. You see I got to dependin' on that clock for company. Now, I lie awake in the dark and cry. The room is pleasant, but it's my own things I miss. I used to knit and make quilt patches and be real happy and busy with the old clock to keep me company. But now—I haven't the heart to begin anything. If I could only hear it strike."

They had their drive and as Aunt Charity got slowly out of the carriage at the door of the Home, she turned.

"The world is a beautiful place, ain't it?" she said wistfully, "and there's many of God's own people in it, too. I'll try to be more cheerful while I wait. Good-by. You'll never guess what you've been to me."

"I'll go upstairs with you," said young Mrs. Endicott brightly.

They walked very slowly up the stairs, for Aunt Charity was now quite feeble. As Mrs. Endicott opened the door, something chimed the hour, "One—two—three—four—five."

Aunt Charity stopped. Her heart beat violently.



Her worn, white face turned even whiter still. She leaned for support against young Mrs. Endicott's arm.

"It's my clock," she whispered in an awestruck voice, "my old clock. I'd know its strike in heaven," and then she went in. There on a shelf did, indeed, stand an old-fashioned, round-faced clock, ticking cheerily away in its oaken case, and near it was a familiar armchair that seemed to stretch out friendly arms to the little bent figure regarding it.

The next moment Aunt Charity had sunk on her knees beside it, and had hid her face. Young Mrs. Endicott came over and laid a tender hand on her shoulder, but she, too, could not speak.

The next minute Aunt Charity struggled to her feet. "Of course it was you, dearie, that did it," she whispered, brokenly.

Two days afterward Mrs. Endicott came to see the success of her experiment. She opened the door of Aunt Charity's room so softly Aunt Charity did not hear her. In Uncle David's chair she sat, a frail, bowed little figure. Her fingers were busy with some bright quilt patches, and as she worked she sang—sang in a thin, cracked voice, with a certain sweetness in it still, these words:

"I'm but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home."

"One—two—three—four," chimed the old clock suddenly. Aunt Charity looked up. "You didn't surprise me a bit," she said. "I knew you were going to strike, dear old friend. I don't mind the Home a bit now since I have you. Heaven up there and a little bit of heaven here, with David's chair by me, and the old clock. Let me see, I guess I'll put this blue patch right next to the white one. Blue and white are so pretty."

Young Mrs. Endicott saw it all and nodded, well satisfied. "It was some trouble, but it paid," she thought, and then she went in.

"Good afternoon, Aunt Charity," she said.—*Selected.*



#### A VISIT TO A DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

A DOLLS' hospital! And why not? Doesn't dolly often sustain both internal and external injuries? And when injured, doesn't she need the assistance of the surgeon? Of course she does. And so it has come to pass that kindly disposed people have opened hospitals where dolly may be cured of her hurts—if the head has not been smashed.

The writer visited a dolls' hospital a few weeks ago and there saw a room full of the poor, maimed things. Here in one corner lay a fine French dolly, with one eye gone, an unsightly scar on her piquant nose, and a broken ankle. Near this little French lady was another dolly, with hair gone, a maimed hand, and two legs missing. (These members, however, were

wrapped in a bit of paper waiting the surgical operation that would join them to their wonted places again.)

But the saddest plight was that of a dear baby doll who had lost its cry. When one pinched its stomach the springs would not squeak; therefore the little thing had no way of expressing pain or anger, but must lie on the shelf and be still. And a serious operation would be performed upon her soon, for the doll doctor would cut her open down the back and put in another crying spring or fix up the one already in her body.

And that's the advantage of being a doll. Dolls undergo the most terrible accidents—are pulled limb from limb, hair from head—to be put together again without much trouble and no fuss whatever.

As I looked about the hospital, I wondered how the children who owned these maimed dollies could have been so careless, heartless—yes, cruel—in their treatment of the helpless things.—*Christian Advocate.*



#### THE INDIAN AS A CITIZEN.

THE Indian is now to become a full-fledged citizen of the United States. The last tie that connected him with the almost-forgotten past has been severed. Congress has forced an individual distribution of the lands which he has held in common since time began. The Indian by tradition and practice is a communist. His natural reverence for a supreme being made him respect those things which, to him, were purely God-given. In the language of a writer familiar with Indian beliefs, "He could use them only in common with others. He even treats the deer and the beaver with consideration, and says that God placed them on earth to live and thrive. It is also a divine wish that when the Indian needs food and moccasins he may kill the deer for its flesh and hide. But he must not slay the animals beyond the point where his own needs are supplied. To go beyond such a point would be a direct interference with the will of God." The Indian has been charged with being lazy. I guess he is. Whether he acquired the habit by a process of reasoning which civilized men would call instinct, or whether he looked into the future and caught a glimpse of what industry has so far brought to civilized man, I cannot say. When one contemplates this putrid sore which we call civilization, with its money madness on one side and its poverty on the other, its palaces and its hovels, its jails and its churches, its public schools and its brothels, its whiskey joints and its police stations, its politicians and its preachers, its grafters and its judges, its misery and its gilded pleasures—all the result of patience and industry and private property, I do not blame the Indian for clinging tenaciously to his old beliefs of communism, under which the land, the source of his living, could be sold no more forever,

but was to remain the eternal heritage of all mankind. But this has passed away. The Indian owns his land to-day—to-morrow it will be in the hands of the speculators—he will become a beggar and an outcast in the land of his birth. Maybe the savage could teach us a few lessons in political economy that it would be well to heed. Of course we won't. We've got to travel the road to the brink of perdition—and then we will take another tack, and go back to the turn in the road which leads to the Coöperative Commonwealth.—*Appeal to Reason.*



#### KITCHEN MEASURES.

GRACE HILEMAN MILLER.

THE following measures of capacity have aided me many times, therefore I pass them on:

Four even teaspoonfuls liquid equal one even tablespoonful.

Three even teaspoonfuls dry material equal one even tablespoonful.

Sixteen tablespoonfuls liquid equal one cupful.

Twelve tablespoonfuls dry material equal one cupful.

Two cupfuls equal one pint.

Four cupfuls equal one quart.

Four cupfuls flour equal one quart or one pound.

Two cupfuls solid butter equal one pound.

Two cupfuls granulated sugar equal one pound.

Two and one-half cupfuls powdered sugar equal one pound.

One pint milk or water equals one pound.

One dozen eggs equal about one and one-half pounds.

Pure milk is three per cent heavier than water.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*

## The Rural Sanctum

Next Subject for Discussion: "The Cake I Like and How to Make It."

*Dear Inglenook Readers:*—Our subject for discussion is, "Resolved that the dishcloth is more easily dispensed with than the broom." Now I will take my stand on the reverse. I say that the dishcloth *can not* be near so well dispensed with as the broom. First, I claim that wherever a broom is used that a cloth of some kind will answer the same purpose, while on the other hand, in washing our dishes and cooking utensils there isn't anything that will take the place as satisfactorily as the dishcloth. While I can take my rugs outside and shake and with the carpet duster do the rest, and with a damp mop I can clean the oilcloth or bare floor. MRS. MARY TOOMBS.

*Monticello, Ind.*



#### NORTHERN WINTERS.

M. P. LICHTY.

UNDOUBTEDLY the people of the Southern States who have never experienced a northern winter naturally may suppose that living as we do so near the international boundary line between western Canada and the United States, and also near the summit of the divide or height of land and the Turtle Mountains, our long cold seasons must be almost unendurable, and that the lines of the Psalmist are very applicable when he said, "The Lord giveth snow like

wool, he scattereth hoar frost like ashes, he casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?"

Well, history bears out the fact that many people in the past have done so, and more of the present do, and as the world grows older and wiser many more will find out sooner or later that the enjoyments of real good health and the solid comforts of a genuine home life far surpass that of the warmer regions of the earth. As a rule, I believe the people here have more leisure to enjoy winter excursions and visits, have more leisure time for reading and writing, and have greater opportunities to engage in winter sports, such as hunting and skating and performing feats on skis, than have their friends of the south in their kind of diversions.

Nor is this country lacking in attractive spells of fine weather and scenes of landscape beauty both by day and by night. The many glorious displays of the aurora borealis, the mysterious winter mirages, and the frequent appearance of mock-suns and mock-moons and beautiful halos of the greater heavenly bodies are among the things to be admired. Old Dame Nature conducts herself proudly quite frequently and knows how to break the monotony of the long season and bring cheer and happiness to all who chance to live in this cold zone.



One of our northern editors has recently very ably expressed himself in his editorials on our "Matchless Winter Beauty," and very truthfully says:

"Under certain climatic conditions in winter there is produced frequently, in our Northwest, a natural spectacle that for wonder-inspiring beauty cannot be surpassed, and is rarely, if ever, equalled. After a few days of comparatively mild and rather humid weather there comes a still, crisp, frosty night, and in the morning the eye of man is entranced and his soul thrilled with the magical change wrought by mysterious forces of nature while he slept.

"The whole landscape has been endowed with a beauty and magnificence transcending the poet's dream and paralyzing the descriptive powers of the deftest romancer. The sun sets upon a bleak, colorless, seemingly dead land; it rises to find a landscape crystallized into soul-inspiring loveliness. Trees are dressed in a foliage that makes their summer garments look poor and cheap. Every blade of grass has become a crystal spear; the dead, unsightly weed is wrought into an ensilvered plume that knight or lady would be most proud to wear; roofs are silver plated, and woven wire fences are transformed into gorgeous tinsel laces that queen and fairy weep because they cannot be draped with them.

"The early morning sun sends its many-colored rays to tint the crystal scene with colors more delicate and ravishing than ruby, emerald or turquoise ever wore; and as crystal tree and shrub are stirred by a gentle breeze the scintillation of colors and rapid change of form make the finest kaleidoscope envious.

"This is not a quickly vanishing spectacle, like a gorgeous sunset or fleeting rainbow, but often cheers and adorns the winter landscape for a day or days; and where night's electric lights shine through the sharply defined limbs and twigs of the crystal trees an effect is produced that makes it easy for the beholder to imagine that he is not of earth earthy, but has been translated to a land more wonderfully beautiful than the paradise of his fancy or belief.

"But to get a true appreciation of the wonder work accomplished in a few hours of darkness one must pick a weed stalk or tree twig and study the detail of the work that in its magnitude becomes glorious with beauty and eloquent with grandeur. The construction of each crystal reveals a delicacy of touch and perfection of workmanship that is awe inspiring; while the arrangement of the crystals on the stalk displays a taste and skill that make the rarest work of human hands seem crude and bungling. Is it not sinful to croak of long, cold, cheerless winters when in that season there are so many things, if we will learn to see them, to assure us that God is good, and mindful of us in all seasons?"



UNSANCTIFIED desires are always deadly.

## INCIDENTS OF FRONTIER LIFE.

J. S. FLORY.

It was during the fall of 1873, when, in company with my family, I left the "old West Virginia hills," and took Horace Greeley's advice, and emigrated west. After six days of continuous travel by railroad we landed in the town of Greeley, Colorado. Colorado was then a territory; the South Platte Valley was just beginning to attract the attention of emigration which was pressing onward toward the setting sun.

With a party of five associates, we made a trip of nearly one hundred miles down the South Platte to investigate. At night we camped out, sleeping on the broad prairie with the broad canopy of heaven as our shelter and the stars our light. On our arrival at the old American ranch, once a stage station, the lone proprietor informed us that it was not safe to ford the river owing to the quicksand. Determined to cross over to the north side, we set out afoot, carrying our clothes on our heads; we waded the waters which came up to our necks. After crossing we went to work and drove stakes, each one making claim to a quarter section of Uncle Sam's domain, just above where now is the prosperous town of Sterling.

We hugely enjoyed the hospitality of the ranchers in frontier, free-will style. Incidentally we state, as an idea of peculiar usage, this rancher used as a salt box the top half of an Indian skull. We thought of the saying, "Some people are of more use when dead than when living."

At this time the Indian and buffalo had free range and seemed to be monarch of all they surveyed. Soon after we had located our claim we had our first buffalo hunt in that vicinity. Early in the morning, after our arrival in camp, we noticed large herds moving toward the river, from the southern sandhills. Alone I waded the cold, icy river, preparatory to giving them a warm reception. I had never faced such large game prior to this occasion, and it is needless to deny that we were just a little "flustrated." As a rule, when a herd of buffaloes near a stream of water, when thirsty, they run pellmell into the stream. Like the charge of an army of men they came with a rush. As they were drinking I selected a fine specimen as a target, and was successful in killing it and wounding another that went off to the hills.

After moving on our claim in December, it was not an unusual thing to be able to shoot those monsters of the plains from our door. It was seemingly more of a common occurrence for herds to come to the river, which was near our domicile, to drink on the Lord's Day.

Of course we respected the Sabbath day. After a

few families had moved in, we started up religious services in that lonesome and sparsely-settled section. To my knowledge the first person baptized into the Brethren church in Colorado was immersed in that locality. The brother is now an efficient minister and elder of a church, and is living in Nebraska. The first organized church in Colorado was effected in that vicinity. Thus is evident the oft-repeated saying, "Emigration is one of the best ways to evangelize the world."

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



## MY WORST EXPERIENCE IN PLOWING CORN.

S. B. MILLER.

I WAS raised on a farm and somewhat used to the various farm implements. In the spring of 1887 I hired to a farmer near Hastings, Nebr. He used the tongueless cultivator, something I had never before seen. This machine had a wheel for each double-

shovel plow, and an arch connecting the wheels. It was a sort of double-hinged apparatus held together by pins through socket and eyes,—I don't just remember how, only that it fell to pieces if you failed to keep it upright. The team I worked was a trial of my patience—one fast, the other real slow—the consequences, one plow was a foot or more ahead of the other, making me work with one hand on handle in front of me and the other extended rearward in an endeavor to find the other handle. But the greatest trial came in turning around. If I turned too short the plow fell over sidewise and became unjointed,—an apparent heap of ruins,—and to turn carefully required both wheels working evenly which seemed impossible with that team. My shoulders ached from holding my arms extended unnaturally to reach the handles; my mind ached from the excessive strain on my temper and patience; and my heart ached for the companionship of my Illinois friends, and with a tongueless cultivator as an excuse, I "jumped my job."

## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### An Incident on the Road.

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog, says Harper's Weekly. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the owner. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will five dollars fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "five dollars will fix it, I guess."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.



White enameled kitchen utensils often become to all appearance hopelessly ruined when food has burned to them. Place a mixture of strong soap powder and boiling water in such kettles, let them stand two or three days on the back of the stove without changing the water; then pour off the water and rub the inside with a soft cloth. All blackness and stain will disappear. Be careful not to scratch or scrape the kettle before soaking in this way, as the enamel will crack.



An editor who runs a notes and query column received the following: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find two or three lying on their backs, toes curled up, never to rise again." The editor replied: "Your hens are dead."



You cannot always tell what is in the heart by what comes out of the mouth.

### Dog Wiser Than He Thought.

Garfield W. Weede, the left end of the Pennsylvania football team, lay with a broken leg in the university hospital. In the same ward lay two other football victims, William Hollenbach and Frank Fuqua, the former with a broken leg, the latter with a fractured skull. Flowers—great masses of roses and violets—surrounded these brave young men.

"Yes, I am afraid," said Weede, with a patient smile, "that football is becoming a pretty bloody, a pretty ghastly sort of game. It reminds me of the barbering down east.

"I once went into a down east barber shop to get my hair cut. As I sat in the chair and the scissors clicked away the barber's dog lay beside me on the floor, looking up at me all the time most attentively.

"Nice dog, that," said I.

"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems fond," I said, "of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear."



The best religion is right living every day.



### The Origin of "Hello."

"Hello!" said the observing man. "That's a funny word. We use it a hundred times a day, and yet we never think of where it came from. Hello isn't, as many people think, a transposed warm exclamation used in heated discussions by hot-headed people. It's French. Way back in the eleventh century the word was born. The Normans in England coined it. They had great wolf hunts in Britain, just after they had conquered the country, and



while they were beating the bush of course they had to yell. Had the Normans spoken Anglo-Saxon, probably when we use the telephone we would say 'Thuhwool,' a corruption of 'the wolf.' As they spoke French, they cried the French for 'the wolf' or 'le loup,' pronounced 'luhloo.' The Anglo-Saxons picked up the word and it was corrupted into 'hello.' Remember, when you telephone the next time, that you are giving the old Norman wolf hunt cry, 'the wolf.'" *Atchison Weekly Globe.*

#### When Maids Assert Their Independence.

The maid in a Harlem house had just joined the union. The mistress is having her troubles becoming accustomed to the newly-acquired arrogance with which the maid governs the household.

"Maggie, did you hear the bell ring?" mildly queried the mistress the other day.

"Shure," replied the maid, calmly continuing her dusting.

"Why don't you go to the door?" asked the mistress

"Now, really, I don't know of anyone who'd call on me at this time of the day, an' it must be fer yez." The feathers of the duster cracked so omniously that the mistress did not pursue the argument any further, but answered the bell.

#### Couldn't Fathom It.

A man, while wandering in the village cemetery, saw a monument and read with surprise the inscription on it:

"A Lawyer and an Honest Man."

The man scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," said the first man; "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

Wherever the Gospel is faithfully preached, somebody is going to believe it.

#### Scriptural Proof.

At a colored camp meeting in Carolina a testifying penitent referred to himself and his unconverted brothers as "niggers" in a spirit of abject humility which he deemed well pleasing to his maker. The presiding elder who "amened" his speech at proper intervals finally threw out a gentle rebuke.

"Call yo'se'f a cullud pusson, Brother," he admonished impressively. "Niggers is a term ob reproach invented by proud white folks. Dey ain't no mention in de Good Book of niggers."

"Oh, yes, dey is, parson," the penitent contradicted solemnly. "Don't you rec'lect de place whar it tell about nigger Demus?"—Helen Frances Huntington, in *Lippincott's*.

If a man is on the level, no matter whether he is rich or poor, he is entitled to respect, and generally gets it.

#### He Felt Lonely.

At a sale of animals from a hippodrome a tiger was being offered. The highest bid was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. The owner of the animal, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding then went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"From the country," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

The showman shifted about for a few moments, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, evidently trying his best to reconcile the two.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her."

He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added:

"So I've bought the tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman, in a husky voice, as he turned to hide his emotion.—*London Times.*

A man in Palmer, Mass., died of chronic poisoning from arsenic in the colors upon the wall paper of his sitting room.

#### The Many-Sided Printer.

The versatility of printers is aptly illustrated by the following advertisement which recently appeared in a western paper:

WANTED—By a printer who is capable of taking charge of a publishing and printing plant a position as foreman. Can give valuable advice to persons contemplating marriage, and has obtained a wide reputation as a trance medium. Would accept an appointment as pastor of a small evangelical church or as substitute preacher. Has had experience as strike-breaker and would take work of this character west of the Missouri River. Would have no objection to forming a small but select class of young ladies to teach them in the higher branches or to give them information as to the cause of the Trojan war. Can do odd jobs around a boarding house or would accept a position as assayist of a mining company. To a dentist or a chiropodist his services would be invaluable, and can fill with satisfaction a position as bass or tenor singer in a Methodist choir. Address, etc.

What the result of this advertisement was I did not learn.—W. C. Jenkins, in *February Lippincott's*.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XII.

The California Butte Valley Land Company asked the privilege of Bro. E. M. Cobb, editor of the *INGLENOOK*, to advertise the Butte Valley in that magazine, and he said in order that he might know whether the proposition was a good one or not he would have to see the valley himself. So he came here in person with McDonaugh and Massie, and, after a thorough investigation of the climatic conditions, the possibilities in the timber, crops of grain, cattle raising, etc., he pronounced it all right and told me that I might write all the letters for the *INGLENOOK* I wanted to. About the time that Brother Cobb came West, Elder D. C. Campbell, of Colfax, Ind., was making a trip to his gold mine at Camp Verde, Ariz., and at the same time looking after the interests of Albaugh Bros., Dover & Co., for whom he travels. Bro. M. D. Early, of Elgin, Ill., who is also a traveling representative of the above-named firm, was looking after the interests of his employers around Los Angeles, Lordsburg, Pomona, etc., and through the persuasion of Massie, McDonaugh and Cobb, they also visited the Butte Valley. They, too, saw the possibilities of this valley and are very anxious to recommend it to any who think of changing locations. They said there was no reason why this valley should not be filled with our people, who will not only have splendid church and school privileges, but make a lot of money as well. Besides this, they will have a place to live where the climate is right, and where all kinds of products can be raised and where their families can be surrounded by natural scenery. Brother Campbell has traveled quite extensively in Europe as well as in America, and he says this is one of the finest places to live he ever saw. In fact, he said that he didn't think it would be very many years until he would live here himself.

When they came here they did not come up the new railroad from the simple fact that there was quite a snowfall on the mountains the night before and the road was not well broken from where the men are working at the terminus of the road up to the ranch. So they left the Southern Pacific Railroad at Montague and hired a livery rig there and came over the Siskiyou mountains, via of Little Shasta to the Prae-

ther ranch. Of course some people are skeptical and wouldn't believe things they see in print, no difference whose name was signed to it, and so I thought I would take a snapshot of these fellows to let you all know that they were on the ground, and if any one does not believe it now he could easily test the matter by writing to them.

Sile was glad that they were here on that particular night, because it was the last night of December, 1905, when large numbers of cattle were taken off the range



From Original Photograph of Massie's Party.

and taken over the mountains to their owners; and these gentlemen from the East got a chance to see just how thousands of cattle look, that have lived all their lives on the Butte Valley Range without a bite of grain and required no care whatever. A barb wire fence was stretched around thirty-three thousand acres and the cattle had all the nutritious grass, mountain water and beautiful sunshine that they wanted. What more did they need? Nothing but time to get fat. I was trying to interest Brother Campbell in the fine timber, but he would get a chance to look at it only a half minute before Sile would have his attention drawn in another direction, looking at a bunch of fine cattle.

(To be continued.)



## Victor Liver Pills

The superior Family Liver Pills. Very mild in their action and act as a Laxative, by taking one before retiring. In larger doses they are antibilious Pills and cure Biliousness, Liver and Stomach troubles. A favorite among the Ladies. If your dealer does not have Victor Liver Pills you can get them for twelve 2-cent stamps by addressing

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
Frederick, Md.

## VICTOR HEADACHE SPECIFIC

Cures all Sick and Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Brain-Fag, Sea and Train Sickness. Eleven cures 10 cents. Mailed on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
Frederick, Md.

## BRAWNTAWSN'S The Victor Tonic

Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion by Building the Digestive Organs. Thirty Days' Treatment 50 cents. Send by Mail on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,  
Frederick, Md.

## Central Kansas Farms

Write for list of the best Corn, Wheat and Alfalfa Producing Farms.

N. P. J. SONDERGARD,  
Marion Co., Ramona, Kans.

## SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Gospel Messenger

Now is a good time to begin your subscription. If you are not now a subscriber to the Gospel Messenger, let us send you a sample copy.

Better still—send us \$1.50 for a year's subscription and we will send you Free a copy of the Brethren Family Almanac.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



## FREE SAMPLE

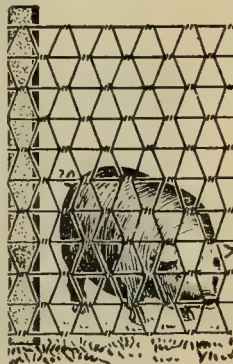
Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE  
**NINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE**  
We cure you of chewing and smoking  
for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly  
harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford,  
Indiana. We answer all letters.

## CURED OF CANCER AND GAINED 40 POUNDS.

I want to tell every person who is a sufferer of cancer how I got cured and that I gained 40 pounds since the cure. My cancer was on the right side of my face, the size of a silver dollar. I tried different doctors, but it was all in vain. I was told by my family physician to try Drs. Rinehart & Co., of Kokomo, Ind. I gave them a fair trial; the result was most gratifying. The cancer came out in twelve days and was all healed up in four weeks. It never, at any time, gave me any pain while under their treatment. I can most heartily recommend Drs. Rinehart & Co., as being thorough and in every way gentlemen. Anyone can send and get their free book on cancer by addressing

DRS. RINEHART & CO.,  
Kokomo, Ind.

I write this for the benefit of suffering humanity. Respectfully,  
Sherman Hollingsworth,  
12t4 Russiaville, Ind.



## DIAMOND MESH FENCING

From 22½ in. up to 6 ft. high and 1-in. mesh up. Direct to farmers. Write for catalogue and prices.

THE HOLLINGER  
FENCE CO.,  
GREENVILLE, OHIO

## A Plain View of the Rites and Ordinances of the House of God

By ALEXANDER MACK.

This work is arranged in the form of a conversation between father and son, and vital questions concerning the faith and practice of the early church of the Brethren are ably defended.

Besides this, many ground-searching questions are answered by the author. This book contains 89 pages. Paper bound.

Regular price, .....25 cents  
Now, prepaid, .....10 cents

Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Splendid Farms for Sale in an Old-Settled Country

I have a few farms of my own for sale yet ranging from \$5 to \$35 per acre. The cheaper farms are stump lands with no improvements but I have several good farms with improvements. One of these farms, considering soil and location, is the Banner Farm of this country. It is a 100-acre farm with good improvements for \$3,500, few rods from depot. If my farms fail to please you I have several of my friends' farms to sell and know I can please you if you care to buy. We have free mail, telephone, schools and churches. All lands near Brethren church. Beautiful scenery, healthy climate, a boon to asthmatic people. Don't die in asthmatic countries but come north, breathe pure air and be healthy. Am old and will sell my lands cheap. Will sell from 40 to 200-acre lots and pay fare one way to those who purchase.

M. S. HOWES,

R. F. D. No. 1. Copemish, Mich.  
10t4

## WE HAVE LIVED AT SUNNYSIDE FOR SEVEN YEARS

To Brethren going West we would like to recommend this successful irrigated country. We have a good church building, 80 members and excellent schools. A new railroad has just been built through our town. This is a great grass and hay country. Diverse feed farming is principally engaged in. Our valley is noted for fruit and vegetables. For further information, enclosing stamp, address:

Elder S. H. Miller or H. M. Lichty,  
Sunnyside, Wash.

## Inglennook Cook Book

This cook book has become so popular that we were compelled to get out another edition.

We are printing it on much better paper this time and are binding it in our own bindery, insuring a much better book than previous edition.

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Ingle-nook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth. If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents  
Oil cloth binding, each, .....35 cents

Brethren Publishing House,  
Elgin, Illinois.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.

# The New and Complete Universal Self-Pronouncing Encyclopedia

The Eight Volumes  
Only - - \$4.35



Edited by Chas. Annandale, M. A., LL. D., Isaac Thorne Johnson, M. A., and other eminent specialists.

OVER 100 SETS SOLD IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS,  
AND ALL ARE HIGHLY PLEASED.

This cyclopedia stands alone in freshness and variety of matter, presented in concise form. It is the only cyclopedia making the claim that it has been edited and published in the Twentieth Century.

IT CONTAINS NEARLY DOUBLE THE NUMBER  
OF ARTICLES FOUND IN THE EN-  
CYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

Being edited by encyclopedic authorities of the old and new worlds, insures its absolute reliability. It gives the latest information on all subjects, including the statistics for the United States by the latest census.

It tells about all the great men and women in every field of activity of ancient and modern times. It tells of all the great nations, their rise and decline, their history and achievements. In fact, it tells of everything that the student in school, as well as the parents at home, would like to know about. It will be found indispensable in homes where there are children of school age. It will be consulted daily by your boys and girls.

Perhaps you cannot afford to pay \$75.00 or \$100.00, the price asked for many Encyclopedias. Then order this Universal, which will be found invaluable to your home.

These volumes are profusely illustrated, printed on good book paper, well bound in cloth, with full gold stamping on back.

Complete in eight volumes. Size, 8x5¼ inches. Over 4,100 double-column pages. Hundreds of illustrations. Weight, 16 pounds. Packed in wooden case.

Publishers' price for the eight volumes, .....\$12.00  
Our special price, F. O. B. Elgin, ..... 4.35

Send your order to

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Farm for Sale

In Mason county, in the Fruit Belt of Michigan; one-half mile to Brethren church; school, one-eighth mile. Good soil. Write at once for information.

OLIVER WILLIAMS,  
Mason Co., E. D. No. 2, Custer, Mich.

## SEND TO-DAY

for catalog showing samples of Bonnet Materials, and six different shapes.

CATALOG FREE.



Style B.



Style C.

Style B. The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and fringe are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

Style C. This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the fringe. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet, \$2.40. For making only, 85 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.

For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1½ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.25, depending on quality.



- 1st—Length over head.
  - 2d—Width across back of neck.
  - 3d—Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.
- Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet. We guarantee satisfaction.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,  
Dept. J.R CHICAGO, ILL.

YOU HAVE HEARD OF

## ACETYLENE

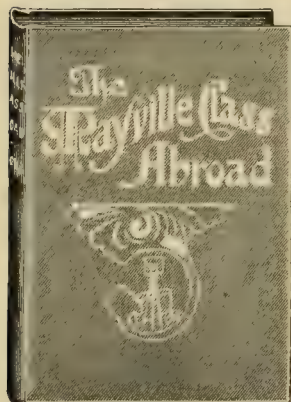
Probably you know it is a gas that is made in an apparatus placed in your house and that it gives a cheaper, better and safer light than city gas. It is also used for cooking. Especially adapted for homes, churches and business houses. Requires but about twenty minutes' attention once a month. Over 100,000 homes lighted with it and its use rapidly increasing.

I make and sell one of the best generators on the market and am looking for a good place to establish a branch factory. If you or your friends would be interested in a good paying proposition, write me. Will also be pleased to answer any question about placing this light in your home, church or business house.

JOHN E. STRAYER,  
Waterloo, Iowa.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.





## Your Opportunity

TO MAKE MONEY AT A LEGITIMATE  
BUSINESS. OTHERS ARE MAKING  
MONEY SELLING

## Mayville Class Abroad

YOU CAN IF YOU WILL TAKE HOLD  
OF IT.

SOLD 200.

"I sold eighteen books (Mayville Class Abroad) to-day in this town. This hundred is going faster than the first hundred. You will soon have to ship me another. I carry the books with me, as that seems to please the people the best. The book certainly is a good seller. Ship the next hundred by freight, as it is much cheaper."—Fred Viney, College Corner, Ohio, Feb. 13.

AVERAGES TEN PER DAY.

"The books (Mayville Class Abroad) are going well. I sold fifty the first five days I was out. I have begun on the second fifty. I average about ten a day, and have only called at one house at which I did not sell. I want to arrange for some more territory before long."—John L. Wagoner, Pyramont, Ind., Jan. 14.

### LIBERAL COMMISSIONS

Write at once for terms, stating what territory you wish to canvass Write to-day, as territory is rapidly being taken up.

Price of book, cloth bound, \$1.00. Address,

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

## GOSPEL SONGS AND HYMNS

No. 1

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

For the next sixty days we are going to offer Gospel Songs and Hymns No. 1 at a very low rate. This book is now being used by hundreds of our Sunday schools and it will pay any school to order now if they want more of them. If you have not used them now is an excellent time to purchase a supply.

Former price, .....30 cents  
Our Special price, prepaid, .....20 cents  
Per Dozen, prepaid, .....\$2.00

Send your order now to the

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Cheap Farm!

200 acres, near Brethren, Michigan, well improved, three orchards, one mile to town, good water, good soil. \$1,500 worth of produce has been sold from the place in a year. Offered at about half its real value. Address:

OWEN SWITZEE, Warsaw, Indiana.

## Wanted

To rent farm, with stock and tools furnished; on share or salary. All the family are willing workers.

O. E. WAGNER,  
Davenport, Ia.

## MILLER AND SOMMER DEBATE

This most interesting and able discussion between Robert H. Miller, of the Brethren church, and Daniel Sommer, of the Christian church, which was placed in book form some years ago, has been read with profit by many.

We have just a few copies left and are offering them at a very low price. The book contains 533 pages, is well bound in cloth and formerly sold at \$1.50. We will now furnish them so long as they last for only... 38 cents.

Postage, 17 cents.

Send your order now, to

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

### LOW RATES WEST AND NORTHWEST

Daily February 15 to April 7  
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST.  
PAUL RAILWAY

\$33 to points in California. \$33 to North Pacific Coast points. Greatly reduced rates made to many other points West and Northwest. Half rates for children of half-fare age. Liberal stop-overs allowed on all tickets. Tickets are good in Tourist sleepers. For further information regarding rates, routes and train service see nearest ticket agent or write F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

### SETTLERS' ONE-WAY SECOND CLASS RATES

To Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota (east of the Missouri River), Manitoba, Western Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta,

Via the North-Western Line, on Tuesdays, March 6, 13, 20 and 27, and April 3, 10, 17 and 24. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## 500 Agents Wanted

To Sell Books. Good Books;  
Good Commissions. Write at  
once for particulars. Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

# THE LAST WEST

---

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last." is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

## PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

440 Temple Court

Minneapolis, Minn.

People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

**DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,**

for Particulars.



# A Few Extra Values in Our Men's Furnishing Department

## OUR SPECIAL LEADER IN NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.

**No. 14B-60.** Here we are offering one of our special leaders in a Negligee Shirt made from Garnier's T. N. cloth and is guaranteed fast color. This shirt is made up with special care, so that it has all the appearance of a high grade shirt and can not be bought at retail for less than 50c. Has cushion collar band, three fancy pearl buttons down the front, full body and sleeves, with cuffs attached. Has a light color background with neat stripes and checks, making it a neat and handsome shirt. Sizes, 14 to 17.

Each .....\$0.35  
Three for .....1.00

## MEN'S MOHAIR FRONT SHIRT.

**No. 14B-52.** Men's Fine Negligee Shirt, with collar attached. This shirt has a mohair front and collar; the body is of fine quality cotton which exactly matches the mohair in color. Is a light cream shade and has the appearance of a high priced shirt. Can be had in plain bosom or fancy twirled figures in same color. This is a very popular shirt and is worn everywhere. Made with extension neck band; soft cuffs attached, and four pearl buttons down the front. This is a handsome shirt at a low price. Sizes, 14 to 17.



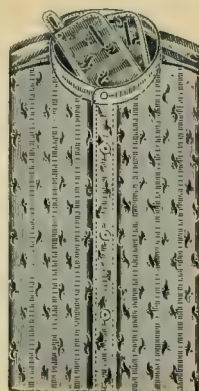
Each .....\$0.50  
Three for .....1.35

## FANCY PLAITED BLUE CHAMBRAY.

**No. 14B-64.** Men's Fancy Blue Chambray Negligee Shirt, made from extra good quality cloth in a pretty blue shade. Made with three ¾-inch plaits on each side and one 1½-inch box plait in the center. Each side plait is beautifully piped with white linen, as shown in cut. The white edging shows only 1-16 inch wide, thus giving it a very neat and dressy appearance. To be worn with white collar. Every shirt is carefully made and you will be pleased with the value in this shirt. Cuffs attached. Sizes, 14 to 17.

Each .....\$0.50  
Three for .....1.40

## MEN'S EXTRA QUALITY NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.



Each .....\$0.95  
Three for .....2.75

**No. 14B-74.** Our Extra Quality Madras Shirt is made from an extra fine grade madras, and we doubt whether this shirt was ever sold before at the low price we are selling it. Has patent shaped cushion neck band, yoke shoulders, double sewed seams, faced sleeves, fine ocean pearl buttons, and is strictly a custom made shirt. Furnished in either light or dark colors, in a variety of patterns of small fancy figures. Sizes, 14 to 17.

## MEN'S SILK FRONT SHIRTS.

**No. 14B-70.** Men's Fancy Silk Bosom Negligee Shirts, made in the best possible manner, with bosom of silk interwoven in fine quality of madras; body of percale to match; patent cushion neck band; shaped yoke; fancy pearl buttons down front and full, large body and sleeves. This is a high grade shirt and will be worn everywhere this season. Retail regularly at 75 cents. Comes in various colors, every shirt being a perfect beauty, and we fully guarantee its quality. Cuffs attached. Sizes, 14 to 17.



Each .....\$0.45  
Three for .....1.25

## FANCY PURE SILK FRONT SHIRTS.

**No. 14B-72.** Men's Fancy Negligee Shirts, made with extra strong and rich designed silk bosom, with body of strong percale, exactly matching bosom. Custom made throughout; three fine imported pearl buttons down front. Can be furnished in either light or tan color. This is a handsome shirt and is usually sold at \$1.50. We can not speak too highly of this as a shirt for beauty. It is guaranteed fast color. Cuffs attached. Sizes, 14 to 17.



Each .....\$0.90  
Three for .....2.60

## MILITARY SHIRT.

**14B-316.** Our Blue Chambray Shirt cut in military style is an ideal work shirt made from good quality medium weight blue chambray. Is cut with fan-

cy double front and has two breast pockets, diamond pointed yoke in back; stayed gussets, all seams double felled and sewed with white thread. A high grade shirt. Sizes, 14 to 17.

Each .....\$0.45  
Three for .....1.30

**No. 14B-302.** Men's Single-Breasted Black and White Drill Work Shirt. Made in best possible manner from soft and pliable drill, will not get hard and stiff when washed; is absolutely one of the best grade drill shirts made. We have endeavored to select the best possible made and these are all made especially for us. Size, 14 to 19.

Each .....\$0.50  
Three for .....\$1.40

## MANHATTAN BLACK CAPE COAT.

**S2.** Manhattan black cape coat is made with a large shoulder cape and is especially desirable for those exposed to stormy weather. Is furnished with a cape overlapping and fastened in front, leaving the arms free; has no binding, girting on any part of the coat; has large fly collar lined with soft flannel and patent snap buckles. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof; sizes, 36 to 46 inches chest measurement. Price ...\$2.50



**XX.** Men's best grade rubber coats about 53 inches long with 20-inch slit in back. Double back and shoulders, one inside pocket, ball and socket fasteners and draw buckle on sleeves. Regular size.

Each .....\$2.75

**XXX.** Same quality as above with double storm front. A saving to you of 33¼ per cent in these coats.

Each .....\$3.00



**No. 030.** Men's Patent Cut Railroad Brand Glove. No seams in fingers to hurt or rip. Made of Texas steer hide leather; heat and waterproof; sewed with heavy linen thread; adjusting string fasteners; toughest wearing gloves made; all sizes, from 8 to 10½. Price, per pair .....\$0.50

**14B-75.** Men's Kid Gloves, silk sewed and fancy stitching, gusseted fingers, snap fasteners, light or dark brown colors. Per pair .....\$1.00

**14B-77.** Extra Quality Kid Glove, light weight, best make and finish. Per pair .....\$1.35

**14B-83.** Mocha or Undressed Kid Gloves, finest stock, silk stitching, full out seams, color pearl gray or brown. Per pair .....\$1.35

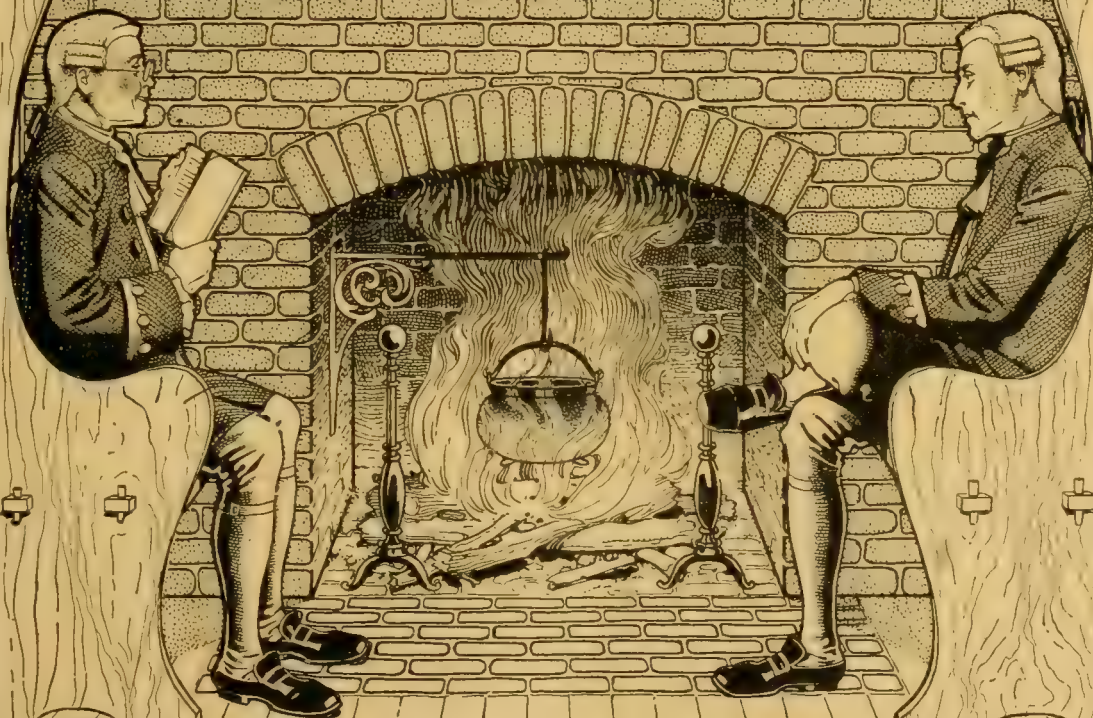
Our line of men's hats is composed of such quality that will merit praise from all who wear them. We have revolutionized our hat business by making special arrangements with the largest manufacturers in this country. Order from our large mail order catalogue and then tell us how much you are pleased.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

To-day is  
Inglenook Day



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

March 27, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 13. Vol. VIII



## CHEAP RATES

(To Oakley,)

## KANSAS

AND RETURN

### First and Third Tuesdays Every Month

From Chicago,.....\$17.20  
From St. Louis,..... 14.10  
From Kansas City, ..... 10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

## The Union Pacific Railroad



You can

### STOP OFF

and visit the Brethren at many points in Kansas.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of improved land that can be bought at from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per acre.

They are wanting the Brethren to settle around the churches already organized. At Moreland, Kansas, they are wanting a minister. Elder Daniel Crist, at Quinter, tells me the District Mission Board will help support a minister at Morland, Kans.

Write for

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.  
IT'S FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

## CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

### First and Third Tuesdays Every Month

From Chicago,.....\$19.55  
From St. Louis,..... 17.25  
From Omaha,..... 10.00

25 per cent less than one fare for the round trip.

Proportionate rates from all points East.

You can

### STOP OFF

North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

### THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

### TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906.

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for

NEW FOLDER FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,**

**Washington, Oregon,**

**Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?

Take the

## Union Pacific Railroad



### Daily Tourist Car Line

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.



### ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15  
to April 7.

From Chicago,.....\$33.00  
From St. Louis,..... 30.00  
From Missouri River,..... 25.00

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

## The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the "Overland Route," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.



**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**



Printed Matter FREE.

Write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

**Union Pacific Railroad**

**Omaha, Neb.**

# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU: I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.

I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out.

Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

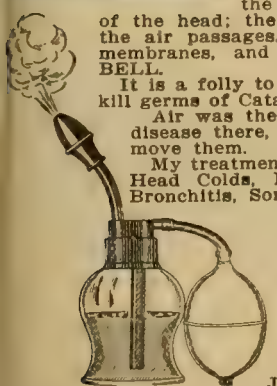
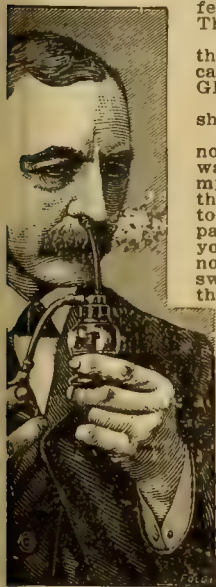
Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."

J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.



The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'fg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,

Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with x.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in the nose?

Do you have pains across the front part of the head?

Do you have pains across the eyes?

Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper.

1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.

2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO.

Name ailment or describe your case.



# Medical Talk for the Home

*Medical Talk for the Home* does not simply talk about medicine, but it talks about everything that touches the physical life of man. It stands for clean homes, for ventilated homes, for plain but wholesome food.

It stands for homes free from hate and gossip, greed and aristocracy.

*Medical Talk* includes within its scope the health of horses, the welfare of birds, the happiness of all creatures, domestic or wild.

*Medical Talk* believes that every man and woman should treat each other kindly and give each other a fair chance for life, health and happiness; it believes, also, that men and women should treat dumb animals kindly and give them a chance to live and be happy, too.

*Medical Talk* talks about medicine; it talks about health; it talks about happiness; it talks about everything that contributes to the bodily perfection and enjoyment of any and all living creatures.

Here are some of the things that *Medical Talk* advocates and some of the things which it opposes:

## WHAT MEDICAL TALK ADVOCATES

Absolute Freedom for all schools of medicine.

Fresh air and sunlight for chronic diseases.

The right of physicians to do honest advertising.

The right of every patient to know what medicine he is taking.

The duty of every physician to prevent disease as well as to prescribe remedies.

The right of every person to choose his own physician.

The equal validity of all diplomas issued by legally chartered colleges.

The growing confidence in mental power to heal disease.

An increasing distrust of the healing power of drugs.

Cremation as the best means of disposing of dead bodies.

## WHAT MEDICAL TALK OPPOSES

The idea that consumption is contagious.

The tyranny of health boards.

The rise and progress of medical legislation.

The medical trusts governed by a code of medical ethics.

Killing of innocent creatures by the sportsmen.

Torture of animals in the name of medical science.

Compulsory vaccination.

Reckless and needless surgery.

The use of coal-tar preparations and other narcotics.

Keeping the masses ignorant concerning disease and medicine.

Denying patients food they desire.

Covering up the crime of those who hold diplomas.

*Medical Talk* is the only magazine of its kind in the world. It has a greater circulation among non-professional readers than any other regular medical journal. It has also the largest circulation among that class of physicians known as liberal, or unethical, of any medical journal. It tries to deal fairly with all schools of medicine without favoring any of them.

It reaches fifty thousand homes with plain, practical information as to what is going on in the medical world. *Medical Talk for the Home* is an attempt to select the most interesting and useful information contained in the technical medical journals and translate it into language that the average reader can understand. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year.

In order to know exactly what *Medical Talk* is you should have a copy of it. A sample copy will be sent free. Address,

**MEDICAL TALK PUBLISHING CO.,  
COLUMBUS, OHIO.**

**Just Published!**



**Our New Sunday  
School Song Book**

**For Sunday Schools and Christian  
Workers' Meetings**

**EDITED BY**

**PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER**

**Author of Gospel Songs and Hymns No. 1 and Brethren Hymnal.**

This new volume embrace selections from the latest gospel song writers, containing some of the best music to be found. It contains 128 songs and hymns, selected with the greatest care, thoroughly covering the field for which it is intended.

We feel confident that all our Sunday schools and Christian Workers will gladly welcome this new volume, and introduce it at the earliest moment.

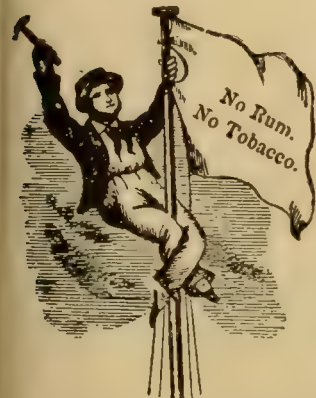
New, bold-faced type has been used in the composition of this book, which gives it a very good appearance and makes it easy to read. Size, 5½x8 inches. The book is substantially bound in full cloth and is sure to please in contents as well as workmanship.

With all the good features mentioned above, yet this volume will be sold at the following very low rates:

Price, per single copy, prepaid, .....	25 cents
Per dozen, prepaid, .....	\$2.50
Per 100, f. o. b., Elgin, .....	\$18.50

Published in round and shaped notes. Shaped notes sent unless otherwise specified in order. Ready for mailing on or before April 1. We are now ready to receive advanced orders. Address,

**Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.**



**THE COMMON  
USE OF TOBACCO**

**Condemned by Physicians, Experience, Common  
Sense and the Bible.**

**By A. SIMS**

Contains 27 short, terse chapters. Goes over the whole ground and treats the subject from nearly every standpoint, physically, mentally, financially and morally. Packed full of startling facts and figures, statements of eminent medical men and clear Scriptural information. **It is an eye-opener.** If you want something that will strike tobacco all over, send for this book. Cloth covers, 50c.

**ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS.** Large variety. Just what is needed to awaken in the minds of sensible men an abhorrence to the vile and noxious weed. These tracts are doing much good. An assorted package, containing over 400 pages, to any address for 50c.

Paper bound, ..... 30 cents

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**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.**

**BIG BUSINESS AT SHOPS OF  
THE CHICAGO, MILWAU-  
KEE & ST. PAUL  
RAILWAY.**

During the last year over \$2,000,000 has been expended by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at the shops of that Company located at West Milwaukee. Principal items making up this expenditure have been for additions, new machinery and increased facilities for handling the growing business of the Company.

During the year 1905 the operations carried on at these shops may be summed up as follows:

Locomotives, large standard size, built complete, 27; value between \$400,000 and \$500,000.

Baggage cars, 15, value \$60,000.

Caboose, 20, \$16,000.

Freight cars, 1,500, \$1,350,000.

In addition, about 61,000 freight cars, 300 locomotives, and hundreds of other rolling stock have undergone repairs at the shops, aggregating in cost from \$100 to \$500 per car.

During the year the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has given employment at its shops alone to between 3,500 and 4,000 workmen, largely skilled mechanics, and has paid them wages aggregating \$2,000,000.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

\*\*\*

**DOUBLE-TRACKING RIVER DI-  
VISION CHICAGO, MILWAU-  
KEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY  
WILL EMPLOY 1,000 FOR  
THREE YEARS.**

With the opening of spring the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will commence work on double-tracking its line between La Crosse, Wis., and St. Paul. The Company will employ about 1,000 laborers for this work and intend to have the second track laid over the entire distance within the next three years. A portion of this line will require a great deal of hard and expensive work, as the railway closely follows the Mississippi River and for some distance the new road will have to be blasted through solid rock.—Minneapolis Tribune.

\*\*\*

**SPECIAL VEGETABLE CARS.**

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has made quite a study of special cars for various commodities handled, among which are specifically constructed vegetable cars. This is the only line west of Chicago having this special class of equipment. So popular have these cars become that the above line has found it necessary to add from time to time to this class of equipment, and they now have about 500 in service.

These cars have a capacity of 50,000 lbs.; a cubic foot capacity of 22,061 cubic feet; they are constructed the same as refrigerator cars with the exception that they have no ice tanks, no trap doors, and no drip pipes, making them as nearly frost proof as possible in handling vegetables during the fall and winter months, as they will protect vegetables to ten degrees below zero. They are very popular with potato and cabbage shippers.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MARCH 27, 1906.

No. 13

## TRUE VIRTUE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

PURE love, faith, hope and charity,  
When we all these possess,  
What perfect peace flows in our lives,  
Our faithful hearts to bless.  
If they but dwell within our hearts,  
We little have to fear,  
For we shall bless and e'er be blessed  
And to God's heart be near.  
And if these virtues fill our hearts,  
Sin cannot enter there;  
For all temptations of the wrong,  
Our souls will cease to care.  
In only pure and noble thoughts,  
Our minds, will pleasure find,  
We'll wish to only do and think  
That which we know is kind.

Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.

✽ ✽ ✽

## SNAPSHOTS.

*Hatred always hurts the hater most of all.*

✽

*It is hard to suffer wrong and then pay for it.*

✽

*Grace is the heating force in the chilly atmosphere of law.*

✽

*No man can understand anything that does not begin in himself.*

✽

*Wrecks often happen on the clear track. No character can withstand every temptation.*

✽

*How many times do we not die before we die in reality, or, rather, before we finish dying?*

✽

*Develop your intellectuality, but never conclude that you have attained infallibility along that line.*

✽

*Kind words are so cheap that it is a wonder that anybody will take the trouble to think up unkind ones.*

*Politics will become clean when clean men do their duty.*

✽

*Most of us have a hard row to hoe because we dislike hoeing.*

✽

*A stingy man is the last man in the world to find out that he is one.*

✽

*It is easy to resist temptation when it is viewed with a feeling of contempt.*

✽

*The world wants men who will be as honest in small things as in great things.*

✽

*Considering his reputation for wisdom, Solomon foolishly frittered away some wonderful opportunities.*

✽

*Speaking of investments, what brings greater returns than a word of cheer spoken at the right time?*

✽

*Did you ever think that perhaps the heavenly music that we read about is only the laughter of little children?*

✽

*Things that make life clean and wholesome and worth living are better than those that merely make for profit.*

✽

*Ever notice how quickly time flies when you are trying to make up your mind to begin a particularly hard job?*

✽

*We all learn at our own expense, by exposing our own person, in the full meaning of the words, that is to say, by losing our body and possessions,—that the outward man may perish.*

✽

*We are in such a hurry to get something for nothing that we lose sight of the treasures which cost us nothing. Some people will never notice a sunset until it is placed on a bargain counter.*



## Fire as a Peacemaker

Snow Mahorney



WILLIAM BROWN, with his family, had lived in their beautiful country home several years when Zack Straw moved in as his nearest neighbor. Brown's family consisted of himself, wife, daughter May and little son Vall; the other, of Zack Straw, wife and son Ross. The families were quite neighborly; they met often at the little brick church; of which Brown's were members. May and Ross were quite interested in each other, and many pleasant evenings were spent at both homes, until one day in early fall.

There had been a misunderstanding between Brown and Straw over some corn weights, which left a little hard feeling on Straw's part, as he felt Brown had cheated him. Brown had talked to him of coming to the church once when there had been a short series of meetings.

"Well, I would—belong to a church and cheat my neighbor! If that's the way they do, they'll not get me," Straw angrily said to his wife, who tried to calm his ruffled feelings and explain it was only a misunderstanding. But Straw would not let his feelings be smoothed and from that time stopped his church-going.

The remainder of the family attended regularly. Mrs. Straw and Mrs. Brown were good friends, but the coldness between their husbands made it so unpleasant for both that their visiting somewhat ceased.

Brown had a large, red, bushy dog. One fatal night Straw's sheep were badly damaged by dogs. Straw was very much worried. The next afternoon Ross heard the sheep running, and hurrying out, shot the dog. It was Brown's. The two men quarreled shamefully and parted enemies. Ross tried to make peace, but it was useless. Brown came home very angry, forbidding Mrs. Brown and May to see the Straws.

It was a sad time. Little Vall wept bitterly at the loss of the dog, but when he heard he was not to play with Straw's pet donkey, or climb in his apple trees, he wept still harder. May found him in the yard and tried to comfort him.

"I'll never again get to go with Ross to haul in the rails and see the rabbits run," Vall sobbed, and May had to struggle with her own tears.

One evening May was coming through the fields; she had been hunting eggs in an old straw shed. Walking slowly with her head down, she did not notice some one coming behind until her name was spoken and Ross stepped up and walked by her side. They talked of the quarrel and May kept looking anx-

iously towards the house. When they reached the bars, she said, "Father will be angry if he sees you, perhaps we had better part."

"But not forever," Ross answered smiling, and taking her hand a moment turned away.

May returned to the house to meet an angry father, who, standing by the barn fence, ground his teeth as he watched them. May listened tremblingly to his harsh words, then went to her room and took a long cry.

Several days passed, and one afternoon May had been to one of the neighbors, to see Aunt Susa Lee. Ross was returning from town.

"Won't you ride?" he asked, stopping as he spoke.

"No, thank you, it isn't far," May answered, walking on.

"Why, May, it is far; come, I wish to talk with you."

But May shook her head.

"It's because of your father," Ross said, stepping from the buggy. "I am very sorry, but you must ride; see, it is getting late and this wind is fierce. Do you think it wrong? or perhaps you would rather not have my company," he added, with a troubled look.

"No, no, Ross. I only thought of father, but I will ride," and soon they were on the road again.

May hurried into the house with fluttering heart, but her father was mending some harness by the kitchen fire, and she drew a sigh of relief.

Days passed swiftly by. The leaves had long since fluttered from the trees and winter's chilly winds were blowing. The same old grudge still stood between the two families. The women folks passed friendly words together when they were sure the men were not about.

It was a cold, dark day. Night came on early. The Browns retired, tired and worn out. It had been a busy day and they slept soundly. It must have been near midnight when Mrs. Brown was awakened by some one loudly calling and pounding on the door. She arose quickly and was almost choked with smoke. Giving a scream, she sprang from the bed. May heard her mother scream. She and Vall slept upstairs. The doors were shut tightly and the smoke had not reached her room. She ran quickly down stairs. As she reached the landing, the smoke poured upon her.

"What is it?" she gasped, rushing blindly to her mother's room. Her father had staggered to the door, and some one dashed in.

"What can we save?" Brown called, excitedly.

"Yourselves, if you can," the voice answered. It

was Ross. "You can't save a thing; it's all in flames. The wind is high; it may catch the barn. Out, every one of you."

"Vall," May cried. "He's upstairs," and she turned to run back, but Ross caught her arm and forced her out.

"I'll get him; go back. You would both perish."

The angry flames leaped from all sides and father, mother and May were compelled to leave the house. Mr. Straw and wife were running to the house; also another neighbor man. In a moment Ross came staggering back.

"I can't make it. Get the ladders quick!"

Straw and Brown ran for ladders, while Ross and the others tore down the clothesline. Binding two ladders together the men held them, and Ross climbed swiftly up. Vall was standing at the window. Ross swayed unsteadily. The red flames crackled and licked about him. Beating in the window, he threw one arm around Vall.

"Hold tight round my neck, little man," he said gently.

Vall clasped him, almost choking him, then slowly they began to descend. The ladders trembled and swayed. Half the distance was reached. Anxious eyes turned upwards, with hearts almost stopped beating. On they came; slowly Ross's feet went from round to round. The ladders swayed. For a moment Ross halted, but as he started on it swayed again, reeled and fell. There was a piercing cry from the women, and Ross and Vall lay in a heap upon the ground.

A few minutes more, with a terrible crash, the building lay in ruins. Mrs. Brown had fainted. Tenderly they carried the three helpless forms to Mr. Straw's. A doctor was summoned, and swiftly and silently the night was spent working over them. Mrs. Brown revived, but was so weak and nervous she could not rise. Vall was somewhat bruised, but otherwise unhurt. Ross, with a fractured limb, lay in a stupor. May moved softly about in one of Mrs. Straw's wrappers which was much too large for her, and Brown wore Straw's blue overalls and black swallow-tailed coat.

At the early dawn the doctor left orders and returned home, saying he would be back before noon.

The two neighbors watched at the bedside of their sons. Mrs. Brown grew stronger, but could not help in the work. May went about hollow-eyed and silent. Vall improved rapidly, but for many days Ross lay in a dangerous condition.

"Hold tight, Vall, boy," he would say, then, "Don't choke me. The flames, how they burn my hands! Won't they come? Help! Bring the ladders."

Then he would drop again into a stupor. May was sitting silently by the window. The doctor said there would be a change. Mrs. Straw came softly into the room. May turned with anxious eyes.

"He is better, quite in his right mind, but very weak. The doctor says, 'All hopes now.'"

The great strain was over, and May laid her head on the windowsill and wept.

Early in the morning, Ross called his father and Brown to his bedside.

"I'm so weak, father; there's such a heaviness here," laying his hand on his chest. "I want you and Mr. Brown to be friends now. I could rest better if—" his voice gave out.

"You saved my son's life; I owe you everything," Brown said, huskily. He held his hand toward Straw, who grasped it tightly. Both men's eyes were dim. Ross moved his lips slowly and closing his eyes, seemed to sleep. The two fathers knelt by the bedside and for some minutes held each other's hand. Then Straw arose and, taking Brown by the arm, they softly left the room.

It was weeks before Ross was up again. Christmas was near at hand. Brown's were still staying at Straw's, a much happier company than some time before Christmas eve. There was preaching at the little church with both families present. There were joyful hearts and tear-dimmed eyes among the assembly when father and son Straw gave their hearts to God.

The blessed Christmas day dawned beautifully. A merry wedding party, with jingling bells and swift gliding sleighs arrived at the little church, and Ross and May were joined in happy wedlock. In the spring two pretty cottages were erected instead of Brown's old one. In a pretty clump of trees, between the other buildings, one was nestled, and that Ross and May took as their future home.

*Ladoga, Ind.*





# How Nell and Tom Helped

Dora Shank



ABOUT ten miles from London dwelt a happy family of four, Mr. and Mrs. Spade and their two children, Nell and Tom. Nell and Tom knew nothing of want or sorrow, and of the financial standing of their parents they knew nothing. The children were almost the same age, Nell ten and Tom twelve. They were very happy together. In the summer many happy hours were spent by them gathering flowers and wading in the brook in the meadow. Their winters were partly spent in going to school. The long winter evenings were spent in studying and reading, and father and mother often told them stories of their childhood days, and they always strove to make their children happy. But all was not to be happiness for Nell and Tom. The day came when father was ailing, could not sleep, and Nell and Tom often noticed that men would come to talk with father and show him papers and father would look very earnest. He grew careworn and pale. Mother did not seem like herself.

It was now spring, and Nell and Tom one morning took a walk down to the meadow to gather violets. They did not seem as gay and cheerful this morning as usual.

"O, Nell," said Tom, "what does ail father and mother? It does not seem like home any more. I wonder if we did anything. Come, Nell, let us sit down on this rock and study; perhaps we can think of something we did."

But not a thing could they think of that they had done to make their father and mother so sorrowful.

On the way home from the meadow, Nell said to Tom, "I believe I know how we can find out what is the matter, Tom. You know mother makes us go to our beds earlier than she used to, and don't you hear them talking so low after we go? I'll tell you what we'll do after she sends us to bed to-night, and she thinks we are asleep; let us slip downstairs as quiet as a mouse and we will listen at the door; maybe we will find out what ails them."

Tom's face brightened.

"Why, Nell, how did you ever think of such a thing? That is just what we will do."

That night after going upstairs, they took off their shoes and slipped cautiously down to the door. Tom peeped in. What was that he saw? Mamma was crying, papa was leaning his head on his hands. After awhile he looked up and said, "If the place is sold at sheriff sale and all is taken, what will become of us, after working so hard all these years? What is to be done? Unless we raise £200 by the first of January, our little farm will be sheriffed. I can partly

raise it by the selling of my crops, but it depends very much on how they turn out. We would have to make allowance for some failures, as the land around here is not so fertile. Perhaps Old Dolphin and our cows will have to go, and after all I do not see how we can do it."

While this conversation was going on, Nell and Tom were taking turns in peeping and listening at the keyhole. Then they stole off upstairs, and stopped in the hall.

"Nell, I believe father meant that our home would be taken away. I think that is what he meant by 'sheriffed,' don't you?" said Tom. "Then what would we do, Nell, if we would have to leave our dear home,—the meadow and the brook and the lovely flowers and perhaps go to dirty, dingy, narrow-streeted London to earn our living. O, Nell, let us try to save our old home."

Both went to their beds with heavy hearts. The next morning Nell said to Tom, "I have thought of a plan. Let us ask father for a corner of the field next to the meadow and plant it in vegetables. I believe Old Father Green would take them to London; we could pay him with vegetables. We will let him into the secret, and perhaps he would allow us to take turns in going with him to market to sell them. And, Tom," continued his sister, "I can take flowers to London, too, and sell them, because you know they can't grow many flowers there, and they would pay a good price for them."

Thus the plan was agreed upon. Papa gave his consent and Father Green also gave his to their going with him. All that summer Nell and Tom worked and planted their garden. They sold flowers and vegetables and each week a snug little sum was stored away in a little wooden box. Nell and Tom kept it a secret from everybody except their mother as to the amount of money they were earning.

Winter came at last. It was Christmas evening. Large snowflakes had been falling all day and the snow was now quite deep. The wind howled and whistled around the Spade homestead, but within were at least two bright faces brimful of joy, for they had planned a surprise for their father that evening. Father Spade was counting over the money, for within eight days he would have to have the even £200 his creditor had said, for he was a cruel man of London of whom Mr. Spade had bought farm implements and other things necessary for farming.

After he had counted it, he looked at Mrs. Spade so sorrowfully and said, "How can I raise forty pounds in eight days, for that is what I lack of the two hundred pounds? My crops have turned out

their best and I would not like to sell any of our cows or horses."

Tom winked at Nell and motioned to her. She knew what it meant. They ran to bring the box of money. Mrs. Spade, knowing all about it, told Mr. Spade to shut his eyes and hold his hands and when Nell and Tom came they would give him a plan of raising the remainder of the money. They came running into the room and laid the box in their father's hands. Mr. Spade opened his eyes and then opened the box. Dear, dear, what a surprise!

"Papa, count it, it is for you," chorused Nell and Tom. Papa counted it and there was forty pounds, two shillings, halfpenny. Papa looked bewildered.

"It is all for you," they said. "We earned it from the strip of ground you allowed us to plant and from the flowers in the meadow."

"Well, children," said papa, "I knew you had

taken some vegetables along with Father Green to London, but I thought you wanted some money for clothes and other little notions that you were deprived of because I had to be very close with you children of late. This will now leave me out of debt, and next summer you children shall have the tract of land again, and all that you can make is to be your very own."

They ran to their father and put their arms around him and thanked him over and over again. Mrs. Spade stood looking on, shedding tears of joy.

"Children," said their father, "this gives us great joy, but there is one who also rejoices with us, the Father of us all. He will reward you richly and this will cause you to have more stars added to your crown which he will give you in the end if you are faithful."

Quarryville, Pa.

## Success

Roy H. Puterbaugh



HERE is a tendency on the part of some to think this subject obsolete. In fact I heard a young school orator some months ago say it was so threadbare that there wasn't anything left to hold it together; but I wish to say that a term which has expressed an abiding human interest and to-day has no synonym is surely one worthy of treatment. True, it has been hackneyed until its exact meaning cannot easily be ascertained, but nevertheless *success* expresses in one word that which a combination of many words cannot express.

I prefer treating this subject rather from the negative viewpoint; for we all know how frequently the term is used and in what varied connections. Success means little as it is used in the popular sense; but when found in its proper relation it means everything. "All is not gold that glitters," is an old and accepted adage, but I should like to paraphrase it and say, "All is not success that seems to be."

You may have stepped into a home sometime which presented a very tidy appearance, every chair placed just so and every child in its respective place; but how often a few minutes' stay revealed the fact that the scowl of the mother was the only thing that kept the home in order. Perhaps on first impulse one might have been inclined to have considered it a model home; but scolding as a means for order and fear on the part of the little ones can never mean anything but failure so far as the institution of the home is concerned. Love must sit and rule on the throne of every successful home, and any result ob-

tained through any other source than that actuated by supreme love is just that far from ideal.

The teacher in the schoolroom may have perfect order, but if he brings it about by threats you may mark him down as a hoax. Ofttimes, however, the teacher is not entirely at fault. It frequently falls back to the home training; for if the child has been governed only through the sense of fear for the first six years of his life, and not by the hand of love, you could hardly conceive of him expecting anything else from his teacher.

The nation which holds its subjects in subjection with the point of the bayonet cannot, in this day of republican form of government and advancement, be nominated as anything other than a back number. While the king may be able to hold his seat and sway the scepter of his empire with ease and grace, yet, with all his pomp and splendor, is he a success, when he curbs the best interests and even crushes the very life from his subjects? No, positively, no! Any man to be a success must be a blessing to the greatest possible number of his fellows.

The church, launched in the name of the Creator, whose life depends upon keeping its members in ignorance, surely has not been very thoroughly grounded in the love of the Father. It may number its millions, but does that fact establish its success? A church that does not dispel darkness and ignorance, and love sunshine and progress, does not find its foundation supplied from a very lofty source.

How often we have seen men lauded with the highest honors when as a matter of fact they were un-



deserving. Is it success? If it is, it is the sort that makes no lasting impression on the roll of the ages. Admiral Dewey illustrates this very well. People were wild with enthusiasm for the great admiral; but soon his honors were forgotten and history will not record him as an angel for worship, but simply as a man who did his duty. How many times a subordinate officer has won the day for his commandant is hard to say. No, passing honor does not necessarily indicate a successful career.

We have too long looked upon the financier who has amassed his millions as a success, but is he? He may be considered as such just so long as he accumulates means in a legitimate way and permits that accumulation to be a blessing to his fellows. A miser is not a success from any angle whatsoever, even though he has placed millions in his coffers. He is not happy. He is nought but a selfish money fiend, crushing the life from the poor and helpless in his mad rush for the dollar. Success is not so narrow as to be limited by the individual. It is cosmopolitan and the influence of a life on the *world* figures in the computation of its value.

Mr. Rockefeller is a fair example of a money king. True, he sways his golden scepter, and true enough, he has given some forty millions to philanthropy, but this is a mere trifle as compared with his great abundance. Men who give gifts by shearing the poor laboring classes have surely found a very unique road to charity. If the great Judge in that last day is as generous as some of these modern philanthropists, I expect some of the poor hungering and freezing laboring people will justly receive the reward for the gifts that some John D. received honor for having given.

This has been characterized as the age of books—many books. Over fifteen hundred new books are put on the American market each year as home product. Some of these strike a very popular chord and are considered as great hits; yet, is the book that passes through its tenth edition during its first year necessarily a success? Yes, so far as being a money-

maker; but are we to judge the success of a book by the number of copies placed in the hands of the public? The value of a volume to-day cannot be determined by its popularity; for the science of advertising has rendered this an unreliable indicator. If the sale determines its value, then the book of the James brothers would have to be considered a grand success. Are you willing that it should? Surely a volume which has poisoned the developing minds of our youths and has fed our penitentiaries and the gallows can hardly be considered as such from any angle. On the other hand, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a success? The answer is unnecessary, for it dealt with a real living issue and in a manner which could only put the reader in the right relation to truth. A book can never be considered a success by its popularity or by the enormity of its sale, but by its high moral tone which meets the needs of the greatest number possible. The book that has struck this stratum of human interest is the one we quote most frequently.

Mr. Dixon has launched his new play, "A Clansman," which is agitating the race question in the South. The nature of the play is such as to make every white man hate with a vengeance his dark-skinned brother. Each night it is presented to a packed audience. Would you call it a success—a play which disregards the principle of brotherly love for which the Christ gave his life? What about the influence of such a drama on the minds of the white boys and girls of the South who chance to attend it?

In this day of brain development, is the man of letters and mental excellence a success? He may be and he should be; but mental development for the sake of mental excellence alone can never be considered as such. One must direct his intellectual powers into channels of helping others to attain loftier heights.

In conclusion, I would say, "All is not success that seems to be." An act or an accomplishment must have a spurring and uplifting element in it before it can be considered a real true benefactor. No man can be great who lives for self; but any man can be *grand* who is willing to live intensely for others.

## INGLENOOK DAY

If you would have things come our way,  
Then keep this day as our 'Nook day;  
Approach you neighbors without fear;  
Enlist their help till next New Year.

And fifty cents will pay the bill;  
Thus you may help us up the hill.  
We soon will march ten thousand strong—  
A power to help the cause along.



## THE TINSEL OF THE AGE.

"This world is a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;  
There's nothing true but heaven."

It would be but human if this age were a trifle deluded concerning its own powers. Great things have been and are constantly being said about it, nor can we deny that it has fallen heir to great things. At least it has enjoyed and tested beyond all knowledge the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It is an epoch the grandeur of which dwarfs all others that can be named since the beginning of the historic period. In their mental habits, in their methods of inquiry, and in various ways, the men of our present day who are authority on scientific questions are separated from more ancient scientists by a gulf wider than any which has ever divided one progressive generation of men from their forefathers. The intellectual development of the present race has been almost abruptly raised to a higher plane than that upon which it has proceeded in earlier days.

This statement is actually so far true that it is dangerous. Doubtless there are many so-called educated men who would accept these words literally, who think that the light which we possess to-day compared with that possessed by Socrates, Luther, Washington, Galileo, and other geniuses of the past, is as sunlight to starlight. They think that these men knew a great deal, but they knew, vaguely, that they could not distinguish between fact and delusion. Our supreme advantage is supposed to be not only that we know, but that we *know* we know.

Such an egotistic view envelops the minds of to-day. It is held by all classes, it penetrates our literature, it is possessed alike by both the moral and religious world. And such a state of affairs is indeed perilous. Let me cite you to some instances illustrating this abominable superfluity of tinsel, sham, and delusion which, finding its way into our homes and schools, drives out that simplicity of manner which, after all, is the only true way of letting the light of our souls shine forth. See the mouthing extravagance of gawky schoolboys, the effort of young children to show off their attainments, and the intolerable affectation of "high-school oratory." Is this not mere outward sham put on because the true knowledge is not there?

In the drama we find the same thing true: the last thing a playwright acquires is the art of exposition through lifelike dialogue and characterization. One first writes bloodthirsty dramas in which all the persons talk and walk on stilts and slay each other in a manner to stagger even the chromest of journalists.

In acting it is the same: the young actor's one ambition is to play Hamlet and other blood-curdling

plays. By the time he is older he is proud to be known as a light and graceful player of character roles, noteworthy for their naturalness.

Literature illustrates the same principle: the young penman loves the heavy lines and elaborate and flowery language. The new poet seeks the high sounding words, and circumlocution is the natural path for him. And, sad to say, many writers never overcome this primitive tendency. To be simple and natural requires long and constant exercise, and the ability to withdraw from one's self.

Business men also practice this principle. They even think they must do so in order to secure patronage, since we have so long been deluded that, should we suddenly cease, and once see ourselves as we really are, everything would seem upside down and wrong side out.

The counterfeiter gives the shine of the gold to his false coin and the show of value to his lying banknote, yet the real value is not there. The poor man will mortgage his farm in order that his family may make a display. Many a table is loaded with costly fruits and rare chinaware for which the last cent was paid. Many a sleek, black coat swings from the back of a fop on which the tailor has a moral mortgage. How often do the drawing room and parlor, the wardrobe and coach speak of wealth, when, if they were not mute deceivers, and could only speak, they would cry out, "It's all a lie!"

Shakespeare says: "Ornament is but the gilded shore to some most dangerous sea; the beautiful scarf veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, the seeming truth, put on to entrap the wise." And thousands allow themselves to be entrapped. They think because a thing glitters it must be gold.

So long as there are such as will be deceived, so long will there be those who are willing to deceive. And so long as such a condition exists, we cannot hope to progress without being hampered. Why not throw off the unnecessary weight and take a fresh start? We are too deceitful! We are a heap of glistening tinsel! When will we learn that "things are not what they seem"! *All* are not butchers who carry a steel; *all* are not bishops who wear an apron; and the *best* huntsmen are *not* those who are everlastingly blowing the horn. All families, enclosed in marble walls, are not happy. Not every feminine beauty is a saint; not every minister of the Gospel is true to his calling.

At this age of the world it is dangerous to buy goods by the label; it is very often the case that the finer the trademark, the worse the article. It is the natural tendency to label ourselves something that we do not represent. Dudes, the shiniest of men, generally have no sense. A man may have a high social standing and still have a "host of unpaid bills." Men may profess to be Christians, and still be hypocrites.



Does not this condition of affairs mark a decline, rather than progress in mental achievements? Does it not show that we have not yet reached the highest standard of perfection attainable by a nation? In such a condition the best men do not reach prominence, but rather those who are best at "putting it on"; those who succeed best in acting the part of a "wolf in sheep's clothing." The best men cannot conscientiously be deceptive and therefore they are very often cast into the background and looked upon as behind the times.

The sincere man must cry out against all these evils: "O, how long will the heart of man continue to be deceived! Would that it were in my power to crush this unsafe foundation and build up one enduring to the heavens!" Surely the human heart is deceitful above all things, and thus from this impure foundation flows the stream of deception, and rarely is pure gold found in its bed, or diamonds in its sands. Sad are we to find that beneath the spotless garb of religion is hidden the dark, deceptive heart!

May we not universally resolve that we will rid ourselves of this evil? And may we learn that just as pure gold may be so imbedded in the ore that it fails to glisten, so may the true gold of character and bliss be found in the vale of poverty and obscurity!

The heart's true gold need not glisten.—*Minnie Cripe, in College Campus.*



#### THE SAHARA TRAVERSED BY FRENCH EXPLORERS.

THE most remarkable journey across the Sahara was begun in May, last year, and ended less than five months later. The explorer was Prof. E. F. Gautier, of the School of Letters, Algiers, who is well known for his geological studies in the northern part of the desert. For the last six hundred miles he had with him only a guide and a servant, and was practically unarmed, for he carried no rifles.

He met the Tuareg outlaws, who had lived by plunder and made the desert travel impossible except for the strongest caravans; but he expected no harm at their hands, and in fact they helped him on his way. He made remarkable discoveries, for his route was through the unknown and widest parts of the desert, south of the Tuat oasis. The paths of Caillié and Lentz were far to the west, those of Barth and Foureau were far to the east, of his track, and so he had a virgin field for his researches.

Four years ago, such a journey as Gautier has made would have been regarded as a madcap enterprise, doomed to failure, and involving the lives of all engaged in it. But Gautier believed he would pass unscathed and win success, and no one thought him foolhardy. His journey was made possible by an idea that struck the French four years ago,—a

brilliant conception, brilliantly carried out, by which they have revolutionized the conditions of desert travel.

The most trying and difficult part of the route was that across the sandy Tanesruft district, about three hundred miles, but even here the discomforts of the journey were mitigated by the wells at Inzizi and Timisao.

Gautier found, also, that the Sahara, viewed as a desert, is much less extensive than has generally been believed. Marching across the Adrar plateau, which stands about half a mile above the sea level, he was surprised to find many of the wadys bordered by grass, and grassy expanses in the valleys, with a thin sprinkling of vegetation over the flat parts of the plateau. He says that this great highland can by no means be viewed as a waste.

His astonishment was still greater, however, farther south, where he entered, one day, a region covered with considerable grass, which he found to extend in a belt three hundred and sixty miles wide, till it finally merges with the Sudan. This appears to be a great steppe region that we have not heard of before. It has its rainy season, with from six to twelve inches of rain every year. This is a small amount, as agriculture requires at least twenty inches of annual rainfall; but the quantity is sufficient to make a steppe of a large region that was thought to be a desert. The land is covered with little ponds and grasses, and animal life is everywhere abundant, the explorer finding many varieties of antelope, and also wild hogs, giraffes, lions, and elephants.

In studying the geological history of this region, Gautier found evidence that it was once rainless and was truly a desert, the gradual desiccation advancing from the Sudan. Then the era of permanent drought and complete desert conditions gradually came to an end. To-day a rain belt is creeping up from the Sudan and is extending farther and farther north into the desert. This new epoch may continue for hundreds of years.

But the most startling testimony which Gautier found was absolute proof that long before the present age of rainfall, in what is known as the Neolithic or later Stone Age, a very large population inhabited this part of the Sahara. He found there graves scattered over the grassy plain; he found many hundreds of their drawings on the rocks, where they had pictured animal forms and other objects. He discovered the flattened stones which they had used for grinding grain. These millstones show that agriculture was then developed in that region, and that the grinding of grain into flour indicates considerable advance of civilization. Here and there were many arrow points, axes of polished stone, and other implements. It was many hundreds of years ago that human beings inhabited this region,

but, as time is reckoned in geological epochs, thousands of farmers were tilling this part of the Sahara at a comparatively recent period. They were finally driven back into the Sudan by the increasing drought, and the world forgot that this region had ever been inhabited by man.—From "*Three Unarmed Men Cross the Sahara*," by Cyrus C. Adams, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for March.



### CAN FLOWERS WIN A HEART?

I MEAN by that, a lasting affection, beyond even the storms of life. How these fragrant messengers come to us at various periods of our lives, touching us deeply for friendship's sake, or pleading their cause with us!

It was of the winning of love by means of costly exotics that I was going to speak. The other day I saw a box of rare flowers, fresh from the greenhouse, lilies of the valley, carnations and creamy rosebuds, all heavy with perfume, laid out upon cotton in a willow box, exquisitely beautiful. In a financial way, they signified several dollars. It was a young girl in the humble walks of life, earning her daily bread, that held the box toward me, and with a face full of innocent pleasure, exclaimed, "See my treasures!"

"Oh," I said, "some one is paving the way to your heart, I fancy."

A deep blush was her only answer, but it spoke plainer than words. She bent over her desk again and resumed her work, but I could not take my eyes from her. If there had been one or two roses or a pansy, to brighten her daily work, it would have proved the giver's love better even than this expensive offering, and been more in keeping with her walk in life. Was he wealthy, that he lavished this upon her, or was he spending money that he had better be saving to buy coal and flour, when the home altar shall be built?

My mind wandered away to various homes where the wife was won through the medium of hothouse flowers, and a prayer rose to my lips that no more wives should be won that way, for in every case the husband (no longer a lover), failed to bring them home, even on the anniversary of their marriage. They were simply purchase money to buy the wife, and, oh, what a shame it is when these sweet emblems can mean so much!

I remember a case when Jack roses came in bunches and by the basketful. They awakened a sentiment that the girl mistook for love. She pledged herself to be his wife, and carried to the altar at least ten dollars' worth of flowers, but her cheek burned with shame and mortification to find her husband had no home provided for her and no steady business by which to support her. The silk hat and cane were a

delusion, and the laundry bundle was retained to cover a debt of long standing. For weeks she lay very near to death's door—a long, lingering illness, but no flowers were brought to brighten her sick-room, not even a spray of forget-me-not. Months later, when the tiny baby lay cold and white in its casket, this same husband and father had no money for even a simple rosebud for its hand, but said scornfully, "Oh, pooh, that's all foolishness."

Give me a plain, old-fashioned wooing, and a heart true and tender enough to bring me flowers to brighten the home.—*Selected.*



### MASTER YOUR TRADE.

WE have heard many boys make the remark that they do not intend to follow the trade they are now working at, and then they go to work with an indifference with which they intend to emphasize their statement, says the *Lone Star*. When we hear a boy make such a statement our heart goes out in pity for him, because we realize that he is of the age in which he neither thinks nor cares seriously for what the future may bring forth. Boys, whether you will or not, you must work for a living, at some profession. Thus while learning a trade it is a duty you owe yourself to strive to learn all you can. You may never in truth be called upon to follow the trade at which you worked in youth, but you have a trade to fall back on should your future craft be dashed to pieces on the breakers of life's storm. Suppose you enter a profession when you reach the forks of the road where you choose; suppose in course of time you are left with nothing but a profession, your patronage gone (for many such cases occur), what will you be if you have no trade to fall back on?

A common laborer will be your lot, or you must begin over again, accepting the wages of an apprentice. Unused to the former, how tired you will be at nightfall, how your bones will ache, and only for a pittance; as an apprentice your proud spirit will secretly rebel at the thought of being compelled to work for boy's wages. How different with a young man who has learned a trade in youth! If his chosen business fails him he can still demand a decent salary as a master workman at the trade of his boyhood.

We should always urge our boys to set aim high and try to reach the highest pinnacle. At the same time we urge them to learn well the lesser duties that they may more fully understand how to do the greater.

Put forth your best efforts now, boys, to master the intricacies of the trade at which you are working.—*Glenwood Boy.*



THE United States and Canada, apparently, are having a little more misunderstanding about fishing rights in the great Northwest.



# FAMILIAR MAXIMS THAT ARE USED WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR AUTHORSHIP.

MANY of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnished us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe, "All is not gold that glitters," "Screw your courage to the sticking place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the long and short of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," "Make assurance doubly sure," and a host of others. Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar," Thomas Morton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," Charles Pinckney gives, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by Gen. Henry Lee. From the same we cull, "Christmas comes but once a year," "Count not the chickens ere they are hatched," and, "Look before you leap." Thomas Tussar, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and, "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's Hudibras. Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a large growth," and "Through thick and thin." "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils I have chosen the least," and, "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells of "a good hater," and Macintosh, in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity." "Variety's the very spice of life," and, "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis. Christopher Marlow gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Edward Coke was of the opinion that "a man's house is a castle." To Milton we owe, "The Paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness." Edward Young tells us, "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "bread is the staff of life."

Campbell found that "coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats. Franklin said, "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."—*Selected.*



## THE SALOON BUSINESS.

### Is the Saloon a Good Thing?

YES, for the saloonkeeper.  
 YES, for the brewer.  
 YES, for the distiller.  
 YES, for the gambler.  
 YES, for the confidence man.  
 YES, for the criminal court lawyer.  
 YES, for the ward boss, who gets his weekly rake-off.  
 YES, for the yellow newspaper editor, who gets his sensation ready-made there.  
 YES, for the spoilsman, who, at the last moment can always defeat civic reform by buying up the saloon's habits.  
 YES, for the trapper, who lives by snaring young men and girls at the wine room supper.  
 YES, for the brute, that, disguised in man's garb, goes out to serve his master, the devil, and drags his victims down to the hell he has made for himself.  
 For these things and their like the saloon is a "good thing" eternally.

### But—Is the Saloon a Good Thing?

NO, for the man who drinks up his wages there.  
 NO, for the wife whose home is bare of comfort because of the wages her husband lost there.  
 NO, for the children who breakfast on crusts and dine on crusts and go to bed supperless, because their father spent his wages for drink and not for food.  
 NO, for the butcher who loses the wages the saloon patron might have spent for steaks and chops.  
 NO, for the baker, who would sell a loaf or two of bread every day to every saloon victim if there was no saloon to tempt him when he went home from work at night.  
 NO, for the shoe dealer, who would have an average of from two to five new customers for every saloon customer, if the saloons were closed and the drinker spent part of his wages to buy new shoes for his family.  
 NO, for the father, whose son begins to sow his wild oats in the high license "buffet," goes from bar to barrel house and winds up a physical, mental and moral suicide.  
 NO, for the young woman, who marries the man she loves to "reform him," and finds out, too late, what hell on earth is like.

NO, for the tax-payer, who thinks he is getting off easy by making a saloon pay him in license fee from five to ten per cent of its net proceeds and forgets to figure up as a part of the debit side:

- (1) The cost of police court.
- (2) Jail.
- (3) County house.
- (4) Fires caused by drunken employés.
- (5) Shrinkage in real estate value in saloon districts, and
- (6) The loss to the community of labor of able-bodied men whom the saloon tempts to periodical sprees, or whose drink undermines health, and poverty at length makes a public charge, to say nothing of the boys and girls caught by rum before they are old enough to know better; and the neutralizing of all Christian endeavor by the ever present, ever busy influence of its worst enemy.

For those and for every healthy, wholesome interest of every community the saloon is, not a good thing.

If you believe this, vote against it in your town, your state and your national election every time.—*Dial of Progress.*

#### VERITABLE "HOUSES OF THE CHILDREN."

"*Les Maisons des Enfants*," as they are called, have only just been established in Paris, but they are looked upon as the beginning of an immense movement to house, not only the larger families of the poorer classes, but also those of hundreds of thousands of the middle classes whose business calls for the presence in the heart of the city of the head of the family.

Before the "Houses of the Children" came into being, such parents might spend day after day wearily walking the streets in search of family accommodation, and almost going down on their knees in vain to janitors and landlords, whom nothing could induce to admit a family of children into their "exclusive" and high-priced apartment-houses.

Needless to say, this association, and several others recently formed or now forming, backed by philanthropic capital and with the same end in view, do not care for any particular return upon their money so that future citizens be housed in light and airy rooms and their comfort catered to by architect, landlord, and *concierge*. Branch societies are putting up apartment-houses, also for very large families up to ten and twelve children, with gardens as playgrounds for the little ones. The sites chosen, however, will naturally be a little out of Paris in places where the price of land is not altogether prohibitive. But the fact remains that France is so alive to the "depopulation peril" that some of her foremost citizens are building "Houses of the Children" and positively advertising for tenants with large families only.

The rents, as usual, will barely pay the expenses of management; and in the new piles now being erected there will be the same generous provision of air and sunshine, with gardens filled with flowers, trees and spacious lawns, so that the little ones may be brought up in close communion with nature. It is highly instructive to call upon certain households in these blocks. One man and his wife were just sitting down to *dejeuner* with their seven bright-eyed, healthy children. The father earned only \$15 a week,—the salary of a girl stenographer in New York,—and yet on this Monsieur S. contrives to feed his family well, clothe them respectably, give them all a good education, and pay his rent with exemplary punctuality.—From "*How Paris Provides for the Housing of Large Families*," in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for March.



#### TWICE CABLED ACROSS OCEAN.

In Order to Get Important News from Cape Cod to Boston.

AN unusual extremity, even for a reporter, was thus surmounted by one of the resourceful newspaper heroes that Hartley Davis describes in his "Reporters of To-day," in the February *Everybody's*:

"This problem of getting news back to the office worries a reporter more than anything else when he is sent out of town. The ingenuity displayed is sometimes marvelous and frequently is expensive. Still it is not usual for a reporter to send a message twice across the Atlantic in order to establish communication with a place eighty miles away. Carberry did this when he covered the wreck of the *Portland* off Cape Cod in December, 1898. It was bitter work traveling up and down the coast in that zero weather, seeking to identify the bodies of those washed ashore, collecting facts about the last terrible hours; but the knowledge that one train left for Boston at three o'clock in the afternoon and that all the wires were down gave Carberry and his associates their keenest anguish, for the important news had developed after that hour. If there was no direct wire to Boston, there was a cable from Orleans on the Cape Cod coast to Havre, France. Carberry sent a dispatch to Boston by way of France and New York, a distance of six thousand miles. Orleans is eighty miles from Boston by railroad and not much more than half that distance as the crow flies."



REPORTS from Rio Janeiro tell of a military and naval revolt against the Brazilian government. It seems the entire garrison at the capital and even the squadrons in the harbor have taken sides with the revolutionary party, and hundreds of persons have already been killed.



## GEOGRAPHY AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

LITTLE Rob was the prize geographer of his class; that is, he could locate cities and bound countries with great glibness. He could draw the most realistic maps, printing in the rivers, mountain ranges and cities from memory. Rob considered geography purely in the light of a game, in which he always beat, but he never associated it with the great world about him. Rivers, to him, were no more than black, wiggly lines; cities were dots, and states were blots. New York was green, Pennsylvania was red, and California was yellow. Of course Rob had never traveled. He was born in a canon near the country school he attended. One day the teacher made the discovery of Rob's idea of geography through the following incident. After vainly inquiring of several of the children where British Columbia is located, she called on Rob, who, as usual, was waving his hand excitedly, wild with the enthusiasm of pent-up knowledge.

"It is on page sixty-eight," he declared.

After the roar had subsided, the teacher explained that that was only a map of British Columbia. Then she asked Rob to bound British Columbia.

"Can't, teacher; it is all over the page."—*Success*.



## THE DISINTEGRATION OF TURKEY.

As it is, the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire is taking a most unusual course. Paradoxical as it may sound, Turkey will be ruined by reforms which are being forced upon her by degrees. These reforms cannot be obstructed, as they will progress automatically, one from the other. The incidents of the last few weeks are surely not the last of their kind. The Armenians will follow the Macedonians. On this occasion the various small powers of the Balkans were given to understand in a trite communication that the antagonistic attitude toward Turkey was not to be deemed an encouragement to them. They submitted gracefully, and all was well. In future, however, this is hardly to be expected. For a few years, at least, the preservation of peace and order in the Balkans seems far more probable. That, after all, is worth a great deal. Beyond this, however, it may be stated that the future of Turkey will not be decided in Constantinople, but will be dependent rather upon the outcome of the present chaotic conditions in Russia.—*From "Turkey versus Europe in the Balkans," by Dr. Maurice Baumfeld, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.*



Do not despise any opportunity because it seems small. The way to make an opportunity grow is to take hold of it and use it.

## IT ROTS AND RUINS.

A BARTENDER plaintively bewailed the necessity of having to rub congealed drops of sticky beer off the bar. "If I let them remain," he said in tones of one seeking compassion, "they rot the wood."

"They rot the wood, do they?" fiercely repeated the bar bibber. "Then what in the name of common sense do they do to my stomach?"

"It is beyond me to tell," replied the manipulator of drinks. "Of one thing I am confident, and that is that man's stomach is made of cast iron. Elsewise how could he withstand the amount of fluid he pours into it? Let me show you something." He placed a small piece of raw meat on the counter and dropped into it a small measure of imported liquor. In five minutes the meat had parted into small pieces, as though hacked by a dull knife.

It is not surprising that beer drinkers are held by life-insurance companies to be extra hazardous risks. —*Arkansas Searchlight*.



## THE SAME RESULT.

A WELL-KNOWN Bishop of Tennessee was taking his customary stroll through the Park the other morning. He happened to sit down on one of the benches there. Now the Bishop is a very great man, not only in the Methodist church, but in embonpoint as well. His weight proved too much for the bench, which collapsed, spilling him on the ground. About this time a little girl, rolling a hoop along, saw the reverend gentleman prostrate and offered her assistance. "But, my little girl," said the Bishop, "do you think you could help such a great, heavy man to his feet?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl, "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he's been even drunker than you are."—*M. B. Miller, in February Lippincott's*.



W. K. VANDERBILT doesn't meet with much trouble in this country when he runs over small crowds of people with his automobile, but the Italians won't stand for it. During a recent trip in Italy he was mobbed for having run over just one small boy, who was not fatally injured, but the crowd used the millionaire rather roughly. He was kicked, cuffed and obliged to draw his revolver, and after all had to be rescued by the gendarmes.



Most men do what they do because they think at the time it is the proper thing to do.



THE insurance business is the political graveyard of many politicians and teachers.

## DELPHIA

D. D. THOMAS

In the sacred book of eld  
Where the love of God is held  
To our view,  
So we see the gloried forms  
In the sunshine and the storms  
Shining through;  
There the angels hovering o'er  
Intervening curtains tore,  
Human eyes could see and know  
That it was a heavenly glow,  
And the voices thro' the rift  
Was the voice of God adrift  
T' keep us true.

But the thought has come to me,  
Maybe o'er a distant sea  
Of phantasies;

And my faith in it is true  
As the strong light shining thro'  
The rifted way;  
That in fleshly forms as well  
There incarnate angels dwell;  
Eyes that shine with astral light,  
Tongues that speak the truth with  
might,  
Hearts that ever learn to love,  
Guardian spirits from above  
Teach the way.

If you will not think amiss  
I shall give the proof in this,  
Strangest tale;  
For the mother gave it me  
Certain, too, 'twas truthfully  
Without fail.  
For the daughter some had known,  
And the wayward husband gone;  
E'en the courthouse record gave  
That to sin he was a slave,  
And his neighbors knew him well;  
Of the awful shock they tell  
And bewail.

When you read this story o'er,  
If you have not long before  
Sought the truth,  
Seek it. It will be to you  
Golden with its beauteous hue  
Retaining youth.  
You will see our God in men  
Cleansing foulness out of them.  
God will take the dark away  
Giving them the light of day;  
And the stench of foulness rise  
No more to becloud the eyes.  
Seek the truth.

O, that men would be with men  
More indulgent; and less keen  
To sit as judge;  
Vulture spirits would not dwell  
In God's images, so well  
To make us drudge.  
They would see the heavenly light,  
Call men to it with their might,  
And that sacred light diffuse  
So that men might see and choose  
To rise above the sin of earth;  
Be born of God with a new birth  
And make him Judge.

Let us stop not to bewail  
In a hopeless, woeful tale  
Things amiss.  
But that we may see it plain,  
Do just what we tried to gain  
For others' bliss.

So we cease to censure men  
Try that higher way to gain,  
Live that we may live anew  
Every day tho' they be few;  
Climbing to the end of strife,  
Where our goal is peace and life,  
And happiness.

The autumn leaves were falling fast,  
The warning winds now made them  
dance  
A weird step unto the grave.  
Most flowers had passed away ere this,  
And those that stayed were dull in hue  
An armor 'gainst the piercing wind.  
The half-bared trees still held their  
heads

And sang, serene, tho' mournful songs,  
The passing of their glory.

The hills that saw the sunlight first,  
Now felt the piercing blast the most  
And bared of leaves the naked earth  
Had taste of death that paled the curse  
God put upon it. The verdant life  
Was bid unhouse. And when  
The occupant was chased away,  
Dissolved the building where it lived.

Delphia lived a young and widowed  
Mother. Her husband kind of heart,  
But weak, had lost his liberty;  
No doubt to give to her a joy  
Affixed to paper weighty names.  
To liquidate he was not able,  
So off was sent to pay the debt  
Of indiscretion. And their two babes  
Were hers to feed and clothe.  
The autumn winds were bared to her  
And cruel were the tales they told  
Of unprotected winter. The winds sighed.  
The sun teared with hazy morning  
And all the world was gloom.  
So back again she came to seek  
The old parental shelter.

The bloom of youth was fading slow.  
The eyes were losing playful luster.  
They called for sympathy and gave  
The index of a loving heart.  
The beauty was angelic; passing  
Through the gloom, one could not tell  
Whether it was life or death  
So perfectly they blend together,  
And nature lendeth hope alway.  
"If sorrow's burden giveth gloom  
The flesh will o'ercome at last  
And let the blessed sunshine in."  
But days wore on and days went by.  
Tho' bright the sun, tho' cloudless sky,  
The gloom was in her heart.  
One blessed thing was strength and help.  
Seeing the earthy must wear out  
The strength of earth must wane at last,  
She sought the lasting and the true.

When the running water, o'er the blessed  
Christ,  
At pressure from the Desert Voice  
When he arose, called God from heaven  
To name him Son, and Loved One, too,  
The Holy Spirit being there  
And seen of men to come beneath  
And light upon his blessed head.  
When he came forth, the Master called  
It righteousness. And she would go  
Where'er his blessed footsteps went.  
She might not hear the Father's voice,  
But she could see the footprints well.  
The angel's joy she might not know,  
But glowing of her breast was there.  
To rise as she arose from death,  
To walk a blessed life anew,  
To feel the Holy Spirit's breath,  
To calm the heart of strife within,  
O, it is blessed, thus to be.

The waters washed her sins away,  
The Spirit cleansed her heart within;  
And plunged was she into Christ's death,  
That she might rise into Christ's life,  
And hide away from sin, at last,  
To give it neither sway nor rule;  
His loving heart to bear her grief,  
His loving hand to lead the way,  
His loving feet to tread the path,  
And make it smoother day by day.

To him who sails aloof by gases  
Borne, and sees the earth recede  
May well imagine how the soul,  
Renewed by grace, the power divine,  
Recedes from earth away, away,  
Until the wishes, loves and prayers  
Are in the other world.

The mother heart  
Was last to yield. Could she but stay  
And rear them for the Master.  
And O, the loss was theirs indeed,  
And hers the gain! The shadows came,  
For earth was waning fast. The sun  
Teared with the hazy morning.  
The moon hid, and all the world  
Was gloom.

Thither, thither was she going,  
And God revealed by visions strange,  
Made to pray and look and long,  
What must it be when stepping forth  
To God to pray? But we may see,  
Her prayer seasons came each day,  
And at evening came the thought

Of death and life beyond.  
And in the night she dreamed:  
"I dreamed a dove, wet with waters  
Out of the misty space. Its flight  
Was weary. It had come so far  
Thro' the floods of death to cheer me.  
As the blessed one on Jordan's bank  
Received the dove, it lit on me.  
Its shoulder-perch seemed resting it.  
It glowed with brightness of the whitest  
hue.  
O, it was beautiful. I could  
Have dwelt with it eternally.  
The dream passed. The dove took flight.  
I was my own weak self again.  
Say, can you tell me what it means?"

The hearer may have known some tho',  
But was too full to speak. Moist eyed  
He sat and merely shook his head.  
Could it have been the product  
Of a hectic fever? The picture  
Of a frightful glamour? The heart  
Was peaceful and the vision clear.  
Ah, methinks aught else.

Her prayer season strengthened her,  
But not in body. Daily she heard  
Her Bible read. Daily she went  
To God in prayer. She did not wish  
To tire her friends. Since she must die  
She would go soon and be at rest.  
The spirit strengthened, flesh grew weak.  
And as she neared the end she dreamed  
again.

"In a bright and spacious chamber,  
Lighted with supernal glory,  
I entered at the porter's door.  
In the center stood a table,  
Seated round with sister guests;  
Each one with her prayer velling  
Bordered with the brightest gold.  
I, too, shared the heavenly honor.  
And the angels, clothed in white,  
Blessed me with a glad rejoicing.  
For they knew that this was right.  
Was it then the blessed supper,  
When the Master girds and serves,  
Making us his guests forever  
In the mansions over there?  
O, my heart aglow with rapture,  
While the sister saints of God  
Welcomed with a smile and beckoned  
Me to sit and sing with them.  
My heart is yearning now to go.  
Altho' I love my dear, dear friends,  
And my two boys who have not learned  
The blighting, killing power of sin.  
May they be spared and live, and learn  
To love and know their God."

From hence she seemed so close to God,  
T' approach the gates of Paradise.  
Other dreams and visions came,  
And think you not those prayers, tho'  
lips  
Are cold in death, are answered yet,  
To saving souls, to lift our lives  
To better deeds? She seemed to see  
And hear things that pleased her much,  
And had her sister oft to listen  
Or to look, tho' she told not.

When the day of her departure  
Came, she said to her attendants,  
"Now I go to sleep, to rest in sleep,  
And do not waken me. Let me sleep,  
Though I slumber long. I'm tired  
And would go to rest."  
And she slept an easy breathing  
Slumber, tho' they knew it meant  
No awakening in this world.  
Ah, had the Master dropped it then,  
His voice had stopped the welling tears;  
And changed to tears and words of joy,  
Her slumbers ceased not with her breath,  
The sleep of death, yet placid still.  
Be it so. It was the Father's will.  
The angel fled and left its tenting here.

O Night! Night! thou hast a morning,  
Tho' dark and drear thou seemst to me;  
Sweet Rest, Rest, my soul adorning  
With life and power against the morning;  
Thus may I live with such as thee,  
With such as thee.

O, Death! Death! thou hast a morning,  
Tho' dark and drear thou seemst to me;  
Sweet Rest, Rest, my soul adorning  
With life and love against the morning;  
Thus may I live thro' such as thee,  
Thro' such as thee.

Harrod, Ohio.



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

## "DO YOU EVER BARK?"

In the INGLENOOK of February 27 an editorial appeared under this caption. One of our readers, who is a close reader, sat right down, after finishing the editorial, and wrote us the following letter, which explains itself. We are very sorry for one thing and that is she did not sign her name. She wonders in the letter who the author of the article is, and then turns right around and leaves us to wonder who the author of the letter is. But here is the letter and it speaks for itself:

Bremen, Ind., Feb. 27, 1906.

Dear Sir:—Am a subscriber and reader of the Inglenook, also the Gospel Messenger, and for so short a time, am quite well pleased with them.

My object in writing is to learn the name of the author of the article "Do You Ever Bark?" given in Inglenook of Feb. 27. I felt somewhat impressed on the chosen subject and more so after reading it over again and again.

First of all I would like to know the author's occupation. I wonder if he stopped and meditated upon it as he should have done. No, I do not believe that he did in the right way. In his article he asks the farmer, "How many times have you stopped the horses at the end of the field and barked at your neighbor over the fence?"

Maybe the rest did the horses more good than the bark (as the author terms it) did damage. "How many times have you made your gravelbed out of old scantling, so the gravel would trickle through and cheat the government?" "Have you ever been guilty of throwing a stone in the middle of a load of hay to make it weigh heavier, or let it stand in a shower of rain?" "Have you watered your hogs just before driving them onto the scales?" "Have you ever mixed brown sugar with the maple syrup in the springtime, because it is easier to bark than work?" And many more illustrations of the same point. Does not this mean the farmer?

I wonder if it ever occurred to the author that the illustrations which he gave all applied to the farmer only, and to his dishonesty? No doubt there are honest and dishonest farmers, the same as honest and dishonest merchants, bankers, grain dealers, and, perhaps I would be safe to say, ministers of the Gospel, and many other people of different occupations; all have their faults, not only the farmer. Nevertheless, the farmer's back is wide, he

can carry the blame. I am a farmer's wife, and you may term me as the honest or dishonest one, just as you like. I would be pleased to have this published, so that the author's name may be known, or that he may answer it if he will. I am, A Farmer's Wife. (Mrs. A. E. M.)

No, dear reader, whoever you are, not the farmer alone was meant. The article was written by the editor of the INGLENOOK. No one needs to wonder who writes the articles in the INGLENOOK which have no names to them. Heap them upon the shoulders of the poor editor.

Had there been room to discuss the question at length, we should have liked to talk about the preachers who go off on vacations in preference to standing at their post. We might have talked about editors who would rather use the scissors and paste-cup than pen and ink; about the merchants who would rather make short yards and small gallons than to sell more goods on a smaller profit; about teachers who would rather follow the humdrum method than to invent original ideas; about the housewife who would rather visit and gossip than to raise a noble little family, and do it well.

Yes, there are a hundred different ways in which this subject might have been treated. There is no class of people to be found scarcely but what some one in that class likes to bark.

Now for reason: The only reason which we can assign for using the farmer as an illustration is because the editor was born and raised on a farm and spent most all of his life there, and has both seen and heard of some things mentioned as illustrations in the article referred to. Another reason is, because ninety per cent of the readers of the INGLENOOK are farmers, and the little sermon was preached directly to them. It is no use to preach over the heads of your congregation and expect it to do any good.

In conclusion, we thank the sister very much for the letter. We again say we are only sorry that she did not attach her name so we might give her credit for the good thoughts in it. We wish a thousand more of our readers would talk back and say what they think; that is what makes the INGLENOOK good reading matter. Everybody will read this article now since this letter refers to it. We have THE RURAL SANCTUM department in the INGLENOOK, where any of the readers have the right to talk back and say what they think, think what they say, and thus help us to make a good magazine.

❁ ❁ ❁  
DUE CREDIT.

In Nook of March 6, in "The Southern Battlefields," written by Hettie Stauffer, were a number of splendid illustrations which were furnished by the Q. & C. Ry., through their agent, Mr. Rinearson, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Through an oversight we forgot to

give due credit and courtesy, and we hereby seize the opportunity to try to make amends for our mistake. But it is one of those kind of mistakes that is very hard to correct. It should have been done at the time. The best time in the world to do a thing is when it ought to be done. We can do at some things afterward, but they can never be done so well as just at the time they need doing the worst.

Since this beautiful scenery in the South lay along the line of the Q. & C. Ry., they, of course, had these fine cuts made to show what the traveler can see when traveling over their railroad, and it was nothing more than right for the INGLENOOK to give credit under each cut; but this will teach us a lesson hereafter. Not only in such an instance as this should credit be given, but all through life's journey we should not hesitate to give credit to whom credit is due. No difference who does you a favor, where he lives, or what his name may be, no one should be so stiff-necked but that he would willingly and cheerfully give due credit. The greatest men in this world have stooped the lowest to acknowledge the real merit and worth in their fellow-men.

Every charitable organization is based on the fact that there are diamonds in the earth and that they are worth saving. Our great system of education only helps to develop the merit which brings forth credit in the end.



#### TO-DAY INGLENOOK DAY.

We want you, dear reader, to take just a little time to-day and show a copy of the INGLENOOK to a few of your friends and tell them why YOU are a reader of the INGLENOOK, tell them what there is in the paper that interests you, tell them of the things that have appeared in the paper in the last few weeks that you think were worth reading.

The INGLENOOK contains some advertisements to help pay for publishing. These advertisements are trustworthy, but there are twenty-four pages of the INGLENOOK proper, clear of advertisement. Don't tell anybody that the INGLENOOK is perfect, for it is not. But we are headed in that direction. We have learned by experience that when we had attained to what we once thought was ideal that that phantom was as far from our possession as when we first reached out to lay hold upon it. God helping us we are pushing ahead to the goal and we hope to come nearer to it as we go forward.

The INGLENOOK does aim to fix a high premium on character. Religion is not our hobby, though no pains are taken to evade it.

Just take the Nook you hold in your hand, read it through, point out to your friends the interesting features, and then tell them they may have the paper from now to Jan. 1, 1907, for 50 cents.

That's three months free.

It's a bargain at 50 cents for nine months.

It's worth \$1.00 a year.

It's a good weekly home journal.

Many of its readers say it's continually growing better.

It may seem to you that we are wanting you to hustle a little. Well, we know what that means. We have been there, have hustled, and had no trouble at all in getting what was wanted.

In thirty minutes' time the writer of these words asked six persons to subscribe for the INGLENOOK and four of them are now readers of the journal.

We have made the price so far below regular price in order to make it easy for you to talk for it. Mail your letter to-day, don't wait till to-morrow. Remember, it's March 27, INGLENOOK Day. INGLENOOK readers all over the United States, we are assured, are speaking kind words to-day for the INGLENOOK; we are confident you will.



#### MODERN COMPASSION.

MARY SIGLER, of Creston, Ohio, had the ill fortune to lose her husband a few weeks ago, whose decease left her with four little children to support. She was not able to keep them in school all the time; the truant officer of course reported her to the mayor, and the mayor, in turn, sent her to jail because he had no other recourse when she failed to give bond. The law compelled her to send her children to school; the same law compelled her to feed them and clothe them properly.

Upon refusal of either one of these duties the same law made her eligible to arrest; the law sent her to jail because the law required a bond. A woman who is too poor to support children or keep them in school is too poor to give a bond. The officers knew that, but the law has an iron hand and a heart of stone, but what kind of hands and hearts have the people around there, who profess to have religion? It is to be wondered whether they have ever read, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James 1: 27. Sometimes one of God's servants has to become a martyr in order to arouse the righteous indignation of the people who ought to be awake rather than to be apathetic and lethargic; but so it goes in this world!

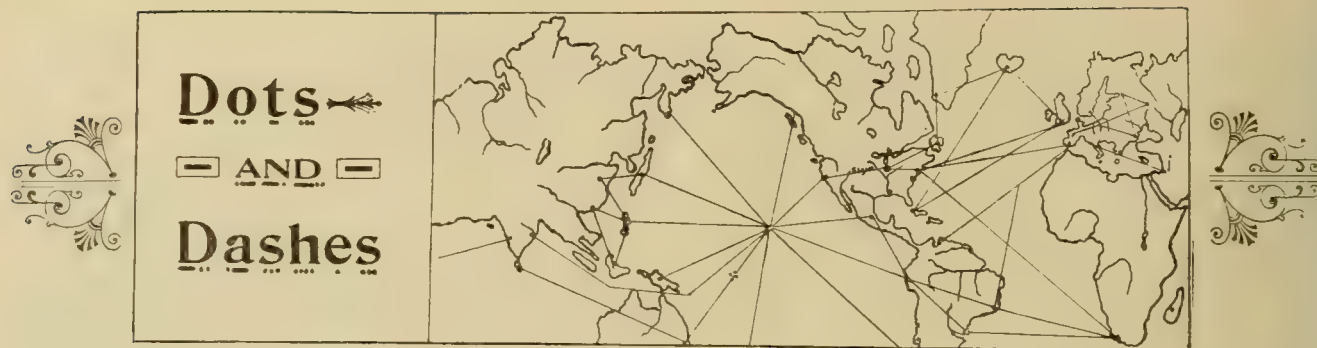


KEEP good company and you shall be one of the number.



THE balance of trade is against us when we buy goods weighed on false scales.





SECRETARY BONAPARTE has sent in estimates for \$120,000,000 for navy appropriations for 1906-7. Members of the house naval committee say they have cut these appropriations \$20,000,000 and that more paring will be done.

ROBERT OTTO, of Leipsic, claims to have invented a novel apparatus for the prevention of seasickness, which has lately been tried on a steamer of the Hamburg-American Line. It consists of a comfortable armchair, the seat of which is vibrated both perpendicularly and transversely by a small motor, placed under the chair, which is connected with the ship's electric plant. A motion is thus given to the chair which is found to counteract the movement of the ship. As soon as the passenger feels an attack coming on, he takes his seat, and the disposition quickly disappears.

JAN. 16 a lady in Belvidere, Ill., lost a pet dog, which, since that time, has kept the policemen of that city, Freeport, Rockford, Beloit, Elgin and Chicago busy, besides the conductors and brakemen on the steam and trolley lines have kept their eyes open in order to reap the handsome little reward offered for his capture. Since that time hundreds of children have been lost, in these same towns, and the policemen have never heard about them. The pet was a dog.

THE absolute extermination of the Jews in Russia seems to be the ultimate object. The fact is that proclamations have been circulated through the empire calling for the same. There is an organization already formed which is arming the outlaws, criminals and thugs for the purpose of committing an awful massacre on Easter day. They think that, by having the general outbreak to come on one day, it will take the poor peasants by surprise, and but little resistance will be made.

NOTICE that this INGLENOOK bears the date of March 27; this is "INGLENOOK Day." This is the last opportunity of calling your attention to the fact that the INGLENOOK can be had from to-day till New

Year's Day for half the regular price of the magazine. If you have neglected, so far, to speak to your neighbor about it, please do not neglect it any longer. We want your order mailed on this day.

FOR a number of years quite an effort has been made to simplify our methods of spelling. Several have undertaken to reform it, but without success. It seems that a lack of means has been one cause of failure. Mr. Carnegie's attention has been called to it. After investigation, he promised to support the movement when twenty modern professors and writers would agree to support the movement. The matter was canvassed and some fifty have subscribed, and now the board is in full swing. Carnegie is to support it with fifteen thousand dollars a year. The proposed spelling, furnished by the National Educational Association, is to be followed. The reforms consist chiefly in the dropping of silent letters.

A RECENT earthquake, in Formosa, partly destroyed the town of Kagi. Sixty persons were killed and more than two hundred houses destroyed. It is one of the oldest towns in the interior of Formosa. It had a population of nearly eighteen thousand, and is the center of a great sugar industry. There are large areas of petroleum and natural gas. Indigo and tobacco are the profitable staple industries. This island is the home of the earthquake. In the last five years there have been three hundred and seventy-six earthquakes, and some of them have been very severe. Of course there are volcanoes on the island, the largest of which has a crater seven hundred feet across and four hundred feet deep.

THE city of Rio Janeiro is flooded. Many homes have already been swept from their foundations, and the number of deaths is great. The gas plant has been inundated and the city is in utter darkness, with the water rising every morning.

THE price of coal continues to go up. Probably by fall the jewelers will be handling it. It will be too expensive for the ordinary dealer.

## OFF FOR THE POLES.

WHILE dozens of curiosity seekers have spent their time and money, and, in many cases, their lives, trying to find the North Pole, the South Pole has had a good long rest, but now it is in danger of being brought from its hiding place, the same as the North Pole. The North Pole has always been sought by boats and sledges, but now comes a man on the arena, in the person of Frederick A. Cook, who is making an automobile with which to find the object of his search. He says he wants an automobile that can be taken to pieces and easily transported. Almost any of them can be taken to pieces in this climate by the shady roadside, but it may be a little lonesome on a long stretch of sea ice to wait until the gasoline man comes along, or the rural postman to send an order back for repairs to mend the puncture in the tire.

Walter Wellman is still after the North Pole; he has left the water boat experiment to the rest and has turned his attention to aerial navigation. Santos Dumont is making him a seventy-five thousand dollar airship. The ship is being made in Paris. It is one hundred and ninety-six feet long and forty-nine feet wide. The gas bag contains two hundred and twenty-six thousand feet of hydrogen, and will lift fifteen thousand pounds. The three motors will furnish seventy horse-power, with the weight of seven thousand pounds. They expect to begin the journey from North Spitzbergen. He expects to make eleven or twelve miles an hour and Wellman thinks he can reach the pole in forty-five hours. The buoyancy of the ship is supposed to last twenty-five days and the provisions about seventy-five days.

ON the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, near Florence, Colo., the collision of two passenger trains caused the wreck of both trains and the death of forty persons, besides injuries to scores of others. The wreckage caught fire, which added to the horror of the situation.

THE explosion in the mines at Courrieres, France, has not been exaggerated. Later investigations show that the cages and shafts, in many cases, were blown up and twelve hundred miners were left to a horrible death before help could reach them. The mines are the third largest in France, and cover nearly fifteen thousand acres.

THE resignation of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., from the Missouri Pacific directorate, recently, was regarded as further evidence of his desire to get free from all active business connections on account of continued ill health.

A FREIGHT steamship, *British King*, foundered eleven hundred miles east of Boston, but all of her crew were saved but twenty-nine.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has just issued a prospectus of the tunnel terminal at New York, for the purpose of explaining to bankers how the new \$150,000,000 stock issue will be used. Both the Erie and the Lackawanna have made satisfactory arrangements to use the big tube terminal for their passenger traffic. On the terminal site a huge skyscraper is to be erected, covering two square blocks, connecting with the city subway system by underground means. The Pennsylvania will have a new electric line to Newark for through suburban traffic.

THE United States Rubber Company has recently issued \$5,000,000 of first preferred stock, which is entirely for the purpose of acquiring control of important competitive plants. The independent plants, to be acquired by the United States Rubber Company, will add considerably more than \$1,000,000 a year to its income.

SIX Deputy United States Marshals were recently ambushed and murdered by a party of full-blooded Indians, known as the Wycliffes, near Kansas, I. T. Three officers escaped.

IN the State of Georgia the negroes, under the leadership of Prof. E. B. Dubois, have recently organized themselves into what they call the Georgia Equal Rights Association. They issued a statement of their grievances and shortcomings, which has attracted attention for its calm, judicial tone. They admit their insufficiency and that some of them are not fit for the ballot, but yet they feel that they have some rights in this land which are not afforded them. But in view of the fact that they are usually considered "poor in wealth and habit," and in spite of the law's cunning injustice, and the smallness of their wages, they are now paying taxes on more than \$18,000,000 worth of property. What man or woman, who has a bit of conscience, could forbid them equal rights? If their tax money is worth anything to the government, why not their vote? The colored man has a right in this world, else God would not have placed him here; then, to do our duty, we must help them to a higher plane of living.

THE report of the Missouri Pacific Railway for 1905 shows a deficit of \$18,205, as compared with a surplus of over \$2,000,000 the preceding year. In explanation of this, President Gould refers to the disastrous blizzards and floods of the first half of the year and to the yellow fever quarantine.





# HOME DEPARTMENT



## LITTLE ONES.

A. L. ROOP.

**L**ITTLE ones can sing God's praise,  
Little feet walk golden ways;  
Little hands can something do,  
Little hearts be good and true.

### Chorus.

We now humbly bring to you  
Sunny smiles, and love that's true;  
Happy day for you and me,  
Happy may we always be.

Doing little kindly deeds,  
We are sowing precious seeds;  
Chasing tears from every eye,  
We will reap joy by and by.

Children have God's loving care,  
In their homes, and everywhere;  
If we trust God to the end,  
We will find him a true friend.

Westminster, Md.

## TRUSTING GOD.

NORA KINGERY.

SOME may think the Lord is like some people here on earth. They may think he is trying to deceive them, and do not feel like trusting him. They may say, "I am happy and everything seems to be going just as I want it to, and why should I want to change my course?"

People who talk this way are not looking very far ahead. They are only thinking of their lives here on earth, and are not thinking of the hereafter. They may be happy now, but will not always be.

If we change our course and walk the narrow way and do what is right, everything may seem to go wrong, but if we keep on doing what is right and trusting the Lord, gleams will finally come to lighten our darkest days.

The Lord has already done so much for us, and yet some cannot trust him in what he says he will still do for us. When we pray to him in faith, he answers our prayers. If you have ever had a prayer answered, you feel like trusting him more than you ever did before.

Can Satan answer our prayers and forgive us of our sins? We may enjoy working for and trusting him for a time here on earth, but the time will come when we will begin to think of a higher power. This

time may be when it is too late. Some do not realize their lost condition until they are near death's door, then they feel they are to be lost. Death swallows them up with a great burden of sin resting upon their minds. It is then too late.

Is it too late for us? Have we been trusting the Lord? If we have not, we should begin before it is too late. When the Lord comes to reward us, can we say we have been faithfully trusting him? We cannot deceive him, for his eyes are continually looking down upon us.

We should be prepared to receive his grand reward. Then on the great day of judgment we will not be disappointed.

*Bringinghurst, Ind.*



## THE PIASA.

O. H. KIMMEL.

No Indian tradition, perhaps, is more interesting than the one of the Piasa. No part of the United States, not even the renowned Catskills or Pikes peak, can reproduce the wild and romantic scenery of the bluffs of Illinois in the vicinity of Alton. And here in the midst of this scenery above Alton, where a little stream wends its way into the Mississippi, high up on the perpendicular face of the smooth bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of the enormous and hideous bird known as the Piasa, which means, in the Illini language, "The bird that devours men."

A brief account of the Illini tradition of this bird is as follows: Many thousand moons before the arrival of the palefaces, when the great mastodon was still living, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could carry in his talons a full-grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh he would prey upon nothing else. He was artful and powerful and would dart upon an Indian suddenly, bear him off into the caves and devour him.

Many hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but failed. Whole villages were depopulated and great consternation spread through the Illini country because of this vicious bird. At last Ouatogo, a famous chief, separated himself from his tribe, fasted for the space of a whole moon and prayed the Great Spirit that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of the fast the Great Spirit appeared to Ouatogo in a dream, directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with

a bow and poisoned arrow, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near where they were concealed another warrior was to stand exposed to view, who was to be a victim of the Piasa, which the twenty men must shoot the instant he pounced upon his prey.

On awaking Ouatogo selected his warriors and offered himself as victim. Soon after placing himself in open view the piercing eyes of the Piasa perceived him and at once pounced upon him, but by the time he had reached his victim every bow was sprung and every arrow made a deadly wound in the body of the bird and it fell lifeless at Ouatogo's feet. Ouatogo was safe and the "bird that devours men" was no more.

In memory of the event the image of the Piasa was engraven upon the bluff, and as long as an Illini Indian existed in that region after the arrival of the white man, he never passed that spot in his canoe without firing his gun at the engraven bird.

Many other traditions concerning the Piasa exist, but they are somewhat similar to this one. No one can vouch for the truth of them, but it is true that the engraven image of a winged monster is seen upon the rocks on the Piasa bluffs. We may by scientific investigation deduce the theories that the Indian appeared upon this continent before the end of the reptilian age; and that among these mesozoic animals was a monster that could walk, run, fly and swim, known among the Indians as the Piasa, whose bones have been found and reconstructed into the ramphorhynchus.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



#### HEAVENLY PRESCRIPTIONS FOR HEALTH.

J. S. FLORY.

"What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it."

##### Speedy Restoration to Health.

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily."

##### Regulator Specific.

"Ceasing to do evil and learning to do well."

That is, quit your selfish thinking and acting, worrying and complaining, and go to work, helping those who need help. A wonderful tonic for the whole man, body, soul and spirit.

##### A Sedative for Nervous Prostration.

"Cast all your care upon him for he careth for you."

Take in unbroken doses, evening and morning, the following:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

##### A Health Stimulant.

"Pleasant words are as a honey comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones." "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

##### Prescription for General Good Health.

"If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee."

This rule holds just as good under the new "school" as under the "old" because the "Physician" is the same.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



#### SAVED BY PRAYER.

"GOOD-BY, Harry; remember that mamma will always pray for your safety."

These were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railroad station to take the train for New York. The words kept ringing in his ears as the train passed rapidly out of the village and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York City his uncle was waiting for him.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new, grand store of his uncle. There he became acquainted with young men of his own age who seemed friendly, invited him to join in their excursion parties in the evenings and visit them at their homes. Before the first week had ended he had visited three of the boys of the city and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles. Harry had brought his wheel with him and enjoyed the trip very much.

After they had gone a distance they stopped for refreshments, and he soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon.

"What will you have, Harry?" he heard one of his new friends inquiring.

"I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please," answered Harry.

"Pretty good joke, Harry; but you don't get such stuff here; we are all going to have beer; I'll order one for you, too." And before he could think of an answer the bartender had placed it before him.

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination, answered.

"No, I do not drink."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed one of the young men, "you are not temperance are you?"

"A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is healthful," said another.

"I promised mother," replied Harry "that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me, and if I never begin, I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first



glass; but many drunkards meant to stop after they tasted beer or liquor just once; no, I shall not drink."

It was a long speech for Harry to make, but he thought of his mother's prayer and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule him for his remarks. When Tom Ankers, the young man who had worked next to him at the store, therefore, took him by the hand, and with emotion said, "Thank you, Harry; my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from to-night on I shall try to keep it," it surprised Harry greatly.

But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: "I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a saloon to drink when he saw me in one the last time, and he told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit. I wanted to keep my promise, but was always afraid to refuse when in the company of others."

"Boys," said Adam Wagner, "this is the first time I ever took a drink. My father died a drunkard and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening of a life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone; I mean to do so after to-day, and you fellows must help me to keep my promise."

"We shall, we shall," replied his friends, immediately.

"But tell us, Harry," said the young man who had spoken after Tom; "how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect us all to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such courage in this hour of danger?"

Harry told them the story in his simple, truthful manner, concluding with the words:

"Boys, my mother's prayers saved me."

"Harry," said Adam, "when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure to say that we were saved by her prayers."  
—*New York Observer*.



#### UNIQUE BIRTHDAY GIFTS TO ROYALTY.

UPON occasions of royal birthdays and other anniversaries, sovereigns sometimes exchange unique presents.

King Carlos, of Portugal, an artist of considerable ability, usually sends his paintings as gifts. One recently presented to the King of Italy is so executed that in one position it represents a sunrise at sea, but, if turned around, becomes a sunset on a plain.

Upon her last birthday the Emperor of Germany presented the Empress with a music box that played all his own compositions. Each of his sons has an

automatic model of a Prussian soldier that goes through all the movements of the infantry drill, and even fires blank cartridges from his rifle.

The King of Spain has a number of wax models of himself that open and close their eyes. Within each is a little phonograph that cries, "Long live Spain." Alfonso takes great delight in sending these to friends among the royal families of Europe.

Not long since the Sultan of Turkey presented a German prince with four splendid white Arabian horses and a groom who could speak only Turkish. The horses were very acceptable, but the groom gave much trouble and was finally shipped back to his own country.

When President Loubet presented a handsome type-writing machine, fitted with the Persian alphabet, to the Shah of Persia, that suspicious monarch feared it contained an evil spirit and had it thoroughly boiled.

Nothing pleased Frederick the Great, of Prussia, more than the present of a giant or two to add to his regiment of tall men. Upon his birthday he usually received from his brother sovereigns a number of recruits for his regiment of stalwarts.

King Philip IV of Spain collected dwarfs, and many diminutive specimens of humanity were sent him upon his birthdays.

An English king once sent the Empress Catherine of Russia a six-legged calf, while an artist without arms, but who painted remarkably well with his feet, was presented to a king of Saxony by a Grand Duke of Baden.



#### A TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

EDITOR INGLENOOK,

Dear Sir:—I enclose a piece of poetry for the INGLENOOK. It is such a good temperance piece; I have never seen it in print, so I thought it might be new to the INGLENOOK readers. I do not know the author of it, as I learned it from my father when I was a little girl. I think he has known it since he was a boy.

Yours truly,

MARY M. CLEAVER.

- A is for **Adder**, that lives in the cup,  
The drunkard don't see it and so drinks it up.
- B is for **Bottle**, marked poison thereon,  
Touch, taste not nor handle, or you'll be undone.
- C is for **Cider**, to drink it is wrong;  
Though at first very weak, it is soon very strong.
- D is for **Drunkard**, just look at his nose;  
How red are his eyes, how dirty his clothes.
- E is for **Evening**, when he goes out to drink,  
Where he goes does him harm, if he only would think.
- F is for **Fountain**, so merry and clear;  
Who only drink water have nothing to fear.
- G is for **Gin**, that makes people lazy,  
Then cross to their wives, and finally crazy.
- H is for **Hard Times**, which surely will come,  
When a man spends his money for nothing but rum.

**I** is for **Inn**, like a rat-trap, no doubt,  
When you once get in it is hard to get out.

**J** is for **Jail**, where the drunkard is kept,  
Till the fumes of his liquor away he has slept.

**K** is for **Knowledge**, of which little remains.  
What a man puts to his lips runs off with his brains.

**L** is for **Liquor**, whatever the name,  
The taste and the odor, they all are the same.

**M** is for **Monkey**, much wiser than man.  
If you once get him drunk you can't do it again.

**N** is for **Noah**, who planted the vine;  
How sad is the warning—got drunk upon wine.

**O** is for **Orphans**, of which thousands are made,  
Every month in the year by the rumseller trade.

**P** is for **Pledge**, which good children should take;  
If you can't sign your name, your mark you should make.

**Q** is for **Quarrel**; look sharp for you'll find  
That in most every quarrel there is liquor behind.

**R** is for **Rum and Rumseller**, too.  
Be careful that he sells nothing to you.

**S** is for **Snow**, where the poor drunkard lies;  
Overcome with his liquor, he freezes and dies.

**T** is for **Tippler**, which grows worse and worse,  
Till he finds to his sorrow not a cent in his purse.

**U** is for **Union**, and union has strength,  
The young and the old to conquer at length.

**V** is for **Viper**, a venomous snake;  
Like sin, he will poison you; your life is at stake.

**W** is for **Wine**, so sparkling and red;  
Don't drink it, you'll find it plays hob with your head.

**X** is for **Ten**, a week's wages, or more;  
The rumseller gets it and shows you the door.

**Y** is for **Yard**, where the tombstones are seen;  
If the drunkard don't stop he'll be soon carried in.

**Z** is for **Zebra**, so beautifully striped.  
Let the old rum-jug alone, or you, too, will be striped.



#### LARGEST STORE IN THE WORLD.

In a study published in the March *Everybody's* of the late Marshall Field and the commercial marvels that he wrought, John Dennis, Jr., says of the great Chicago store:

"Here are some of its distinctive features:

"It is the largest retail store in the world. It contains the largest and costliest collection of fabrics ever gathered under one permanent roof. It contains the largest restaurant in the world. It has one salesroom with 135,000 square feet of floor, the largest salesroom in the world. It contains the largest haberdashery shop in the world and one of the largest fur shops. The main entrance is adorned with the highest monoliths in the world except those in the temple of Karnak. It has on its main floor an aisle 385 feet long and 11 feet wide, and you can look from one end of it to the other past an exposition of the world's work, wonderful and beautiful. It has the largest private telephone switchboard in the world. It has a branch of the United States post office that annually transacts as much business as the post office in Auburn, N. Y., or the post office in Joliet, Ill. It

has fifty-three elevators. It has telephone, telegraph, and cable offices, a free information bureau, a reading room, a rest room, and a medical room, all for the use of its visitors. It is furnished throughout in mahogany. It has agents and buyers around the world; it has the best products of all looms. It has more than 7,000 employés. It has forty-five great show windows, each containing an exhibit arranged upon the lines of the *art nouveau*. It is visited every day by from 100,000 to 250,000 persons; on one occasion the visitors numbered nearly 450,000, and once 100,000 children came to it. The restaurant seats 2,000 at once and daily serves luncheon to about 5,000."



#### POINTS FOR HORSEMEN.

ECONOMY in feeding does not mean stinting.

A change of food will be appreciated be it ever so small.

Feed cautiously. Over feeding is just as bad as under feeding.

Bad days can be utilized to a good purpose by fixing the stables.

Two or three surplus horses may eat up more than the busy horses earn.

A good lantern kept in good condition is one of the necessities about a stable.

Young horses should not be deprived of what little sunshine there is during the winter.

Plenty of good, dry bedding is what makes the horses feel good after a hard day's work.

Some of the apples or turnips that are not good enough for table use will do the colts lots of good.

Keep the stalls cleaned of the manure if you would avoid many of the diseases which horses are heir to.

If you cannot keep your horses in the best possible condition do not keep them at all. It would be better to give them away than to starve them.

Comfort ought to be the first thing looked after in the arrangement of the stable. If you make your horses comfortable they will stand much more hard work.

If you have the room to spare fix up a good box stall in one end of the stable. It will not cost much to do it nor take much time. You will wonder how you ever got along without one, after you have tried it.

A man who can sit around a good, warm fire and enjoy himself on cold winter nights while his horses are shivering in cold, uncomfortable stables, has not much conscience, and should be deprived of the comfort which he denies his faithful servants.—*Stock Grower*.



THE right to be saved is a vineyard that every man inherits.



## FACTS FOR THINKERS.

THE following facts, going the rounds of the press, are worthy of your careful consideration:

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, when ten total abstainers die, eighteen moderate drinkers die.

Between the ages of twenty and thirty, where ten total abstainers die, thirty-one moderate drinkers die.

Between the ages of thirty and forty, where ten total abstainers die, forty moderate drinkers die.

Or, expressing the fact in another form, he says:

A total abstainer twenty years old has the chance of living forty-four years longer, or until sixty-four years of age.

A moderate drinker has the chance of living fifteen and one-half years longer, or until thirty-five and one-half years old.

A total abstainer forty years old has the chance of living twenty-eight and one-fourth years longer, or until sixty-eight and one-fourth years old.

A moderate drinker forty years old has the chance of living eleven and two-thirds years longer, or until fifty-one and two-thirds years old.—*Dial of Progress*.

## IT'S VERY STRANGE—

THAT more business tact is not put in church work.

That good preachers don't know when to quit.

That big sermons don't win more souls.

That so little is made of the Holy Ghost.

That a poor woman will give a dollar and the rich man a dime.

That large churches often have small prayer meetings.

That often money makes the preacher go.

That fine churches don't have better ventilation.

That repentance and final retribution are not more preached.

That sin is made so light of.

That gambling by Christians is tolerated in the church.

That there are so few "Fishermen of Men."

That so little is given to missions.

That so few people think for themselves.

That so many are lost when they might be saved.—*C. H. Vatman*.

## The Rural Sanctum

### WHAT GRANDMAS SEE IN LITTLE BOYS' EYES.

My grandma's come to see us, and I'm awful, awful glad,  
'Cause I've been so terrible lonesome, for you see  
Since the baby came my mamma's been so busy all the  
time,

And there's no one seems to have much time for me.

But since my grandma's come to stay, we have the best-  
est times,

And she tells me all 'bout Noah and his Ark,  
And she cuddles me so cozy when she takes me in her lap  
That I'm not afraid no more when it gets dark.

Now when grandma's here 'most always I'm as good as  
good can be,

But I told her once an awful big black lie;  
Then grandma put her finger right underneath my chin  
And said, "Willie, boy, look grandma in the eye."

And then she told me she could tell when little boys told  
lies

Just by looking in their eyes real hard and long,  
And she didn't scold me any, but she looked most awful  
sad

When she told me that to lie was awful wrong.

But I never tell a story now, 'cause it's so awful bad,

And I think that naughty boys who tell big lies  
Had better not have grandmas that's so awful smart like  
mine.

'Cause they'll see the big black stories in their eyes.

—Vida V. Young, in *Good Literature*.

### FENCES ON THE FARM.

D. Z. ANGLE.



SINCE Adam and Eve were driven from the garden of Eden by the angel with the flaming sword, which sword might be considered a bar to their return to the earthly paradise, the children of men have generally marked the bounds of their possessions and territory by using walls and fences. In ancient times massive stone and brick walls were built around the outer edge of the cities of those days. Probably farm lands were not generally fenced then, as it was not needed where men had few or no farm animals. In the early days of our race, the earth's population was sparse and men who had flocks which probably consisted chiefly of sheep, goats and cattle, had plenty of territory to call their own and, being good shepherds, were able in most cases to keep their flocks within control without the aid of artificial barriers.

Many of the savage tribes of Europe and America lived chiefly by fishing and hunting and had very little live stock, consequently needed to build no fences, and it generally taxed their limit of skill to build a hut or wigwam and weapons for the hunt and the battlefield of contending tribes or nations.

As civilization advanced and population increased, more demand for the necessities and luxuries of life probably caused stock raising to be more generally practiced by agriculturists; that, together with the contracted size of farms and consequent harder struggle for existence, caused landowners to erect barriers or fences around their farms to keep their own animals in and other people's stock out. Probably in some cases these fences were made also with a view to keep out wild animals from the domestic herds. Here we might state that the longest and strongest fence in the world is the Great Chinese Wall, built by the Chinese to keep the Tartars out of their country. We Americans to-day think that we are a smart and mighty people, and with some degree of justification; nevertheless, the Chinese Wall, and the Pyramids of Egypt, were undertakings of magnitude and skill which rank in size with the digging of the Panama Canal. But to return to the subject of common farm fences.

We think good fences are of high value and desirable on the average farm. It certainly pays to have the farm well fenced and cross fenced into convenient-sized square fields. This enables one to pasture live stock more satisfactorily, so as to change them when desirable from one field to another. The fields being square or nearly so makes them convenient to cultivate, eliminating point rows.

The pioneers who carved our farms from the forests fenced them with rails made from then existing timber growth, which was mostly of white and black oak; chestnut was much used in some States. Many of those white oak rails made forty and fifty years ago are still doing service as fencing. They were all cut ten and twelve feet long. The black oak are not so lasting and were cut eight feet long. Many loads of them have been hauled to town and sold for fuel by farmers, who buy barbed and smooth wire and put up in place of the rails and in some cases do without fence entirely.

We think it unwise to sell the rails off the farm where timber is becoming scarce. The best plan is, use the rails as long as they are good in fences, and when unfit for fencing, then cut them up for fuel for home use. Some claim they can sell a rail fence for as much or more than it costs to put up wire fencing; but usually they just put up two or three barbed wires, which will not turn hogs or sheep, while a good rail fence will. The extra work of hauling rails to market and building the wire fence is also extra expense, and we presume many who do this will be buying wood, coal or gas for fuel a little sooner because of it.

A rail fence to be most substantial as a stock fence should be built nearly straight, a post at each corner where the rails lap or cross, with a good stake opposite each post; a No. 12 smooth wire tied around the stake and post near top and bottom holds them

together firmly, clamping the rails in place. The post should be put in the ground two feet and stake twelve inches.

The greatest objection to these post and rail fences is that owing to the weight of rails the wind storms blow them down soon as posts are decayed, and sometimes while still good when ground is soft. Where posts and wire are the only material available for fencing, as is the case in many sections of the prairie States, we favor, as a general farm fence, a woven wire fencing thirty-six inches high, costing about twenty-five cents per rod, and one or two barb wires above this, as the kind of stock requires. The lower barbed wire should be about two inches above the top of woven wire so stock can't get their heads through between. Posts should be one rod apart for barb wire, with short ones half way between to extend to top of woven fence, which should be stretched tightly about one inch above ground and have well braced anchor posts.

Such a fence is suitable to divide fields or for boundary lines of farms, where we consider good fence almost indispensable to the peace and good will of neighbors. Line fences, when poor or improperly placed, have caused countless quarrels between neighbors, oftentimes ending in homicide. Bad fences make bad stock, which causes men to have disputes, which often lead to unhappy results. Moral is, Look after your fences and keep them in good shape, be a good neighbor yourself and you will have good neighbors.

Fences around horse or cow lots should be extra high and strong. If made partly of plank it renders them safer, a board along ground, one near middle and top; with a barbed wire just above top board, with woven or barbed wire between boards.

A chicken yard fence should be made of six-foot woven wire, size No. 20. Where timber is plentiful, pickets sawed one by three inches or split, from four to six feet in length, make a good neat fence, either woven between four No. 12 smooth wires, or nailed on one and one-half by three inch scantlings attached to posts. The stone fence is a kind which stays well with the farm; is cheap and desirable in a country where rocks abound.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



As a general proposition it is not difficult to ascertain the party who is in the wrong in a labor dispute. Just spot the one who is not willing to meet the other half way.



THE man who looks up may stumble occasionally, but he sees more that is beautiful and wholesome and good than the man whose eyes are always turned towards the muck and mire of the street.



## Science, Scissors and Sarcasm

### Reward of Irritability.

The corpulent man who had ordered crullers and buttermilk in a Park Row "quick lunch" was very irritable. "Beg pardon," said the waiter, rushing up in some agitation, according to the New York Globe.

"Get away from me," interrupted the irritable man, "I can't bear for anyone to talk to me while I am eating."

"But, sir——"

"No buts about it. I don't want to hear anything and don't want to answer any questions—understand?"

"If you will——"

"No, I won't do anything. I told you I didn't want to hear you talk, so clear out. If you don't I'll tell the boss."

The waiter mumbled something under his breath and disappeared toward the kitchen with a tray of dishes. When he returned ten minutes later the corpulent man was in a better humor.

"Bub," he said, "I am through eating now and you can tell me what you wished to say."

"Oh, nothing much," responded the waiter.

"But what was it?"

"Oh, I wanted to tell you that you were sitting on a piece of fly paper. You wouldn't listen, though, and now I guess you'll have to get a new pair of pants."

And the waiter grinned revengefully while the corpulent man got busy.

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician, gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone." "Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for twenty-three years, and she didn't have a whole lot to start on!"

### Some Excuses.

Dear Teacher: Pleas excus Fritz for staying home he had der meesels to oblige his father. J. B.

Dear Miss Teacher: Please excuse Rachael for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother. Mrs. Renski.

Miss —: Frank could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels. Mrs. Smith.

Miss —: Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave. Mrs. R.

### A Polite Child.

This little boy is four years old;

He has such pretty ways,

And, when he turns to leave the room,

"Excuse me!" always says.

—Little Folks.

### A Family Mix Up.

This always seemed to me a very funny story:

I married a widow who had a grownup daughter. My father visited us often, fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. Thus he became my son-in-law, and my stepdaughter became my mother, because she was my fa-

ther's wife. Soon after this my wife gave birth to a son, which of course was my father's son-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my stepmother. My father's wife also became the mother of a son. He was of course my brother and also my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. Accordingly my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at once, and, as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I became my own grandfather.—Magazine of Fun.

You can't tell what a man knows until you hear him say things. Silence doesn't always indicate wisdom.

### 'Bout Jonah.

There's lots of talkin' nowadays

'Bout Jonah and the whale;

'Bout how the story's all made up—

A most unlikely tale.

Great men that folks consider smart

Say that no man could stay

Inside a fish's stomach so

For three hull days, noway.

I ain't much good convincin' folks;

To argue I've no wish.

But th' Bible says as plain as day

That th' Lord prepared a fish.

It prob'ly was a special kind

Made purpose for the man

Who, told by God to go and preach,

Felt faint, and away he ran.

Our Lord prepared this glorious earth,

Made mountains, sky and sea.

That he prepared a great big fish

Don't seem so strange to me.

"Canst thou by searchin' find out God?"

Though you spend each hour;

Nor can you measure by your own

The Lord Almighty's power.

I want the hull of the good book;

I love its ev'ry tale—

'Bout Joseph's coat, 'bout poor old Job,

'Bout Jonah and the whale.

So folks may keep on talkin',

And doubtin' if they wish;

I b'lieve just what the Bible says,

That the Lord prepared a fish.

—Rose C. Webb.

Eat half as much, eat twice as slowly as you do now, chew twice as thoroughly each mouthful. And never put any liquid in your mouth while the solid food is in it. Don't drink anything while you are eating.

The heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,  
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits  
of the night.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XIII.

WE certainly had a great evening with Massie's party from the East. They took supper at the Praether ranch, and they all testified that the Irish potatoes, which they had for supper, had the sweetest flavor of any they had ever eaten. After supper the apples were passed around, which were far above the ordinary as to quality. The hostess was asked to show some of the vegetables that had been grown in their own garden, whereupon she repaired to the cellar and brought forth a large pan full of red beets, carrots, rutabagas, potatoes, turnips and apples, all of which were exceedingly fine. She had a couple hundred quarts of very fine canned strawberries that were raised in their garden. These men were convinced that the Butte Valley would produce garden vegetables far superior in quality and quantity to their own gardens at home. They at once saw how possible it would be for a man who is trying to buy a home of his own to live cheaper here. They seemed to think that the host was extravagant with his pine wood which he was lavishly throwing into the fire. They remarked that such timber in the East would have been used for lumber.

Every once in a while McDonaugh would wind up the phonograph and give us "My Old Kentucky Home," "Dixie," or "Way Back in Ole Virginny." About the funniest thing that happened though was the surprise that was reported to them in reference to electric lights. Cobb and Campbell were to sleep together and just as they were to turn in, Mr. Short, the host, came to see if all was right for the night, and he found Mr. Cobb trying to turn the key switch on the electric bulb to extinguish the light. He laughed heartily, and asked what he was doing. He informed him that he was trying to extinguish the light so they could sleep. After another hearty laugh he told them that the good Lord furnished the power there, and he didn't charge as much for it as the trusts do in some of our large cities. Campbell suggested that Mr. Rockefeller would not do much coal oil business in the Butte Valley as long as the people could conduct the water from the mountains, with which to run a dynamo that will furnish all the light they want.

These men seemed to be very well pleased in every particular with their visit, and, as you have noticed, I was granted permission to write these letters in the

INGLENOOK. And not only that, but they all said here that they were going to tell the people, whenever they had an opportunity, of the wonderful advantages of the Butte Valley.

When they began to put the questions to me concerning the dairy products and acreage of crops, etc., I turned the matter over to Sile, Lucile, Jack and Alek. The latter two could inform them as to the acreage of crops, and Sile and his intended could tell them all they wanted to know about the dairy business.

The project to colonize Butte Valley has never suited Alek. He does not believe it can be done; in fact he doesn't want it done. He thinks they can make money easier now than when competition arrives. He seemingly cannot see far enough ahead to realize that the railroad will settle the valley anyway, and it is only a matter whether we want the right kind of people here or not. When Massie was telling the crowd his plans Alek would sit around with his face so long that a barber would have charged him thirty-five cents to shave him. Now Sile was just the other way. The boys bragged so much on Lucile's cooking, the vegetables and the fine butter and homemade bread that Sile's grin spread all over his face. If he would have wanted to grin any more it would have been necessary to set his ears back. He begins to look at things a little differently now from the way he did the first day he landed in the valley. He thought then that about all the country was good for was to raise bulldogs, but now his stubbed-tailed friend "Tige" follows him around from place to place, with apparent satisfaction to both of them. Tige also is a great help to Sile in rounding up the dairy cows in the evening; and when the electric lights are turned on in the stable old Tige sees that every cow is in her right stall before he leaves the barn.

Mr. Early and Mr. Cobb wanted to take a souvenir from Butte Valley along home with them. So Charley Short gave Mr. Early a badger skin and Mr. Cobb the pelt of a wild cat, which they took home with them, saying they were going to have them tanned for floor mats. They got the idea of the floor mat from Mr. Praether's log cabin, where the carpets and rugs are skins from deers, bears, coyotes, buffaloes and other wild animals, natives of the mountains. Mr. Campbell could hardly leave the valley without spending a day fishing for mountain trout and black bass, in Butte Creek. But I got a letter from him the other day saying that he caught ten at one haul, down at Long Beach, and the ten weighed nearly eighty pounds.



# Impossible Things

Are not claimed for Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer, but the experience of thousands who have tried this old herb medicine renders one safe in saying that it is unexcelled as a blood, stomach and constitutional remedy.

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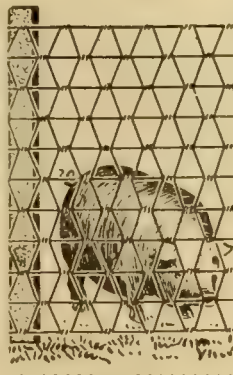
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Kokomo, Ind.

I write this for the benefit of suffering humanity. Respectfully,  
Sherman Hollingsworth,  
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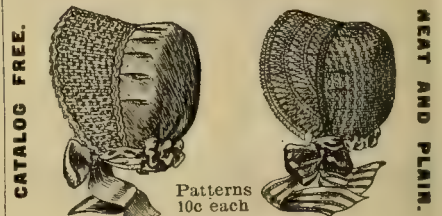
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1st—Length over head.  
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tirely enclosed by  
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ing the main back  
of the stove, so  
there is no chance  
for rusting. Oven  
Door is Balanced  
by Springs At-  
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the heat will not  
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The flue back is also cast iron. A  
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The fire box is so constructed that  
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The high closet is handsomely or-  
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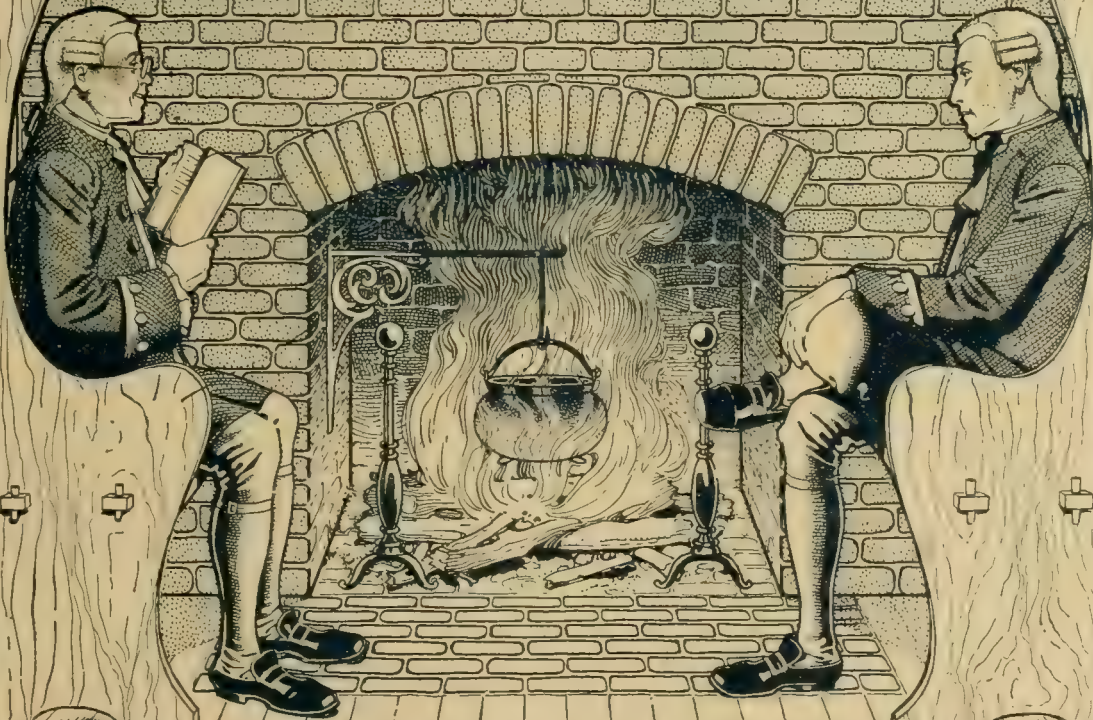
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AS ONE THAT SERVES.—Ida M. Helm.

A LARGE BOA CONSTRICTOR.—A. W. Ross.



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Where you will see thousands of  
stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle,  
thousands of fat sheep, thousands of  
acres of improved land that can be  
bought at from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per  
acre.

They are wanting the Brethren to  
settle around the churches already or-  
ganized. At Moreland, Kansas, they  
are wanting a minister. Elder Daniel  
Crist, at Quinter, tells me the Dis-  
trict Mission Board will help support  
a minister at Morland, Kans.

Write for

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.  
IT'S FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,

## CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

## South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

**First and Third Tuesdays  
Every Month**

Proportionate rates from all points  
East.

You can

## STOP OFF

North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Su-  
gar Factories.

### WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00  
to \$150.00 an acre, for which you re-  
ceive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre,  
when

### YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado,  
on land equally as good that you can  
buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre,  
for which crop you will receive from  
\$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

### THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley  
have demonstrated during the past  
five years that it is more profitable to  
raise sugar beets than any other farm  
crop, and

### THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUG- AR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

out of the ten that are in Colorado,  
which are owned and operated by  
parties who made their money in the  
manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts  
are now out for

### TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906.

to be owned by the same parties.  
Farmers can do most of the labor  
themselves without hiring any help  
except during the thinning season,  
and the sugar factories are always  
willing and glad to furnish additional  
laborers during the thinning season,  
advancing the money to pay their  
wages, taking it out of the returns  
from the sugar beet crop.

Write for

NEW FOLDER FREE.

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,

ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,**

**Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?  
Take the

**Union Pacific Railroad**



**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado,  
Idaho, Oregon, Washington and  
California Points.



**Round Trip Rates to**

**SAN FRANCISCO  
and LOS ANGELES**

April 25 to May 5, 1906.

From Minneapolis, .....\$59.90  
From Chicago, ..... 62.50  
From Peoria, ..... 59.25  
From St. Louis, ..... 57.50  
From Missouri River, ..... 50.00  
Proportionate rates from all points  
East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

**The Union Pacific Railroad**

known as the Overland Route, and is  
the only direct line from Chicago  
and the Missouri River to all prin-  
cipal points West. Business men  
and others can save many hours via  
this line.



**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**



Printed Matter FREE.  
Write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,  
COLONIZATION AGENT**

**Union Pacific Railroad**



# OUR AMHERST STAR STEEL RANGE

Constructed  
After Modern  
Ideas, by Expert  
Workmen.

1-Gauge Blue Steel  
Body, Lined with 3-  
Inch Asbestos.

There is not a  
Range on  
The Market That  
Will Excel it,  
No Matter At  
What Price.

Oven is large and  
roomy. Made of 16-  
gauge steel, securely  
braced—no chance  
to warp or buckle.  
All are 20 inches  
deep. Ventilated  
through center on  
top.

Reservoir is En-  
tirely enclosed by  
cast Iron, includ-  
ing the main back  
of the stove, so  
there is no chance  
of rusting. Oven  
door is Balanced  
by Springs At-  
tached to Outside  
of Oven, so that  
the heat will not  
affect it.

The flue back is also cast iron. All  
ranges have cast extension fire box  
for burning wood.

The fire box is so constructed that  
the grate and grate frame can be  
taken out through an opening in the  
front.

The high closet is handsomely or-  
namented with nickel trimmings.

Has a nickel hearth at the front  
end and the ash pan is taken out at  
the front draft door, and leaves no  
ashes to fall out on the floor.

The base is cast and has broad  
nickel corner caps.

The trimmings are full nickel in-  
cluding steel nickel edge band, full  
nickel hearth, nickel flue door, nickel  
oven door, corner bracket coffee  
stands, oven thermometer, open  
hinges, and nickel high closet or high  
shelf edges. A most attractive and  
handsome piece of goods.

This Price for Range illustrated,  
with high warming closet and  
reservoir. Six 8-inch holes.

**\$30.00**

RESERVOIR IS  
PORCELAIN LINED

Shipped  
Direct  
From the  
Foundry.

Square Range without Reservoir and High Warming Closet.

Range No.	Size of oven.	No of Lids.	Size of Lids, in	Shipping Weight.	Price
8-18	18x20x13	6	8	375	\$22.20
8-20	20x20x13	6	8	425	23.40
9-20	20x20x13	6	9	425	23.60

Range, as Illustrated, with Reservoir and High Warming Closet.

Range No.	Size of oven.	No of Lids.	Size of Lids, in	Shipping Weight.	Price.
8-18	18x20x13	6	8	450	\$30.00
8-20	20x20x13	6	8	500	31.20
9-20	20x20x13	6	9	500	31.40

These ranges are shipped directly from the foundry to you at these special prices.

If reservoir is wanted on the square range, add.....\$4.75  
If high closet it wanted, add.....3.00

Square Range is Advertised without Closet or Reservoir.

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**



# Few People

know how many men there are who feel as if they were all worn out, and it is not only the men, but an equal number of busy housewives who feel that way. Such people are in need of something which will strengthen their systems and permanently relieve by purifying and invigorating the blood. Of remedies of real merit there is probably no preparation which has met with such marked success as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER in building up the system and restoring shattered nerve power. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

## A FATHER'S GIFT.

Adel, Iowa, Nov. 27, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I suffered for ten years or more with extreme nervousness, stomach trouble and other attendant ills. My father sent me as a present, the money to get a dozen bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** with request that I use it. He had taken it years ago for rheumatism and other troubles and found it to be a wonderful medicine.

I can say, speaking for myself, that it has already done me a wonderful amount of good and I have taken it but a short time. I am better every way and will continue the full treatment. I can recommend it as a most perfect medicine.

Yours very truly,

Clara E. Wilcox.

R. F. D. No. 1.

## A SOLDIER WRITES.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 23, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have bought and used a bottle of your **Blood Vitalizer** and as a result I feel as strong as a boy of twenty-one, although I am now sixty-three. I have been a United States soldier for over thirty years, twenty years under Col. Harvey, five years in the Civil War, and also in the Spanish-American war. I have been United States Marshall in St. Louis for eight years. If I can do anything for you in making known your medicine, let me know. I am well-known in St. Louis and throughout the State of Missouri.

Yours truly,

F. H. Biermann.

1166 N. 14th St.

Do you wish to gain strength, to gather flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fiber and tissue of your system is being braced and renovated? If so, commence treatment with DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER at once. The very first bottle will convince you of its merits. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not an article of commercial traffic. It is not put up in a hum-drum way for the purpose of sale, but is prepared with the most scrupulous care and exactness as a medicine for sick people. Every bottle, as it leaves the laboratory, is supplied with a registered number, which is duly recorded. For good reasons the BLOOD VITALIZER is not supplied to druggists or others interested in traffic goods but is supplied direct to the people through special agents. Address

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed of breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the **Inglenook**. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I **KNOW** What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU; I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely **FREE**, for **TEN DAYS' TRIAL**.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh, Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease by **KILLING THE GERMS**.

A **CURE** for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (**CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH**.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffling and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head **CLEAR AS A BELL**.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."  
**J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.**

"After using your treatment

one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—**REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.**

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—**MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.**

**The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.**

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

**A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,**  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with X.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in the nose?

Do you have pains across the front part of the head?

Do you have pains across the eyes?

Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper.

1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.

2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

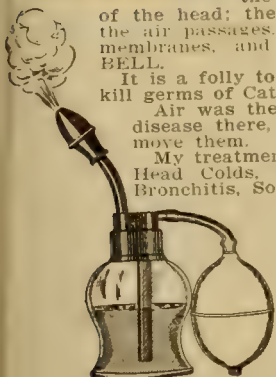
## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost you only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. **WRITE THIS VERY DAY.**

Address **E. J. WORST, 45 Main Street, ASHLAND, OHIO.**

Name ailment or describe your case.





# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

APRIL 3, 1906.

No. 14.

## OUR MISSION.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Say not to me, "There is no life  
After this weary earth."  
Death only ends this mortal life  
In which there's little worth  
Except to help our fellow-man.

Keep ever on the upward way—  
Each day heed Duty's call,  
And do her bidding day by day.  
Do that—ah yes, we one and all  
Each day should do the best we can.

Illinois.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*God is always trying to tell man that he loves him.*

*Proverbs, like glass, should be handled with care.*

*Borrowing things is using what some one else has paid for.*

*"One swallow does not make a summer," but it has often made a sot.*

*It is possible to aim at everything and yet lead a very aimless life.*

*It is a good thing to be a great man, but a still greater thing to be a good man.*

*Until sunsets are found on the bargain counter some people will never stop to notice them.*

*Some people shed advice like a cottonwood tree sheds lint—and with about the same results.*

*A dull boy who lacks wisdom need not excite your concern half so much as a smart boy who is a fool.*

*It is when we are most satisfied with ourselves that we are so unsatisfactory to everybody around us.*

*There's sunshine enough to warm both heart and hands. Help yourself.*

*The sneer of an enemy is often worth more than the flattery of a friend.*

*Happiness consists largely in forgetting the things that are not worth remembering.*

*If you have something unpleasant to say, say it kindly and plainly. Hints are rude and vulgar.*

*It is remarkable how fast a message can travel when sent by somebody who is burning with desire to help somebody.*

*Teaching, like preaching, is of three kinds: that which is sound, that which is unsound, and that which is mere sound.*

*Patience waits, not because of its bonds, but because of its faith. That is not patience that waits only when it is tied.*

*What is remarkable about Sunday sickness is that it rarely keeps a man indoors over Monday. The chill is not expected to return under a week.*

*What makes the world nervous is not the noise which accompanies the work, but the noise which so many people make as a substitute for work.*

*There is no good in idleness, but great good often springs from inaction. There are affairs of the soul which never come up for settlement until everything else is still enough to hear a pin drop.*

*God sympathizes with us in suffering, but it ought not to be forgotten that he looks at suffering from the standpoint of a hero and not that of a pampered, boneless coward. Too many people nowadays think that God does not sympathize with them because he does not protect them from mosquito bites.*



## When Dolly Kicked Bets

Mary I. Senseman



THE corn back of Robert was rustling more than the stillness of the day warranted. It was hot between the tall rows and the boy stopped hoeing a little to rest and give second heed to the sound. Presently there was added the slow, heavy, regular *thud! thud!* of footsteps, and then a man, of about seventy autumns, came into view. He had a round pink face and a long beard that was the color of dead grass. His shirt and trousers were faded and neatly patched.

"How d' ye, Zachary?" pleasantly greeted Robert.

"I'm a-goin' t' move where white folks lives," grunted the old man, his face taking on ever so slight a tinge of purple.

Robert wielded his hoe.

"I thought your pa wuz a gentleman and a Christian." Zachary's voice ascended in regular pitch. His hearer was progressing down the row. He stamped after the boy, stopped when he overtook him, and resumed the grunt, again inflecting therefrom to the squeal.

"He wouldn't let me have a bushel o' corn fur my pig. I would 'a' pulled the weeds that air in the orchard."

"But, you know," called back Robert, "the last time you got corn you promised to cut the rye out of the wheat, and then I did it myself a week after."

"Jist a week! Your pa cain't wait no time on a feller." Zachary Butler started off homeward, muttering something about "no good deeners."

"Not a variety, maybe, but good and healthful, for Mrs. Butler can cook all right," thought Robert Wayne.

The hoe "sang" as its edge struck an unperceived gray object. Robert picked up the gray stone. It was three cornered, roughly convex.

"A flint!" he said. Then he dodged through the corn, running to overtake Zachary.

"Here! I found something for you," he said, handing the Indian arrowhead to the old man. The latter clutched it, grinning.

"Say! it's a purty one," he spluttered, his face rosy. And away he went once more, in mood as rosy as his visage.

"The flint to add to his box of relics and an invitation from mother to dinner Sunday will help old Zach," thought Robert, returning to his hoe.

"What air you sellin' corn fur, Jerry?" Zachary Butler asked Robert's father the afternoon of the next Sunday. The old man's clothes were shabby, but "brushed up" clean. His neat, prim, white-haired wife was discussing other things with Mrs. Wayne.

Zachary's countenance was once more tinged with purple, but from altogether stomachic emotions. He had had at least one "good deener."

Jerry Wayne answered his visitor's question promptly, unblushingly and untruthfully: "A quarter."

He told his wife later, "Just so Zach makes some sacrifice and gives in payment something of part value of what he gets. If we wouldn't require that of him he'd willingly become the neighborhood pauper."

Mrs. Wayne said nothing, but she thought that Zachary Butler would be more likely to become her kindly husband's pauper than otherwise, judging from other neighbors' less generous treatment of the old man.

Within a fortnight Jerry Wayne had to communicate to his wife graver matters,—matters having a peculiar beginning. Indeed, so apparently foreign and detached was the beginning that simple-minded Zachary Butler did not suspect it as being such and his perpetual benefactor never knew of it.

The beginning of the beginning was even more remote, but not a whit less important in its bearing on subsequent events. It was as follows: There was an influx of new members into *The Greyhounds*. Hawk-eyed, weazened Ben Dobson, justice of the peace, had attained the degree next to Grandsire of the lodge itself and was accordingly a potent factor in local increase of membership.

Monday morning Zachary exchanged a twenty-five-cent piece with Jerry Wayne for a bushel of corn and the services of Robert, who deposited the sack of grain in the old man's buggy.

Zachary drove to town that afternoon. His black mare, Bets, grew plump and spry summer after summer, gratis, in the ample pasture-fields of Jerry Wayne. Occasionally, as that Monday, Zachary deprived the animal of an entire day's grazing.

At town that afternoon he was much patronized by Ben Dobson, a lifelong acquaintance. The justice was in diligent service of his lodge. He concluded his remarks by saying, "It's only twenty dollars to take the first degree, Zach, and heaps of fun into the bargain."

Zachary was interested and impressed by the graphic outlines of "the times we have," especially when they included the banquet hours, but he could give only one response, "I hain't the money, Squar."

"Well, get it, friend, get it at your first opportunity and let us call you our brother." So suggestive of fraternity was the Squire's accompanying gesture that Zachary was momentarily spellbound by its deliciousness.

Ben Dobson, beholding the eagerness in the blue eyes of his listener, instantly resolved to develop an opportunity from the first germ that would offer. That was the beginning.

"Zach is out of humor with me again," Jerry Wayne said one day at the table, freely making confidants of his intelligent, loyal children as well as his wife. "Dolly kicked his Bets this morning and hurt her pretty badly."

"Did you see Dolly do it?" asked Mrs. Wayne.

"No."

"Then maybe Bets hurt herself some way."

"No, Dolly kicked her. The prints of the new style shoes the blacksmith put on her last week are on Bets' breast. The filly may have been trying the new shoes," Jerry added, smiling a little.

"It is the first time she's cut such a caper since she knocked me down last winter," said Robert. "It seems a little strange that she is so gentle and has taken these two fiery spells."

"That knocking you senseless merely substantiates this freakish action," said Jerry Wayne.

The next day he had more to discuss, with his wife alone first.

"The constable brought me this, just now," said the husband, handing Mrs. Wayne a paper.

She read it through. "So Zach is going to law about Bets?"

"Yes, on the charge that Dolly kicked Bets without provocation."

"Why, did anybody see the horses at the time?"

"No, but the whole neighborhood knows about Dolly's having used her heels on Rob, and *that*, we know, was without provocation. It will serve as proof of our little bay's inclination. If you wish you may tell Rob to give some false testimony. It might hurt the boy's good name, but it would keep about twenty dollars and costs in my pocket."

Mrs. Wayne's eyes twinkled in company with those of her husband. She knew Jerry Wayne's pocket could be far more easily robbed than his heart. For she felt that it was robbery, although done in the name of the law. She could not look upon Dolly's having kicked her son as being any more connected with the present case than as vague circumstantial evidence. And her husband had fulfilled all moral and Christian obligations in regard to Bets. He had had the services of a veterinary surgeon, had instructed their second son, Donald, to each day supply the injured mare with fresh grass, and was himself twice daily applying healing salves.

Nevertheless, she said, "Jerry, Squire Dobson will follow out law in the case."

"Yes, Ben Dobson won't wander aside from the course of the law. According to law, Dolly is of vicious disposition. The accident to Rob will be the clamp Dobson will use to fasten a fine on me."

Zach Butler had again been to town that morning, driving Jerry Wayne's blind Prince, laying in a supply of sugar and coffee, salt mackerel and thread, and basking in the sunshine of his new friendship with a lifelong acquaintance, Squire Dobson. Naturally, the justice was enabled to show his good feeling in the attitude of the listener as well as of the speaker. It was with intense interest that he received Zack's recounting about Dolly and Bets. Ben Dobson recognized the first opportunity he had been awaiting.

When the day of the trial came there were arraigned against Jerry Wayne the smith who had shod Dolly, Zachary Butler, and, as was requisite under the circumstances, Robert Wayne, also.

The defendant would have pleaded guilty, without suffering a trial, but he did not know where there was actual guilt. So, rather than offend his own conception of right, he shifted all responsibility to the rigid dispenser of justice.

The plaintiff had brought along a certain youngster as spectator of the proceedings. He was a boy of ten or eleven, who, in spite of almost continuous scrubbing from the hands of his grandmother during his frequent visits, was always two steps in the rear of godliness. Thin, long-legged, impudent-nosed, sharp-eyed he was, the idol of his grandfather, Zachary Butler.

Matthew Parsons fulfilled his part. Not a word escaped him, nor all the unspoken thoughts of the participants. Ben Dobson, setting down on a slip of paper his pre-arranged fine and costs, was surprised by a slim figure's jumping up and piping, "Grandad, I know sumpum 'bout this business."

"What is it, Matt'ew?" indulgently asked Zach.

"I'll tell if the Squire'll swear me," waving a grimy hand.

"'Firm, 'firm, Matt'ew. Gran'mother wouldn't want you t' sw'ar. You'll let him tell it, Squar," he appealed to the justice.

Ben Dobson was no diverger from the beaten track of the law. "Go ahead, now," he said, after reading the affirmation.

"That time Dolly kicked Bob she was under provocation. That nasty Jed Simpkins was a-pinchin' her on t'other side from Bob. I was with him and he said he'd lick me if I'd ever blow on 'im, and he c'n whale me to kindlin' if he wants t'. That Dolly's lots purtier than old Bets." The words rolled out like wheat through a chute. The Squire himself gasped. Then he flared, "The costs! Who's goin' to pay?" He did not heed law, for once. He did not know whether he was most disgusted with defendant, plaintiff or extemporary witness.

"I'll pay the costs, Squar," bravely stated Zach, enthused by the brilliant action of his grandson.

"Apportion it," quietly said Jerry Wayne.



The defendant's suggestion was followed—by the justice. The payment was actually made by the plaintiff's perpetual benefactor.

Matthew Parsons gave the two men and the boy further proof of his insight when they, with Dolly and the recovered Bets, had returned to the Butler home. "Now watch," he said, picking up a straw. He touched the inside of Bets' one ear. Down went the mare's head, open flew her mouth. "See her nip," cried Matthew. "Now, folks, I s'pect some dry

grass tickled her ear that day in the field, and she happened to be standin' at Dolly's heels and nipped the first thing in front of her. If that was the way, Dolly didn't kick that time without provocation, either."

Matthew was not "licked" by Jed Simpkins.

"If he'd 'a' done it," said the boy, "Bob Wayne, then Bob's pa, then my gran'pa, then all the neighbors, would 'a' walloped him."

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*

## As One that Serves

Ida M. Helm



NE day a young princess went out riding with her mother and when they came to a beautiful grove where sweet-scented wild flowers grew and little birds filled the air with melody they ordered their coachman to stop the horses and the princess and her mother alighted. The great heart of nature was throbbing in unison with its Creator and while the cool breeze was fanning their cheeks and they were admiring the beautiful scenery all about them they noticed a little girl sitting on the soft grass by a stream of sparkling water weeping bitterly. They approached her and asked what might be the cause of her sorrow.

When she told them of sickness and want in her home they went with her to the humble cabin where she and her little brother lived with their mother, a poor widow in real destitution. When they saw the distress and suffering there, their hearts overflowed with pity and after bathing the fevered brow of the little boy and bringing wood and water for the widow they went back to their coach and hastened home. When they told the king their story his great, tender heart was grieved that such suffering had been found in his kingdom and he longed to know how he might better the condition of the poor people of his realm.

Then the princess offered to assist her father and with his consent she disguised herself as a servant girl and took medicine for the sick child and money for the widow that she might buy the necessities of life and went back to the widow's humble home, and after giving the gifts to the poor woman she offered to stay with her and assist her in nursing her sick son till he should be well again. The poor woman thanked her with tears of gladness streaming down her cheeks.

Day after day for four long weeks the princess took turns with the widow in watching by the sickbed. Sometimes when it was the widow's turn to watch the princess would go out for a walk and would call at the humble homes of the people in the neighbor-

hood. Thus she tried in every way she could think of to learn of their joys, their sorrows, their aspirations and their needs, that her father, the king, might know in what way he could help them most. She was always welcomed at the homes of the lowly, but often when she called at the homes of the rich and proud they would treat her with disdain. To them she was only a poor servant girl and they felt themselves far above her.

By and by her labor of love was finished and she returned to her imperial home. Then the king published the story of his daughter's work among his subjects, and all the people that had befriended her while she was living as a servant she invited to a dinner in her princely home and the king furnished free transportation for every guest. Then with deep regrets and shame the haughty, insolent ones realized the rude manners with which they had treated the dutiful daughter of their beloved king, but their repentance was in vain, it was too late and not one of them could be admitted to the feast in the king's palace.

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When Elsie read in the paper the king's account of his daughter's noble work and the reforms he had made in his government for the benefit of the common people she said to her mother, "Now if I was rich I could do something great."

But her mother said, "No doubt the princess studies her Bible and she has followed the counsel of the Master where he says, 'He that would be greatest among you let him be as one that serveth.' Any girl can obey that counsel whether she be princess or peasant girl." Then she added these words, "Be careful, Elsie, lest some of the Great King's children knock at your door and you fail to recognize them."

Elsie sat in deep thought for a few moments. "What can mother mean?" she was saying to herself. Then she suddenly jumped up and said, "I believe I will take a bouquet of roses over to little Helen

Good; she has not been able to go out for a week and she is so lonely." But before she started she said, "I will first go into grandmother's room a minute;" and when that dear, kind lady arose from taking her nap a short time after, she said, "Land sakes! What good fairy has been in my room? Why, the shutters are both open and I can see the flowers blooming and the vegetables growing in the garden and the cows grazing in the meadow lot. Who opened them? It must have been Elsie. I don't believe she cares any more if I do have them open."

When Elsie saw how much good her flowers and visit did little Helen she felt amply repaid for the little extra exertion the kind deed caused her. On her way home she passed by Widow Jones' house and when she saw Mrs. Jones out in the dooryard, a new idea entered her mind and she ran hastily up the path and invited her to come over and spend the next day with her, and she added, "Bring all of the children along."

Mrs. Jones' face beamed with gladness as she said, "How kind you are! With all my weeding and washing to do it is very few days of real pleasure I get, but by working a little later in the evening and beginning a little earlier in the morning I can spend to-morrow with you."

Elsie looked at her watch and saw that it was three hours yet till sunset, so she went into the garden and began to pull weeds. At last when the sun was

beginning to shed golden streaks of light along the western horizon, she triumphantly looked at Mrs. Jones and said, "There! your onion and tomato beds are weeded and you can spend to-morrow with me and you need not work any harder for it."

As Elsie walked home she said to herself: "To-morrow Mrs. Jones and her family shall be treated to the very best dinner that I can prepare for them, and I will invite them into the parlor and sing my sweetest songs for them."

When she got home she went straight to her bureau where she kept her pocketbook. She opened it and began to count, "One, two, three, four, five dollars. I was saving that to buy a new dress, but the last one I bought is almost as good as new and really I don't need another one," she said, "so I will give this money toward sending a missionary to Africa."

Then she picked up her Bible to read her evening chapter and these were the first words that met her eyes, "He that would be greatest among you let him be as one that serveth." A sweet peace filled her soul and she murmured this prayer: "Dear Father, help me, thy weak child, to ever recognize thy messengers when they come to me and to ever remember that it is not alone by doing great things but in being faithful to the small duties of everyday life that we can please thee best." Elsie had begun a new and shining chapter in her life's story.

*Ashland, Ohio.*

## A Large Boa Constrictor

A. W. Ross

SNAKES of any kind or any size are dreaded by the most of folks, even the harmless little country snake; but when one sees a serpent as large as a stovepipe and a rod long, it makes him begin to think that it is time to give him the right of way. The other evening all the people of our end of town began to run toward the tank; nobody seemed to know exactly what was the matter except that there was a large snake somewhere that had eaten some of the neighbors' goats. I had heard and read a great deal during my life about these large snakes, and I wanted to see the thing with my own eyes. So I followed the crowd, and found it collecting at the entrance to the fort. I crowded myself through to see what was there and to my surprise there was a real live boa on the ground, answering to the description above.

It is well known to those who study animal life that these serpents feed largely upon small quadrupeds, in search of which they often ascend trees, suspending themselves from the branches by the tail, and thus awaiting motionless the approach of their victim. It may be of interest to students of nature

to know that while they are so hanging to the limb of a tree, they are partly supported by two spine-like hooks, which are connected with several small bones on the under side of the snake, concealed beneath the skin and yet attached to the main skeleton.

The report that had spread all over town about the snake swallowing goats was true. It had really swallowed two full-sized goats, and after swallowing them it wrapped itself around a tree so tightly that it crushed the bones of the goats so that it would be able to digest the food and dispense with the bones. The natives tell me that sometimes, when they spring upon their prey, they immediately wrap themselves around the animal and crush the bones before swallowing it; but many times they do as this one did, swallow the animal first, and crush the bones afterward.

After they have filled themselves to gluttony then they lie around in a sort of dormant or torpid state for some days, and they are quite at the mercy of enemies or captors, while they are almost entirely insensible to their surroundings. This I saw fully

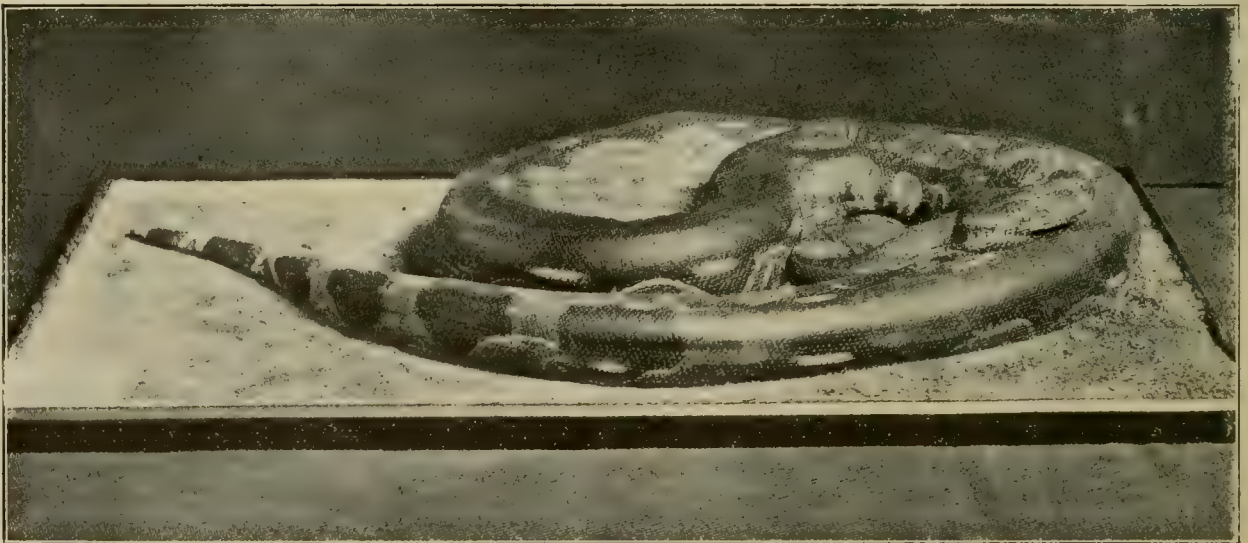


demonstrated, for I saw a man take his cane and pull the cap off his head, and it did not make any remonstrance. Then, again, the men who were standing near put a rope around its neck, three feet below its head, and actually snared it while in this dormant state. This is a striking illustration of how ineligible and unfit one becomes for vigilance when under the influence of gluttony; not gluttony only in the sense of eating too much food, but of filling one's self with things which are socially, morally and spiritually unfit for any one's use, at least to the extent that it occupies the mind, heart and soul to the exclusion of other duties.

One who had not seen a snake of this kind, or even if he had seen the snake and not seen it in possession of its prey, would be very slow to believe

caught, it would be well-nigh impossible even for the snake to release it. But so it goes in this world, and I have it again demonstrated to me that because the thing looks impossible is not saying that it is so. Every day we are convinced that there are many more things in this world that we do not know than there are things which we know, and because we have never seen anything of the kind it is foolish to say that it is impossible or does not exist, because it shows both ignorance and stubbornness.

While the men had Mr. Snake lassoed with the rope, they paraded him quite a good deal through the village and I wondered how long they would keep it up before they killed him. Finally, the next day, I asked our teacher what was done with him and whether they had killed him yet or not. He answered



A Large Boa Constrictor.

that a snake of this size could swallow an animal as large as a goat. Its head seemed very small, hardly as large as one's ankle. Upon examination of their anatomy, however, we find that the bones composing the jaws are not knit together as in mammals, but are connected by ligaments which can be distended at pleasure. The mouth of the boa can thus be made to open transversely as well as vertically, and in addition to this the two jaws are not connected directly as in other animals, but by the intervention of a distinct bone which adds greatly to the extent of its gape. It has also the power of moving one half of the jaw independently of the other half, and thus keeps a firm hold of its victim while gradually swallowing it. Really it does not swallow the animal, but, more strictly speaking, pulls itself over the outside of the animal.

This snake possesses a double row of solid sharp teeth in the upper jaw and a single row in the inferior maxillary, all pointing inwards, so that its prey, once

me with a laugh and said, "Do you think those Bhils would kill their god? Why, no, they will take it home, worship it and let it go." I afterwards learned, however, that the great reptile had been taken to Baroda. It was probably shown to the queen, and I have no doubt in the world that some of those people are yet offering enchantments to that snake. It is a fact that the people in India do worship the snake and especially the Cobra de Capello. Poor, deluded people! They don't know any better. They have no rights in the pale of the Hindu religion. The one *true* God has little place in the worship of India. To show these benighted ones the *true way* is what we are here for and what the Master died for. May the Lord hasten the day when his great name shall be magnified and glorified through the sacrifice of his people.

*Vyara, India.*



You are not strong enough to tamper with sin.

## A Dangerous Drive

My father was a stage driver. From sixteen years of age to sixty-eight he followed this occupation. He was a robust, strongly-built man of remarkable constitution and unflinching nerve. These qualities, combined with cool-headedness and courage, were often in demand among the old-time drivers of antebellum days. Deeds of daring, worthy of a permanent place in history, have been performed by this extinct but honorable class of men. It is inspiring to call up the forgotten incidents of their heroic lives. These men have been in no small degree the advance agents of our present great civilization. But the old stage driver is no more, and the old stagecoach is a relic of departed days—a relic of a sturdy and heroic past. Right worthy is it, with its driver, of an affectionate remembrance and honorable place in our literature.

The mighty locomotive has come to relieve the old stage of its stupendous undertaking to carry the world, and is giving it a long, long rest. We could not displace the locomotive to adopt the slow-going coach of a century ago, nor would we despise the day when the stagecoach did the work of the steam locomotive. We would say: "Onward with enlightenment, thou rushing engine of progress! Rest in honor, thou faithful old stagecoach, the servant of our ancestors!"

My father's route lay directly across four or five spurs of the Alleghany Mountains, between Blue Sulphur Springs and Big Lick, Va. The latter place has given way to the magic city of Roanoke, Va., which has grown up in a quarter of a century into one of the most energetic and thriving business centers in the south. Between these two places sixty years ago there was much travel, in spite of the fact that it was a long and dangerous drive. In winter the climate was severe, and no small amount of courage was required to face the storms. The driver of a stagecoach was no more his own master than is the man who must go at the call of the railroad magnate of to-day. Through darkness and through daylight, through storm and through calm, the driver must go or give place to the man who would. And if he would hold position, he must protect the passengers and pamper his horses.

Along my father's line were some of the most popular summer resorts then in America. These old Virginia mountain resorts enjoyed their greatest popularity between the years of 1840 and 1860, though since the war between the States they have had considerable patronage. Strangely enough these famous old resorts, like the stagecoach, are relics of the past, while the fashionable set are seeking pleasure elsewhere.

The Blue Sulphur Springs was my father's starting point at the western end of the line. Lewisburg is

situated in a rich country just thirteen miles east of Blue Sulphur, and ten miles farther on we reach the famous White Sulphur Springs of Greenbrier, perhaps the most noted of all the mountain resorts. Crossing the main spur of the Alleghany Mountains, sixteen miles still eastward, we drive into the Old Sweet Springs. This was the central station. Nestled close against the foot of Peters Mountain, like some ancient English village, lies this historic spot. It is yet a noted resort, because of its beautiful situation and the health-giving properties of its water and air.

On eastward the traveler crosses first Peters Mountain, then the rapid-flowing stream of Potts Creek, and next the Eleven-Mile Mountain, so-called because it is just eleven miles from foot to foot. New Castle, a sleepy old country town, noted once for barrooms and bloody fights, is next on the list. Let it be said, however, to the credit of the good people of the town that it is now a new New Castle. Barrooms and battles are of the past, and a Methodist revival helped to clean up the town. Good! But we go on to Fincastle, and then to Big Lick, now the magic city of Southwestern Virginia. We have traveled a distance of about eighty miles and crossed five spurs of the Alleghanies.

These old turnpikes, over which as good horseflesh and as fine American blood as the world can produce have gone are still plainly seen. They were great highways cut out of the mountains wide enough for two four-horse coaches to drive abreast. Tall pines and cedars have grown up on each side, arching the roadway with their long branches and reminding one in their loneliness of the old hymn, "With here and there a traveler." These old roads show by convincing marks that they too have seen better days. They are wide, well graded, with short curves frequently, and, as the native mountaineers say, a "long stretch" occasionally. In winter these turnpikes were often covered with snow or sheeted with ice, making it dangerous for passengers and driver as well as for stagecoach and horses. In summer the roads were less dangerous and the scenery delightful. There is no more romantic scenery than that which the traveler may now behold along these historic highways of the Virginia mountains. The world knows little of them and cares less, and because of this fact Americans go to the much magnified resorts of the beach or cross the Atlantic to visit the Alps. Truly, "distance lends enchantment." Unheard of by millions, their indifferent inhabitants, with sometimes an exception, never advertise the beauty or appreciate the real value of these matchless mountains.

But eager eyes have gazed on these forgotten grounds. These old resorts have had their day.



Thousands from the north and south once flocked to the mountains of Virginia to get inspiration from the magnificent scenery and health from the air and the water. Among them were distinguished guests—senators, congressmen, governors, generals, clergymen, and once in a while a president of the United States. Their wives and sons and daughters accompanied them. The black “mammy” and “aunties” and “uncles” came too. This was before the war between the States, when the African slave was a familiar figure. The romping white children and the little black pickaninnies “mixed” in many a tumble, thinking little about the race problem or the propriety or impropriety of their actions. They were out for a “good time,” and a “good time” they had. These were the good old days in Dixie.

On a beautiful summer evening a lady from Richmond, Va., strolled leisurely down the walkway from the great old brick hotel to the spring at the famous Old Sweet Springs. Her little daughter, a child of twenty months, was with her in the arms of a nurse. The lady appeared to be a woman of perhaps thirty-five summers, medium in height and weight, tastefully attired and of becoming manner. She was a splendid type of southern womanhood, than which there is none better or truer on the globe. This evening she wore a far-away expression on her face, as if expecting something to happen. “Coming events cast their shadows before them.” Several ladies were sitting in a group near the walk noting the lady from Richmond as she passed, and one remarked when she passed beyond hearing distance: “That is Mrs. Livingstone, and her husband is one of the wealthiest merchants in Richmond.” The lady in question heard them not, for she was too intently wrapped up in the contemplation of cares and concerns all her own.

Never had the Sweet Springs lawn appeared more beautiful or to better advantage. The sun was overtopping the Alleghanies, sending back a thousand tinted rays of richness and glory sufficient to arouse the most unpoetic soul to admiration and adoration of the Creator’s handiwork. Not a single dark cloud could anywhere be seen. The guests were out in great numbers to enjoy the beauty of the evening. Ladies elegantly dressed were promenading the gravelled walks, and men, old and young, strolled deliberately up and down the avenues or occupied the settees which were promiscuously arranged over the thickly-set, evenly-cropped square of grass. Among them were men of wisdom, piety, learning, wealth, and experience. They watched the transition of the day from sunset to moonlight and discussed the significant events of the times, events momentous in themselves, but not yet fully grasped by the masses of the people. An ominous storm cloud was gathering. It was the first year of the war between the States. While women discussed the subject of their own choosing to-

night and the men tried to forecast the possibilities of the future, gleeful children gambled in the moonlight, happily unconscious of the impending dangers to home and loved ones. Nightfall had come, and one by one the guests retired to their cottages for their accustomed rest.

“Harness your horses immediately! There’s an unexpected call to take a lady to Fincastle to-night. They want you to drive the stagecoach by special request. Make all possible haste!” It was 8:30 A. M. This exciting call came to my father, the lady wanted a driver who was speedy, sober, and safe—one able to protect her in the perilous journey through the wildness of the mountains. The man she had chosen measured up to the requirements. It was a message from Mrs. Livingstone’s husband in Richmond that called her home. Impending dangers had already cast their grewsome shadows over the whole land, and Mr. Livingstone deemed it best for his wife and child to return without delay. And so it proved, but not until she had passed through perils unforeseen, which came from an unexpected source.

Promptly my father was in the driver’s seat, with reins in hand, driving to the hotel to take his passengers aboard. Only a few friends knew of the unexpected call, and they gathered about the piazza of the hotel to see her off and say “Good-by.” The word was given and the party aboard the stage began the ascent of the mountain. A farewell glance toward the long rows of cottages around the lawn, a last look into the shadowy depths of the enchanting grounds, and Mrs. Livingstone, little daughter, and servant girl, aboard the good stage Superior, were rapidly moving away. Briskly the horses started up the mountains, four as fine specimens of horseflesh as one would wish to see or a driver tighten the reins over. Ascending the long, circuitous mountain turnpike, the travelers were afforded a charming view of the landscape below. The valley is like a basin hewn out of the mountains, overlaid with deep, rich soil, sowed down in grasses and flowers, dotted by groves of majestic oaks and sugar maples at intervals, and rimmed by hills and mountains on all sides. It was an inspiring scene, in the midst of which is set the gem of the mountains, the Old Sweet Springs.

The occupants of the stage were listening to the music of the band, which could be distinctly heard from the lawn below. But they had topped the mountain; and after stopping a moment to let the horses “blow,” as the driver said, they turned the short curve and began the descent on the other side, while the last sweet strains of “Home, Sweet Home” were dying away. Another fine scene greeted the travelers. The troughlike valley lying eastward is deeper and the mountain side more precipitous. The valley is threaded by a sheet of silvery water clear as crystal, with a lofty mountain on each side, rock-ribbed and

forest-clad. Three miles of the journey had been made up the mountain to the top in forty-five minutes. It was 9:45 A. M., and the horses were descending the mountain at a lively gait. My father was seated on the driver's side, whip and reins in hand, with his foot on the lever, to regulate the speed and prevent any possible disaster.

Mrs. Livingstone, in spite of her forebodings of evil to come, could not help admiring the grand, wild scenery about her. "What lovely scenery! What a romantic drive! But it does look dangerous." This was all she said. Scarcely were her words uttered when suddenly the stage rocked and bounded forward, tumbling the passengers in a heap in the middle of the coach. "Merciful heaven, deliver us!" shrieked Mrs. Livingstone. "What has happened? Are we to be killed?" The words were scarcely spoken when—crack! bang! rang out on the morning air, and the affrighted horses were dashing away at breakneck speed down the mountain. Two masked men had emerged from the bushes beside the road, where they had been waiting for the coming of the stage, with the object of robbing the passengers in view. They had overheard the orders given my father at the office that morning and reached this point by an abandoned and nearer road. They knew the passenger aboard was a wealthy lady and that the driver was the only man on the stage. These circumstances and the belligerent state of the country emboldened the robbers to make this daring attack. Even since the stage had left the Sweet Springs news had come of the battle of Bull Run, which was really the first battle of the war between the States.

The gathering of the armies in the eastern part of Virginia had caused Mr. Livingstone to dispatch for his wife and child, and they were on the way—but to what? Was it robbery, death, in a mountain stage wreck, or home? Fortunately the robbers were defeated in their purpose. But could it be any better to perish in a mad leap to death over a mountain precipice than to be robbed and probably killed by highwaymen? They had escaped one death, but another, and perhaps worse one, stared them in the face. Down the mountain side the four charging, fiery steeds ran their best. They fairly flew! On and on they went. The driver kept perfect presence of mind. He had a strong arm, a sober brain, and a steady nerve. But could he save the stage and passengers? He would do his best. He breathed a fervent prayer to heaven for help. His greatest anxiety now was to keep the stage in the road. If he could do that, there was hope. Just ahead was a sharp curve, over which if they went it was certain death. It was hundreds of feet from the curve to the depths below. Could they possibly make the turn? Not without help from on high. It was becoming in all to pray, and they did. The women inside the stage were frantic with

fear, crying, praying, pleading. The child wept bitterly. The curve was in sight! The thundering, lumbering stage was apparently just touching the high places. Could they pass the curve? "Lord, save, or we perish!" Mrs. Livingstone prayed. Thoughts of home, husband, loved ones, heaven, flashed through the despairing woman's mind with lightning-like rapidity. Should she see loved ones at home or in heaven first?

The curve was reached; the crisis has come; it is an awful moment! One brave, bold effort is made to turn the curve. All the strength of his own strong arms, helped by superhuman power, was thrown by my father against the reins in this critical moment. And—thank God, it is passed! They are beyond this danger. A calm possesses all souls. But will the frightened animals ever halt? On they swept. Now they have reached the "long stretch." My father's hands were cramped with pain, but with a death grip he held the reins and kept the horses in the road. Two miles distant, at the foot of the mountain, a man sitting in the yard under the shade of the trees in front of a large old-time southern brick mansion was reading the latest news of the war when he heard a terrible rumbling, roaring on the mountain side, like the coming of a whole regiment of Yankee cavalrymen. It grew louder and came nearer. The people at the house went out into the yard and listened, to find out, if possible, what it all meant.

Were the Yankees coming sure enough? "Yonder they come!" said one. "Who?" said another. "It is the eleven o'clock stage," said the gentleman who had been reading the paper; and looking at his watch, he continued: "It is now only ten o'clock." Three miles in fifteen minutes with a coach and four around the most dangerous curve in the Alleghany Mountains! Frightful speed had been made. A wonderful deliverance had been given. The danger was past. The foot of the mountain was reached without injury to passengers, driver, horses, or stage. No wonder they devoutly thanked God for this remarkable escape from an awful death. They were saved by a miracle.

Here at the Kyle House the party rested, dined, talked it over, gave and accepted congratulations, and took up the journey with a new set of horses, and in due time reached Fincastle in safety, where my father turned his passengers over to another driver. It was an affectionate farewell which Mrs. Livingstone gave my father that day. He had done his duty, and that was his greatest reward. Mrs. Livingstone reached her home in due time without further adventure, happy indeed to meet loved ones alive. She made suitable mention of her perilous ride, and highly complimented my father on his skill as a driver. It was well that she returned to Richmond when she did, for the war was beginning in earnest, and one



week after her arrival her husband received his commission as a colonel in the Confederate army, and in a few days left for the war.

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Thirty years passed into history. My father at the time of this dangerous drive was a young man of thirty. Years of labor and exposure to all sorts of weather made him an old man at sixty. He still drove stage during the summer months on a short line between Alleghany Station and the Old Sweet Springs, loath to give up his chosen life work. He could do that better than anything else. While driving one day another strange thing occurred. He knew nothing of the woman and child he had saved thirty years ago; but his name was never forgotten by that family.

The day mentioned he drove a stage load of passengers up to Sweet Springs Hotel. His name was called in the presence of a lady among the passengers. Immediately she inquired of his earlier life and occupation. He informed her that he had been a stage driver for more than forty years. The lady then related the story of her mother's perilous ride on a stage in a runaway down the mountain then in sight. Listening to her quietly, my father modestly explained: "I am the man who drove that stage." With tears in her eyes and in a tremulous voice, the lady said: "Then you are my mother's deliverer, and I am the child that was in the stage." Do you wonder that they shed tears as they each thought of the past? Bystanders wondered and were silent.

Finally the stage whip which had been the property of my father for years was folded, lash around stock, and laid aside forever. When in the early hours of a morning in May, near the close of the nineteenth century, he breathed a prayer to heaven, his spirit soon following that prayer, I awoke to the realization of the fact as never before that the old-time stage driver was a man, take him all in all, whose like we shall not look upon again.

Tenderly his body was laid away, borne to its last resting place by friends, three of whom were his old comrades, companions of the stagecoach, who soon will lay down the reins, and may we not hope that these reinsmen of the earth will ride in the chariots of the skies? If I were rich, I would build them a monument, and on behalf of my own loved father I would inscribe on an imperishable tablet the words:

"His greatest joy was duty."

—*Epworth Era*.

\* \* \*

It is not strange that the hypocrite wears a cloak when we remember how all the world tries to freeze him out.

\* \* \*

Wise is he who selecteth well the garments of his soul.—*Isa. 61: 10*.

## THE GIANT INDIANS.

### Peculiar Ways of the Onas of Tierra del Fuego.

THE Onas, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the mainland of the Tierra del Fuego island, are physical giants. Their average height is over six feet. A few are six and one-half feet; a few fall below six feet. The women are more corpulent and not so tall. There is no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona Indians. This is partly due to the topography of the country and the distribution of the game, which makes long marches across the country a necessity.

In mentality they fall far below their physical attainments. In the past their supply of game has been plentiful, and this may account for the lack of inventive genius among them. This lack of progressive skill is portrayed in their home life, clothing and homes. Their children suffer from it, for, contrary to the practice common among most Indians of feeding, dressing and training the children well, the Onas' little ones are mostly naked, poorly fed and altogether neglected. They have abundant material for supplying themselves with clothing and homes, and yet they throw a few branches together, put skins over the windward side and then shiver under the miserable shelter.

Scientists who have made a study of the subject say that the language of the Onas is the strangest ever listened to. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of the sentences difficult, but every few words are interrupted by a sound which it is impossible to produce. The speaker hacks, coughs and grunts, distorting his face in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling block. The Onas live principally upon meat, which in former years was obtained from the guanaco.—*New York Herald*.

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### THE "CUTEST THING."

A DISPATCH to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, under date of Cleveland, Ohio, February 27, follows:

"John D. Rockefeller is so thoroughly lost that even his pastor does not know where he is.

"When asked to-day the whereabouts of his elusive parishioner, Dr. Charles A. Eaton said:

"'Honestly, I don't know; I haven't the slightest idea. If I knew I would tell you.'

"Then Mr. Eaton chuckled.

"'Cutest thing Rockefeller ever did,' he said. 'The whole thing's a farce anyway. I saw Rockefeller last November, just before he began to be so badly wanted. Then—poof! And all the cunningest process servers, shrewdest detectives and smartest reporters in the country can't find the richest and most conspicuous man in the world.'"

Not for the world would we detract from the great credit due John D. Rockefeller by reason of his successful flight from the officers of the law. It is very "cute," indeed. But with all due respect for Mr. Rockefeller's pastor, we deny that it is the "cutest thing Rockefeller ever did." The skill with which he has avoided the process servers is insignificant compared with other accomplishments. He built up a business institution which came to be the greatest commercial concern in the world. He did this through special favors obtained within the law and without the law; he did it by the destruction of the property and fortunes of rivals, by corruption of public officials, and by trampling under foot every law of God and committing nearly every crime written in the statute books of man.

Through the system Rockefeller has built up, the spirits of strong men have been broken and the hopes of women and children have been crushed. Out of the millions he has taken from the pockets of the people he has contributed a comparatively insignificant sum of money to the erection and support of colleges and to the furtherance of the work of foreign missions; and although in the light of his foul record none should be so poor to do him reverence, there are preachers and teachers all over the country who lose no opportunity to pay him tribute.

Even at this moment he occupies, practically, the position of an outlaw; and the pastor of his church declares that the successful flight he has made from the officers of the law is "the cutest thing Rockefeller ever did!"

It is well for this great government of ours that the mass of people have a higher conception of morality than is shown by the preachers and educators who have rushed to the defense of the notorious fugitive. There would be small hope for the future of popular government, small hope for the rising generation, if men and women generally looked as lightly upon methods of the Rockefeller order as do some of the eminent gentlemen who see virtue where others see vice.—*The Commoner*.



#### CITY-OWNED TROLLEY SYSTEM.

##### Its Conspicuous Success and Popularity in the City of Manchester, England.

IN relating his investigations in the matter of municipal ownership in England, Charles Edward Russell says, in the January *Everybody's*:

"Take for another example, Manchester, which seemed to me to have an incomparable traction system. The city proper is in the center of an intricate net of lines, 138 miles in all, covering every suburb and about twenty neighboring cities and towns. This great railroad, all owned and operated by the munici-

pality, supplies a vast population with frequent, comfortable, quick, and wonderfully cheap transportation in a bewildering variety of directions. Manchester has arranged with the authorities of outlying towns to operate the traction lines of each, and thus secure a uniform service under one management. The cars are large, handsome, well lighted, noiseless, running without a jar over a faultless track, and equipped with every imaginable comfort. The hours of the employes have been reduced to fifty-four hours a week, a reduction of more than sixteen hours a week from the schedule enforced by the private company, the wages have been increased, the city now provides the men with uniforms. In the days of private ownership, the company paid the city \$115,000 a year. The city's gross profit from its own operation of the lines is about \$1,100,000 a year. From this, various sums are charged off for the sinking fund to pay the purchase price, for the reserve fund and for depreciation, after which \$250,000 goes to reduce general taxation.

"Naturally, a proposal to return to private ownership would not be popular in Manchester."



#### FOR THE SAKE OF HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

I BELIEVE the day is coming when his Majesty the Baby will be monarch of the ballot box, and the dimpled fingers of the wee bairnies will guide the horny hand of father and the toil-worn hand of mother to the top line of the ballot paper. The lever that is to roll away the stumbling blocks from the paths of the little ones is undoubtedly the pencil in the polling booth, and no hand so frail or feeble that it cannot help the cause of right throughout the whole world "for baby's sake."

Voters have a tremendous power in their hands, and the Christ King of the little children is sitting over against the polling booth watching the votes as they are cast.

Ten thousand starry eyes from cradle beds are looking on your ballot papers.

An army of shivering, ragged, hungry children appeal to you to vote out the liquor traffic that is robbing them of food and raiment.

The tramp of countless little feet away in the centuries yet to come can be heard marching past the ballot box to the heaven or hell you have helped to bring to earth. The deed you do on polling day is not for time, but for eternity; not for your electorate, but for your empire. God give you grace to feel the clasp of little clinging hands lifting your pencil higher, higher, till it has reached the top line and made the blue ink thick and deep across the vote for the continuance of the liquor traffic.—*Mrs. Harrison Lee, in Dial of Progress*.



## DO CIGARETTES LEAD TO CRIME?

THAT cigarette smoking has something to do with leading a boy into crime seems to be proven by the fact that of the ninety boy criminals who were arrested and locked in jail within the last six months, all but two were victims of the cigarette habit. Those of the boys who were induced to give up the habit were reformed, and when released on parole, lived aright and did well. The few who could not be broken of the habit turned out badly when given a chance to do better.

These facts are contained in a report of the county jail of Kansas City. This report covers six months. Mr. Johnson says in his report that of the ninety boys incarcerated in jail in the last six months not one was at work or at school when arrested, and all but two were cigarette fiends.

We sometimes hear boys of 12, 15, 20 years of age declare that they cannot give up cigarettes, and often they have not sufficient energy or will power to even make the attempt. Sad, indeed, is their fate; poor, weak-minded boys; slaves to this insatiate monster, the cigarette. The poison of nicotine finds its way all through the body and gives a very unpleasant odor. It injures the nerves of the heart, and thus weakens its healthy action. This is called "tobacco heart." In fact, tobacco is one of the most virulent poisons in nature. A single leaf dipped in hot water and laid upon the stomach produces a powerful effect by mere absorption.—*Exchange*.



## LOOKING TOWARD HOME.

I SLEPT and dreamed. It was evening time, and time between the day and the night. Afar in the west the lingering light formed a fitting canvas for a picture even more radiant than that which did appear. I saw a cottage, vineclad, and planted in the midst of a garden of roses, whose fragrance arose like love's sweet incense on the dewy air, for the garden was kept by hands of one that loved another. Before that humble cot sat two, an old man and his wife. By his side was his dinner pail, for he was home from work. On their knees was a book, and the book was open. The place where the book was open must have been this, "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you." Yes, this was the place, for on their faces was the quiet light of peace and joy and holy contentment, and they were looking toward the sunset. I looked with them to the west, and behold, the glittering spires and dazzling domes of the Holy City, the new Jerusalem. They were looking toward home. No voice was heard, but I awoke, and in my heart was

the prayer that though other visions of youth might fade, this vision in the sacred chamber of my soul might grow brighter and brighter with the perfect day.—*Milo Atkinson*.



## "A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."

A GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are a half point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is with life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes there one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.—*Sailors' Magazine*.



## THE YEAR 1906.

HISTORICALLY the year 1906 is:

The 526th since the invention of gunpowder.

The 466th since the invention of the printing press.

The 414th since the discovery of America.

The 297th since the invention of the telescope.

The 208th since the invention of the steam engine.

The 130th since the Declaration of Independence.

The 117th since the discovery of galvanic (current) electricity.

The 69th since the introduction of the electric telegraph.

The 18th since the discovery of the electric waves by Hertz.

The 67th since the invention of photography.

The 11th since the discovery of the X-ray.

The 9th since the invention of wireless telegraphy.

The 1st day of January, 1906, is the 2,417,212th day since the beginning of the Julian period.—*The Church Progress*.



HAPPY the man who early learns the immeasurable distance between his wishes and his powers.—*Goethe*.

## NO INVENTORS AMONG ANIMALS.

It has been said by a writer of nature books that a coon will amputate its wounded foot and treat the stump in a rational way to allay the inflammation. If one coon will do this, then all coons will do it under like conditions. The same writer avers that he has seen a woodcock with a broken leg mend the leg with a cast made of clay and dry grass. Then will all woodcocks with broken legs do the same thing. Exceptional intelligence of so extraordinary a character does not occur among the animals. If one fox has been known to catch crabs with his tail, then will all other foxes under the stress of hunger, where crabs abound, fish with their tails. An animal will not do anything which necessity has not taught its progenitors to do.—*John Burroughs, in Independent.*



## BRICKS OR BARRELS—WHICH?

WHICH would a boy rather have when he becomes a man—a pile of empty barrels or bricks built into a pretty house?

"Bricks, of course," answers every bright boy. "What are empty barrels good for except to make a bonfire?"

Barrels are made for a purpose, but they do not always remain empty, neither do they all contain the same kind of thing. The barrels more particularly referred to are whiskey and beer barrels. After they have once been filled with beer or whiskey, it takes money to buy them, and the money thus expended is gone forever; money expended for the purchase of bricks with which to build a house will stand and serve an important and essential purpose.

Two men labor and receive the same wages; the one spends his money to empty barrels and the other spends his money to build a house. Later in life the one man looks upon a pile of empty barrels, which he helped to empty, and wishes he had his money back; while the other man surveys his house which he has bought and paid for, and is thankful he has a home of his own.

There is little danger of a boy choosing deliberately the barrels instead of the bricks. But he must remember that every glass of beer paid for is the loss of several bricks. The very first one begins at the foundation of the house. Think of drinking a house, a few bricks at a time! Surely if the boys of to-day could paint such a vivid picture on their minds and be able to keep it there, the first glass they lift to their lips would be set down untasted; the very thought of the bricks would cause them to lose relish for the drink.

"But," some boys say, "it cannot do much harm to drink *one* glass of beer; it takes a great many to fill a barrel. I should never take enough for that."

How do you know you would not? One thing is certain—if you never take glass No. 1, there can not be a *second*. And let us tell you another truth; if your name is signed to a total abstinence pledge, it will be much easier to refuse that glass No. 1.

Some men who drink, it is true, are able to own houses; but the one who is strictly temperate will be much more likely to reach a comfortable position in life, and acquire habits of industry and economy that will always be a help. Better keep on the safe side, and say, "Bricks, not barrels, for me, if you please."—*Selected.*



## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE following paragraphs are taken from a temperance sermon delivered by the Rev. Munhall, the great evangelist:

I do not believe a glass of pure distilled whiskey could be bought in the United States.

Not enough hops are raised in the United States to make the beer used in New York City alone.

The beer consumed in the United States in 1880 would fill a canal from New York to Philadelphia, forty feet wide and eight feet deep. Last year twice as much was used.

A brewer was once asked how much beer he drank. He answered that he drank fifty to sixty glasses per day, but did not make a hog of himself.

The alarming increase of Bright's disease and apoplexy is due to the use of beer and whiskey.

Enough money is expended annually for liquor to buy every working man a broadcloth suit, his wife a silk dress that would stand alone, pay off the indebtedness on his home, put a quarter of beef in his cellar and a barrel of flour in his pantry, a hired girl in his kitchen and \$25 in his pocket to begin life with. These hard times should be charged to the whiskey and beer account.—*Exchange.*



## THE TIPS OF THE YEAR.

I've tipped the boy from the grocery store,  
I've tipped a dozen waiters or more;  
I've tipped the artist who cuts my hair,  
I've tipped the man with the bootblack chair;  
I've tipped the cook and I've tipped the maid;  
I've tipped so many that I'm afraid  
I've tipped beyond my limited cash  
And been most unaccountably rash.  
So to the rest of the crowd, I think,  
I'll tip my hat and I'll tip a wink.



"CAN you set tables?" inquired the foreman of a hungry looking applicant for a position upon the linotype. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "I worked in a restaurant for eight years."



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin Ill. as Second-class Matter.

## ORPHANS.



IN one of our exchanges, *The Prairie Farmer*, of Chicago, a week or two ago we saw a very fine illustration of an old kitty that had adopted a strange family. Nobody can question but that it is photographed from life. It caused us to think so deeply on the subject of the true orphan, and the sacrifice which it takes to raise one, that we asked permission of this paper to use this il-



"Look at their pertinent noses."

lustration in the INGLENOOK so our readers might see it. They have kindly granted our request, and here is the picture.

Old Tabby seems proud of her family and is ready to offer any protection necessary for their comfort and convenience. Take a look at the pertinent noses of the rats as they sniffle the air in search of food, or protection from an enemy. The characteristic of the rat family is so prominent that no one is in doubt as to their being genuine rats, even if they are not white rats.

The peculiar thing about the whole situation is that genuine felines are supposed to have such an uncon-

querable, insatiable appetite for the flesh of rats that they will make any sort of a sacrifice and run any sort of a risk to capture one for a meal for themselves or for their little ones. That is the natural side of it. The astonishing and uncommon side of it is this, the kitty manifested such great love, pity and compassion, either from the loss of her own family or from the piteous cries of the little rat family, that she has adopted the orphans against all natural propensities to devour them, and with a determination to sacrifice all feline appetite and act the part of a mother.

Almost any family will adopt one of a like kind. There are a few families that will not own their own offspring. There are people of the same sort,—not people, but human brutes. But for the most part, families will adopt one of a like kind. There seems to be no great sacrifice in that, perhaps as much selection as real sacrifice. When it comes to over-reaching all the principles and characteristics of one's own individuality in order to accommodate and make life worth living, then comes what we call the act and the part of a philanthropist.

We have thousands of orphan children in the land to-day. We have hundreds of homes that are childless. Some people who have no children are anxious to adopt one child or more in order that they may be benefited by the help of the child, and they may benefit the child at the same time by giving him an education and by giving him a chance to make something of himself in this world.

How many times have you noticed that when a gentleman and lady go to a reformatory or an asylum to make a selection of a child, they want the child who is the best specimen in the institution,—physically and intellectually; they want one that is old enough, and not too old,—old enough not to be much trouble and young enough to receive early impressions. The child must have a

beautiful face; he must learn readily; he must have a tendency to personal cleanliness, etc., etc.

Why is it that, if such things are done through real charity, we do not select cripples, or those unfortunate in the way of natural ability,—dwarfs and outcasts,—those that are the real objects of charity? Those are the ones who need help in this world; those are the ones who have no parents and need parental affection.

It seems that we can learn a real lesson from the old cat and the white rats. The cat has overcome her natural appetite and propensities, and thoroughly conquered herself in order that she may protect and de-

fend the little orphans that have been left in the world.



### ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE CROWD?

It is no credit to follow the crowd unless it is going where you want it. To pass along the streets of a city in the busiest hours of the day almost compels one to believe that he is going the wrong direction. It matters not what direction a man is traveling, he is constantly met and confronted with an overwhelming throng. It is the easiest matter in the world to face about and be carried along in the current.

It takes more than an ordinary amount of persistency, ingenuity and determination to make your way through such a formidable position. If one does not have a definite aim, a certain place to go, a certain task to perform, it is next to an impossibility to keep from being turned about. But if such a person has been sent on an errand, or he has a definite idea as to exactly where he wants to go, his powers are concentrated in a single effort of carrying out his purpose, and that makes it possible for him to make his way through the crowd; but it takes effort; it takes will power; it takes determination, and it takes skill. Dead fish float down stream easily, but one was never known to float the other way. Live fish, with an object in view and a determination to carry out the plan, can go up stream, but their dead neighbors cannot.

What is true in the everyday affairs of life, from a practical standpoint, so far as this literal picture is concerned and has been drawn, may be claimed as being true in the moral and spiritual world. It is no credit to be on the popular side of the question unless you are on that side by sheer matter of choice and as the result of an extended research and profound thought. But belonging to the church of your mother or the political party of your father, as a matter of following, without an honest conviction of the soul and a careful weighing of matters, leads to one of two things; it is evidence of unbelief and absence of conviction, or else an emblem and token of pure carelessness.

This shall not be construed so as to read that the popular side is never right. Not that. But the man who is aimlessly drifting along with the tide, as a matter of sentiment, as a matter of popularity and as an object of public comment,—that man is a composite factor in the best thought of the commonwealth. The man who plants corn in the neighborhood just because his neighbor has planted, and the one who never begins to cut wheat unless he hears somebody else's binder running, has not studied the question of crops and conditions as he should. The woman of society who follows the crowd in matters of taste and style, without any consideration of her own pref-

erences, comforts and tastes, is aimlessly drifting with the tide. It is no credit to one's judgment, personality or character to be thus committing one's self to censure and criticism. The thing to do is to exercise what judgment we have and earnestly seek for more. Study the great questions of to-day, political, religious and social; seek conviction and conversion and, after having found the principles of right, according to the eternal principles of God, stick to them, stand for them, advocate them and live them. Have backbone, have determination to be yourself.

Follow the crowd if it is going the right way; better lead the crowd, however, and have it follow you. Not everyone can be a leader. A man can live a righteous life by being a good follower of a noble leader, but be sure your leader is leading by the eternal principle of right.



### AN EDITOR'S APPEAL.

To Brother Publishers in Behalf of the Lost Child of  
Doctor Byers, of Seeleyville,  
Indiana.

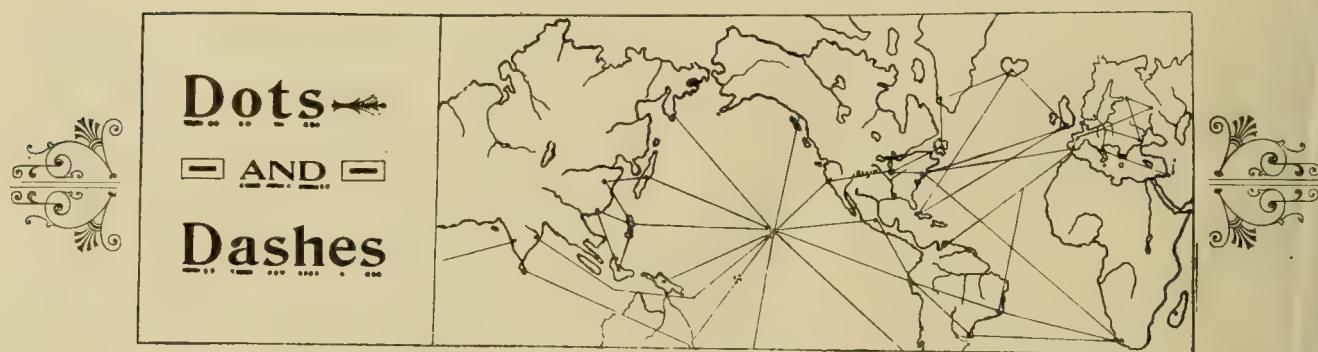
IF the editor of every paper in the central west will republish these lines there is no question but what Dr. S. L. Byers, Seeleyville, Ind., will recover his little son who was stolen from his home one year ago last May. Dr. Byers has spent his entire resources in search for his child and unless the big-hearted members of the press come to his assistance his son will grow up an outlaw and an outcast among the lowest people of the earth. It is a cause that should appeal to everyone, and no father reading these lines can do so without a quickening of the heart and a sympathetic throb. It is believed that if this article is reprinted in the newspapers it will form an endless chain that will uncover the lost boy's concealment and return him to his distracted parents. In doing this the profession of journalism will be fulfilling one of its highest destinies. Publishers whose circulation touches the Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi valleys are especially requested to reproduce this story of the lost child, as Dr. Byers believes his boy is now in some boathouse waiting to take the road in the spring. There is a reward of \$500 awaiting any information that will lead to the boy's recovery. No questions will be asked and if the abductor himself would deliver the boy to his parents he would not be molested.

#### Description.

Richmond Byers, if alive, was 6 years old last July, is of light complexion, has gray eyes, left eye noticeably crossed, has a small V-shaped nick in the edge of the left ear, has a sharp chin and a narrow projecting forehead. He is rather small for his age and is unusually bright and intelligent, taking after the manner of a boy much older.—*Times, New Harmony, Ind.*

(Exchanges please copy.)





THE new song book, entitled "Song Praises," by Prof. Geo. B. Holsinger, of Bridgewater, Va., is now ready for the public. In this volume will be found quite a collection of soul-winning songs. Not a few of the songs have been composed by consecrated talent, expressly for this edition, while many have been used by permission. The field intended for this work is that of the Sunday schools and the Christian Workers' meetings, which services need first-class music, earnest and consecrated voices to sing it, that our "praises" may unreservedly ascend to the throne of God. Do not delay in sending in your order, for your Sunday school needs this most excellent work. Address Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

A FEW years ago a large number of raisin growers of California formed a corporation under the name of the California Raisin Growers' Company, with a capitalization of \$5,000,000. The company has recently gone out of business, thus leaving the packers free to regulate prices. The price of raisins is now from three to four cents a pound.

THE aeroplane constructed by the Wright Brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, has recently made the phenomenal flight of twenty-four miles in thirty-eight minutes, carrying a weight of 925 pounds. The sum of \$25,000 for European rights to this machine has been given by a representative of the French government, who says that during the trial flight the driver sent the machine around a circle twenty-nine times, and was stopped only because the supply of gasoline was exhausted. He believes that the Wright Brothers have the secret for which the world has been working for centuries. It is a flying machine and is believed to be the first one built, but the details of the construction remain a secret.

THE mining districts of northern France are in the midst of a general strike, the result of the accidental death of 1,200 miners by an explosion of firedamp at Courrieres. The immediate object of the strike, however, was to enforce a demand for better wages. In cases of this kind, where a few people

become dissatisfied in regard to their wages, it seems not to be enough for them to seek employment elsewhere, but rather to wield such a contentious influence that the entire force of men is affected, as in this case, where more than 80,000 workmen were involved.

It is gratifying to know that here and there an organization or company will take a stand against intemperance. The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers has refused to sanction the strike of three hundred skilled men of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, due to the discharge of a puddler for going to a saloon during working hours. This step means that mill owners will be allowed to dictate regarding the drinking of the employes when on duty, which is well and good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Every institution, every organization of any kind, where two or more are interested in business affairs, ought to pass on, and bind themselves to enforce, total abstinence of all their employes, during vacations, at any and all times. Not until that time comes will our country be free of this terrible crime.

OHIO's Governor, John M. Pattison, is in a critical condition, and his friends fear another collapse is imminent.

THE failure of the Enterprise National Bank, of Allegheny, last October, still remains a mystery. Five arrests were made last week by United States marshals, as the result of information, based on an alleged conspiracy of Nichols, the private secretary, to use funds of the Enterprise bank in the interest of the Santa Fe Central Railroad Company and the Pennsylvania Construction Company.

THE Japanese government has entered upon a policy of government ownership of railways, the House having voted 243 to 109 to take over the Seoul-Fusan line in Korea. The Minister of Finance says that all of the home railways will be purchased within five years at an estimated cost of \$250,000,000.

THE largest steamship ever built is the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, the newest addition to the Hamburg-American Line. It has just been completed at Stettin, and has a displacement of 43,000 tons. It has eight decks above the water line, one more than the *Amerika*, has an *a la carte* restaurant, elevators, fifty private cabins, gymnasium, electric baths and a palm garden. The ship is seven hundred feet long and seventy-eight feet wide, and has a passenger capacity of 3,150 besides a crew of 650.



ED JOHNSON, colored, recently made an appeal to the United States Supreme Court for a rehearing of his case, which was granted, but in the meantime a mob of citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., lynched the accused man, taking him from the county jail and hanging him on a pier of the county bridge. The negro was convicted of assaulting a white girl, which caused an unusual sensation among the people of that community.



THE town of Wrangel, Alaska, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. Every store in the town was burned, the loss being \$100,000, but the customs house was saved. Appeals have been sent out for aid for the sufferers.



NEW ideas of invention are still growing. Charles E. S. Burch, of Minneapolis, has developed an automobile to be propelled by screw runners on the ice, his particular object being that of promoting freight transportation for Alaska. Steam, however, is the motive power of this ice locomotive. The spirals lie with their vertical axes horizontal, their edges being sharpened like the blades of a skate, each being connected with a separate engine, and steered with compressed air. The bottom of the body is made watertight, and in case the ice gave way, the whole conveyance would then float upon the water, the spirals serving as propellers.



IT is reported that twenty-five thousand laborers are needed in the construction of new railroad lines that have been projected in the Northwest and Southwest. The supply of labor in those sections has been exhausted, while in many other places, and especially in our large cities, thousands of people are without any labor; thus we have the two extremes. What would be the result of uniting the two extremes, thus avoiding the destruction of many homes?



THE price of tobacco leaf in Pennsylvania has now risen to sixteen and eighteen cents a pound, and it is estimated that at this figure farmers are receiving more for their tobacco crop per acre than the value of the land on which the tobacco was grown.

IT is a sad state of affairs when a religious sect will undertake to compete with the saloon, but it is really circulated through the press that such is the case with the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, of which the Rev. John R. Stratton is the pastor. These followers(?) of Christ have created a social settlement, designed to compete with neighboring saloons, of which there are eighty-three within a radius of three blocks of the church. Rooms are to be fitted up for the serving of drinks and refreshments, reading rooms, gymnasium, etc. Is it possible that a religious denomination will encourage the greatest evil in the world rather than to discourage and drive it out of existence? This reverend pastor has certainly clipped his Bible until he has nothing left but the lids, and hence "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."



THE notorious Death Valley gold miner, Walter Scott, has been searched for, for some time, by detectives of Los Angeles, Cal. He is charged with conspiracy to rob New York and Los Angeles capitalists, and is alleged to be the head of a band of outlaws and swindlers. An expert miner from Boston was taken to inspect Scott's alleged gold mine, and he reports that he was ambushed by Scott's hirelings, the intention being to put the expert out of the way and thus to use his name in selling stock.



AMERICAN capital is now being enlisted by a French engineer to develop his process of welding copper and steel. This combination will likely take the place of solid copper in the transmission of electricity. It will also be found useful in the manufacture of cooking utensils, as a plant is already being equipped for this purpose at Chester, Pa., at which place steel ingots and bars will be turned out coated with copper, aluminum, silver or bronze in the form of sheets or wire.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., is proud of his little eleven-pound grandson, who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York City, last week. The little boy is likely to be known as John D. Rockefeller III. To the public this will be most interesting because the new baby becomes heir to the greatest fortune in this world, yet he may be the most unfortunate. It is very convenient to have a good supply of money, but there will come a time when money will cease to supply our demands, when we will be piloted only according to our application of the "Blood of the Lamb."



STANDARD OIL representatives now announce that they will not give Attorney General Hadley, of Missouri, any information.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### WHERE IT WAS DONE.

Joe Bing, he cut ten cord o' wood  
From rise to set o' sun;  
He cut it, an' he piled it, too,  
Yes, sir, that's wa't he done.  
To cut ten cord o' wood, I vow,  
Is one tremendous chore—  
Joe Bing cut his behind the stove  
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he cut eight loads o' hay,  
I swan, an' raked it, too,  
An' in twelve hours by the clock  
He was entirely through.  
He could, I guess, before he slept,  
Cut jes' as many more—  
He cut it where he did the wood,  
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he plowed four acres onct,  
He plowed it good and neat;  
An' 'fore the sun had near gone down  
The job was all complete.  
The hosses never turned a hair,  
Wa'n't tired, ner leas' bit sore.  
He plowed it all in one short day—  
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he made five dollars onct  
By simply pickin' hops;  
He done it all in jest a day  
With time for sev'ral stops.  
He could as well a'kept it up  
A dozen days or more.  
Where was it done? The same ol' place—  
In Luscomb's grocery store.  
—Woman's Home Companion.



### NO ROOM FOR MOTHER.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"O, John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I'm going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed

face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear the story, to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so, I shouldn't be in trouble to-night."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't as bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said we had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now—"

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house, with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

Tears stood in the lines on her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire and went back. After a pause she continued: "At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything back. My heart was full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote back a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived, that his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him."

The stranger brushed a tear from her fair cheek, and waited the conclusion.

"Some day, when I'm gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all—some day, when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over

them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it never can shame them."

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out, as if to look for the train. The stranger's jeweled fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and the tears of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longings of rest, and she fell fast asleep.—*Selected.*



### BE TRUE TO GOD.

Two kings sat together on their thrones in regal state. 1 Kings 22: 10. They were projecting a most important expedition. But first they concluded to inquire of the Lord as to the probabilities of their success.

The false prophets, falling in with the popular current and not concerning themselves to be assured of the will and word of the Lord, were sanguine in their predictions that the expedition would succeed. But the kings did not seem satisfied. They were afraid to trust these popularity-seeking prophets.

"There is yet one man," said the king of Israel, "but I hate him; for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil." Nevertheless a messenger was hastened after Micaiah.

The messenger said to him, "The prophets declare good unto the king with one mouth; let thy word be like theirs, and speak good." What a chance was this to bid for royal favor! What an opportunity for personal popularity! What a dangerous thing to enrage the kings! What an ungracious task to keep up this antagonism to the wishes of those in power!

Who can tell what thoughts and feelings rushed through the mind of the faithful prophet? But if his heart or motive or purpose or faith failed him for one moment, he quickly responded, "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak." Noble resolution! He kept his word, though for it he was smitten upon the cheek by one of the lying prophets in the presence of the kings, and sent to prison by royal command and fed with the bread and water of affliction.

Disgraced for his fidelity, he still persisted in his unpopular ministry. The bow drawn at a venture in the day of battle vindicated the prophet, and sent the presumptuous king of Israel to render his untimely account to God.

O minister of the living God! Preach only what God bids thee, whether it ultimates in a prison or in the food of affliction. If God be in it thou shalt be vindicated hereafter if not now. Be not tempted to a temporary popularity. Be true to God and man.—*Christian Standard.*

### THE MAN IN THE STREET.

#### And How He Really Feels When He Watches an Automobile "Honk" Past Him.

"YOU'LL never find me standing on the curbstone and shouting, 'Git a horse!' You'll never find me scattering carpet tacks in the roadway. You'll never hear me calling them 'hell wagons,' or wrinkling up my nose and saying, 'Pue!' I rather like the smell of gasoline unless it's too near the gas-jet.

"I always stop and follow with my eyes when one honk-honks apast me. It's no use sending me on errands and telling me to be right back, if my way is near a fine smooth street. I've just got to stand and 'gawp' at them going by. And if there's one on the corner with a man trying to wind up the spring in the front (or whatever it is), so that the machine will shudder just right, I join the throng of messenger boys, and men taking home the wash, and fellows out of work, and I stand, with my weight first on one foot and then on the other, trying to puzzle out what it is he does with the handle.

"I look at the folks riding in them, leaning back so grandly with their jaws tied up as for the mumps, and trying their best not to let on how tickled with themselves they are, trying to pretend that it's an old story to them, and that they have had autos ever since the machines came out. It is my daily effort to figure to myself how it would be with me if it was me instead of them. I was in one once for a little while. Honest, I was. Now that's no joke. I was. Rode quite a ways, too. Anyhow, half a mile. I can't really describe my sensations. The luxury got me rather rattled in my mind. I came as near as scat! to making the worst bargain in my life, just on account of that automobile, because the main thing in my mind was that I ought to have one."—"Do I Want an Automobile?" by Eugene Wood, in the *January Everybody's*.



### TO WORK IS HONORABLE.

THERE has existed and still exists to some extent a false sentiment that labor is degrading or belittling. The contrary is true. An ideal condition of society can come only when every member of it recognizes that he is bound to exercise whatever skill or strength or faculty he possesses to its full capacity, not selfishly or for the sake of gain merely, but for his own happiness and development and for the benefit of all. And there should be no restriction on any one, either legal or social or through association in regard to his labor or its fruits. If by patient application or natural endowment a man possesses more skill than his fellow, or if he chooses to be more industrious, he is entitled to the full benefit of it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



# The Rural Sanctum

## The Cake Like and How to Make It.

EMMA WHEELER.

It seems the hickory nut cake is a great favorite with us, therefore I will tell you how I make it.

I use a coffee cup to measure in and here is my recipe: Two cups granulated sugar, sifted twice; one-half cup butter and lard mixed; five whites of eggs, beaten very stiff; one cup sweet milk; three cups Swan's Down Prepared Cake Flour, sifted three times; then measure and add two full teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and sift again; one-half cup finely chopped hickory nuts. These are the ingredients. Now I will tell you just how I put them together. Mix sugar and butter very smooth, then add half of the beaten eggs and beat again; next add the milk, then the flour with baking powder and beat very thoroughly; then add the remainder of the eggs and lastly the nuts, and beat lightly. Bake in four layers and let cool; then use this filling: Two cups granulated sugar and one cup sweet cream, boiled together until it hardens when dropped in water; flavor to taste, stir until cool, then spread on cake.

*Cerro gordo, Ill.*

HATTIE E. STAMM.

THE statement suggests a question: how to make the cake I like. The subject on cake is deep as a multitude upon a heap. The first thought appeals to the natural appetite. And who would not enjoy a nice and good cake? Anyone, I am sure, whose appetite calls for something good to eat.

The cake I like I bake,  
And from it a piece I break,  
And unto others take.

It at once awakens a desire in the heart how to make a good cake—how to spice and season it. There are so many kinds of good, delicious cakes, such as devil food, angel food, watermelon, chocolate and gold and silver cakes, that I hardly know which tastes the best, but I am inclined to like the velvet cake, so I will give my recipe to the general reader of the Nook.

### "Velvet Cake."

Two cups of sugar; two eggs; one cup of sweet milk; lard and butter the size of two eggs; three and one-half cups of sifted flour; two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with nutmeg and lemon.

### "Caramel Icing."

One and one-half cups of sugar; one cup of sweet

cream, and a lump of butter; boil in a granite pan until it will wax.

Now, sisters, try this and you will have a cake as fine as any velvet.

I love the cake that is good;  
The one we call the best,  
The kind I relish like angel food,  
And the one God can bless.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*

ANNA MILLER.

"OH, mamma, are you going to make my kind of cake this morning," said little Robert, as he came running into the kitchen all out of breath, with big blue eyes open wide.

"Your kind of cake?" said mamma, who was just ready to begin her baking. "What kind is that?"

"You know I always like angel food best; it's so light and white and just melts all away in one's mouth, and seems like there's nothing left but sweet. That's my kind. Will you, mamma? Please, please do!"

Mrs. Brown's womanly heart could not refuse the pleading look of her darling boy, and with a pleasant smile she said, "Yes, Robert; but I will need your help. Sister has gone to help grandma to-day."

"All right, mamma, I'll get ready."

Robert's hands and face were soon washed, his hair combed, clothes brushed and out from the bedroom he came, almost hidden in sister Macy's big sleeve apron.

"I guess I'll do it now, won't I, mamma? It's me, 'cause you can see my head," he said, in answer to Mrs. Brown's inquiring look.

Mamma laughed as she said, "Now roll your sleeves back, so you can use your hands."

"Please pin them, mamma; they won't stay. See, my apron just touches the floor. I'm ready; what next?"

"Well, Robert, we must put everything we need for the cake here on the table, so it will be ready to put right in. Here are five eggs—you may get enough more to make eleven."

"Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven,—just six more; here they are."

"Now," said mamma, "while I get the flour and sugar, you may bring the vanilla, lemon, cream of tartar and salt. Then we must have the big cake pan, too."

"And some lard to grease the pan?"

"No, my boy, we won't grease the pan for this cake."

"Oh! How much flour will you use, mamma?"

"I must have just one cup of flour after it has been sifted four times, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a pinch of salt."

"I'd like to turn the sifter. How fast the flour comes through. It's all a'ready. That's four times; I counted every time. Oh, the eggs next," said Robert, as he watched his mamma. "Won't they make it yellow?"

"We just use the whites of the eggs."

"Why, mamma, you didn't put them with the flour!"

"They must be beaten to a stiff froth first and then one and a half cups of sugar added."

"My, that looks pretty."

"Now we are ready for one-half teaspoon of vanilla and one-half teaspoon of lemon, to flavor the cake," said mamma. "Then I will stir in the flour, which is all ready."

"Here is the pan, mamma. There it goes into the oven. Now, cake, stay there. How long?"

"Thirty or forty minutes."

"Just look here, you left some dough in the bowl. A little cake," said Robert, as he watched his mamma put the remaining dough into a little pan. "Oh-o-o!" he said, clapping his hands, "will it really be for me? I'll keep it until Macy comes home, then we can have a little dinner. Mamma, I just peeked into the oven a wee tiny bit and it's up to the top of the pan now. Let's play a joke on papa. I'll put on sister's hood and we'll run to meet him. I'll tell him about my big cake. Mayn't I call it mine, mamma? And how papa will open his eyes, 'cause he won't know, when he comes in and finds out it's me instead of sister. Ha, ha, ha! But the best part will be when we eat the cake. Oh-o-o-o, how good! Mamma, you and papa and sister are the bestest people I know."

*LaPlace, Ill.*



#### HEAVENLY LOVE.

NORA KINGERY.

HEAVENLY love is so divine we cannot define it. We know and feel it but cannot explain it. It is a tie that binds our hearts to God and to one another, and is the most important of all things. In naming over the attributes of our heavenly Father it seems to be the greatest.

All Christians should have the love of God in their hearts, and not keep it a secret, but be as sunbeams, shedding his love wherever they go. It should be at its boiling point, that it may warm and bless all around us.

God is a loving and merciful Father. Tokens of his love are shown to us by the many blessings we receive from him. He warns his people of sin and guides us safely past many an unseen danger. If we give him the first place in our hearts he will fill it with heavenly love.

This heavenly love in our hearts restrains us from sin and hides from sight many sins of others, by forgiving any who have injured us, by pitying the sinner, and by doing all we can to lead sinners from sin.

It should rule supreme in our homes. What is a home without it? In many homes this tie does not bind all their hearts to God, for some are letting Satan rule their hearts. O, how sad! Their homes are divided.

Love must be through all our words and deeds to make them acceptable to God and a blessing to men. It is a bond of perfectness. Therefore of each word we would speak, let us ask, "How will it sound in God's ears?"

In the great book of life God is keeping a record of all our thoughts and deeds. Its pages should be filled with deeds of kindness and love. Then when the pages are read, on the judgment day, we will have such a character as God himself will be pleased to view.

Above everything else, put on heavenly love. If we lovingly enthrone him Lord of our hearts, we will be permitted to rally around that great white throne, with our loved ones, singing the blessed songs of praise and love.

*Bringham, Ind.*



#### TRASH.

D. F. WARNER.

How it grates on one's spiritual nerves when God is put down as "old iron" by a *vain, puffing, intellectual braggart!* Methinks there is a present drift toward intellectualism. Not the intellectual preparation which aims at service for God, but that which leads men to become parasites on God's laws. Some one said, "Education is the jewelry of the mind." Yes, it is every whit so, if education includes the bringing of the soul into vital touch with the Antecedent Life, without which the president of the United States is as dead as the "beggar by the highway." Rom. 8: 6; Eph. 2: 1-5.

The following editorial from the *Detroit Journal* has something interesting along this line:

"These are the days of unique divertisement and curious advertisements. We are more or less prepared for the bizarre. It is originality that counts. Once again we must award the premium for the most masterful mingling of the dignified and the grotesque



to the University of Chicago. It is gravely announced—we presume with official sanction—that Student J. W. Hoover will deliver in the college oratorical contest “a eulogy of Robert G. Ingersoll’s character and a defense of his religious beliefs.” Irreligious beliefs might be apter, but it is the selection of a college hall as the place to propagate agnosticism that strikes one as incongruous. The efforts to destroy faith are generally sporadic and of individual initiative. This is the first we have heard of an institution with sufficient courage to take such a destructive movement under its auspices.

“He who is so unfortunate as to be an agnostic hasn’t much to impart. He is a pauper and should be an object of compassion if he be sincere. However one may admire the courage and intellect of Ingersoll, one must surely condemn him for the brutality with which he sought to destroy faith and reduce others to his spiritual poverty. When convincing, he brought only doubt and despair. The world is no better for the life of Robert Ingersoll. The per capita stock of faith in the world is already none too large. We need no Ingersolls to teach us to depart from the faith of our fathers and find new ways of being unhappy. Agnosticism is an affliction which no man has the right to force others to share with him.

“We are not particularly apprehensive that Student Orator Hoover will destroy any religious beliefs; but we do fear for the times and tendencies which lead a reputable university, founded for the purpose of preparing young men for the Baptist clergy and since its inception presided over by the late President Harper, one of the greatest biblical scholars of his day, to advertise itself by promoting religious dissension, encouraging half-developed youth to intolerance and booming unbelief. That isn’t just the sort of enterprise that we look for in our institutions of higher education and liberality of thought.”

*Custer, Mich.*



#### IF GEORGE WASHINGTON CAME BACK.

THOMAS FIGLEY.

How strange George Washington would find the United States now, were it possible for him to come back and walk on the streets of some of our large cities, for you will bear in mind that he never saw a flagstone sidewalk, or an asphalt street. He would look in great surprise at a building ten stories high, the windows having panes of glass six feet square. We will suppose that he enters and wishes to go up to the highest story. He is told to get on the elevator, which he does, and finds himself carried up to the room desired, much to his astonishment. On going out of the building he hears what seems to be a violent shriek, but is told that it is the whistle of a factory

that makes machines which cut wheat and thresh it as they go along.

Washington sees many things in the windows of the shops which he cannot name, but nearly all of them would be familiar to us. He never saw a revolver, a repeating rifle, a sewing machine, a steel pen, an envelope, blotting paper, a postage stamp, a rubber shoe, nor a rubber coat. He never struck a match, touched an electric bell, sent a telegram, nor spoke through a telephone. He never saw a typewriter, a gas jet, nor an electric light. He never saw a ferryboat, a trolley car, an omnibus, a railroad, nor a Gatling gun.

Just fancy him getting on a street car to take a ride! On asking what the fare is he is told that it is a nickel, but the nickel is a coin he has never seen. After taking his seat he would naturally look out of the window. He sees many advertisements which he cannot understand, and is almost made speechless when he sees a man skimming along on two wheels, which he is told is a bicycle.

A newsboy comes into the car with half a dozen daily newspapers, all printed in the same city. When Washington was living there were only four daily newspapers in the United States. Washington goes to a hotel and sees a score of illustrated papers and fifty monthly magazines on the news counter. In his time there were no such papers or magazines. All the printing was done by hand. At the present time we have a press that can print 96,000 eight-page newspapers in an hour. To print that number of papers with the old-fashioned hand press would have taken so long that when the last paper was printed the first would have been three months old.

Washington sees a white trolley car marked “United States Mail.” On inquiry, he finds that the money spent each year by the government for the support of the post offices would have paid the national debt when he was president. He is told that there are now 75,000 post offices in the United States. In 1790 there were only 75.

Washington sees something like a piece of pink paper on the sidewalk. He picks it up and by close scrutiny he sees that the portrait on it is his own. He is told that it is a postage stamp, that it costs two cents only, that it will carry a letter to any city in the United States, and if the person to whom it is addressed cannot be found, the stamp will bring the letter back to the sender. In his time, a letter was a sheet of paper, and the postage was determined by distance and not by weight.

Washington is then called upon to make a speech, which he does and in a few days goes to see another town. He enters a public hall, where he sees a curious looking machine with a large horn attached to it. A man starts the machine by pushing a button, and to Washington’s great surprise, the speech he

has made a few days before, in his own voice and words, is ground out by the machine. He is told that the machine is a phonograph and was invented by a man named Thomas A. Edison, of whom, of course, he has never heard.

Washington then starts to cross a street. Suddenly he hears a loud noise behind him which sounds very much like "Honk! Honk! Honk!" He jumps to one side in time to see a carriage without any horses hitched to it go whizzing by. On inquiry he finds that it is an automobile, and that it is propelled by a gasoline engine, another thing of which he has never heard.

*Bryan, Ohio.*



### WAYS TO BE GOOD TO THE WORLD.

DELLA WELLER.

It is well to pause on the threshold of life and ask ourselves the question, "Are we trying to make the world better or are we making it worse by our living in it?" Now is the time to begin, for we have only one life to live here upon earth.

Life is made up of little things. Someone has said, "Every step is a word, every day a sentence, every week an oration, every year a book full of meaning as the sun is of light." It is also said, "He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do any.

Good is done by degrees." So we should be careful to fill every day with kind deeds and loving smiles that those whose lives have been darkened by sorrows may feel more purpose in life. We are forming a reputation among those with whom we are coming in contact and a character which is best known to God. In the possession of a good character we can bless the world and at the same time it will be a blessing to ourselves. We may possess riches, honor and fame, but without a true Christian character we cannot have an influence for good. The influence we are casting everywhere is more than we can comprehend. It is either for good or evil.

The cultivation of intellect is a means to increase our abilities to do good. Every one can be benefited by the conversation of a true man or woman. If we are leading a good, holy and virtuous life, surely we are possessing treasures and are benefactors of mankind. Yes, some may say it is easier to say than do. Is it a hard thing to do good to the world? It may require money, strength, lots of time and sleep, through which we may become channels of blessings and doing good to the world. There is not one of us that cannot be of some use and good in the world if we will only do so. Then let us live up to our possibilities and take these ways for bettering the lives of others as well as our own, and not live for self and self only.

*North Manchester, Ind.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### MY FORCES.

I'M no self-made man, for I clearly can  
Trace each force that fashioned me  
From the years long gone, when a babe new born,  
I lay on my mother's knee.  
Then God above in his heaven of love  
To the angels gave control  
Life undefiled of this little child—  
And they breathed in me a soul.

Then the love that lies in a mother's eyes  
Woke that soul to active life,  
And from all alarms, her sheltering arms  
Protected me in the strife.  
Her tender care and her loving prayer  
As the boy grew into man,  
My nature drew to a full growth true,  
As only a mother can.

In no college walls, in no learned halls,  
Found my brain its forming tool;  
But in the press of work's hard stress,  
I learned in the world's great school.  
The good of life and the evil's strife,  
I struggled on to find,

And the labor to gain, the work to attain,  
Sharpened and shaped my mind.

Then into life with its hardships rife  
When success was almost won,  
Came a keener sight and a brighter light,  
As through clouds burst the sun.  
Work lighter grew, gray'skies were blue,  
A new light seemed to start—  
A heaven this of new found bliss—  
When duty awoke my heart!

—Baltimore American.



### WHEN IDA PUTS HER ARMOR ON.

When Ida puts her armor on,  
And draws her trusty blade,  
The turnips in the bin turn pale,  
The apples are afraid,  
The quiet kitchen city wakes,  
And consternation feels,  
And quick the tocsin pealeth forth  
In long potato-peels.

When Ida puts her armor on,  
The pots and pans succumb,



The wooden spoon her drumstick is,  
 A mixing-pan her drum;  
 She charges on the kitchen folk  
 With silver, tin and steel;  
 She beats the eggs, she whips the cream,  
 The victory is a meal.

When Ida puts her armor on,  
 Her breastplate is of blue  
 (Checked gingham, ruffled top and sides),  
 Her gauntlets gingham, too;  
 And thus protected from assault  
 Of batter, stain and flour,  
 She wars with vegetable foes,  
 And conquers in an hour.

When Ida puts her armor on,  
 She is so fair to see,  
 Her battle with the kitchen folk  
 Is reproduced in me;  
 So sweet she is, armed cap-a-pie,  
 So good her kitchen art,  
 I hardly know which loves her best,  
 My palate or my heart.

—National Magazine.

#### General Rules for Dyspeptics.

The following rules, as set forth in Thompson's Dietetics, are applicable to all cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. As the editor of the Medical World well says, "Most doctors know all these things, but few doctors remember to tell their dyspeptic patients about them."

1. Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly.
2. Drink fluid an hour before or two or three hours after meals, rather than with food.
3. Eat at regular hours.
4. If greatly fatigued, lie down and rest quietly before and after luncheon and dinner or supper.
5. Avoid as much as possible taking business worries or professional cares to the table.
6. Take systematic exercise in the open air. Bicycle and horseback riding are the best forms.
7. On rising, cold sponging and vigorous friction of the body is advisable.
8. The bowels should be kept open by laxative foods and fluids rather than by medicines.
9. Avoid too much variety at any one meal. Take meats and vegetables at separate meals.—Ex.

#### Billy Knew Better.

When Billy was three years old his mother bought him a pair of short duck pants, says Lippincott's. The first time they were washed they shrunk badly. Billy was fat, but his mother wedged him into the trousers—against his protest. Billy went out to play, but in a few minutes returned.

"Mamma," he said, "I can't wear these panties, they are too tight. Why, mamma, they are tighter than my skin."

"Oh, no, they're not, Billy," replied his mother, "nothing could be tighter than your skin."

"Well, these panties are, because I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these panties."

"There are men who when their tree has been cut down even with the ground will try to sit in the shade of the stump."

#### The True and the Right.

There is but one principle that holds fast in whatever waters you cast your anchor, namely, that he can never be driven to shipwreck of soul who knows what he ought to do and dares to do it, though it costs him so much that his heart breaks. A man's character is all he has; it is one great possession, and if he loses that he loses all, absolutely all. With self-respect the consciousness that our integrity is unsullied, you can face all worlds and look with undimmed vision on the Throne of the Eternal. Neither wealth nor poverty is known in heaven, not regarded, but what you are in the fibre of your being, what you are in the moral timber of which you have made yourself, what you have done that is worth recording in a world filled with pitying angels, these alone have weight and bring credit.—Ex.

His Satanic majesty probably doesn't think it necessary to waste any time on the man who loves his enemies.

"I understand that your boy is getting an education."  
 "Yassuh," answered Uncle Rasberry, "an' mebbe he's doin' better'n dat. I honestly b'lieves he's gittin' sense along wif it."—Washington Star.

Her exalted rank did not give Queen Victoria immunity from the trials of a grandmother. One of her grandsons, whose recklessness in spending money provoked her strong disapproval, wrote to the Queen reminding her of his approaching birthday and delicately suggesting that money would be the most acceptable gift. In her own hand she answered, sternly reproving the youth for the sin of extravagance and urging upon him the practice of economy. His reply staggered her:

"Dear Grandmama," it ran, "thank you for your kind letter of advice. I have sold the same for five pounds."

There are men who want to do such big things that they always overlook a lot of little things that would make a big aggregate.

#### Unintentionally Frank.

It was a typographical error that threatened to bring streaks of gray into the locks of the editor of a newly started weekly which purported to chronicle the doing of the smart set of a western city. In reality, however, it sold out the edition, and filled the readers with a desire to see what would develop in the succeeding numbers. The subject of the paragraph was a pink luncheon given by a well-known matron. When the edition was given to the public it was found that the opening lines of general eulogy were followed by the bald statement, "The luncheon was punk."—H. C. Spooner, in Lippincott's.


#### His Extremity.

O very weepsome was the fate  
 Of young Abijah Root:


He sought the hand of Sally Smith,  
 And got—her father's foot.

—Julien Josephson, in Lippincott's.

The majority of people do not see things; they just look at them, says Success. The power of a keen observation is indicative of superior mentality, for it is the mind, not the optic nerve, that really sees.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XIV.

WELL, say, Alek and Jack thought that Sile and I were entirely crazy that night that we talked so long and kept them awake, but if you would have heard those fellows talk that were up here with Massie, you would have come to the conclusion that they needed a little expert attention right away. Sile and I have often talked about the colonization of this valley and the possibilities of it, but we never got any such air castles built as Massie and his party. Not only while they were here, but all the way over to Montague and even while they were there in Montague waiting for the train, they talked continually of the wonderful possibilities of this "paradise," as they called it.

Mr. Massie says that it is the purpose of the company to have this valley laid off with streets or roads every half mile each way. It is already surveyed into townships and sections. By running half section lines each square will contain one hundred and sixty acres. If a man wants to buy that much he will have a road on four sides of his farm; if he can afford to buy only eighty, or even forty acres, he will have a road on two sides, and it will be impossible to buy twenty acres without having a road on one side. So you see there will be no devil's lanes or neighborhood troubles about outlets to public roads. Since the valley is composed entirely of crater silt and the roads do not get dusty or muddy on account of the peculiar composition of the soil, it will be the easiest matter in the world to take one of those reversible road graders and, by driving to a line, simply make roads as fast as the horses can walk. With a little trouble the sides of the road can be lined with shade trees or fruit trees, and as the company expects to place an arc light at each crossroad it will be a veritable paradise.

This might seem an impossible problem at first thought, but when one contemplates what the company is thinking about that is one of the simplest propositions. You see Butte Creek comes directly from Mt. Shasta, which is covered with eternal snow and ice, and of course it is possible for this creek to furnish an inestimable quantity of power. By damming the creek at the upper end of the valley, which is comparatively a small job, a series of power houses can be installed that will be ample for the arc lights spoken of and to furnish illumination for all the farm houses, as well as the houses of the towns in the valley.

Interurban car service will also be taken care of with this wonderful resource. In case it were possible to need more power than could be furnished by Butte Creek it would only remain for the company to harness the river at the other end of the valley and use the water again for power. At the upper end of the valley the river actually flows into a hole in the ground; then furnishes a sub-irrigation for a greater part of the valley and again comes to the surface at the lower end of the valley, where the tule lands are situated. The water can be used for power first, then irrigation, then power again, if necessary, but engineers say that the power question is one of the simplest they have ever seen. Sacramento and San Francisco use power that is brought on copper wires for two hundred and fifty miles. Butte Valley will have to bring hers less than twenty at the farthest point. It doesn't seem that electrical power would be economical in a country where wood is so plentiful, but by investigation we find out that the box factory at Weed is run by electric power and hires a man besides to burn the sawdust and offal from the machines and saves money in the operation. So if this be true, and it likely is, for business men do not do many things for sentiment, the people of the Butte Valley can sell their timber and use the electricity.

Several things will be gained by this. We will be clear of the coal-oil trust. Second, we will be in less danger of fires, therefore property insurance will be no great item. Third, the matter of cleanliness and convenience for the housewife. Fourth, the satisfaction of having good illumination whenever you want it, and in a second of time. Fifth, the beauty added to the looks of the place in general. Of course I may have studied over this matter until my head is swimming, but if the fellows back East, who have to put on all the clothes they have and some that belong to their neighbors, start out to do the chores, find some of the stock frozen to death, temperature at zero, wind forty miles an hour, an old coal-oil lantern with the globe smoked, start through the barn, set the lantern down to do a piece of work, let a cow kick it over, set the barn a-fire—well, what is the use to paint the rest of the picture, you have all been there—I was going to say if such a fellow could step into a Butte Valley barn and see an electric bulb behind each stall containing horses or cattle, and see how comfortable and convenient we are it would take about four minutes for him to make up his mind to come to Butte Valley to live. Sile wants me to go with him to the creamery.



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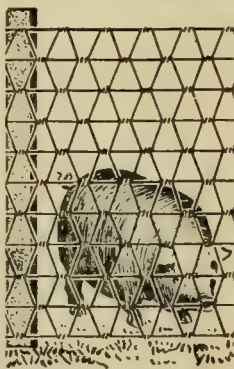
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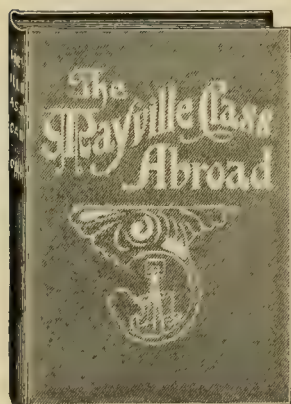
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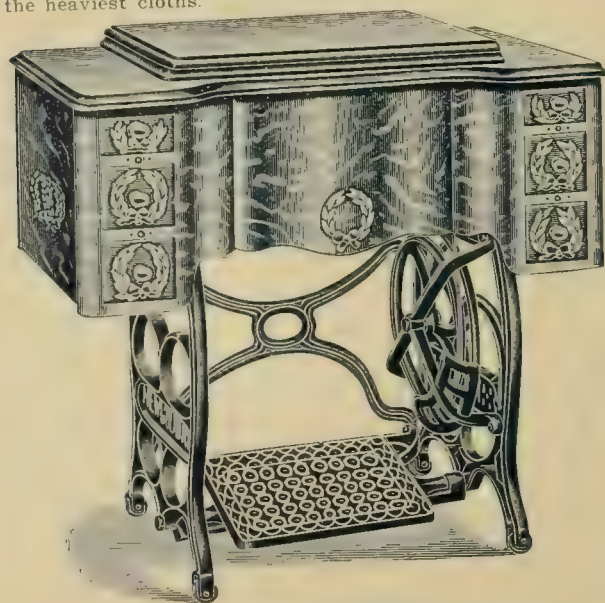
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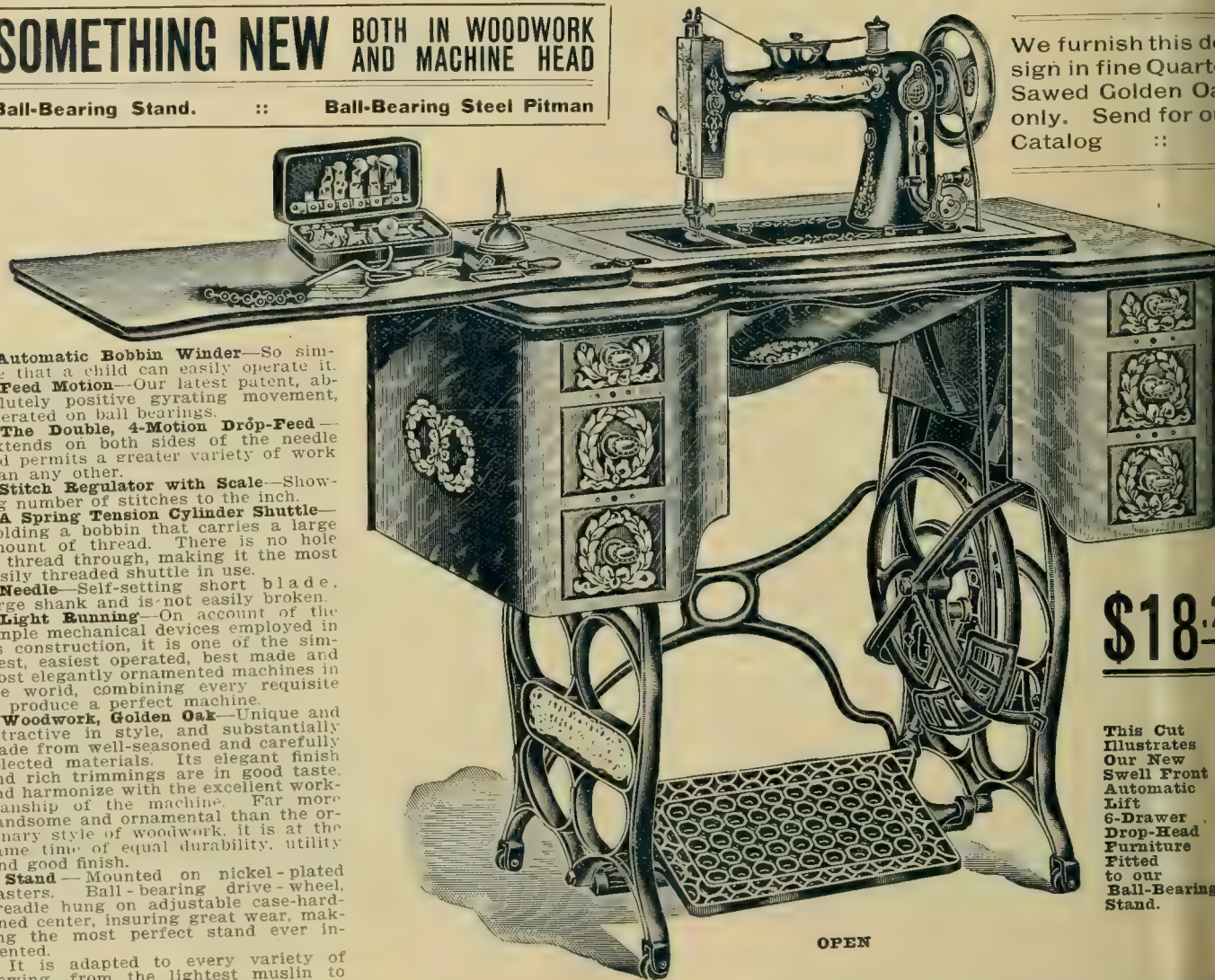
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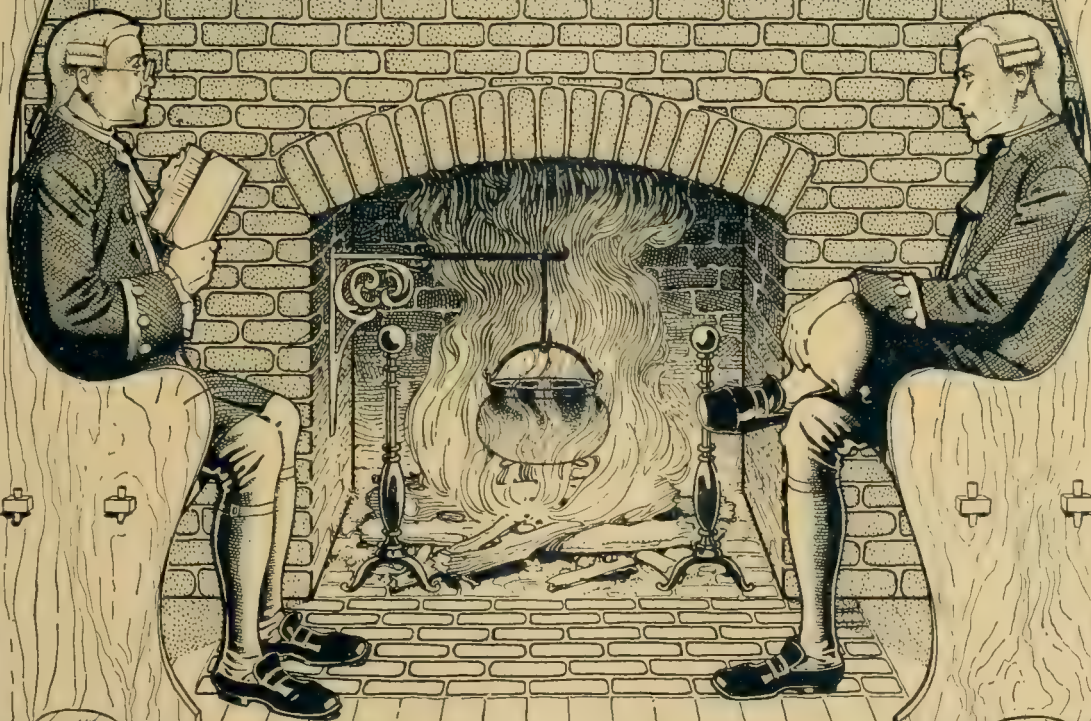
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# THE INGLENOOK

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## THE TWO PATHS.

R. G. LAYMAN.

THERE are but two paths that lead away  
From the place of our birth to our destiny;  
While one is the path that leads astray,  
The other one leads to eternal day.  
  
The one we will take we're given to choose;  
There's one to accept, there's one to refuse.  
Then you should think well e'er you go the way,  
Lest the one that you take should lead you astray.  
  
There are but two climes where spirits reign,  
And none e'er return to go again;  
So where they have gone we only can know  
When we've traveled the path they traveled below.  
  
Then sure we should know, e'er we go the way,  
If the path will lead to endless day,  
For at the end of the way there is only night  
If we've missed the path that leads aright.

Roanoke, Va.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*A good nature is not always a good character.*  
  
*Keep an eye on the man who boasts of his honesty.*  
  
*It is more profitable to read one man than ten books.*  
  
*He who never returns a borrowed book is a bad bookkeeper.*  
  
*When people really want to do good they are pretty sure to do it.*  
  
*Happiness is one thing a man continues to search for after he has found it.*  
  
*Temptation is always waiting at the door for the man who wants to be led in.*  
  
*No one who really knows Christ in resurrection power can keep still about it.*

*A pessimist is one who is always expecting trouble and grumbling if it doesn't come.*

*After a girl is married her college education is remembered as merely one of her girlhood fads.*

*The man who mourns to-day about the losses of yesterday is accumulating nothing for to-morrow.*

*The fact that your idea of religion does not appeal to a child is no proof that religion does not appeal to him.*

*If God writes "opportunity" on one side of the doors, he writes "responsibility" on the other side.*  
—J. T. Gracey.

*One of the things the devil likes to do is to persuade a man that he can be a Christian without belonging to church.*

*Gifts make friendship lasting, if wisely chosen. The wisest gift is the one which fits the needs and bestows a compliment.*

*Honestly now, if you saw a real live woman who looked anything like the pictures in the fashion papers, wouldn't you call for help?*

*The foolish man figures on doing yesterday's work to-morrow. The wise man usually had to-day's task well started before yesterday closed.*

*"Bill the Bunk" says that if men have a right to sell their labor to whom they please he is ready to employ a few men in the work of cracking safes.*

*I oppose, as I would every useless fear in men, the lamentation that the feelings grow old with lapse of years. It is the narrow heart alone which does not grow, the wide one becomes larger.*—Jean Paul Richter.



to shatter the thin wall and take the body and give it to the disciples, that they might lay it in a safer place.

Thus the simple-minded fellow argued. First, he would watch this dead Christ, he would see for himself. If this man, whom he knew was dead, arose from the sleep of death and escaped from the tomb, then would he believe; if not, he would wait until the drunken Roman guard were asleep—he knew their ways—and then he would strike a few blows against the thin, shaly wall, take up the body and bear it away under cover of the night. Anna would at least know that he loved her and had done what he could.

So when that sad little gathering came at even and laid the crucified body of their Master in the burial place, with who shall say what heart-broken weeping and despair, and the soldiers had sealed it with a great rock, John, the stone-cutter, from his crevice in the wall, waited and listened, as best he could, determined to see if this man could rise from the dead and prove himself the Son of the Jehovah, and watching, fell asleep, for it was not meant that the eyes of mortals should behold the miracle of miracles, else where would be the need of faith, which is the eye of the Spirit?

He awakened at last, after an interval of time which he could not measure, and knew that it was day. Yet the light that flooded the tomb was more than daylight. It was a glow so intense, so softly dazzling, that he was blinded by it. Scarcely knowing what he did, or the risk he ran if the guards should see him emerge from the tomb, he climbed down from his hiding place, and ran out of the door.

At first he could see nothing for the pulsating golden mist that filled the air. Then, after a moment, he saw the soldiers, stretched on the ground, motionless, as if asleep. He saw that the huge stone which had guarded the tomb of Jesus had been rolled away and the tomb was empty. The Christ had risen from the dead. Why had he fallen asleep and lain like the dead himself while this was happening? Surely, this was a miracle, and he had missed it. He had a strange conviction that the Christ was somewhere near. If he could but find him! He started to run, not knowing whither he ran, or why, and all the while his mind was filled with the wonder of what had taken place within that sealed cave.

He saw, as though he too had been imprisoned there, how that body, with the wounded side and nail-pierced hands, had lain so still and quiet. Then, in a way that he could not shape in thought, he saw that shining form, instinct with life, approach the rock, he saw a hand stretch forth and touch that futile barrier to light and freedom, a barrier no longer, for he seemed to see it dissolve from the mouth of the tomb, and the Christ, clothed in light as a garment, come forth.

John hid his face in his hands from time to time as he ran, and was shaken with an uncontrollable fear. At last, afar off, he beheld a radiant, Godlike figure, and knew him for the Christ, strangely changed and sealed with the seal of immortality, yet familiar. He walked in the heart of the golden mist, and was bathed in it, and when John came nearer he saw a company of other white-robed beings, luminous and beautiful, which did honor to the risen Lord and sang hosannahs to him. One, an angel with a flame of fire across his brow, plucked a harp hidden within his robes and drew forth music of ravishing sweetness. Others stretched acclaiming hands toward him, and all worshiped him and called him Lord, Lord. What if, after all, this should be the Son of God!

John drew yet nearer, under a strange compulsion of mingled fear and eagerness, until at last he stood on the outer edge of that angelic circle. Stood there, motionless, because he suddenly could advance no farther, nor could he retreat, some power held him. Though Jesus did not look at him he felt sure that he knew him saw him, had known him all the time, and his knees shook together and his teeth chattered.

Suddenly the Christ turned toward him and bent on him a glance at once so keen and so kindly that he felt the hidden thoughts of his innermost soul laid bare before it.

"Who art thou? What doest thou here?"

John the stone-cutter was not a liar; besides, he instinctively knew that lies would not avail him now.

"Master, I—am a stone-cutter—I was—in the garden yesterday—when the gates were closed—I was—within the garden all night."

"Wast working—in the night?"

"Nay, Master, I slept."

The bright eyes seemed to pierce him—to read the secrets of his heart—a heart which felt guilty now, he knew not why, as if in doubting this man he had committed a sin and blasphemed.

"But what doest thou here now? The garden is not locked. See, the gates are open. What dost thou seek?"

"Master, I saw thee go forth from the tomb, thou who wast crucified, I ran after thee to see—to see—"

"And thou hast seen?"

"Yea, Lord, I have seen, thou art in truth the Son of God, the Most High—" overcome by the flaming judgment of that glance, John sank on his knees at the Savior's feet and covered his face with his sleeve and trembled.

A moment the Lord looked at him, then a tender smile illumined his countenance, the look of one who plans a kindness for a beloved, erring child, and he spoke to him softly:

"John, I see that thou art one who cannot look two ways with safety to thy soul. Thou hast seen Christ, the Son of God, thou hast seen the Son of

God fulfill the Word of God. Henceforth thou shalt have always the light of the Word in thy heart and thou shalt look on God, and thine eyes shall be sealed to earthly things, for thy soul's sake."

A silence fell. When John looked up the Savior was gone, and he stood alone, yet if he seemed alone or what he saw we cannot tell, for John was blind, blind, but in his heart a song burst forth, and knowledge at last was his, for he had seen the vision.

He went wandering through the garden, remembering well and finding his way without much difficulty, for it was a familiar place with him, until suddenly he knew that Anna stood near.

"Oh John, hast thou seen the Lord? He is risen, death could not hold him, and thou knowest it, thou believest it. I see it by thy look. Just now he went through the garden as I sat here watching for thee, for I knew not where thou hadst hid thyself these three days, and it seemed to me that as he passed me he looked at me and blessed me with his eyes. But where hast thou been these three days?"

John looked bewildered. Three days—that seemed

but as a single night. However, it did not matter, his heart was full of other things.

"I have been in a hidden place, Anna. Yea, I believe, I have seen the risen Christ, but thou wilt not marry me when thou knowest I am blind—"

"And is thy love for me so poor a thing as that, that thou wouldst judge me so? 'Twas not thy eyes I loved, nor thy body, 'twas thy soul, and thou hast long been blind, John, and now thou hast the vision. Wilt not share it with me?"

Anna's two soft hands touched his shoulders, and, forgetting that he could not see, her dark eyes pleaded with his, her low voice whispered words of love meant for his ear alone. And so they went out of the garden together, John leaning, as he would ever afterward lean, on Anna's strength, guided by her sure footsteps, and throughout a long life none ever heard a murmur from John the stone-cutter that he had been stricken blind; for how shall a man murmur who has been blessed by God, who hath the vision of God in his heart?

*Mt. Vernon, Ohio.*



## The Awakening of the Flowers

JULIA E. BURNARD

*Under leafy blankets soundly sleeping,  
All the little blossoms dream of spring;  
Winter winds above them snowdrifts heaping,  
Whisper of the gladness she will bring.*

*Snowy Easter lilies tall and queenly,  
Greet with gentle fragrance all who pass;  
Violets and daisies smile serenely;  
Buttercups are nodding in the grass.*

*Happy little children like the flowers,  
Welcome back the springtime, everywhere,  
With its golden sunshine, sparkling showers,  
With its Easter blossoms sweet and fair.*

*Hark! they hear the bluebirds calling sweetly;  
"Waken, little blossoms, Spring is near."  
Up they jump to answer, dressed so neatly,  
Nodding to the bluebirds, "Spring is here."*



## The Parting of the Ways

Rilla Arnold



MAMIE HARRIS, one bright spring morning, was briskly walking down the village street to the high school, wholly ignorant of the fact that she was rapidly approaching a crisis in her life. What a blessing it is that people are thus ignorant. Lowell says, "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." Most of us find many such moments; but there is one all-important decision, the time when we come to the place where two paths are before us, one bright and shining with the joys and triumphs of worldly life, the other cool and peaceful but not so inviting to the casual observer. Mamie was a bright, good girl who was happy and thoughtless. She was seventeen and thought of life as one long holiday. She had a comfortable home with her widowed mother, her father having died when she was three years old. Her sweet disposition and pretty face won for her many friends, and this morning as she swung her books on a strap over her shoulder she was thinking what a lovely place this world was. She had heard of sin and sorrow, but they seemed unreal to her.

The Junior and Senior classes of the high school were to give a little play the evening before commencement, and Mamie had been given the leading girl's part—it just suited her, the teachers said. Now she had never had any experience of that kind and at first thought it would be impossible for her to successfully act out such an important character. She begged to be given a less important part, but finally was persuaded to accept and studied her lines diligently. By degrees she became absorbed in the play; she was not herself, but this other girl. She thoroughly enjoyed the rehearsals, and was joyously looking forward to the great night when the play would be given in the opera house. The teachers were pleased with her acting, but after each rehearsal they would say, "If Mamie only does that well on the stage, but she may get stage fright." Now there were only two more evenings before the play was to be given and each evening there was to be a dress rehearsal at the opera house. Mamie was living in a sort of dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

The great night had arrived at last. Mamie was detained at home later than she thought. When she reached the opera house she noticed it was nearly filled with people. She hurried to the dressing-room, then out on the stage where everything was in readiness for the first scene. Mamie was to be alone on the stage when the curtain went up. She was so excited

she shook. Going up to the curtain she saw a little hole through which she looked down on the audience. Such a mass of people—the seats were all taken and many were standing. Mamie had never thought of getting scared until that moment, now she felt herself stiffen from fright. Turning to one of the teachers she said, "O, I'm going to be scared." "No, you're not," answered the teacher encouragingly. Just then the orchestra started to play, the music thrilled her and steadied her nerves. In a moment the curtain went up amid great applause and Mamie found herself looking into what seemed a sea of eyes.

Was she frightened now? No, she felt a power within her, such as only they who have the gift of oratory can feel. Her voice rang out full and clear. The people were surprised. "Who is it?" some asked. Although they all knew Mamie Harris they could hardly recognize her in this girl with the flashing eyes and wonderful voice. The play was a great success. At each lowering and raising of the curtain there was great applause, and Mamie was the heroine of the hour.

She smiled wearily on her friends and her mother's friends who congratulated her; she was so tired and happy she did not know what they said. They said that she had a great talent for acting, which she must cultivate, and she must go to the city to study. The next day they told her the same things and she listened this time. For the first time in her life she thought seriously. She was not happy now, she was filled with a sort of awe and vague unrest. Was it true what they were saying? Must she be an actress?

Her mother's brother, her Uncle John, who had been as a father to her, said, with tears of joy in his eyes, "Mamie, God has given you a wonderful talent and you must cultivate it. It would be wrong to neglect it, you know."

"But, Uncle John, I don't want to be an actress," Mamie said earnestly.

"Don't want to be! Why?" asked some school-girls who thought that would be the grandest life to live.

"I don't know," answered Mamie, slowly.

This conversation took place on the veranda of Mamie's home, and after the friends left she went into the house where her mother was sitting with folded hands and a troubled, far-away look in her eyes.

"Oh, mamma, what shall I do?" sobbed Mamie, as she sat down on the floor by her mother's chair and buried her face in her lap. "I don't want to be an actress."

"Thank God!" said her mother, with a sigh of relief. "I was so afraid, my dear, that you would want to be. My dear little girl, listen and I will tell you something. You inherit your talent from me. I was older than you are before I found out I possessed it. Then friends persuaded me to study for the stage. I did and had engaged to travel with a troupe, when, coming home from school for a vacation, I met your father. He was a good, religious man and persuaded me to give it up. I did and married him instead. I have always felt that you had the talent and knew you would find it out sometime. I was anxious for the crisis to come so I encouraged you in this play, and now I am so glad you have no desire for it, for how could I give my little girl up to such a life?"

"But, mamma, they say God has given me the talent and it would be wrong not to cultivate it. What does that mean in the Bible about the talents, do you know?"

"My daughter, I don't understand the Bible, but I don't believe God wants you to be an actress."

"Mamma, why didn't you join church?" asked Mamie, looking seriously into her mother's face.

Her mother blushed, bit her lip and finally said, "I never felt like it."

"Would you rather I joined church than go on the stage?" asked Mamie, anxiously.

"I would rather you did neither, just now, but just keep on being a good, happy girl," her mother answered.

But she couldn't go on just the same and she wasn't happy. She hardly knew why, but she was thinking seriously—she had come to the parting of the ways.

The people kept telling her to cultivate her talent and she thought, "If it isn't important to join church and be religious, one might as well live for worldly honor, and I suppose I would succeed better as an actress than anything else."

Mamie had received but little religious training, she was not a regular attendant at Sunday school or church services. While in this state of mind, she and her mother went to church one Sunday morning.

The minister had been wondering all week what he should preach on Sunday morning. He could not decide until late Saturday evening, when after a prayer for guidance he opened the Bible and it had opened at the parable of the talents. When he announced his text Mamie listened intently. He went on in the usual way and Mamie was not comforted. Finally he said, "Cultivate the talent God has given you, but don't stop there. Consecrate it to the Lord; better not cultivate it if you do not consecrate it. And if you have a talent for doing something that does not tend to build up Christ's kingdom, for the love of God do *not* cultivate it! That is the trouble with the people to-day, they do not fail in cultivating their talents, but in consecrating them."

That settled it with Mamie. As they left the church she turned to her mother with a happy look on her face and said, "It is all settled now; I am going to join church and I know God will then show me some way to use my talent."

"And I will go with you," answered her mother.

Of course the people were surprised and said she made a mistake, but what did Mamie care? She had the peace within which passeth understanding.

*Milford, Ind.*

## The Modern Goddess

Ettie E. Holler

### Chapter I.



MARY! wait a minute. Where are you going?"

"Just down to the store to get some articles for mother."

"Well, I will just walk along with you then. I was wanting to see you anyway."

I have no particular business in town more than just to find out what I can regarding the latest styles. Have you seen the latest fashion plates? Well, I ought to know better than to ask you that question."

"No, Helen, I have not. I have no need for them, as there are other magazines that do me more good."

"Shagtown is a poor place to get much fashion news, yet there are some ladies that are posted on

the latest styles. I have a new dress and I have just been racking my brains to know how to make it. The latest styles are ridiculous looking things, but I don't care how they look, or how I look, just so it is the latest. Mother said she would be ashamed to wear a dress made the way I want mine made. Really it is the most hideous-looking pattern in the book, but it is the latest from Paris, so I have about decided to make it that way regardless of looks. But you know that the styles change oftener than the moon; it is almost impossible to keep up, so I thought I would go to the village to see if I could get some new ideas. And seeing you I thought I would enjoy the walk with you. You do not have so much unnecessary worry about your clothes, do you?"

"No, indeed. That does not concern me very



much. Of course, Helen, I always want to be dressed cleanly, neatly and modestly and I also admire harmony of colors. But when I get a dress I design a plain, neat pattern and make it, and it is in style as long as it is clean and respectable enough to wear."

"Well, you certainly are always the picture of comfort and modesty. But I am not that way. Wish I was. But my whole delight is to dress. But oh! the bother, and that is not all, it is very expensive, too. Papa said the other day that he was getting tired of being on the grindstone all the time just to gratify Dame Fashion's desires. But I don't care; as long as he has a cent I will dress. I would just as soon be dead as out of style."

"Helen! I am surprised indeed to hear you speak so rashly, and I am ashamed to hear you speak so. If you would have meditated carefully you would not have spoken as you did. But here we are in town, and I promised mother to hurry back. Come down this evening, Helen, can't you?"

"Well, I have no other arrangements, and I am going to New York soon. I will come. It always does me good to talk with you anyway."

"All right, I will look for you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen Griswell was twenty-two years old, and Mary

Wassand was twenty-three. They had always lived within talking distance of each other, about half a mile from Shagtown. While younger they were together almost every day, and until they became fifteen and sixteen years of age their likes and dislikes were almost the same. But then there was a change. Helen chose the broad way, and Mary the straight and narrow way. Yet they continued to be friends. Both were beautiful girls. Helen seemed to think that she was more beautiful than anyone else, while Mary, although more beautiful than Helen, seemed unconscious of the fact that she possessed both beautiful form and features. Above all Mary had a gentle, loving disposition. Her adorning was of the soul, and of that she possessed an abundance. Her thoughts were pure and sweet. She knew what was right and was not afraid to tell others. But her life told plainer than words. Her light was burning brightly, so all could see. And many souls have been made better by her consistent Christian life.

Helen's life was seemingly just the opposite. People said she was a bad girl. Yet beneath this cloak there was a kind, loving heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, I am very glad you could come this evening, Helen. I was afraid I had offended you to-day."

(To be continued.)

## As an Indian Saw It



WRITER in the *Boston Transcript*, calling attention to the book, "The Queen of the Woods," written by Chief Pokagon, of the Pottawottomies, a full-blooded Indian who died last year, gives the following passages from it:

"A few years since I passed through the peach belt of southwestern Michigan; I noticed in many of the peach orchards along my route men were at work digging up the trees, root and branch, and burning them. I also observed that many of the trees were loaded with ripe fruit of red and crimson intermixed, tempting to behold, which was also burned with them. I made careful inquiry for the cause of such wanton destruction, and was told the trees were diseased with a contagion known as the 'yellows,' and that the charming ripe fruit I had seen was premature and diseased, and that it was known among fruit growers as 'mock peaches,' and further, that the State of Michigan had decreed that all such diseased trees must be destroyed; and if the orchard owners neglected to do so, the State of Michigan would destroy them at the owners' expense, and subject them to the payment of a fine of \$100 in each case, and imprisonment if not paid.

To-day I passed over the same route again, and where eight years ago the land was cursed with dying trees and mock peaches, I beheld spread out before me in every direction beautiful orchards and in the bloom of health, which, in contrast with the dark green foliage of the trees, presented a living picture which excited my heart to cry out, 'Behold Eden's garden of the nineteenth century.' Men, women and children with jest and cheer, with laugh and merry song on every hand, were picking and packing the fruit while others with teams were hauling it away, some to the railroad and some to the lake for shipment, while the employed and employer were happy and rejoiced together.

"Now let Pokagon ask in all candor, What brought about this mighty change from adversity to prosperity, from death to life? But one answer can be given: 'The State of Michigan did it.' With a single blow of her right arm she crushed the widespread contagion, and yet there are many who still say unblushingly, in both public and private life, in the face of such convincing facts and thousands of like cases, 'that no law can be enforced to prohibit the sale and manufacture of intoxicating drinks.'

"My native brains are indeed puzzled to under-

stand how it is that the incoming white race by their intelligence and skill have invented instruments whereby they can measure the heavens above and declare of what substance the stars are composed; who have provided means whereby they can travel at ease in palaces, sweeping above rivers and through mountains, outstripping in their course the flight of birds in their migration; who have provided means whereby they can enjoy parlor life while crossing oceans in the teeth of the wildest storms; who have perfected inventions whereby they can rise above the eagle in his flight, or descend into the depths of the sea, where fish can scarcely swim; whose subtle brains have devised means whereby they can talk as though face to face around the globe; whose ingenuity can successfully bottle up speech whereby generations yet unborn may listen to the voices of their forefathers; from whose brains emanated that marvelous invention by means of which a button pressed by the fingers of a child causes mountains to be rent asunder and torn down, or the granite bottom of the sea to be uplifted and broken in pieces. All these wonderful achievements the white men have accomplished, and yet they dare have the effrontery to declare to all the world by words and deeds, regardless of their marvelous works almost divine, that they are not able to provide means whereby they can destroy that great devilish which their own hands have fashioned and launched upon the sea of human life, whose tentacles reach out to do their wicked work alike into wigwams and palaces, into schools and colleges, into halls of legislation and courts of law, and all unsought, crushes in its coils the heart of the young bride, the wife, the mother and the little child. Now if it be true the dominant race lacks the power to bind down and destroy that monstrosity born of their own race, then it must also be true that the moral science of good government, for the best good of all the people, has not kept pace with their remarkable discoveries and improvements.

"At this very time some of the best brains of our country are laboring night and day to provide instruments whereby the seed of disease, or any foreign substance, may be seen in the human body to aid surgery in relieving the afflicted. The people are wildly clapping their hands over it, and shouting loud acclaim; and yet these benevolent men of giant research and their votaries, as well as many of our political and moral scientists, cannot or will not see in broad daylight the curse of the glass between the lips of our boys and young women who are rushing down the toboggan slide of shame into the broad gateway of physical ruin and moral death.

"It is well for the agriculturist to study chemistry, so that he may understand the property of the soil and prepare it for the golden grain. But he who would so prepare his land and plant it with the best of seed and then allow the grass and the noxious

weeds to choke out the young and tender plants, would be considered foolish with all his wisdom. Our country is one vast field for our cultivation; and science with a lavish hand has given us ample means to dress and take care of it, and yet, to the shame of this nation, cigarette weeds, and whiskey weeds, and all manner of vicious weeds are running over it, demoralizing alike the young men and the little boys. Fathers and mothers, Pokagon asks you in the name of the sons of the forest; he asks you in the name of the Great Spirit of his fathers and yours; in the name of humanity and Christianity, and by all that is sacred and dear to mankind, is it not your duty to destroy these deadly weeds, root and branch? Ancient and modern history, written and traditional, both declare most emphatically that in order to attain to the most perfect type of civilization or the best good of all, the people must be equally developed, morally, mentally and physically. And yet it must appear to every candid-thinking man, as he beholds intemperance sweeping our land like a prairie on fire, scorching all that is fair and lovely, that the lack of moral education to map out proper legislation is the most lamentable defect of the present age."—*The National Advocate*.



#### HARRY CLARK, AN EX-PRODIGAL.

"HARRY CLARK, if you don't quit fooling with them drawings, and go to work like a man, I'll disown you."

This was by no means Harry's first rebuke from his father, but it was just the word to kindle into flame fire that had long been smouldering.

The trouble was here—James Clark was a farmer, and he had planned to have his son "follow in his father's footsteps"; but nature had ordered otherwise, and, to make sure of her end, she had put into the boy's mind a passion to become "a builder of houses."

When a babe he would spend hours with the picture blocks, and many a massive building was erected, torn down, and put up again, to suit his childish fancy. As a youth he had houses of stone in the lot, of fir boughs in the pasture, of boards in the doorway, and of mud by the pond, back of the barn. And now he was reading a book on "Plans for Builders," and making copies of its illustrations.

His mother sympathized with him in his ambitions, and had a silent hope that some day he might be able to leave the old farm and engage in his desired work.

"I'll take you at your word. You haven't given me a minute's peace for three years. You have abused mother because she sided with me. I am done. I'll take you at your word. Good-bye."

A light was kept in the window all night, while a mother's heart was bleeding and a father's anger yielding.



"Oh, he'll come back all right! Don't worry about that. He ain't got much money, and he's too lazy to work. There's no use sitting up any longer. We had better go to bed and leave the door unfastened. He'll be here before breakfast all right."

"James, why did you do it? I am afraid he'll never come back. He's got his mother's grit. Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Sleep would not come, the hours dragged heavily, and some time during the night sorrow and remorse came to the farmhouse for a long, long stay.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Will you give me a job here? I saw the sign in the window."

"Can you take care of horses?"

"Yes, sir, I've always worked on a farm."

The next morning Harry Clark went to the stable of the Oxygen Ice Company to begin his first day's work in the great city of New York. How different it all was from the farm! What language the men used! Along toward night he began to think seriously of home. No, he would not go back. That settled it.

He slept in the stable, and ate at a restaurant close by.

When a country boy in the whirl of a great city begins to go down hill he seldom finds the brake.

One of the wagon men was ill one day, and Harry took his place. The first load was for Joe Mulvey's saloon. When the ice was unloaded beer was offered; the other men drank, why shouldn't he? He did.

What had been a pure and honest country lad was now a useless drunken bum, living in squalor in the slums of a great city.

\* \* \* \* \*

The old farm in the hills of Vermont was more like the garden of new Gethsemane than a place of human habitation. James Clark had seen the "error of his way," and had repented, but penitence may come too late for human restoration. Thank God! it can never be too late for the divine ear.

The location of one of the lighthouses on the Atlantic coast was changed a few years ago, and a month after the removal of the light the tower began to crumble, and within a year it had toppled over. The light was gone from the farmhouse, and desolation was certain. The doctors shook their heads and said: "There's no hope. He can't last more than a day or two."

"Mother, if Harry ever comes home ask him to forgive me, and tell him to meet me in heaven. Good-bye, good-bye."

The boatman started across the dark river once again.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Thanksgiving day, 189—, the Salvation Army served dinner to more than seven thousand hungry

men, women and children in New York City. Their large hall on Fourteenth street was used for one of the dining rooms, and nearly a thousand could be seated there at one time. The tables were waited upon by Army lasses and young women volunteers from the city churches.

It was Harry Clark's first real dinner in months. He was seated at table No. 7 with a crowd of Bowery toughs. Many times during the meal tears filled his eyes as he recalled other Thanksgiving days.

Marion Shaw, of Calvary Church, had been assigned to table No. 7. She saw the tears. Their eyes met. "The Beauty and the Beast." Harry recalled that he was a man. Hope seemed to be rekindled. And from that hour Marion Shaw multiplied her interest in the work of rescuing lost men.

At the close of the dinner there was a short concert, and one of the secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. gave an address, in which he invited all the young men to visit their building that night. Tickets were distributed. Harry was there.

A lecture was given on "The Transformation of Character." Stereopticon pictures were shown upon a screen, showing men who had been lost in sin and who now were saved and prosperous. It was the picture of S. H. Hadley, a lost drunkard, and S. H. Hadley, the noble man at the head of a great mission, that did the work. He lingered at the close of the meeting to talk with the secretary and it was after midnight when they knelt in the office and Harry Clark honestly tried to find God.

He received a ticket good for a night's lodging and breakfast, and was to be back at nine in the morning. He kept his appointment. Some clothes were found which made him more presentable, and he was given a room in the building for a few days until work was secured. He soon joined an evening class in architecture, where his progress was marked.

One night a few months later, at a reception given by the Women's Auxiliary of the Association, Harry saw the girl whose look meant so much to his life that Thanksgiving day when she waited upon table No. 7. They were introduced. Heaven had made them to be friends. She was a woman of wealth and culture, he a poor struggling boy. There was a great gulf between them financially, socially, and in almost every way. But hearts have no eyes and gulfs are unknown to love.

Harry was the most promising student in the Y. M. C. A. night school. Mr. F. P. Price, Jr., who taught the classes in architecture, took an immediate interest in him, and it was not long before he made him clerk in the Broadway office of Price & Price. Little did the boy dream then that in three years he would be a member of the firm.

It was on Wednesday evening, the night before

Thanksgiving, in the Shaw home on Lexington avenue.

"Harry, you know I love you, and you only, but I cannot take the ring until you have told me more about your father and mother."

This was his one touchy spot. He had never written home, and had received no word from there. Always when people asked about it, he deftly turned their questions. He knew he had done wrong, and had hushed his conscience only by saying that "just as soon as he had money enough he would go home, pay the mortgage on the farm, and ask his father's forgiveness."

"Marion, my dear, that I have a sad past you already know. Will you forgive me and still care for me if I tell all?"

The story was repeated. Tears were shed.

"Harry, to-morrow is Thanksgiving day. You must go home. Make your parents happy once again. Give them forgiveness and come back to me."

She took the ring and gave in return something of indefinitely more value—a prayer.

He hurried to his room, packed his suit-case, and in an hour he was on an express train which was due to reach Springfield, Mass., at 3:15 A. M., and his home town in Vermont at 4:40 that afternoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thanksgiving morning on the old farm was a sad one. Since Mr. Clark's death the widow had lived alone. She could not pay the interest on the notes the bank held.

A collision was inevitable, and the notice of a sheriff's sale was posted on the barn. The poor woman had no relatives to care for her, and as she was old and feeble she would have to go to the town farm.

The Epworth League of the village church furnished Thanksgiving dinners for several old people in the town. Mrs. Clark was a favored one. It was the only ray of sunshine that had entered her life in a long time. After dinner a little prayer meeting was held, and the young people promised to visit her often at the poorhouse.

She was alone again, and the sun was getting low. She pulled her chair up beside the old melodeon which the young folks had uncovered for their song service, and tried to play. Her fingers were so crippled with rheumatism that she had difficulty in touching the keys, but at last the right note sounded and she began to sing, "Where is my wandering boy to-night, where is my boy to-night?"

The door opened. Harry Clark threw his arms around his mother's neck and cried like a child.

Two days later a young woman, who they said was from New York, visited the farmhouse, and there was no sheriff's sale.

The old farm is now spoken of as the summer home of Harry Clark, the New York architect. The chil-

dren with their sweet old granny for a chaperon, play with the same daisies and buttercups that were their father's childhood companions.

The Clark home on the Hudson is a center of religious influence, and from aged granny to baby Ruth all unite in singing at their morning devotions: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and "His love can never fail."—*Ora Samuel Gray, in National Advocate.*

\* \* \*

#### BURNING CHARCOAL.

Wood used in making charcoal must be quite dry. It is better if cut in the winter and allowed to dry until late summer before burning. Although most any good wood will make some charcoal, hardwoods will turn out a better product, says the *Farm and Home*.

Split the blocks about six feet long into quarters and place in the pile with the bark side out until dry. The wood is placed in a conical pile about twelve feet high and eight to forty feet in diameter. Pour charcoal dust or ordinary coal dust all over the pile and cover the entire heap with soil. It will stand better if some solid sods are placed on the outside. Holes are made at the sides near the top to allow air to enter to the fire.

Build a fire in the center of the top of the heap and allow it to burn down inside the pile, and as it descends make another row of holes about half way down the sides of the pile, as smoke ceases to come out of these holes make others below and stop those above. With some woods considerable tar and acid will be formed, which must be drained off from the bottom of the pile by a ditch.

When smoke no longer comes out of the holes they are stopped and the whole pile allowed to cool two or three days. Then remove the soil and sort the charcoal, putting any that is still hot into water and quench it. If thoroughly burned and well managed a cord of wood should give thirty bushels of charcoal.—*Richmond Planet.*

\* \* \*

#### THE WHITE PLAGUE AMONG THE SIOUX.

THE great Sioux tribe, the most puissant of the American aborigines, is withering to extinction with tuberculosis at the agencies along the Missouri.

There are about twenty-five thousand of these people making fair progress in civilization; living in houses; wearing citizens' clothing; the children being educated; the families generally professing Christianity; the able bodied engaged in some form of manual labor, by which they earn the means of subsistence.

The alarming extent of this dreadful infection prevailing among them cannot be overestimated. Hardly a home where it has not found victims, and hardly



a home where it does not still exist in some form. The disease is usually quick in its deadly mission. A man, apparently healthful, leaves his work and goes to the trader and orders a suit of grave clothes. "I have the sickness," he says. He is measured for the suit, and by the time it is finished the buyer is often ready to wear it through the long sleep. The mother and the grown-up son or daughter are likely to share a similar fate. Under such conditions, and in such environment, it will readily be understood that an atmosphere of gloom and depression abounds, paralyzing to ambition and to further advancement.—*From "Tuberculosis Among the Sioux Indians," by Delorme W. Robinson, M. D., in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.*



#### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

ALCOHOL will take out candle grease.

Brooms will last longer if dipped occasionally into boiling suds.

Tough meat may be made tender by sprinkling with vinegar.

Lamb chops are delicious if dipped in lemon juice just before broiling.

Hold a hot flatiron a few moments above a white spot on furniture. It will soon disappear.

Discolorations on china baking dishes and custard cups can be removed with whiting.

Kerosene oil and a soft cloth will keep mahogany furniture in fine condition.

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar, then dry them thoroughly to keep the lamp from smoking.

Glass can be cut with a pair of ordinary shears if glass and shears and hands are all kept under cold water.

Granulated sugar makes a better meringue than powdered sugar.

An old bookcase set on the table, back to the wall, makes a very respectable imitation of a kitchen cabinet and saves many steps.



#### ADELINA PATTI'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN OPERA.

THE season of 1859 was remarkable for the first appearance in opera of Adelina Patti. This new and youthful prima donna, the youngest daughter of Catalina Barili, under the direction of her kinsman and master, Maurice Strakosch, came forward at the New York Academy of Music, on November 24, in the title rôle of "Lucia di Lammermoor." She was then but sixteen years old, but had already learned to manage her voice, a flute-like, flexible soprano, with extraordinary skill and taste, and capable critics at once recognized in the *débutante* "one of those rare singers

who appear at long intervals on the music horizon, to revive not only the hopes of managers but the enthusiasm of the public." This prediction had quick fulfillment. After a short initial engagement in Philadelphia, Mlle. Patti, piloted by Strakosch, embarked on a concert tour which ended at New Orleans, whence she sailed for London, where she may be said to have fairly begun a career, which, like her art, must long remain unique in lyric annals. Thereafter for upward of forty years she held first place, and during the greater part of that time she was not only a sweeter but a better singer than any other woman in the world. Her name lends a golden ending to any record of the early days of opera in America.—*Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in February Lippincott's.*



#### WEIGHING THE MAILS.

IT is announced that some time this spring the government will weigh the mails west of the Missouri river for the purpose of fixing the compensation the railroads shall receive during the next four years for carrying the mails. The weighing will occupy about one hundred days. The railroads will be paid for four years on a basis of what is carried during the weighing period. This plan makes it easy to pad the mails during the weighing period. It has been charged time and again that during the mail weighing season the mails have been loaded down with public documents sent out under congressional frank and shipped from point to point, weighed and reweighed time and again during the weighing season. That the payments made to railroads for transporting the mails are responsible for the deficit in the postal department is well known. Forty millions of dollars are paid every year to railroad corporations for mail service. Pound for pound the railroads charge 800 per cent more for mail carrying than they do for express carrying, and instead of furnishing cars as they do to the express companies, they charge Uncle Sam a rental for the mail cars that annually equals the cost of the cars, and in many cases exceeds it.—*The Com-  
moner.*



#### MAKING ARTIFICIAL RUBIES.

FEW problems have had greater interest for the chemist than the artificial preparation of diamonds and other precious stones, though their efforts have not been marked with conspicuous success, despite the invention of the electric furnace and other means of producing high temperatures. A recent process is the making of artificial rubies, and has been discovered by a German chemist named Verneuil. It consists of fusing a mixture of clay and chromium oxide with the heat of an oxyhydrogen burner and then allowing

the mass to cool suddenly, thus producing crystals. The two materials are placed in alternate horizontal layers, and the heat, which is as intense as possible, is applied from above. The quick cooling caused by suddenly shutting off the blast produces the hardness characteristic of the ruby, and the resulting crystal, which is pure and brilliant, is said to possess all the physical properties of the natural gem, being cut readily and taking a fine polish.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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#### NOTED ILLINOIS COUNTY.

OPENING of the senatorial campaign in Illinois calls attention to Calhoun county, where the first guns are being fired. Calhoun is so different from the rest of the Sucker State that it is worth talking about.

Calhoun's annals are brief, simple and very hard to find in the reference works. The county, which has an area of 257 square miles, was established Jan. 10, 1825, and named after John C. Calhoun, the famous South Carolina statesman and vice president of the United States. The Illinois river separates it from Green and Jersey counties on the east, the Mississippi river from Missouri on the west, and a boundary line from Pike county on the north.

The district was originally included in the military tract set apart for the veterans of the war of 1812. The physical conformation of the county exhibits some peculiarities. Limestone bluffs, rising at times to a height of 200 feet, skirt the banks of both rivers, while through the center of the county runs a ridge which separates the two water sheds. The side valleys and the top of the central ridge are alike fertile, and the bottom lands are very rich, although subject to frequent inundations.

Calhoun has only five incorporated municipalities, its urban population being 1,762, and its rural population 7,155. The largest map of the State extant gives it only fifteen villages which have risen to the dignity of a title—Byerton, Belleview, Silver Creek, Kampsville, Mozier, Hardin, Hamburg, Gilead, Batchtown, Meppen, Beechville, Brussels, Deer Plain, Conrad and Golden Eagle.

Calhoun county is so completely shut off from the rest of the State that the growth of its population has been very slow. It has now hardly more than eight times the number of people who had their homes there in 1830. The United States census figures by decades are as follows: 1830, 1,090; 1840, 1,741; 1850, 3,231; 1860, 5,144; 1870, 6,582; 1880, 7,471; 1890, 7,652; 1900, 8,917.

It is Calhoun county's boast that there are no negroes within its limits and there never have been. Occasionally one drops off a Mississippi river steamboat, but he meets with a reception which causes him to emigrate with expedition. A Chicagoan who holds

the unique record of having visited Calhoun county said: "It is a capital offense for a colored man to take up permanent residence there."

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#### MATRIX GOSSIP.

THE lower case e met a lower case u on one of the rounds of the slot-route.

"How's things going with you nowadays?" inquired the busy little e.

"Rotten," replied the u. "Since this measly war began we've worked on Chinese names until every last one of us is nearly worn out. I get so hot sometimes that I can hardly hold on to the spiral on the way home, and I no more than get settled for a rest than I've got to shoot again. I'm getting mighty sick of it, and by the eternal 2-em quad, I'm going to kick pretty soon, if they don't let up on us."

The inquisitive e then turned to a k and a z, which were hobnobbing with each other.

"How's business with you fellows?"

"Russian, thank you."—*Tacoma, Wash., News*.

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#### SLOWER SPEECH.

A WELL known college president states that young people are coming to believe that about all there is to life is to do something and do it quick. That greater rapidity of action may be gained, greater rapidity of speech is becoming prevalent, and this authority states that the young people of the country now make one or two slang expressions suffice for one or more sentences. This abbreviation of speech he believes to be responsible for the noticeable lack of good manners and he deplores this growing evil.

Such statements are but indications of the fact that the American and English languages are daily becoming more alienated.

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THE largest picture ever painted has been completed by a French artist after eight years' labor. The subject is the funeral of M. Carnot, and the canvas measures 150 square yards.

\*\*\*

FISH keep out of trouble by keeping their mouths shut. And so might women.

\*\*\*

THE more times an error is made, the less deplorable it seems to the one who makes it.

\*\*\*

THE power to do great things often springs from the willingness to tackle little things.

\*\*\*

FIVE minutes to-day are worth five hours next week.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## KINGS OF THE TIES.



PERHAPS there is no place in the United States where the people are not more or less familiar with the visits of this class of pedestrians called "tramps." There are many names for them. Some names are respectable and some are otherwise.

The tramps are the same way, so are the people who meet them. Tramps are like other people; some of them are tramps because they have to be, and some because they want to be. Some people welcome tramps and some always turn them away. Sometimes they have a reason and sometimes they don't. There are some very good men who are unfortunate, and have been thrown upon their own resources in the face of ill-fate, and have taken to the road as a relief from sorrow. Some like a romantic life, some a nomadic life, and find in this manner of living a profitable, accurate and sometimes pleasant way of studying geography.

In this class of men it is no uncommon thing to find individuals in possession of a splendid education. The author one time conversed with a tramp who had sailed into almost every port in the world, and had visited every city worthy of note in the United States and most of the important cities of the world, and could give some accurate details concerning any of them, sufficient to demonstrate satisfactorily that he had been there, and yet he was not thirty-five years of age. It must be admitted that some of these men are actually in hunt of work, and some are just as anxious to keep out of the way of it; but every class of men has these contrasts. A great many times advantage is taken of the generosity and charity of the people, when any is to be found, but the lack of genuine charity and love for mankind has been so much neglected and has become so formal that it has become necessary for these kings of the road to organize themselves into an organization and systematize

their work, so that it may become a real profession and be followed up like other professions are.

The strangest thing about their business is that it has among its numbers grafters just like other lines of business. It might be a surprise to some to know that if some of these tramps were followed home they would find a nice farm and a comfortable home. More than one of them leave home in the night, with a shabby suit of clothes, the broomstick and a budget, and go on a ninety-day trip, begging a living from house to house, and carefully laying aside all the cash which is donated to them. Some of them are clever traders, and make a great deal of money at it; others are gamblers; they represent all religions, political parties and nationalities. Some of them spend



One



Two



Three

almost their entire life on the road because, when they once become accustomed to it, the habit of roving fastens itself upon their natures and they are unable to get away.

One of the most interesting characters of recent years is Frank Bergeman, who has been on the road fifty-three years. He is an old man now. A half a century is a long while to chase the elusive hand-out with success, for when he started out he was a thin and cadaverous youth, and now, in his old age, tips the scales at two hundred and fifteen pounds. The story of his life is an interesting one. He was born in Saxony in 1840; he has visited almost every State in our Republic; he has worked but a very few weeks for wages in his life. He claims that Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, is known from shore to shore as the "Tramps' Paradise of America." Since he has become old he hardly ever gets out of the Keystone State.

As it is fashionable for organizations to have passwords and signs, this fraternity is not without them. Our old friend has given us some secrets of the society which will be interesting if not profitable to our readers. You may be able to find some of these signs on fence posts, gate posts, trees or even fence rails, where they are easily detected by the tramp and pretty hard to find by the owner of the premises.

Sign number one gives the tramp to understand that this house is good for food, but no lodging. Some of his brothers have been there before and tested the matter and have left their mark on the gate post for others who may come after them, so they may know what to expect.

Sign number two, which is a simple ring or circle, without the dot in the center, means that the tramp

can obtain lodging in that house, but that no meals are served to the boys of his class. You know some people who are too stingy to feed a hungry man will tolerate his sleeping in the hay mow, and this is the sign which indicates that.

Indication number three is one that is hailed with delight by the man of the road. It is a circle with a cross in it, which indicates that food and lodging are both obtainable and if the unfortunate happens along here during the close of day, he is glad to know that he does not need to tramp any farther through rain and snow. Almost everything in this world has its opposite and the sign which means exactly the opposite of the last one mentioned is number four, which is a square with a dot in the center; and this sign is never used except it be in the front of a home where the people will neither share food nor lodging with the man they call the "hobo." If you happen to be the proud owner of a cross dog, and boast to yourself and to your neighbors that he would tear a dirty tramp limb from limb, by searching diligently you might find somewhere in the front of your humble domicile a sign like number five, which is a square with a circle inside; this means beware of the dog. Some poor son of the dust has gone that way before and is a living witness to your barbarism and cruelty and has put you down on record so that "he who runs may read." One does not always know what kind of a record he is making nor where it is recorded.

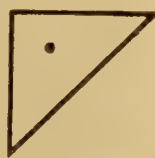
When you see token number six in evidence, which is a triangle with a dot in the center, it means that the wanderer may obtain food, but that he must do it after the fashion of the Hebrews of old, "In the



Four



Five



Six

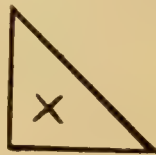
sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," for the sign literally means work at a wood pile for food.

Sign number seven is almost like it only the triangle contains a cross instead of a dot, and it means lodging for work instead of food for work. When a man sees this sign he knows that he may sleep in the barn or possibly in the house, but that he will have to work for it before he leaves, which some are very willing to do.

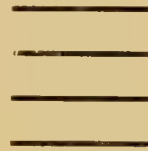
When the mercies of summer are shut down and winter comes on with her stirring bitterness, these men of the turnpike are glad to see number eight, which is four horizontal marks. They mean that the man of this house is a good-hearted man who donates clothing, which at that time of the year, of course, is very acceptable. For one class of tramps sign num-

ber nine is the most welcome sign of all. It is four perpendicular marks, which mean that the host or hostess will, if urged a little, contribute a little cash, which sometimes becomes very convenient even to a tramp.

After studying these signs you may understand more readily how these men are so successful in their chosen profession. You may also understand how they keep tab on your Christianity and size up your charity with your loud profession you make at prayer meeting. Many a time a tramp has knocked on a kitchen door which had been locked in his face by the lady who is now under the bed, declaring by her action that she is not at home, when at the same time, if her boy would have been wandering in some



Seven



Eight



Nine

other corner of the earth and somebody would refuse to give him a bite or a bed she would have wrung her hands and torn her hair in distress. When we see these objects of charity and pictures of misery and distress, it isn't our business so much to criticise them or conjecture as to what they have done or are going to do, but it is our business to make some disposition of them, because we have to meet conditions and not theories. Jesus said, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." A little song which we learned in our childhood often rolls through our mind on seeing any of these wayfaring men:

How many men there are, who ride in fortune's car  
And bolt and bar their doors against the poor.  
Because they've lots of gold, their hearts turn icy cold;  
They ought to be condemned for it, I'm sure.

While speaking of the race, as they tramp from place to place,  
Some of them are men from top to toe;  
And if they are in need, of this circumstance take heed,  
And remember you should mercy to them show.

I lately saw a tramp whom the people called a scamp.  
And upon him turned their dogs, lest he might steal;  
But as he turned away, there I saw him kneel and pray.  
And I know that God above heard his appeal.

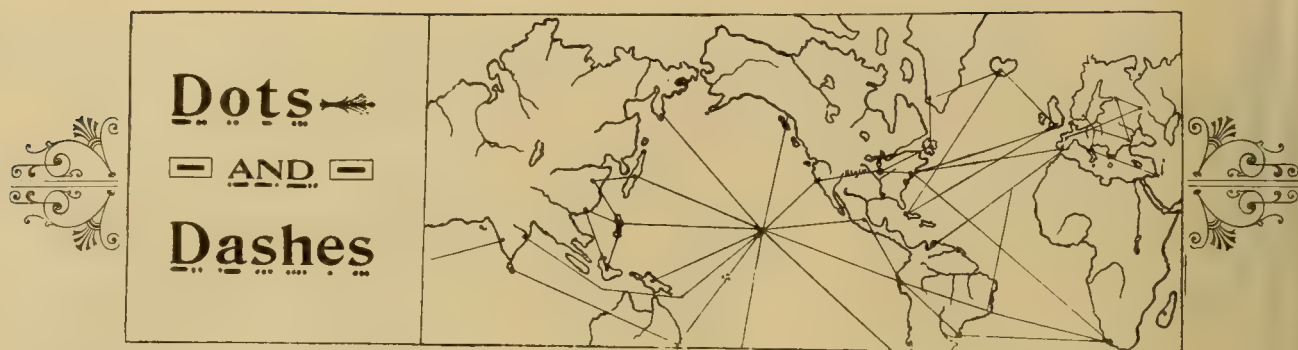
O, it's little do we know, how he tramped through rain and snow,  
How he once had lived as happy as a king,  
Till misfortune's cruel dart had pierced his manly heart,  
And took from him his home and everything.

I once heard a tramp relate the sad story of his fate—  
Of how he was an outcast, shunned by all;  
How he lived a happy life, had a pretty child and wife,  
But alas, like Eve, that woman had to fall!

Oh, she proved so weak and frail, there's no need to tell the tale  
How it turned his manly heart to sad despair.  
And he never since has smiled on his wife and pretty child,  
But, alas, has sought for comfort everywhere.

So if you meet a tramp, and he bears misfortune's stamp,  
And he's worthy of your aid, why freely give.  
Give him a hearty grip, wish him luck upon his trip,  
And remember that the poor tramp has to live.





### THE FALL OF ELIJAH III.

It seems that dark clouds are overhanging Zion City. A telegram of eight hundred words is said to have been received from the so-called "Elijah III," for which the sum of ninety-six dollars was paid, whereupon the Zionites proceeded to sever connections with their chief apostle. Even his wife and son are reported to have expressed doubts as to his sanity. Elder Speicher has been restored to his former position, or in part, at least; however, Voliva seems to have general oversight at present. It may be possible that it remains for the law to attend to some things for them. It may be hard to explain just how a man can have power of attorney given him by the original owner, then use that authority to separate the original owner from his property held in fee simple.

Evidently the prophet is reaping what he has sown. He has ruled a long while with the rod of iron, but now the rod has been converted into a crook, whereby he is to be led by a host that has been educated according to his methods. To say the least, Dowie has been a great man, but only a man. The tension has been too great for him. When it comes to preaching as many as twenty-seven sermons in a week, editing a paper, financing a scheme like Zion City, attending to generalities and details of his various industries, fighting the public press, and innumerable other things, of which probably the world does not know, it is no wonder that he has yielded to the inevitable.

AMERICA is honored by the arrival of one of the most successful air navigators in the world, Henri Comte de la Vaulx, vice-president of the Aero Club of France. He landed in New York with three balloons, his object being to make several air voyages in this country. He took up the work seven years ago, and has since made two hundred ascents, traveled twenty-five thousand miles in the air, and has had eleven hundred persons as passengers.

• OHIO stands for high license. The Senate has passed the Aiken bill to increase the saloon tax from \$350 to \$1,000, the final vote being at first a tie, or

18 to 18. When this became known, Mr. Beatty immediately changed his vote from the negative to the affirmative, whereupon cheers resounded through the capitol from the temperance people. Several of the senators changed their votes, but the bill had already passed the House. Brewers claim that it will drive half of the saloons in the State out of business, or about six thousand. May God so trouble the conscience of every man who has a right to vote that he may personally use his influence to absolutely drive every last one out of the State. Clean house once and see how it goes to live in a clean house. You'll feel like a different man, yes, you will be a man then.

TWENTY-SIX persons were buried in an avalanche in the Austrian Tyrol a few days ago.

A \$200,000 fire occurred in the business section of Auburn, N. Y., recently.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., has suffered another disaster, this time by fire in the business section, causing a loss of \$500,000.

INGLENOOK DAY brought nearly one thousand new subscribers into the family, for which we are very thankful. This shows that one person out of every seven in the family went out and interested his neighbor in the reading of good literature. Some names are still coming from the farther corners of our territory. We have been asked to allow new subscriptions to still be taken for fifty cents, which we grant. Let us hear from the rest!

THERE is never anything gained in trying to take the advantage of another, or doing carelessly that which is entrusted to us; we always pay the penalty sooner or later. Recently Thomas Bascom, of Springfield, Ill., a Baltimore & Ohio towerman, received a two years' sentence to the penitentiary because he displayed wrong signals; he was not careful enough, and his mistake caused a railroad wreck. If people would cultivate a more earnest feeling of responsibility in every undertaking, the columns of our period-

icals would not be so crowded, and there would be more space in our dailies and magazines for heart-to-heart talks and the things which real life demands morally, intellectually and spiritually.

Two hundred and fifty men lost their lives in a coal mine explosion recently, near Nagasaki, Japan.

IN Berlin, Germany, the exposition of sweat-shop goods has taken place, the object being to show the worst side of the city's life, and to impress upon the minds of the public that there are thousands of poor women and children working for starvation wages under conditions worse than slavery. Various charitable societies are now taking matters in hand, and purchasing the goods directly from the workers. One of the many things shown is that there is a great difference in the price for the same work in different sections of Germany. For instance, at one place the maker of a simple umbrella earns eight cents, while at another only the small sum of two cents is paid for a more elaborate one. Some places women and children make artificial flowers at less than one cent an hour. In the making of wooden toys, children are mostly employed, working for a mere pittance, day after day, painting toys for other and more fortunate (?) children to play with.

EXPERTS have reported to Governor Hanly of Indiana that two former state auditors owe the State \$115,630 for fees illegally retained.

IN New Jersey a bill has been passed by the House of Senate abolishing capital punishment by hanging, and substituting the electrocution chair. A special building is to be erected some place remote from the popular center of the State in which to conduct the executions.

ANDREW HAMILTON, the lobbyist, has, in some way, defrauded the New York Life Insurance Company of quite a sum of money, and the company has now commenced suit against him, hoping to recover more than one million dollars of funds entrusted to him.

PROFESSOR BELL is the inventor of kites of tetrahedral form and has just made a demonstration at his experimental station, near Arlington, Va. By means of some of these kites flown, wireless messages were received from the De Forrest station, near Atlantic Highlands, on the Jersey coast, three hundred and fifty miles away. The kites went up about two thousand feet, and carried a steel wire, to which was attached four hundred feet of antenna wire. The receiving operator clasped the hand of the man holding

the kite string, the electric impulses passing through the bodies of the two men.

A REMARKABLE demonstration occurred at Chicago on Sunday, when over 100,000 men, members of foreign picnic and athletic societies, paraded the streets with banners, demanding the right to have intoxicants sold at their gatherings and festivals, and protesting against the edict which does not distinguish between them and disreputable resorts. God pity such people who are not satisfied with six days in which to pave their way to utter destruction, but demand the seventh. How dark is the darkness in the city of Chicago! Thousands of people do not know there is a Sabbath day. They never heard of the love of Jesus, and, of course, all days are the same to them. How many will venture to carry the banner of Jesus Christ into that benighted city?

A GIRL of Brussels, not yet fifteen years old, has patented a remarkable invention, consisting of a turntable for reversing the directions of motor cars. The apparatus has a driving wheel at each end, and is worked by an electric motor. The invention is the outcome of watching the difficulty of maneuvering heavy motor wagons in the streets of Antwerp. After watching the motor wagons for some time, one day, the girl went home and by the next morning had a complete scheme for the turntable. Two machinists were visiting her father, and these men brought a designer, who at once drew a plan according to the child's directions. Her name is Esther de Susi.

At the annual meeting of the Central Jewish Relief League, of Germany, Dr. Paul Nathan, who has returned from an extensive trip to Russia, as a special emissary of Jewish philanthropists in England, America and Germany, says that the prospect for renewed massacres and outrages is imminent. He thinks that the ones to come will be something horrible in comparison with the bloody ones that have already been perpetrated. He has distributed one and a half million dollars to the surviving victims of last summer's massacre. In his address he said that the Russian "solution" of the Jewish question is systematic and murderous extermination. He read from a circular which was addressed to the garrison at Odessa, calling upon the soldiers to "rise and crush the traitors, who are plotting to upset the holy government of the czar, and substitute for it a Jewish empire." Dr. Nathan warns the money powers to put an end to the borrowing of money by Russia, not for humanitarian reasons only, but for practical reasons, for Russia's bankruptcy is an established fact. About six million Jews are awaiting the bloody knife at the hands of infuriated mobs of the czar.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### WELCOME HOME.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

The wind was keen, the frozen road  
 With drifted snow was white,  
 As toward my distant home I trudged  
 One cold December night.

But 'twas forgot when through the trees  
 I saw the home light glow,  
 And saw the cheery beam it cast  
 Upon the sparkling snow.

I thought of those who in this world  
 From place to place must roam,  
 Through heat and cold, without a place  
 That is to them a home.

Then, looking up, I saw the stars  
 In heaven's azure dome,  
 That seemed to shine as beacon lights  
 To bid me welcome home.



### THEN AND NOW.

JENNIE STEPHENS.



OLD-FASHIONED mothers nowadays are not very plentiful, and old-fashioned boys and girls are indeed scarce. The question may arise in our minds, Why is it that young people are not interested in home affairs as they were in our grandmothers' times? Girls in those days made their clothes, pieced quilts, furnished their beds throughout and sewed rags to carpet their floors when they contemplated marriage. The boys were not ashamed to go in the kitchen, roll up their sleeves and help wash dishes, help cook, wash or mend their socks or knit socks.

Each evening the family were gathered around the family circle. Some engaged in one thing, some in another, the smaller ones studying their lessons, papa reading the paper, mother nursing baby to sleep. An air of contentment was the order of the hour. Perhaps a neighboring family would call over some evening and spend a few hours talking over the topics of the season, which were discussed in a friendly way. Eating apples and cracking nuts was having a royal time, as well as enjoyable.

But the twentieth century family has a different aspect nowadays. Whose fault? Who's to blame? Do I say correctly when I say the parents, for not

teaching boys and girls to be helpful in the home? Yes, from the time they can walk impress their minds to help mamma. As you love them teach them, just as you expect obedience from them in the smallest details. Be kind and loving and patient with the little ones, remembering some day, too soon, they will go out from under your feet to battle with the cold world. Do your best every hour, have them to feel there is no place on earth like home. The baby in your arms expects to obey just as it is taught from your hand. Teach it, when it can lisp God's name, to reverence it in silent prayer as night draws its curtains, and to lisp as it sweetly closes its eyes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Those boys and girls, as the years unfold to them, will reflect on the happy childhood days gone forever. The thoughts will help them to live holier lives. Parents oftentimes fail to grasp or understand the disposition of the little prattler whose baby mind is eager to know and see through the simple problems before it. It's a child's nature to be busy, always trying to imitate others.

The wee girl comes confidently asking mamma to make dollie a dress, or the little man demands mamma to give him the hammer to drive sticks or make himself a kite. Mamma says, "Go away, I'm too busy to bother with your foolishness." Perhaps mamma is reading a novel, or criticising some one, preparing for the club or dance or even engaged in a theatrical play to benefit the preacher. So she slaps the youngsters and sends them away crying out of the house, into the street, to fall into bad company. Then Satan finds work for idle hands to do, and right there the seed of discord rather than love and affection springs up in the childish heart, crushed of the love due from mother. Ah, no wonder so many hearts are saying, "Where's my wandering babe to-night?"

As American citizens we oftentimes overlook the sacred place of home, the hallowed place where good government should begin. In the rush and hurry of worldly ambitions fathers are bent on business and finances. No time is given to cultivating the young mind. They are not found in the home circle with the loved ones. They often resort to spending their evenings away in doubtful places. Then the wife and mother catches the craze for society and clubs, neglecting the innocent, nestling infant, whose sole dependence is resting upon mother for the care and nourishment God intends a true mother to show to her own.

With these object lessons about us on every side of life it is time to come to a halt and examine the home life and give more earnest heed to the rearing of living souls, which are worth more than gold, or fame, or glory.

*Orient, Oregon.*



### NOMADISM AND HOME-MAKING.

It is sometimes difficult to separate the land-speculating element from the home-making element among settlers in new countries, when planning legislation for the home-maker. It will remain difficult as long as there are any new lands to occupy between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Land speculation began with the first discovery, by the Jamestown and Plymouth men, that after occupying and improving land for awhile it could be sold for a good price, even though nothing was paid for it in the beginning. This discovery was the origin of the nomadism which has characterized so large a portion of the settlers whose steady advances have built up the country. But, viewing the matter in its larger aspects, it is not the man who has "moved on" who has done the "building up" as is held in a popular creed, but the man who has stayed. It is he who has created the permanent homes, the fruitful farms, the smiling villages, the busy factories, the great cities. It is he who has made the business for the railroads.

It is only as nomadism is eliminated from our population that the highest civilization is attained. The nomad has learned to grab larger and larger areas for speculation. The big land holdings of the West, which block improvement, are his. He has become in innumerable cases, too, the proxy of rich speculators in the older states, whose holdings mark unimproved areas scattered all along civilization's line of march across the continent. It is mainly to the land-speculating settler that we owe whatever is crude and rough, ill-compacted and garish in our national development.



### THE CHURCH KICKER.

KICKING is not a good business for a professing Christian. It is not a constructive occupation. It is not a useful calling adjudged by any standard of sound ethics. A kicking horse is a thing to be eschewed and a kicking mule is an intolerable sort of beast. The thing is not more pleasing when transferred over into the ecclesiastical fold and becomes all the more reprehensible because indulged in by men and women who are supposed in a greater measure to reflect the glory of their Creator.

Kicking in the church is sometimes engaged in under the cloak of conscience, and the man who alleges himself to be stubbornly conscientious some-

times makes himself an exceedingly unpleasant person in the kingdom of God, as represented on this earth. But it is doubtful whether so good a factor in man as conscience ever really inspired a man to undignified and distasteful business for the glory of God. Judged by practical standards the church kicker is not generally a church worker, candor and observation compel us to say. His field of operation, too, it should be said, extends in numerous directions. We find a bright writer in one of our brightest exchanges, the *Standard*, who says some wise things on the subject in hand and which our readers may appreciate:

"Ofttimes a kick is only an excuse for neglected duty. You do not attend church? Then find fault with the preacher. You do not want to help in the singing? Then complain of the pianist. You do not want to work? Just grumble about the leader. You have lost your interest in and neglected the prayer meeting? Then talk loud and long about how dull they are and lacking in spiritual fervor. You are unwilling to give? Nothing is easier than to protest against the way finances of the church are managed and refuse to be a party to such folly. You have got entirely out of sympathy with the church and have not been walking in fellowship with the brethren? Then murmur at the way everything is run in the church and show how many mistakes are being made, but be sure and do nothing that will help to correct them for it might be that you would not have time to complain. 'Never mind the barking of the dog,' said the little boy to the stranger: 'he doesn't mean anything by it. I have him hitched to the lawn mower and he's just barking for a chance to rest.'"—*Lutheran World*.



### SIX BEERS FOR EVERYONE.

A ROW of beer barrels 6,800 miles long represents the output of Milwaukee breweries for the year 1905. The amber fluid made would give six of "the largest in the city" to every man, woman and child in the United States, or make 960,000,000 ordinary drinks. This excludes all beer put up in bottles. The value of the keg beer alone is \$24,000,000 or \$1,000,000 more than last year, despite the fact that the comparatively cool weather has hurt the brewers' sales. Every large and small brewery shows increased business. This makes us all look like thirty cents.—*Champion of Fair Play*.

The *Champion* fails to show how many children this beer business has kept hungry and naked, and how many homes it has brought to destitution. Tell it all next time, brother.



ALCOHOL is excellent for cleaning piano keys, jewelry, and one's spectacles.



### YOUR BOY AMONG THE POSSIBILITIES.

THE celebrated temperance speaker, John B. Gough, once presented the following touching picture:

"Oh, I have sometimes looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I was once playing with a beautiful boy in Norwich, Conn.; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly, for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go down with me to the side of the stone wall?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams which warmed and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips, and passed away poisoned; the very swine looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor, degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man, then upon the child, and felt his little hand twitching convulsively in mine, and saw his lips grow white and eyes dim gazing on the poor drunkard, then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality which could make such a thing of a being once as fair as that little child."—*Selected*.



### SOME THINGS A MAN SHOULD DO.

Rise when a woman enters the room.

Remain standing until she is seated.

Give her his chair if there is no other.

Rise when any person, man or woman, is introduced to him.

Open the door for a woman to pass through.

Hold it open and let her pass through first, if it opens toward them.

Pass through first and hold it open for her if it opens from them.

Turn and walk with her, if he joins her on the street, and not stop her to converse.

Throw his cigar or cigarette away before he joins her, of course.

Not offer to pay her carfare unless he is her escort by intention, and not merely her companion by accident.

Remove his hat completely when greeting a woman, or when his woman companion greets an acquaintance.

Take the curb side of the street when walking with either one or two women.

Assist his feminine companion in and out of a carriage, trolley, train, or any conveyance.

Precede her in entering a theater, hotel lobby, restaurant, or any public place, except a church, when a woman goes first unless there are no ushers, in which case he goes first to find seats.

Permit her to step into an elevator first always. In getting out, if it is into a public place, he leaves first.

Invariably proffer his seat to age, infirmity or helplessness, in whatever guise they appear. This is not more good manners than the kindly instincts of a gentleman toward whoever is weaker than himself.

Offer his seat to any woman who seems less able to stand than himself—not because she is pretty or smart, nor even because she is a woman, but for the reason set forth in the foregoing paragraph.

Remember that these observances are not foolish, meaningless subserviences to woman, but that they make for that gentle courtesy and thoughtfulness which makes human intercourse more pleasant.—*Young People*.



### PUT THEM ON THE LAND.

A MILLION immigrants a year, settled upon a million or ten million acres of land, would not only bring no detriment to the country, but would be an important factor in increasing the value of investments of all kinds, enlarging railroad profits and stimulating manufactures and trade. The same number of immigrants, "dumped" into our already overcrowded cities and mining districts, would increase the menace of social and political disorder already seen in these congested spots. Get the immigrants to the land, and we shall have no future occasion to lament our failure to "set up the bars" against immigration. Allow them to add their numbers to the city and mining "masses," and the consequent fermentation may one day produce dangerous explosions.



### THE GRANDER WORK.

IF Mr. Rockefeller, instead of absorbing, as reported, 4,500 acres of land in a single merely ornamental country residence at Tarrytown, had built thereon 4,500 modest homes of varied architecture, each on its acre of ground, and sold them on easy terms to 4,500 wage-earners now living an unwholesome tenement-house or "flat" life in the great city of New York, only a few minutes thence by rail, he would have done a grander work than the founding of the University of Chicago, especially if he had also provided a corps of instructors to teach the occupants the best method of cultivating their land. Counting five persons to a family, he would have opened up the delights of rural life and independence to 22,500 persons.

# The Rural Sanctum

## HIGH SCHOOL SEGREGATION.

J. L. GARRISON.



VERY once in a while a foolhardy venturer bobs up somewhere over the country and makes an invasion that ultimately swallows up many people who ought to have better judgment and discretion than to be lured by its influence. It usually comes on the stage suddenly like a whirl-

wind, sweeping the cornfield like a hot wind on a hot day in August, and, more frequently than is compatible with good health, disappears like a medieval jack-o-lantern, clutching in its embrace everyone who has even risked a glance at it.

One of the latest fads of the kind is that of segregation and especially when applied to our system of high schools. Like other fads and fancies it must come to the front and gain popularity through impulse rather than merit, and has become prominent before the public without ten minutes of consideration. In all probability it will spread like the smallpox. Such things generally go like contagious diseases. By another decade, at this rate, custom would not allow boys and girls, or men and women, to converse except by telephone, or exchange glance except through an instrument which awaits invention to accommodate the public.

Perhaps censure does not belong to those who have prosecuted such a movement, for, doubtless, good was meant by the inauguration, and there may have been some excuse and reason why mixed classes and audiences and congregations are not the best; there may be some reasons why segregation should be adopted, but the very nature of people, the original intent by the Creator and the customs of all ages all tend to demonstrate that the conjugal union and intermingling of the sexes tend to modify the coarseness of masculinity and to create a sterner and firmer nature in the weaker sex. Thus a common benefit is derived by the commingling of contrasted natures. Physicians realize the importance of the commingling of pupils and students; teachers and professors already know the disadvantages of segregation. This has been demonstrated by special schools for girls and boys.

I again repeat that it cannot be said that there are no advantages by this plan; there are several and we may say many, but they are in the lighter side of the balance when weighed with the benefits derived from

the old-fashioned schools. Many a man owes his development and character, especially the finer tones of it, to the association of girls of high character, in his boyhood days. The life of many a woman has been made a success by making a confidant of some brave, staunch, noble-hearted boy in the golden days of her girlhood. It is fallacy to suppose that students, studying together for the common good of the race, will not have their æsthetic natures quickened to more usefulness by mutual coöperation of the talents afforded by the opposite sections. Therefore, we say, let the boys and girls grow up together; let them learn to know each other's trials, temptations, crosses, joys and sorrows. Above all things, teach them to help each other; teach them to know that they are to run the race of life together; they must help each other as they must run the gauntlet of scorn. It is better that they become acquainted in the days of infancy than to have sexual hatred rankle in their breasts during the formative period. Segregation is not only unwise, but rank heresy.

*Chicago, Ill.*

## OUR FOURTH PRESIDENT.

JAMES MADISON was born at Port Conway, Virginia, March 16, 1751. His father, James Madison, owned a large tract of land at Montpelier, the family seat.

His mother, whose maiden name was Nellie Conway, had charge of his early education, and later he was taught by private tutors.

James was one of a family of eight children, five boys and three girls. His early boyhood was spent in roaming about his father's plantation. James had a taste for knowledge, and learned rapidly.

While yet young he entered Princeton College, New Jersey, from which he was graduated in 1771. Soon after his graduation from Princeton he began to study law. He was a bright, intelligent young man, and his wit and humor gained him many friends.

Madison was one of the most prominent young lawyers in the State. In 1776 he was a member of the Virginia Convention, and three years later he was thought worthy of a seat in the Federal Congress, in which he became a prominent member.

As a statesman he was unsurpassed. After his term in congress expired he was elected to the Virginia legislature. He secured the passage of the Religious Freedom Act in 1785. This Act gave the people of Virginia entire religious liberty. For this great



privilege the people of Virginia are indebted to Madison. He was one of the foremost men in framing the Constitution of the United States. Madison not only drafted the main features of the Constitution, but offered the first ten amendments, called the Bill of Rights, which were accepted.

Madison was interested not only in himself and the higher class of people, but in the welfare of the whole nation. He became the leader of the Democratic Republican party in congress, and wrote the Kentucky Resolutions, which contained the basis of state rights. He also wrote the Report, a book in their defense. Like the majority of the Democratic party, he wished the chief powers of government to be exercised by the different States. This doctrine the Federalists stubbornly resisted.

When Jefferson became president in 1801 Madison became Secretary of State. Madison, like several other men, began at the foot of the ladder and climbed slowly but steadily upwards. In 1808 he was a candidate on the Republican ticket for the presidency and was elected by a large majority over the other candidates. George Clinton, of New York, became vice-president. During his first administration the War of 1812, our second war with England, broke out.

Madison bitterly opposed the war and tried so hard to prevent it that a Federal member of congress declared that he could not be kicked into a fight. When the British entered Washington, Aug. 24, 1814, the people were panic-stricken. President Madison, who had just finished his dinner, fled in one direction, and his wife, hastily filling her work bag with silver spoons snatched from the table, fled in another. The British burned our capitol and the president's dwelling.

Meanwhile, in 1812, he had been reelected president, with Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, as vice-president, over De Witt Clinton, of New York, and Jared Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, the Federalist candidates. When his term of office expired in 1817 he retired to the family home at Montpelier, where he still continued to serve his country as a promoter of agriculture and public improvements.

Madison was the fourth president of the United States and the third to serve two terms. He was devoted to the temperance cause, and when once defeated for office because he refused to treat his followers to liquor, said, "The reputation and success of a government depends upon the purity of its popular elections." Madison had many friends and few enemies. It was said of him that it was his rare good fortune to have a whole nation for his friend.

His mind was clear, strong and well-balanced, and he was civil and polite to everybody, even to his opponents. He was a third cousin to Zachary Taylor, twelfth president of the United States, and his wife,

whose maiden name was Dorothy Payne, was a cousin to Patrick Henry.

Madison, like Jefferson, did not gain his fame on the battlefield, but as a friend of the people during peace. He died at Montpelier, June 28, 1836, at the age of eighty-five. He is buried on the Madison estate at Montpelier.

*E. L., Elm Grove, W. Va.*



## DUPLICATORS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

No doubt many of the INGLENOOK readers have wished for a cheap and easy way of securing a number of copies of a song or other written production without the trouble or expense of paying a visit to the printer. Below I give the composition for filling a duplicator, by the use of which you can reproduce *exactly* anything that can be executed with pen and ink and in the original colors all at one operation.

With mine I have printed cards, programs, drawings, maps, and in fact anything that can be executed with a pen or typewriter.

### Composition.

Glycerine, 1 pint.

Gelatine, 2¼ ounces.

Gum Arabic, ¼ ounce.

Thoroughly dissolve the gelatine and gum arabic in cold water, after which add the glycerine and bring to a boil, allowing it to boil about five minutes. Pour into a pan one-half inch or more deep and as it cools destroy all bubbles with a pin. Set the pan level.

To operate, write the copy exactly as it is to appear on a good grade of sized paper, dampen the printing surface by means of a wet sponge and remove superfluous moisture by pressing a newspaper on it. Place the copy face down and press out smooth by rubbing with the hands, being careful that all parts come in contact with the surface. Let the copy remain from fifteen seconds to two minutes according to the number of copies wanted. Remove the copy and press blank paper to the same place, then remove quickly. As the copies become dimmer let the paper remain longer.

When done printing wash the surface with tepid water and set aside till the remaining ink is absorbed.

Should the surface become rough heat a shovel or smoothing iron and hold near it (not touching) till it melts, then set level until cold. It will not work well when too warm or too cold.

You must use a special ink, which is quoted in mail order catalogues as duplicator, hectograph, etc. I sometimes make my own, but can not take as many copies as with that I buy ready prepared.

How many copies? I have taken one hundred and

twenty-five, but at first you should be satisfied with forty, as seventy-five is about the limit of good copies. All depends on the amount of ink on the original copy, the time of leaving the copy on the plate, rapidity of removal after printing, and the skill of the operator.

*Mulberry Grove, Ill.*



### AN OXEN SLEIGH RIDE.

JOHN CALVIN BRIGHT.

As I was holding a meeting in one of the southernmost counties of Ohio some thirteen years ago I promised to visit one of the Brethren on a certain morning. He lived away over the hills and gullies and promised to come after me. He was an expert oxen driver and somewhat cautious with horses. So he drove into the village with his team of oxen hitched to his sleigh on the morning in question.

I donned my wraps and went out and got into the vehicle with some hesitancy and trepidation. You see it did not look safe. Two large oxen hitched to a sleigh with a rope fastened to their yoke, with no holdbacks. The driver had no lines either. He only had a large whip in his hand.

He had full control of his yoke. His "Gee, Napoleon," or "Haw, Alexander," was instantly obeyed. Several times it seemed that we would be capsized into the gullies, but he hit at the proper time and said at the same time, "You, Nap," or "You, Alex," as the case demanded, and we passed safely along.

Before I had gotten over the novelty of the ride we were stopping within two feet of his hospitable door, through which I was invited by his excellent

wife, followed by my revered driver, and ere he closed the door I looked out and saw his team going leisurely to their place in the shed with their yoke on, he having unhooked them while I was getting out of the capacious sleigh.

*Dayton, Ohio.*



### ROCK LAKE.

LULA M. PUTERBAUGH.

ONE bright, clear day last summer four of us in number started to Canada to spend a few days in the woods by Rock lake. We started in the forenoon and reached the edge of the woods about dusk that evening. We camped there over night and the next morning we started on, reaching the edge of the lake about noon. We camped about a fourth of a mile from the lake.

The lake is about forty miles long and an average of two miles wide. It has fresh water and is a fair fishing place. It has timber on each side. Mud river empties into Rock lake and it empties through the Rock river into the Swan lake.

There aren't any mountains very near the lake. There are two towns near the part of the lake where we camped. One is called Crystal City and the other Clearwater. Crystal City is much larger than Clearwater.

While we were camping there we gathered a few flowers and leaves to press. We also gathered some berries. We went home then on Saturday, having enjoyed our trip very much.

*Egeland, N. Dak.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### He Knew the Police.

During the recent American tour of Emile Mors, the automobile expert of France, there was a parade in New York.

Mr. Mors, at the time of the parade's passage, was on Fifth Avenue. Seeing the great throngs of people and hearing the loud, gay music, he decided that he would like to have a look at the procession, and accordingly he plunged into the deep crowd and tried to work his way to a place of vantage.

The nearer the front he got the more evidence he found of the police. The police, indeed, were in great evidence, pushing here, shoving there, now uttering loud threats, now making, amid intense excitement, an arrest.

"Keep back! Keep back! Keep back!" was the continuous cry.

Mr. Mors could hardly see the parade for the police, and on account of the excitement that they caused he

could not keep his mind on it at all. Turning somewhat impatiently to a man on his left he said:

"Why, saire, is the crowd being kept back so vairy forcibly?"

"So as to give the police full chance to see the procession," the man answered.

### An Accommodating Witness.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," roared the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the Court make the——"

"I have, your Worship," said the witness, anticipating



the lawyer. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy of two feet long and a man of five feet ten."

"Your Honor——"

"It's a fact, yer Worship; I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table and said:

"Will you tell the Court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Jones."

"Your Worship," howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the magistrate, "you must answer the questions put to you."

"Great Scott! hain't I been doin' it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Weren't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's an old-time Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer, in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up——"

"Constable, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires muttering, "Well, if he ain't the thick-headedest lawyer I ever laid eyes on!"—Galveston Tribune.

Travel with a cheerless and easily discouraged companion is an unadulterated misery. But a cheerful companion is better than a waterproof coat and a foot warmer.—Henry Van Dyke.

The negro is becoming civilized—one tried to break into a Topeka bank. They will soon be as good as the whites.

#### She Had Waited Long Enough.

A Maine girl of ideals told a young man who asked her for her hand that she should not think of marrying a man with less than ten thousand dollars, says Success.

The young man went to Boston and worked very hard for several years, returned, and called on the young lady, who said, "Well, John, how are you getting along?"

"Pretty well," he said, "I have almost gotten nineteen dollars towards the ten thousand."

"Well, John," she said, "I do not know but that is enough. I guess we can get along with that."

There are 994,762 citizens of the United States drawing pensions from the government.

While others bow their heads to him  
And do as they are bidski,  
The Russian Czar no despot is  
To Czarevitch, his kidski.

#### Would Have Been Mad, Too.

William J. Stevens, for several years local station agent at Swansea, R. I., was peacefully promenading his platform one morning when a rash dog ventured to snap at one of William's plump legs, says Everybody's. Stevens promptly kicked the animal half way across the tracks, and was immediately confronted by the owner, who demanded an explanation in language more forcible than courteous.

"Why," said Stevens, when the other paused for breath, "your dog's mad."

"Mad! Mad! You double-dyed, blankety-blank fool, he ain't mad!"

"Oh, ain't he?" cut in Stevens. "Gosh! I should be if anyone kicked me like that!"

#### A Child's Advice.

One morning a Sunday school was about to be dismissed, and the youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after three hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches, when the superintendent arose and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk." Mr. Smith smilingly arose, and, after gazing impressively around the class-room, began with: "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear lisp:

"Thay amen and thit down!"—Savannah News.

#### Mamma Made a Mistake.

During the National Civic Federation's convention in New York, Samuel Gompers, apropos of a mistake, said:

"It might have been embarrassing—as embarrassing as the position of a young man of Toledo whom I heard about the other day.

"He had been calling now and then on a young Toledo lady, and one night, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her to come down, her mother entered the room instead, and asked him in a grave, stern way, what his intentions were.

"He turned red, and was about to stammer some incoherent reply, when suddenly the young lady called down from the head of the stairs:

"'Mamma, mamma, that is not the one.'"

John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman, George Gould, W. K. Vanderbilt, J. J. Hill, A. J. Cassat, W. K. Moore and W. H. Rockefeller practically control the entire railway system of the United States.


#### Willing to Take What Was Left.

The late Dr. Henry Thayer, founder of Thayer's Laboratory in Cambridge, was walking along a street one winter morning. The sidewalk was sheeted with ice and the doctor was making his way carefully, as was also a woman going in the opposite direction. In seeking to avoid each other, both slipped and they came down in a heap. The polite doctor was overwhelmed and his embarrassment paralyzed his speech, but the woman was equal to the occasion.

"Doctor, if you will be kind enough to rise and pick out your legs, I will take what remains," she said cheerfully.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XV.

No sooner had we loaded the milk cans into the wagon and started on our journey than Sile began to tell me some very interesting things on several different subjects. Concerning the matter of himself and Lucile I may be able to tell you something later, but for the present I would like to speak of a matter which interested me very much. Last Sunday he and his beloved took a buggy ride toward the south and they drove nearly all day. Sile, of course, had more than one object in view; like other boys, the longest way round is often the best way when buggy riding; besides this, he was getting an idea of the country he could have had no other way. He passed by the place where the men were working on the railroad that is just now entering the south end of the valley, and he said the men told him that by the first of May they would be right up in the middle of the valley. They are now over the grade and all they have to do in Butte Valley is to draw a straight line and throw up a little grade and lay the ties and rails.

But what I was going to say, they drove on south, following Butte Creek as much as possible, until they came clear to the foot of Mt. Shasta. There they found a very interesting thing. They stopped at a place to get dinner; the house was rather large for that country, but the barn was no more than an ordinary stable. When they stopped in front of the house Sile gave a shout, as is customary in the West on the frontier, and an old gentleman made his appearance on the front porch, and Sile asked him if they could get dinner there. The old man said, "Waal, I kake it will be all right. We generally keep every one that comes 'long. Let your lady light out and you drive round to the stable and help yourself." Sile did this and after they had partaken of an old-fashioned country dinner to the satisfaction of both of them, for they were hungry, they began to inquire of other strangers, who were taking dinner there, for there seemed to be lots of them, why it was that so many were there and if they were looking at the country. To their surprise they found out that the place at which they were stopping was a sort of sanitarium, and that the old gentleman, who owned the property, was in possession of some of the finest medicinal springs in the world. There are hot springs and cold springs; soft springs, soda springs, sulphur springs and springs of almost every quality and kind.

People come there from everywhere and with every sort of ailment; and the testimonials from everyone they could find out were nothing but good words for the place. You see the fact of the matter is, when people leave home and come there, leave their troubles behind, take their regular baths in mineral water, drink plenty of it, diet properly, climb the mountains, breathe the pure air, they cannot help but go away well.

After Sile had told me a whole lot about the place he brought his clenched fist down on his knee with considerable vim, threw his head back and laughed right out loud and said: "You ought to see the old man collect his bills; one of those high-toned fellows asked what his bill was, to which the old man replied, 'Waal, how long have you been here?' 'Four days.' 'Waal, four dollars will pay your bill.' Well, my breath was nearly knocked out of me. I expected that fellow would have to cough up about twenty-five dollars. You see, the old man doesn't know what he has there; he has got something better than a gold mine. If some good, wide-awake fellow had a hold of that place, and he could get it for a song and sing it himself, he could put up a fortune in a few months. Think of it! He could erect a commodious building, with modern conveniences and ample furnishings, do a little advertising to let the people know there is such a place, and he would simply have more than he could do. Every single person who left the place would be a walking testimonial in behalf of the merits of the institution. Nature has furnished all the capital stock, all in the world a man would have to do would be to apply the remedy to the patient, collect his bill and send him on his way rejoicing."

Sile got so eloquent and innocent over the matter that it tickled me all over, and I looked up at him with a grin and said, "Sile, are you still in the notion of continuing the dairy business, or are you going to swap the cows off for a sanitarium?"

After a brief pause he answered, "Why, I'll tell you, old boy, there is a barrel of money in that for somebody and with a wife like I am going to get, to manage the household affairs, and especially the culinary department (and here his eyes glistened like two balls of fire), just think what fine dishes Lucile could serve to those people who are dyspeptic and need special care along that line. I think I could manage to run the livery barn department and collect the bills, and do it in a little better style than the old man is doing it now."



# Few People

know how many men there are who feel as if they were all worn out, and it is not only the men, but an equal number of busy housewives who feel that way. Such people are in need of something which will strengthen their systems and permanently relieve by purifying and invigorating the blood. Of remedies of real merit there is probably no preparation which has met with such marked success as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER in building up the system and restoring shattered nerve power. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

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Yours very truly,

Clara E. Wilcox.

R. F. D. No. 1.

## A SOLDIER WRITES.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 23, 1905.

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Yours truly,

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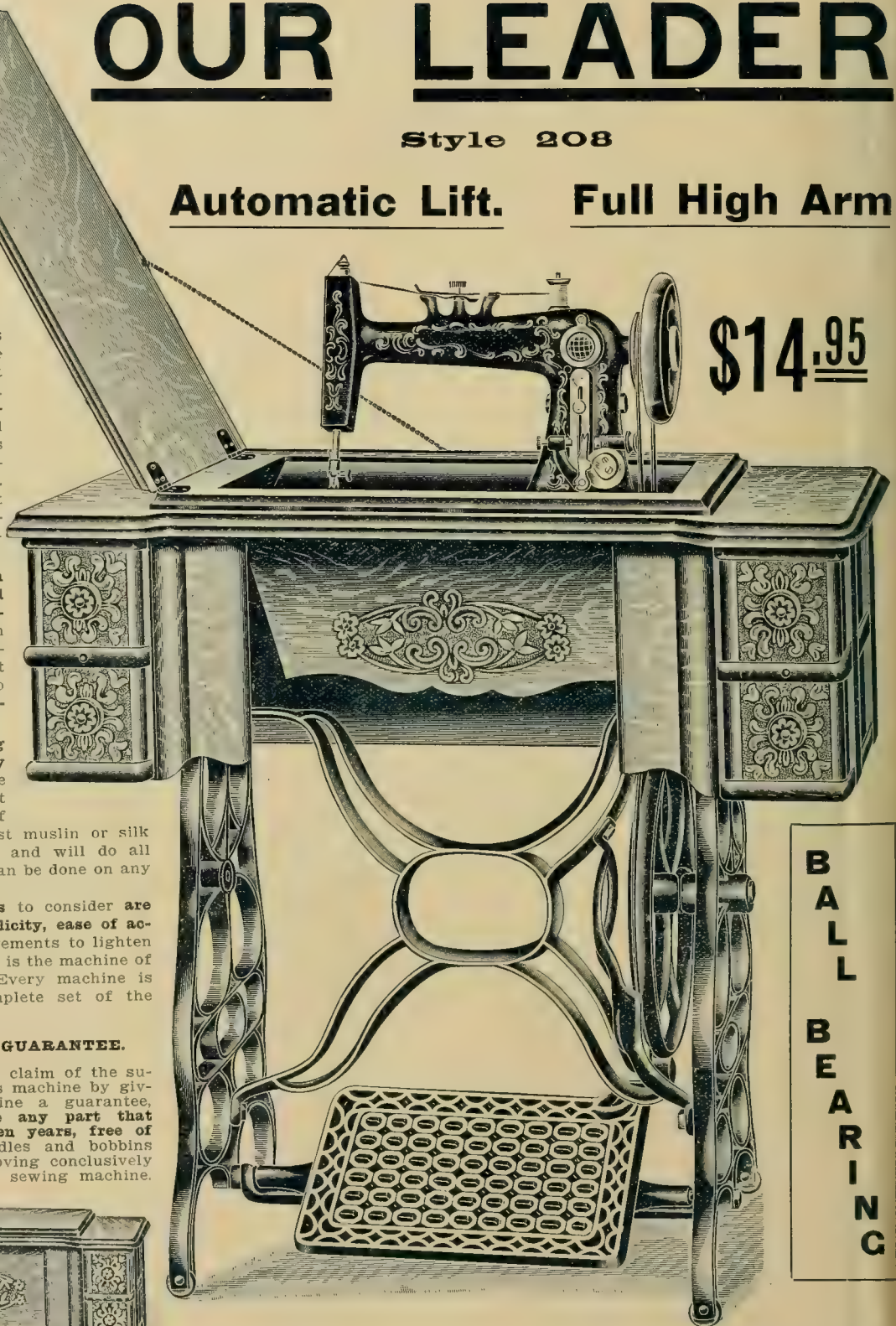
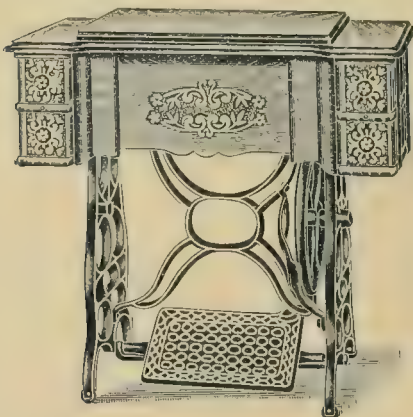
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# A Fight Against Filth

---

MUCH has been said and written about sanitary science and yet after all it can be summed up in one word—cleanliness. Wherever there is impurity it must be washed away and gotten rid of. The whole question is one of dirt and its expulsion; from the skin, from the house, from the street, from the city. Such is the rule as it applies to communities, but in its application to the individual it lies in the ever present duty to keep the blood pure and uncontaminated. Impurities in the blood, or an enfeebled condition of the vital fluid is the recognized cause of nine-tenths of all known diseases. These conditions arise from various causes, among which can be mentioned unsanitary surroundings, overwork, sedentary habits, improper diet and nourishment. Everybody, however, feels the necessity for at least a periodical cleansing and invigorating of the blood.

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Yours truly,

309 Maine Ave.

W. J. Ware.

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We had a lady visitor from Pennsylvania at our house some time ago and while stopping with us she had occasion to try the **Blood Vitalizer**. It did her so much good that she has just written us that she would like to get some for herself, friends and neighbors and if possible become your agent for it. Her name and address is: Mrs. Lizzie Gallagher, 506 Minersville St., Pottsville, Pa. Please send her full particulars as soon as convenient.

Yours truly,

175 E. Main St.

Geo. M. Williams.

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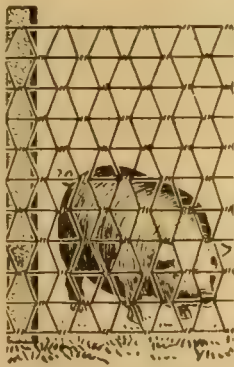
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

APRIL 17, 1906.

No. 16.

## SPRING IS HERE!

CHARLOTTE DAVIS

**S**PRING is here; yes, spring is here! All nature is awakening from her long, peaceful winter rest. Little by little she casts aside her old, winter robe, replacing it with the fresh new mantle of spring.

How beautiful are the fields and hills, the woodlands and the heavens! Life is everywhere. The pussy willow is shooting forth her tender buds, while the johnny-jump-up and the shy crocus are peeping from under their brown coverlet.

The tiny tree buds listen intently to the merry twitter of the robin and the pewee. On the hillside the young lambs are tunefully bleating, while the tender grass shakes and falls beneath their playful feet.

In the valley, the glad little brook has broken the icy chain of old winter, and leaps forward, splashing the little pebbles and murmuring softly its song of relief.

The whole world is bathed in the warm, balmy sunlight of the beautiful spring day.

Yes, spring is here!

*Then awake! Oh you who keep wondering  
Why you're here, and what you can do,  
You must know that the world can use you,  
Or you wouldn't be here, that is true.*

*It's the man with hope for the future,  
Who forgets all his pain and strife,  
And goes right ahead with his burdens  
And makes what he can out of life,*

*That this wide, wide world is in need of.  
He must fill the worthy man's place;  
The one with the clear open visage  
That can look every man in the face.*

*So put forth your very best efforts,  
And do all you can without fear;  
It is then you'll begin to live as  
Does nature in the spring of the year.*

Elgin, Ill.





**CHRIST HAS RISEN.**

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Christ rose triumphant from the dismal tomb.  
 He burst the bonds that death had round him bound  
 Risen for us, in him new life is found—  
 In him a light to cheer us through the gloom.  
 Securely kept with him we need not fear  
 The powers of hell that may our course oppose,  
 However strong. Christ says, Till life shall close  
 And we have joined him, he is ever near.  
 Savior of all! To thee we humbly bow.  
 Reward us not as we our time have spent.  
 In mercy look upon us for we know  
 Safety alone in thee is found. Consent  
 Each day to lead us in the paths of right,  
 Nor let us ever wander from thy sight.

**EASTER AND THE RESURRECTION.**

EASTER, like a great many other things in Christendom derives its name from the realm of idolatry.

day of our Lord, and is without controversy the greatest event the world has ever seen.

The Asiatic churches originally kept this feast on the very day that the Jews observed their passover; other churches kept it on the first Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox; the difference in the time of observance caused a great trouble between the churches and after a sharp controversy, which cost many lives, it was settled at the council of Nice. In spite, however, of this difference of opinion concerning time of observance, they all agreed in showing particular honor and respect to the feast; and surely it was a day of joy and gladness, of holy triumph, and of blessed hope.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the foundation upon which is built the whole edifice of our religion. To that, Jesus himself directed the disciples to look forward as an evidence of his Messiahship; and after the resurrection he appeared to them repeatedly, during the short period of forty days, that they might be amply fortified as to the fullest assurance of his power



The Place Where the Greatest Tragedy on Earth Took Place.

The goddess Eoster was worshiped by an idolatrous people in the month of April. Just how it came to be brought over into the pales of Christianity is a little uncertain, but it is here and but a few comparatively, perhaps, know as much about its origin as they do about its meaning to us as Christians; neither is it so important. With us it stands as the resurrection

over death, hell and the grave. A select number were chosen by him for the very purpose of bearing witness of this wonderful event, and because Paul was to be used as one of the most effectual apostles, and yet had not witnessed the resurrection, he was favored with a vision of the Lord long after his removal from the vision of other mortals. This was probably

done that he might testify of it from ocular demonstration.

Jesus was a public character; what he did was for the benefit of the world; and so far was he from concealing his designs that he adopted the most successful plans and methods to give notoriety to his plans. Multitudes heard his sermons, saw his miracles, witnessed his sufferings, and beheld his death. In the accompanying photo illustration one may behold the Golgotha or the place of the skull on Calvary, where the greatest of earth's tragedies took place. The public place, the enormous crowd, the previous excitement and disturbance, and many other things, all go to show that he was willing for the world to have a chance to know of his power from heaven.

The earth was powerless to furnish any more opposition than was brought to bear in the case. The Jews, the mob, the Roman court, envy, jealousy, false

witnesses, the Roman guard, the seal, the faithless disciples, the sins of the world—all these and more were operating most fearfully against the Son of God, until at the last moment when all earth and hell had spent their fury, the Master of all came forth as quietly and peacefully as he did all the rest of his great acts and demonstrated to the world, the church and his enemies that the other religions take their devotees to the grave but Christianity takes its loyal followers through the little narrow house that we call the grave and lands them safely on the shores of eternity through the power of the Resurrection.

Then hallowed be Easter day! It brings more joy to more people than any other event in the world. Only Americans can celebrate Independence Day; Britons may reverence the birthday of the king, but all the people of all the earth should make glad on the blessed Lord's Day that commemorates the event that authorizes the keeping of the Lord's Day.

## The Modern Goddess

Ettie E. Holler

### Chapter Two.



OFFEND me! Why, Mary, you know you could not offend me with the truth."

"Did you find what you wanted today?"

"Well, no, I could not see anything newer than the fashion plates I have at home, but I got me another dress."

Another dress! How many dresses does it take for you anyway?"

"I do not know just how many; but you know I do not wear one dress very often until it is old-fashioned and I seldom make one over."

"But what do you do with all of them, if you do not wear them out? Seems to me that is extravagance. Why don't you give them to some poor people—do a little missionary work too?"

"Extravagance! That is no name for it. It is a sin and a shame the way I waste clothes and money. Papa can't afford to spend so much for me, and you know I am the only child too. But what is the difference anyway? A person is obliged to be extravagant if they want to be fashionable,—and then can't keep up."

"Yes, but Helen, you would not need to do that way."

"No, but I want to."

"Yes, that is it exactly. Fashion is your idol."

"No, Mary, I do not bow down and worship it."

"Do you worship anything else? Your mind is wholly absorbed with it. And with it your time is wholly occupied. You are too good a girl to do the

way you are doing, and not get any good out of it."

"Now, Mary, don't make me seem so bad. But I confess it is the truth, after all. Land! I just wonder when I *was* at church last! But you know I am gone almost every night, or have company. There is always something attractive going on down in the city,—almost anything a person can think of, and you know a girl must be dressed fashionably to go there if she does not want to be laughed at."

"Yes, indeed! I know there are many snares and traps; many have sugar-coated names too. But, honestly, I do think it is high time for you to awaken. Now you go to those places just because it is fashionable and only fashionable people and lovers of sinful pleasures will be found there. I would not be caught at a place where I would fear to be if Jesus was to come. No true Christian will be found at questionable places of amusement. Who is the instigator of these things, Helen?"

"Well, I do not know just who, but you know we get our fashions from Paris. I would just love to see the fellow that gives the first idea of our fashions."

"Ah, Helen, you would flee to the mountains if you would see him."

"Why, I'd like to know."

"Well, I can tell you exactly who he is, although I have never seen him and hope I never shall. Fashion and all these things you seem to delight in are the creations of Satan himself, no more, no less."

"O Mary, it isn't that bad, is it? I never thought of it that way. It fairly makes me tremble. Mary, are you sure of what you said?"



"Yes, and I hope you will never see the instigator of all these fashionable things."

"Well, I have never had it presented to me as you have to-night. But maybe it isn't so bad after all. You know I told you to-day that I was going to New York City. Then I will be in my 'element.' I can scarcely wait. You know Aunt Liza lives there, and they want me to come. I know I will get lonesome to see you though, Mary."

"Well, I will be very sorry to see you go, but I hope it will do you good. But be very careful. It will cost a nice sum to go, won't it?"

"Yes, but Aunt Liza said she would pay my way. She said I would learn something up there. Mamma and papa do not want me to go, but they finally consented, so I am going."

"Be sure to write to me, Helen. Tell me all you learn. I am going away soon, too. I want to get the

work in as good a shape as possible so mother will not have so much to do."

"Well, I will write and send it to where you go to school, and you must answer, too."

"All right."

"Is it that late? Well, I must go home. Where is Paul that he isn't here?"

"Didn't you know he was gone? He has been gone almost two weeks."

"O pshaw! It always does me good just to get a glimpse of him. He certainly is an ideal boy. But if he possesses the firm Christian character that his sister does it is no wonder he does not care for me."

"Well, Paul and I agree in almost everything, that is true. He certainly is a dear brother to me. I will await with eagerness your letter, Helen. Good night."

"Good night."

(To be continued.)

## The Question of Which

Mary I. Senseman



HERE is your coat again, Richard. Don't you think you had better hang it on a hook above? It almost touches the floor here. These places are for the hats."

Twelve-year-old "Richard" had just taken a magazine from the rack for a moment's perusal. He did not yield instant obedience to his sister's request.

Mrs. Havens was dawdling, half childlike, in the steaming water she had just prepared for dish-washing. She was a slight, pale woman, having the wearied expression of recent invalidism. As her son gave no heed to her daughter's request, she spoke:

"Dick!"

Dick turned at once and, going to his coat, hung it farther above the floor. He did so with scowls toward his sister, who was standing silent and motionless.

"'Dick' is a nickname, mother," Glenna said when the boy returned to his reading. "I thought you don't approve of nicknames."

"'Dick' is not a nickname for our boy, Glenna," Mrs. Havens replied in a patient tone that implied mere reiteration of something with which her daughter was already familiar. "Father had a friend whom he knew only as 'Dick,' never as 'Richard,' and he chose the name for your brother."

"Why!" she protested against the steady push with which Glenna was now directing her from dishpan to drying-cloth. "I thought I'd wash the dishes this time. The hot water feels so good to my hands."

"Now, mother, you look tired already, and it is

not yet much past noon. You can sit down to dry the dishes. That will be better for you."

Glenna Havens did not appear so autocratic. She didn't, except, perhaps, in one feature. She was slight of figure, like her mother. And in her eyes there lurked shadows of weariness that even flashes of anger or of intelligence there could not conceal. But Dick said, "While mother was sick Glenna tried to get the whole family into her mouth, and she hasn't taken us out since."

Although large, the mouth was prettily formed. If small, it would have looked disproportionate to the forceful chin. Despite Glenna's authoritativeness, she was wholesome and attractive of form and feature, and was besides endowed with a faint aura of elegance.

As Dick surmised, his sister's present marked disposition had probably been developed, or over-developed, during the nervous affliction from which Mrs. Havens had but just recovered.

A determined chin cannot decrease the number and variety of tasks devolving upon a farmer's housekeeper, except through the medium of ability of organization. So Glenna, during the weeks of her mother's illness, in mutually concentrating her energy and her duties, had gradually, though unwittingly, become absolute within her realm.

After the dish-washing had been disposed of the girl paid a visit of inspection to Mrs. Havens' bedroom.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed, coming out, "you made your bed this morning. And the mattress wasn't turned, because you aren't strong enough. I

left the bed torn up because I had planned to open the mattress this afternoon and fill out that hollow place that's worn in it."

"Well, I thought you had your hands full, working in the garden," was Mrs. Havens' reply. "And I sleep so well now that I don't know whether there are hills or valleys in the mattress."

Glenna was staring at her mother, but she did not hear the last words. She turned away, saying rapidly, "I'll fetch your black luster dress, and we can reface the skirt of it and make new collar and cuffs for the waist. You'll need it to go out occasionally with Aunt Rose, when she comes."

The last of the sentence came faintly to Mrs. Havens' ears, for her daughter was halfway up the stairs when she finished speaking. In the few moments that intervened until Glenna was down again, carrying the dress, the mother let her countenance be highly expressive of her thoughts. She set her mouth resolutely, then let it become resigned; she sighed, and spoke half audibly: "I'll be glad when Rose comes."

Rose was her sister, a brisk young woman of twenty-seven or eight, who hailed from distant Dakota. In the first December of her sojourn there she wrought some little consternation among her law-abiding relatives by asserting, at the end of her letters, that she was jumping, to which statement she added, "concluded in our next." The "next" duly began, not "claims," but "to keep warm." Later, the kinsfolk were puzzled by the bachelor girl's signature, which had "P." attached to the customary "Rose Nelson." Glenna, of the Havens household, searched in vain for such an abbreviation of a title. Rose herself kindly explained it in a subsequent missive. It was "Rose Nelson, pedagogue."

She had gone to Dakota after her mother's death and now, after three years, she was coming back, as soon as her school would close, to see brothers and the sister, Ada Havens.

Mrs. Havens was disappointed about the dress. She had planned to renovate it herself, for she frequently found convalescence as demanding of patience as had been actual illness.

But she seemed to have lost her usual prestige during the weeks of lassitude and enervation. At that time, supreme command of the household affairs required itself of Glenna. Now, that command could not escape from the girl's precision and decisiveness and conciseness.

The mother had tried argument, pleading, mock imperativeness. Glenna had not acquired self-submission of her own exacting, stubborn will. Mrs. Havens had therefore set her hopes upon the advent of Rose, the liberalist, the Nelson "baby."

While Glenna, centering her attention wholly upon the dress, was wrought up to some strain by it, there

came a heavy rap at the kitchen door. On opening it, the girl found there a young man, coarsely clad.

"Any rags, mees, old rubber, iron?"

"I haven't the rags ready, and, anyway," she added rather lamely, "another man buys what we have."

"Won't you give me a chance, mees, just a chance?"

"The rags aren't ready, and I'm busy this afternoon."

The lack of compassion in the voice and face prompted the man to turn away without further supplication.

"A rag-man, mother. I haven't gathered the rags together yet," Glenna briefly explained to her mother.

She received no response. Mrs. Havens knew nothing to say.

"I guess Saturday's no cinch for sis," Dick remarked aloud to himself as he scrambled into his clothes the next morning. It was a Saturday, and that meant a half-hour's earlier breakfast for all the Havens's. Mrs. Havens, however, received hers in bed. It was arranged and served daintily enough, but the sight of the tray—emblem of sick-rooms—took away her appetite. Words would be vain; she had to prove to her daughter by sufficient partaking of food that she merited a place at the table.

She was eating languidly, and a little resentfully. The bedroom window was open a space, admitting the balmy air. The sun was not yet visible. Mrs. Havens stirred her cocoa slowly. It looked good, but she *couldn't* take much of it.

"You look able to be up, Ada," came a voice from the window.

Ada Havens lost no time in getting up. She raised the window in a twinkling and laughed a little, then cried a little, as she was clasped in the arms of a brisk young woman who clambered in so unceremoniously.

Glenna, her quick ears having noticed the disturbance, was there, too, the while. She threw a shawl around her mother before she let herself greet the intruder.

"Aunt Rose," said Glenna, soberly, "we weren't expecting you yet." Then she continued, "I'll help mother dress. Father and Richard are at breakfast."

"No, we ain't," said two hearty, impatient voices, and Rose Nelson stepped through the half-open doorway, into the sitting-room, to receive the cordial hand-clasps of the speakers.

"It's not a surprise, Rose, that you're here, for it's an unexpected time and way and that's what we looked for," said Mr. Havens, speaking in his usual slow, distinct manner.

"And you crawled in at the window, Aunt Rose! I guess you're jollier than ever," commented Dick.

The laughing, yet steady, straightforward gleam that answered from his aunt's eyes was proof of the



point. It proved something else, too,—something that increased the already happy light that shone in Dick's own eyes. Philosophic Dick felt awfully "tough" sometimes, from the gnawings of hunger in the left side of his chest.

Not for weeks had Mrs. Havens' fingers been so deft as they were during those minutes.

"Mother, you merely nibbled at everything on the tray." Glenna was ruefully contemplating the articles of food. There was a plaintive catch in her voice.

Mrs. Havens whisked out into the sitting-room, tying her apron strings. Glenna followed, carrying the tray.

"How *does* it come that you're here this morning, Rose?" The words fairly bubbled out of her sister's mouth.

"Aunt Rose, excuse me," interposed Glenna. "You have not had breakfast? Ours is not cold *yet*."

Rose Nelson's calm glance discerned the aggressive pout on the girl's face and the shadow of mortification that flitted across the mother's countenance. She *had* breakfasted, but—"Yes, I'm hungry. Come, and I'll answer Ada's question while we're eating."

Seated at the table, she continued, "Measles set my school afire. The enrollment had dwindled somewhat on account of the older pupils being needed at home. So the directors just had me close my work this year. There was only a week's time yet, anyway. It didn't take me long to finish my packing. And here I am in your hands for most of the summer."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said Mr. Havens.

The half hour of earlier rising was lost at that Saturday's breakfast. It was lost so far as time was concerned. Systematic Glenna thought it was lost forever to her, unless she infringe on her hours of sleep that night. But her aunt refused to occupy the spare bedroom. "It's too dainty for me, Glenna," she said. "In your room I can pattern after you, you know, and keep my clumsy fingers from soiling things."

Thus began the fall of Glenna's despotism. Her queenship was not undermined and overthrown. No, only her system of it was revolutionized. It was the first acquisition of her superior advisers. For the "comradey" gleam in Rose Nelson's eyes had caught her, too, as it had grasped the willing Dick, and, in fact, usually grasped everybody, unresisting and unregretful.

Rose, from that first day, took upon herself the disposal of all soiled dishes and cooking utensils. Of course, she went at it differently from Glenna's method:—knives, forks and spoons laid in order on a platter, glassware first at hand, plates in one stack here, deep dishes set inside each other there. To Rose it did not seem to matter that a cup was left overturned on a saucer; it seemed no sacrilege that a stray fork

lurked in the teapot; and if it happened that a glass dish failed to be washed until after a stew-kettle, the dish strangely was perfectly transparent after its energetic polishing from the tea-towel.

Sometimes Mrs. Havens helped at the dish-washing. One bright morning when Glenna had recommended that her mother take a walk across the fields, the two sisters went at the work together, ostensibly to finish it the more quickly. By nine o'clock Glenna finished picking currants and came into the kitchen to make jelly of the fruit. There were her mother and her aunt, the dishes, clean, set on the table in imposing battle array. And Generals Ada Havens and Rose Nelson, their eyes twinkling inconsistently, valiantly conducting their respective soldiers through the hardships of war. One plate and a tumbler had lost their lives, a pitcher was minus its spout, a cup had heroically sacrificed its handle.

The next morning, which was brighter than the first, the ex-generals, leaving dishes unwashed and the entire house in disorder, locked the doors and sallied forth at six o'clock, taking Glenna, Dick, and Mr. Havens with them. The last two went to their work in an hour, but the others did not return to theirs for four hours. When they did, however, Mrs. Havens refused to obey her daughter's injunction to go to bed until dinner, and, instead, did her full share of setting the house to rights, which task was done with astonishing rapidity and thoroughness and absence of fussiness.

It was a week later that Rose Nelson and her sister went to call on Granny Lockett. Glenna was stirring together the ingredients of a specially elaborate cake when Dick rushed in. He said as calmly as he could, considering his hard breathing, "Glenna, Jimmy Lane was thrown from a horse and has his head cut open. Father is bringing him in here and said I should telephone for the doctor and that you are to prepare a bed, hot water and bandages."

"My cake," objected Glenna.

"Sis, let your cake go to grass. You get those things ready *at once*." Dick's speech was slow and oh! how distinct. It was yet another acquisition to the list of superior advisers.

The cake eventually went to the pigs, but little Jimmy Lane in a week came from the bed—the spare bed downstairs at the Havens's.

Only a few days were wanting until Rose Nelson would have to go back to her adopted State to resume her title of pedagogue. It was nearly midnight. Glenna was emitting sounds which suspiciously resembled crying. Rose put up an arm and drew a hand across her niece's eyes. Glenna's voice was under control as she said, "I hope I shan't get into the old rut." Then she went on, "I think I can guess partly why you did things differently from my ways this

summer, but I should like to hear you tell me why, Aunt Rose."

"Oh, it was just the question of which, girlie."

The words were light, but the tone was very gentle and replete. "You see, rooms and dishes and bread and cakes and clothes,—just things, you know,—don't mind at all if they are neglected sometimes. But the little, out-of-the-ordinary things real, living people like to play at now and then, if not allowed, deprive the people of restful, cheerful moments. Occasionally it helps make you or somebody else happier to leave a room a little untidy, to bake a simpler cake, to let some food just go to waste. It is the question of which is more important, real joy brought into a real life or those same real moments bestowed upon unknowing, unresponsive objects."

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*



### THE LAND OF THE MODOCS.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

IN the "Land of Burnt out Fires" lying near "where rolls the Oregon" is a corner of our country brimful of nature's wonders, and which was once better known than it is to-day as the scene of the terrible Modoc massacre. In this nearly uninhabited region the engineers of Uncle Sam are busy on a huge drainage and irrigation work which may be considered the most unique of any of the government projects. It is known as the Klamath project, and its lands and waters are directly bisected by the Oregon-California boundary line. Most of the lands to be reclaimed, however, are in Oregon.

Oregon is an old new country. It was settled long before the Indians were driven out of Minnesota and the Dakotas, and yet, by the last census it had only a little over four persons to the square mile. Why should there be this paucity of population in a land admittedly so rich in cultural possibilities? It is just a matter of rainfall. Most of the State lies in the arid belt belonging in part to the Great Basin, which includes all of Nevada, most of Utah and portions of California and Idaho.

#### Water is the Balance Wheel.

It is a vast plateau region, deficient in perennial streams and lacking in rainfall, yet wealthy in soil and adorable in climate, and wanting only irrigation to support in comfort a very great population. Oregon's immense valleys and smooth benches lie, as they have lain for centuries, awaiting the advent of water to blossom into productivity. Uncle Sam has promised the water for some of this great region, and the rush of settlers in that direction indicates that the home builders will be there when it comes.

The Klamath project involves a great work of drainage, irrigation and storage in unusual combina-

tion. Of the 400,000 acres in the Klamath Basin, 250,000 are to be irrigated under this project at a cost of over \$4,000,000, but which makes the acreage charge a small one. Klamath Lake and Tule Lake are two great sheets of shallow water of nearly 150,000 acres in extent, which are to be drained and converted into small irrigated farms. These will probably be among the richest agricultural lands in the world. Tule rushes have grown in these for centuries and they are almost muck beds. Other lands are to be irrigated through the construction of dams and the conversion of upper Klamath Lake, Clear Lake and Horse Fly Reservoir into great storage basins.

#### River Found to be Lost Again.

The water from Clear Lake Reservoir will find its way on to the irrigated lands through Lost River, a deep-flowing, tortuous stream, which for many years baffled the inhabitants of the country regarding its source and mouth. It rises in Clear Lake and, after various windings and doublings, empties into Tule Lake, only six miles distant from its source, but when the engineers have finished with it it will in truth become a lost river, although as a compensation, thousands of prosperous farms will absorb its waters.

The great main canals of the project will have a total length of some 125 miles, with several hundred miles of smaller lateral ditches. One feature of the project necessitates the carrying of water across three deep depressions, and this will be accomplished by means of inverted syphons. Two of these will be over Lost River and one over a tributary. In other instances inverted syphons of steel pipe laid in cement will be constructed and their total length will be over twelve thousand feet with a capacity of 326,550 gallons per minute.

Klamath Basin is over four thousand feet above sea level, with a charming climate and fertile soil, and produces all the good things of a north temperate soil—grains, alfalfa, apples, peaches, and most of the deciduous fruits and all the vegetables. Portland and San Francisco will afford lucrative markets, although at this time the nearest railroad station is Pokegama, from which point visitors into the Basin must travel thirty-six miles by stage. Two railroad systems, however, have large forces of men at work, at this time, constructing branch lines into the Basin, which it is expected will be completed within a year or so.

#### Government Purchases Private Canals.

In order to obviate the possibility of any future conflict over water rights the government has purchased all the private canals in the Basin and will unite them under one system. Here we have the government creating a monopoly of water, but it fortunately is a monopoly which is controlled by all the people and they will enjoy all of the benefits. The wiping out of all private claims is a settled policy now and the wisdom of this policy is emphasized when it is re-



membered that litigation between irrigators over water rights, in many private irrigation districts, is annually costing the settlers more than the maintenance of all their canals.

The farmers in the Klamath valley have organized a water-users' association for the purpose of complying with the requirements of the National Irrigation Act, and making agreements with the Secretary of the Interior, and the Secretary has formally approved their articles of incorporation. This organization, it is stated, is prepared to furnish reliable information concerning the Klamath Basin and the opportunities for homeseekers to take up homesteads under this project.

*Washington, D. C.*



### A BIBLE LESSON.

(The Bible Class will now stand up.)

1. Who was the first drunkard?

Gen. 9: 20, 21.—And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard: And he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent.

2. Who took the first temperance pledge?

Judges 13: 13, 14.—And the angel of the Lord said unto Manoah, Of all that I said unto the woman let her beware. She may not eat of anything that cometh from the vine, neither let her drink wine or strong drink, nor eat any unclean thing: all that I have commanded her let her observe.

3. Did anybody mentioned in the Bible ever take a pledge on his own accord?

Dan. 1: 8.—But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank; therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself.

4. Was he any better or wiser in consequence?

Dan. 1: 15-17.—And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse. As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom; and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams.

5. Ought kings to drink wine?

Prov. 31: 4, 5.—It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink: lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.

6. Ought ministers to drink wine?

1 Tim. 3: 3.—Not given to wine, nor striker, nor greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, nor covetous.

7. Ought we to make companions of drunkards?

1 Cor. 10: 21.—Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of the devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table, and of the table of devils.

8. Can any drunkard enter the kingdom of heaven?

1 Cor. 6: 10.—Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

9. Why has he pronounced this woe?

Isa. 28: 7, 8.—But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.

10. Are drunkards likely to get rich?

Isa. 10: 1, 2.—Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless!

11. What are the consequences of drinking?

Prov. 23: 29, 30.—Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

12. Is it wise to tamper with strong drink?

Prov. 20: 1.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

13. Where was the first temperance society?

Jer. 36: 6-8.—Therefore go thou and read in the roll, which thou hast written from my mouth, the words of the Lord in the ears of the people in the Lord's house upon the fasting day; and also thou shalt read them in the ears of all Judah that come out of their cities. It may be they will present their supplication before the Lord, and will return every one from his evil way; for great is the anger and the fury that the Lord hath pronounced against this people. And Baruch the son of Neriah did according to all that Jeremiah the prophet commanded him, reading in the book the words of the Lord in the Lord's house.

14. What blessing did God pronounce upon it?

Jer. 35: 18, 19.—And Jeremiah said unto the house of the Rechabites, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according unto all that he hath commanded you: Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever.

15. How about the saloon-keeper?

Hab. 2: 15.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh

him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!

16. Any woe for drunkards?

Isa. 5: 11, 12.—Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.

17. Certainly the lawmaker goes free?

Isa. 10: 1, 2.—Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless!

18. The citizens are helpless, therefore, under no responsibility?

Hab. 2: 12.—Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity!

19. What is the penalty if we know the curse of the liquor traffic, and have power to stop it and do not?

Ex. 21: 28, 29.—If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die, then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.

20. What ought we to do with all these crimes?

Ezek. 7: 23.—Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence.

21. What does God expect to do with this chain?

Rev. 20: 1.—And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.



### FRUITS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

A BOUNTIFUL crop of weeds will always grow spontaneously on any neglected piece of ground. In like manner sin is spontaneous in the carnal heart. The Apostle Paul calls the roll of a very ugly brood of what he styles "the works of the flesh," in the fifth chapter of his letter to the Galatians. But wheat and corn must be sown, and orchards must be planted. Wherefore in vivid contrast to the spontaneous products of unregenerate hearts, he specifies certain most beautiful and precious "fruits of the Holy Spirit."

While many talk confidently about man's self-reforming power, yet God's Word and human experience make it certain that when men have tried to reach the highest, noblest, purest spiritual life without the aid of God's Spirit, they have lamentably failed. Bible religion is a growth, a development; and it requires a root. That root is of divine origin.

The root of the best characters and the best lives is a new spiritual principle implanted by the Holy Ghost. That is the meaning of regeneration. This root is as invisible to the eye as the root of an apple tree; but the tree is visible with its beautiful blossoms in May, and its bountiful fruitage in October. The inward life of the tree overhangs the boughs with innumerable apples which the sun crimson with its warm blush, and then the "good tree" presents to its owner its "good fruit" as its consummated season's work.

There is a striking analogy between an orchard and the true Christian church—which is not a monopoly of any single denomination. It is made up of "the faithful in Christ Jesus." Christians are simply converted sinners. They have turned to God under the drawing influence of the wondrous divine love; and the Holy Spirit is the author of their regeneration.

The attempt to take the supernatural out of religion would be as fatal as the attempt to remove from the skies the light and the life-giving warmth of the sun. God's Word meets every minister as he enters his pulpit, and every teacher or parent who desires the conversion of a child, with the emphatic declaration—"With the Holy Spirit everything, without the Spirit nothing!" Every true Christian is "born of the Spirit." He is created anew in Christ Jesus. To the carnal heart sinning is as natural as breathing; the incontestable evidence that the heart is renewed and under a new Master is that it bears the fruits of the Spirit.

Let us go around this goodly tree of Christian character and shake down a few of these apples of gold. The first one specified by the apostle is Love. It well deserves the preëminence. The very essence of Bible piety is to love the Lord our God with all the heart and soul, and our neighbors as ourselves. Our religion ought to be saturated with love; it ought to breathe out in our everyday talk as freely as in our prayers; it ought to ennoble a Christian's business transactions; it ought to write his ballot and sweeten his citizenship; it ought to own his purse and be felt in the grasp of his hand. He that thus loveth is born of God.

The next grace is Joy; and this is as different a thing from mere jollity as the steady sunlight is from the brief flash of lightning. I have never seen this grace gleam out more brightly than when carried at the prow through a midnight tempest of adversities. A genuine child of Jesus Christ can sing in the dark and "rejoice in tribulation." Can a skeptic or a worldling do that?

Peace is the third in the catalogue of the Holy Spirit's fruits. This is the sweet serenity of a pardoned and an accepted soul that has found the "rest" which Christ promises. When wicked and wayward selfishness has grounded arms in the citadel of the



heart, and surrendered its ill will as well as its affections, Jesus says to us, "My peace I give unto you." Worries about the transient things and the temporal things ought to be no more disturbing than the ruffings of a light breeze on the surface of the great deep sea.

Long-suffering and Gentleness are mentioned as twin graces. The literal meaning of the first word is the power of holding still under provocation. It is the rare and beautiful grace of forbearance. Christ Jesus was its loftiest embodiment when he breathed out on the cross that divinest prayer of magnanimity and patience, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Goodness is philanthropy—the unselfish love of our fellow-men, whatever their caste, color or condition. It is Christianity on foot—with a Bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other—food for hungry souls and bodies too. It is not the religion that suns itself on the warm side of a well-endowed church, but the practical Christ-likeness that seeks out the lost, going down in the diving-bell of practical mission work to bring up pearls for Christ's crown out of the slimy depths of ignorance and vice.

But this article is too brief to dwell on all the fruits of the Spirit in a consecrated life. There is Faith that joins the soul to Jesus and overcomes the world; and there is Meekness that chooses an humble place, esteeming others before itself. By no means least comes Temperance, which means self-control for our own sake, and self-denial for the sake of those who might be tempted to their own destruction. Righteous law may prohibit the open haunts of temptation as slaughter houses for body and soul; but Bible temperance goes deeper yet, when it forbids the use of that ensnaring beverage which bites like a serpent and stings like a viper. When professed Christianity puts the bottle out of its own house it is better able to break the bottles of the dram-shop.

What a glorious catalogue of fruits we have been beholding on the well-laden tree of a godly life! What an evidence of the power of Calvary's atoning blood and the gospel of redeeming love! What a proof of the vital and indispensable need of the Holy Spirit in subduing the power of Satan and of sin in the heart, and of producing the genuine and enduring graces that beautify and bless humanity! And what a tremendous argument for fervent and importunate prayer for the outpourings of the Holy Spirit!—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*



#### WHY STUDY LITERATURE?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS says, "Literature is life." The sum total of all literature, good and bad, expresses the thoughts, passions, and sentiments of the human race so far as these may have been recorded.

So soon as we teach the child to read we give him the power to read the meaning of life. This power he very early learns to exercise in some form. He will read something. It may be the daily newspaper, the magazine, the novel, the Bible, anything; but we may rest assured that he will read something.

Children generally do not have any clear conception what they should read. They have not been taught by their parents nor by their teachers to distinguish between the good and the bad in literature. To them literature is something which is to be studied in the college, of which they have no means of knowing anything until they come in contact with it in the high school and in the college.

The form of literature which is available is the daily newspaper, or in case it is not to be had, the weekly furnishes the material. The latest divorce scandal, the recent sensational murder, the newest of everything is read with the greatest avidity. It is in the daily and it is put there to be read.

Is it any wonder that our youths grow up to give additional material sensational in its character, with which to supply the daily of to-morrow? We reap what we sow, and where we do not sow weeds will most likely cover the ground.

The child needs to be given good wholesome literature so that he may be enabled to think the thoughts of the best men. This teaching must begin very early in life, and it must be in keeping with the development of the child's mind.

It must be given with the fairy tale or the fable because he lives in a fairy land and his playthings are real live beings with mouths and tongues that are able to say things. To take him out of his realm and make him deal with facts is like transplanting a tree which is native in Kansas into a mountain country. It will dwarf.

There, however, comes a time when this world of fancy must give way to a real world of real men and women in it. The two change places so gradually that he becomes an idealist. He admires the man who does things. He becomes a hero worshiper. In harmony with this change the literature which he reads must be changed gradually from the fanciful to the real. He must be taught to look to noble men and women for his ideals.

Hence his reading now ought to be largely biography of the best type. William E. Gladstone once said: "Sixty years ago I read the Life of Washington, and I was forced to the conclusion that he was quite the greatest man the world had ever seen. The sixty years that have passed have not changed that impression, and to any Englishman who seeks my advice in the line of his development, I invariably say, 'Begin by reading the Life of Washington.'"

The youth at this age will best appreciate the Bible if he is directed to read the stories of the heroes of

the Bible. As the youth grows still older this heroic element takes on a different form. From the admiration of the great men and women around him his thoughts now begin to turn to love. He now begins to admire the girl with whom he associates. This transaction when it takes place normally is just as natural and needs to be regarded as just as real as the former one.

In order that he may have high ideals here as before his literature now needs to contain the love element. The sensational and the trivial must be entirely excluded. *Evangeline*, *Enoch Arden*, *The Broken Heart*, *The Widow and Her Son*, *Hiawatha*, and many others of like high ideals will elevate his aspirations in love.

The field of literature which now opens to the pupil becomes more cosmopolitan. If he has been carefully taught thus far he will have formed a taste for good reading by the time he has finished his grade work provided he has not been crowded. With such a training he will have little time for the sensational in the daily, and no use whatever for yellow-backed literature.

Good literature, in whatever form, must necessarily present high ideals to the reader because it contains the best thoughts of the best people.

In the realm of poetry there is much beauty that wastes on the desert air of public opinion because we fail to educate this sense of beauty. Alexander Hamilton Mabie says that it takes sweetness and life to make poetry. Fiction presents much of truth and beauty which is of incalculable value in developing character, but here much is lost because we do not train properly and in a great many instances the story is all that the reader gets.

It is a current idea that one needs to study literature in order to be cultured. True, but the study is of infinitely more value in giving strength of character. To have known and to have the thoughts of master minds leaves an indelible impression for good. —*Rays of Light*.



### WHY DON'T THEY PROTECT?

WHERE murder is so frequent as it is in Chicago, and where the murderers so often select women as their victims these crimes cannot be regarded as mere sporadic outbreaks. They indicate a widespread and dangerous contempt for law and defiance of organized society. Furthermore, they show that Chicago has within its borders a spirit of animalism which causes men to kill for the mere pleasure of killing. Wantonly to destroy a woman's life is the act of a beast, not of a man. It is this bestial disregard for woman that is especially appalling in the present situation. Chicago's manhood may well inquire wherein it is to blame for the "light respect that woman receives at

the hands of the brute element of the city's population. It will not do to say that a murder of a woman here and there is the only manifestation of this spirit of contempt for woman's weakness. The man who elbows his way roughly through a crowded street, the man who retains his seat in a public conveyance while some old or weary woman stands in front of him, manifests in a slight degree the same spirit that causes the brute in the form of a man contemptuously to dash out a woman's life because it suits his convenience to do so.

The tolerance with which the men of Chicago view the ineffectual efforts of the police to cope with criminals is another manifestation of their lack of interest in the proper protection of the women of this city. A man can take care of himself, or at least he flatters himself that he can. A woman makes no such pretensions. She frankly depends for protection upon the men of the city and on the city's peace officers who are provided by the men of the city. If these fail her, what can she do? She is at the mercy of any brute who chooses to lurk at the mouth of an alley to bring upon her insult and death.

It is time for the men of Chicago to wake up and protect the women of Chicago. The laws must be enforced and means of securing their enforcement must be found.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Listen:—The city of Chicago employs a force of men who have nothing else to do but protect its women citizens.

General superintendent, \$6,000; assistant superintendents, \$4,000; five inspectors, \$14,000; fifteen captains, \$33,750; superintendent Identification Bureau, \$2,250; two detective lieutenants, \$3,400; sixty lieutenants, \$90,000; chief clerk Detective Bureau, \$1,500; 106 sergeants, \$127,200; sixty detective sergeants, \$72,000; 135 desk sergeants, \$162,000; 2,277 patrolmen, \$2,504,700; 100 patrol drivers, \$84,000.—*New Voice*.



### THE BIRTH OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

Mr. Sankey's Story of How he Composed "The Ninety and Nine."

IN the November issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* Cleveland Moffet tells how the greatest of all singing evangelists, Ira D. Sankey, came to give the world a hymn that will live long after his voice is stilled. It was during Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain. As they were entering the train in Glasgow, Mr. Sankey bought a copy of a penny religious paper called *The Christian Age*. Looking over it, his eyes fell on some verses, the first two lines of which read thus:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold."

"Mr. Moody," exclaimed Mr. Sankey, "I have



found the hymn I've been looking for for years."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Moody.

"It's about a lost sheep."

Two days later, in Edinburgh, they held a great meeting in the Free Assembly Hall. As Dr. Bonar finished, Mr. Moody leaned over the pulpit and asked the singer if he had not a solo for the occasion. The thought of the verse he had read in the penny paper came to Mr. Sankey's mind, and opening his scrap-book, in which he had pasted the clipping, he placed it before him on the organ, and, after a moment of silent supplication, struck a full chord and began to sing. And note by note came the now famous song. He composed it as he went along. What he sang was the joy that swelled in his own soul, hope that was born, the love for those who needed help. Thus he finished the first stanza.

Then, as he paused and played a few chords waiting to begin again, the thought came to him: "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first? Can I remember the notes?" And, concentrating his mind once more for the effort, he began to sing. So he went on through for five stanzas, and after the services he put the melody into music.



#### AN EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS is the virtue of morality. It is man's best standard set by himself for his own guidance. To be dependable, to be thoughtfully sincere, to live our best thoughts into deeds,—this is the education we are endeavoring to realize to-day. We have long since learned that mere smartness is no guarantee of right living. It is not what one knows, but what one is that makes effort worth while. The conscientious man is the gold of the republic. He is the standard by which to measure all others. He is not for sale, nor is he in the market to purchase others. To be above price—that is the privilege, it is the need of each one. Thus only may we look for the reforms so essential to the uplift of the republic.

Every illiterate in the republic is a menace to the republic and a reproach upon our system or lack of system in education. We can scarce explain to one unacquainted with our conditions how it is possible to maintain our civic life when illiterates are allowed to share in the determining influence of that life.

We want citizens who cherish a true home life, who are industrially sane and busy, who cherish the sweeter amenities of our social life, who love the state well enough to preserve its ideals entire, who understand that democracy can spell only universal intelligence, and who honor themselves by honoring God with loyal service. To accomplish this is the work of the educator in the republic. The school alone cannot do this work. The Sunday school, the Y. M. C. A., the allied church societies, the press,

the pulpit, the public library, and the home must cooperate if the ideal is to be made real, as it should.

If you were to seek an explanation of the marvelous advance of Japan among the nations of the world you would find it most surely in the emperor's decree of 1868: "It is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, or a family with an ignorant member." That explains Japan, the nation that to-day ranks next to first in the percentage of pupils of school age actually in school—namely, 98 per cent. The working out of such a splendid result in our own country would make us in reality what we fondly hope and patriotically declare ourselves to be—the greatest nation because the best educated in all that makes for the highest civilization of the race.—*M. G. Brumbaugh, in Juniata Echo.*



#### PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

THE growing impression among evangelical Christians seems to be that less reliance must be placed upon any modern patent or sensational measures to awaken general attention to religious subjects, and that a deeper personal consecration must be secured among Christian disciples. We must work more earnestly and constantly the divinely-established means of evangelization, with daily devotion, must seize our opportunities for personal labor among our fellow-men. We must have a warm, holy, well-instructed church-home; we must have a sound, impressive, scriptural ministry; and we must work outward, in every direction, from this church center. Then our work, although not attended with so great demonstration, will be all the more permanent.

The masses cannot be reached by simply building meetinghouses among them, but they can be approached by consistent, active, and holy Christian men and women. But the great want of the hour is warm, loving, working, and consecrated church-centers, from which shall constantly go out earnest and effective influences. Work the varied church appliances up to their full power, then a pure church will confront a gainsaying world, an active church will constantly disciple, the holy church will illustrate the peace and joy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world.—*Zion's Herald.*



#### CLIMBING AND "BOOSTING."

A FUNNY little scene in a side yard, the other day, furnished an object lesson to passers-by who were keen enough to appropriate it. Small Jackie was trying to climb upon the roof of a low porch to clear the leaves from a rain trough, and his mother and elder sister were endeavoring to assist him in the ascent. The boy clung to one of the pillars, his plump arms and legs twined around it, and shouted:

"Push me up now! Why don't ye boost? Boost, I say!"

His shrill orders and calls for assistance presently attracted attention within doors and brought to the window the father, with disgusted face and strong German accent:

"Poost yourself, you Zhakie. Vat for yu be all the times yelling for somepody to help you? Vat you tinks your arms and legs pe for and you don't climb yourself oop? Pe quiet mit your noise and do some-tings to yourself poost oop."

Jakie stared, then addressed himself to his task and scrambled up to the roof with very little difficulty. The trouble had been that he was placing all his reliance upon his assistants. There are a good many people who are trying to reach desirable places in this world in very much the same way. They know where they want to stand, but they are looking for somebody else to put them there—influential friends to push them up—wasting in calls for help the strength they should spend in climbing.

It is questionable if anyone is fitted for a place into which he must be lifted without any effort of his own, and there are many who despondently wait for somebody's "influence" to open a way for them, where, with vigorous determination, they might open a way for themselves. Friends are valuable, and such help as they can fairly give is to be gratefully accepted. Influence that can be honestly claimed is not to be despised. But these things are only aids; we must do our own climbing. If there is any good we wish to reach we dare not waste our time in waiting for some one to help us to it, but we must help ourselves with all the powers we possess. We are or should be, so far as mortal assistance goes, our own most influential friends.—*Young People's Paper*.



#### HER OWN CHOICE.

SOON after Christmas, Helen's mother went away to make a visit of a few days, leaving Helen and her father alone, with a good helper in the kitchen to take care of them. Helen would have liked very much to go with her mother, but she had to go back to school.

Almost the first thing she thought when she found herself alone in the house, was this: "Now I can do as I like." Not that she had a hard time when her mother was at home, for she had her own way quite as much as most girls. But she liked the feeling that now she would have to decide a good many things for herself.

She had a chance sooner than she expected. The very next day after her mother went away some of the girls came to her at noon to tell her that they were going after school to see one of their school-mates who had moved to another part of the town,

and so went to another school. Helen must go with them.

There was a pretty look of importance on Helen's face as she thought the matter over. She knew that if she went, she would not be at home much before supper time. Her father had promised to take her to a lecture in the evening. Where would she get any time for the next day's lessons? There might be a few spare minutes, but it was rather doubtful. There was nobody to say to her, "You'd better be on the safe side, Helen. You can go and see Margaret another day," and a voice within did say to her, "It won't make much difference if you don't have your lessons to-morrow. You can make them up afterward."

But Helen thought the matter over again, and of her own choice decided that she would take another day for going to see Margaret.

And that evening at the lecture she had a pleasant feeling of satisfaction, not only at the remembrance that the lessons were all learned and ready for the next day, but because this better way had been her own choice, and not the suggestion of somebody else.—*Happy Hours*.



#### MOVE ON.

WE often come, in our Christian course, to points where there is more or less hindrance, objection, and contention. Men differ in policy and principle. Some cannot be taught, they will not learn. Their minds are made up, their wills are set. To contend is useless, to argue vain. What then shall we do? Simply move on. It is wrong to waste time, it is useless to dispute or quarrel. Move on. If people cannot learn they must remain ignorant. If we cannot teach them, why should we quarrel with them? The last word is not better than the first. Who wants it? Move on. Let people say what they will, and do what they please, life is too short to waste in contentions. If they are in error we cannot correct them. If they are going wrong they do not wish to be righted.

We cannot waste time in disputation. For us the true way to do is to move on. Let the dead bury their dead. Let the stubborn dispute with the stubborn. Let the prejudiced argue with the prejudiced. Let Christians move on.

The powers of evil are gathering. The hosts of darkness are strong. The enemies of righteousness marshall their forces on every hand, and Satan seeks to sow discord among the saints. What can Christians now do but go forward? The Captain of salvation calls them. The path of victory opens before them. Let them that are of a fearful heart be strong. Let the soldier of the Lord be of good courage. Let those who know the Shepherd's voice follow him, and let the host of God move on!—*The Christian*.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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"I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM GOING."



NE of the latest songs sung on the vaudeville stage bears the title, "I Don't Know Where I Am Going, But I Am On My Way." Thousands of people have listened to the song and have laughed at it. It was written to be laughed at, it was written to amuse, and it has served its purpose. But whoever wrote the words and whoever composed the music evidently did not appreciate the deep truth and sentiment that is in the title.

A gentleman from the rural districts, who was making his first visit to the great city of Chicago, not long since, in trying to make his way up State street, exclaimed to his companion standing by, "There must be something going on in town to-day." And after he was assured again and again that this was an everyday occurrence, something incredible to him, he then said, "Where are all of the people going?" The scenes in the business part of the city are enough to make even the residents of the city ask the same question, "Where are the people going? Where do they come from? What is their business? Upon what do they subsist? Who furnishes all the money for them to live upon?"

The fact is the people in the country are just as busy as the people in the city, but they are so far apart that they do not notice the hustle and bustle of the society as we do in the city. But how many of the eighty million people in the United States know where they are going? That we are on the way is unquestionably so, but whither are we bound?

In the vast majority of cases the question is unanswerable. The people on every side of us are striving with all their might to make the journey of life pleasant, but lamentable as the fact is, the ideas are indefinite as to where the end of the journey will be. It is a sad thought to think that so many people do not have specific aims and no purpose in life, beyond

satisfying the needs of the present. Perfectly contented they are, to make a comfortable living, from one week's end to the other. It may be that is all the most of them can do, in a financial way, but there are very few who cannot muster up the ability to formulate some definite plan as to a future life and as to the utility of the present opportunities. But they are on their way somewhere.

Our government is on its road to some place, but with the great capital and labor question, the rottenness of politics, the liquor traffic, graft and crime, leading even to anarchy,—who shall predict our future? What shall we say of society, with all of its drunkenness, bribery, debauchery, licentiousness in high places, licensed criminality in better circles unmolested by the officials of the law? What shall we prophesy of the church in general, when we think of the inactivity, apathy, lethargy, hypocrisy, formality, and other things that are gnawing at its vitals to a very alarming degree indeed?

These things have not been said from a pessimistic point of view, but merely as a matter of warning, as an index finger, pointing to the obstacles in the way that must be met and overcome; the problem *must* be solved. Whether we shall ever be able to tell where we are going or not, one thing remains sure, that the destination is the grave. The journey will end there, whether we reach any other goal or not. Will it? Is that true? Aye, that is the presumption of many! It has been a problem of the ages. Some one says, No one knows. Is that true? It is true that it apparently ends there, but there are those who fully realize the fact that the grave is not the end, but only a station on the line, and that the journey continues beyond. Countless millions have made the trip and have passed through a little narrow entrance, that we call the grave, and have gone into the elysian fields of glory beyond, or have by matter of choice taken the road to the left, leading to perdition.

If you ever chance to hear the strain that belongs to the title of this article, stop and think soberly of the truth that is contained in this,—“I don't know where I am going, but I am on my way.”



## THE WRONG SIGNAL.

A MAN who had been placed in charge of a signal house, on a railroad, either carelessly or willfully, gave the wrong block to the engineer. Nobody accuses him of doing it willfully. The most uncharitable people think that it was done either through negligence or carelessness, but whatever may have been the motive the result was the same. A collision occurred; people were killed; property destroyed; money lost; all because a man who was in charge of the signal station failed to do his duty.

It was a very small thing. The pulling of the lever

gave the signal. The pulling of one lever throws the right signal, and the pulling of another throws the wrong signal. Where there are a great number of these levers to be pulled, it is the easiest matter, in haste, to take hold of the wrong one. It requires utmost care and attention, and it is claimed that not one man in a hundred goes through a long period of years at this sort of business without making some mistake, because of the liability of mistakes.

A lesson comes to us from this incident, and the general principle contained in it is that the giving of the wrong signal is extremely dangerous. This man was put in the penitentiary two years, not because it would make the wrong right, not that it would give life to the people who had been killed, not that it would reimburse the loss of money, not that the property would be restored to the owner, but as a lesson against carelessness. And yet all over our land to-day there are a hundred wrong signals being displayed that are causing wrecks of all kinds and causing a great loss of life, and no one seems to be imprisoned for it either, at least not the one who is causing the wrong signal.

Not long since we entered a town and on the very first building inside of the corporation was a small board, containing the inscription, "The First Chance." It was the wrong signal. It was intended to convey the idea to the traveler that it was his first chance to get a drink of liquor, but there should have been a few more words attached to the sign. If it would have read, "The First Chance to Hell," it would have shown the traveler the true track upon which he was going. It would have cast the open switch before him. He would have seen the right signal. But this wrong sign in full view has led thousands down to perdition.

What is true in this instance referred to is true in many other phases and aspects of life. In the religious world we find many wrong signals displayed, leading people astray. Your profession is the wrong signal displayed; your possession is the signal that ought to be displayed. People read you as you are, and not what you claim to be, after a certain amount of investigation, but he who runs reads you as you seem to be. If you profess one thing and do another, you have given the wrong signal to passers-by, and whatever may be your effort to redeem yourself, that man has received so much momentum, so much influence from your life that you can never accomplish your purpose.

In the political world thousands of these wrong signals are flashed out across the streets of life for the public to gaze upon, leading thousands of men astray. In the social world signals of higher circles are shown to people and a great many are induced to believe that that road leads to an enviable station, when the real truth is that it is the opposite direction.

The common people are made to believe that they have nothing in their possession worthy of consideration in comparison with the "upper tens" as they are called. It is a wrong signal. The percentage of noble men and women is much greater in the middle classes than can be found among the 400's.



#### IDEAS RULE THE WORLD.

RULERS know this, hence they control the press when possible. It is the business of the men to-day, who are at the head of political parties, at the head of religious movements, and at the head of the law-making business, to control the press, the pulpit and the rostrum as much as possible, and feed the people upon the ideas they want them to have.

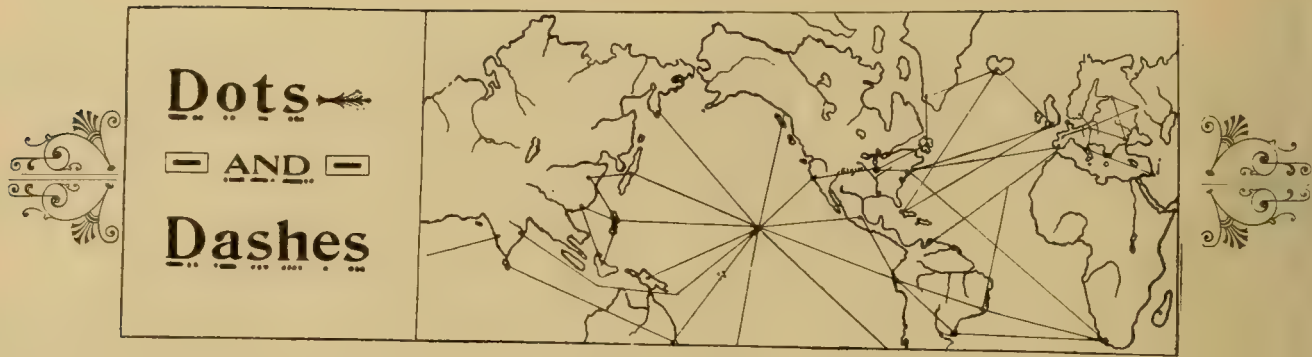
If an idea can be planted into the hearts and minds of the people it is settled once for all until it is supplanted by another idea of more momentum than the previous one. Slavery existed until an idea was advanced that human slavery was wrong. Of course it took many sermons, many lectures, the writing of books, the passing of bills, and finally the spilling of blood to pen an idea ineffaceably upon the minds of the people. But an idea has been formed and has come to stay.

An idea is generally born in the brain of a reformer. No one man, as a rule, gives birth to a great number of great ideas, but many minds absorb a whole life in order to perfect one great idea, which, of course, is well worth that life. Every new idea that is brought into the world has to fight for recognition. It is first ignored, denounced, then accepted. The people are, as a matter of course, not ready for it when it is first presented, therefore they ignore it. It is a stranger. After while, through continual advocacy, its merits are brought to bear upon the public mind. Through jealousy, ignorance, maliciousness, inability, and a lot of other things, it is opposed. And finally when it has run the gauntlet of politicians, counterfeiters, evil-minded workers, grafters, or whatever class of opposers it has to meet, it at last reaches the common people who want it and need it and know they need it, then it is accepted.

When it has reached this climax, it is ready to be crowned, and the inventor of the idea, although he may be dead and gone, and a cold piece of marble at his head, yet his name is emblazoned on the sky of success.

So do not be discouraged if your ideas do not meet with approval at once. If your idea is not worth much it ought not to meet with approval; if it will stand the racket, run the gauntlet, and it still has the ring of truth, it will be worth something in the end. Don't worry about the credit, if you don't get it somebody else will. The idea will do the good just the same.





#### PANIC-STRICKEN ITALY.

VIOLENT eruptions of old Vesuvius a second time threaten to engulf the city of Pompeii. A great flood of molten lava, 600 feet wide, and 21 feet deep, has come down over the city. Not in centuries has Vesuvius been so terrible in its rage. Countless new craters are emitting a molten flood simultaneously, and the attendant earthquake shocks have caused the panic to spread even to the city of Naples. Because of the poisonous fumes and smoke, breathing is very difficult, and dense showers of hot ashes add to the horror. Towns and villages have been damaged and abandoned and the extent of damage is not fully known. Thousands of rocks were thrown into the air to the height of 2,400 to 3,000 feet. The noise of explosions and rocks striking is almost deafening. The Royal Meteorological Observatory on Mount Vesuvius, located there for the purpose of making observations and a study of the volcano, has been destroyed. Ashes and cinders are blown out over the country for miles and miles, and of course are of such weight that buildings are crushed to the ground and many, many lives are lost. The scene is horrible, and it is thought by some to be a repetition of the one enacted at Pompeii and Herculaneum, except that not so many lives are lost.

The whole southern portion of Italy is enveloped in darkness, and ashes continue to fall from the black sky; flashes of flame and blocks of white-hot stones are being hurled with tremendous force from the crater and the city of Naples is in great distress. The people are powerless and helpless; the churches, barracks and schools are all being converted into shelters for the refugees, harboring at least 50,000. The reservoirs are threatened with destruction.

Pope Pius X has telegraphed \$10,000 to be distributed among the needy. The great market place of the city collapsed during the busiest hour of the day, burying the entire throng of people, some, however, being able to escape.

It is not known what the end will be. Time and time again has God warned his people to mend their ways, and yet they will not.

#### IMPORTANT FINDS IN MEXICO.

THE ruins of large prehistoric cities and archaeological finds of importance have been made in southern Mexico. Three native Mexicans, "timber cruisers," who were searching the forests for ties for the Pan-American Railway, reported to superintendent Cox that they found the remains of two cities larger in extent than either Chicago or New York. This news caused further investigation, which resulted in the finding of temples and palaces of magnificent proportions, including other buildings so substantial that time has been unable to destroy them.

Professor Batres made important excavations at the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, about twenty-seven miles north of the city of Mexico, among which was a monumental stairway approaching the pyramids. President Diaz recommends an appeal for liberal appropriations for the National School of Archaeology, in addition to the new university which is in contemplation by the government. He believes that there is no greater field for archaeological research and study than Mexico, because the soil has been the theater of at least three distinct and successive civilizations, the remains of which are scattered all the way from the Rio Grande to Central America. In view of what lies hidden here, in this Mexican soil, Mr. Cox says that as soon as the Pan-American Railway gets down to business the way will be opened for tourists; hotels and accommodations will be provided, because these ruins are sure to prove a great attraction.

Mr. Cox is especially interested in the remains of a city, which must have had a population of perhaps a million, lying under the slopes of a mountain fourteen or fifteen miles long and rising to a height of from three to four thousand feet, just back of the city of Tonola. At one place was found a great temple, surrounding a courtyard containing what evidently was an altar, and what appeared to be a sacrificial stone. This field will certainly be of profit to competent archaeologists.



PRESIDENT PALMA, of the Cuban Congress, which recently met at Havana, sent a message to that body.

referring to the fact that the tobacco and sugar crops of the island had fallen off, and, since the price of sugar was low, he thought that the state should assist the planters in every way possible, and especially does he believe that the government should aid in immigration. He also suggested that mortgage banks should be established to obviate the sale of land to foreigners. He favored the establishment of the Cuban monetary system on a gold basis, in view of the high value of Spanish silver. It was stated that during the last year imports had increased from \$77,000,000 to \$95,000,000, of which \$43,000,000 came from the United States; the increase of exports being \$110,000,000, of which the United States took \$95,500,000, leaving an available balance in the treasury of \$5,744,741.

G. M. BRILL, son of J. G. Brill, founder of the famous car works at Philadelphia, died at his home near Philadelphia, on the last day of March.

A FEW days ago the building occupied by the *Buffalo Times* was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$200,000.

By recent experimental demonstrations three French doctors claim to have proved that the stimulation of the nerves of the ear by means of musical tones constitutes the true remedy for deafness. As the result of this demonstration, one of the three, Dr. König, has invented an instrument which he has named "tonometre." It is merely a grouping of tuning forks, some of which are found to vibrate in unison with the patient's ear nerves. It has also been found that while strengthening the slightly inactive nerves it has a tendency to awaken the more dormant ones.

E. C. SWIFT, the Chicago beef packer, died April 4, after a brief attack of pneumonia. It is said that he was worth \$25,000,000; he began only as a chore boy in the stock yards.

MR. WILLIAM BORDEN, one of the wealthiest real estate owners in the city of Chicago, died last Tuesday from the effects of an apoplectic stroke. He was about fifty-five years old, and widely known among the business circles of the city.

SOME recent discoveries in Zion City have revealed a secret vault, containing a bed and a telephone, built in the basement of the Shiloh residence, the telephone connecting with Mrs. Dowle's room. The doctor states that the vault was designed by his former personal attendant, Carl Stern, now dead, as a place of refuge for Zion's founder, in case of an attack by a mob. Perhaps the first apostle had a vision predict-

ing adverse conditions, and he was making arrangements for his safety, at least.

A NEW YORK dispatch to the *Chicago Record-Herald* states: "Original manuscripts of 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'The Blithedale Romance,' 'The Marble Faun,' 'Twice Told Tales,' and other stories, written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which are of great value, were damaged in a fire in the home of Julian Hawthorne at 75 Warburton Avenue, at noon to-day. The fire partly burned the house. The damage will amount to from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Mr. Hawthorne carried no insurance on the furnishings or the manuscripts. Some of his own manuscripts, in a desk in the library, were damaged by water. When the fire started no one was in the house except a servant. The building is four stories in front and six in the rear. A defective flue in the kitchen was responsible for the fire."

MANY distinguished educators and philanthropists, including Secretary Taft, President Eliot, Andrew Carnegie, Robert Ogden and others assisted in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., of which Booker T. Washington is the founder and head. Mr. Washington, in his opening address, declared his conviction that the main body of the negro race had decided to remain permanently in the South, and that the race had entered upon a new period in the era of free, independent and intelligent economic and industrial development. It is further believed by the president of the institution that the task of this republic will never be complete "as long as seven or eight millions of its people are in a large degree regarded as aliens and are without voice and interest in the welfare of the government." In a speech given by Secretary Taft he rather endorsed the policy of the South, in adopting laws which exclude impartially both the black and white, ignorant and irresponsible, believing it wise to follow such a policy. President Eliot then stated that daily productive work in freedom, family life, education and respect for law are means of lifting any race out of barbarism.

It is now claimed that John D. Archbold is the real head of the Standard Oil trust.

RUSSIA has called The Hague Conference for July, through the personality of the Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen, at Washington, stating that the Netherlands had already assented to this proposition. A list of subjects for discussion was presented, among which is the attack of the Japanese upon the Russian ships at Port Arthur and Chemulpo.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### LOVE CAN NEVER LOSE ITS OWN.

**H**OW strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the path their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath the orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since he who knows our need is just)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas, for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marble play!  
Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

—From John G. Whittier's "Snow-Bound."



### RURAL WOMAN'S WORLD.

ELLA S. HALL.



**N**O son was ever greater than his mother, but a daughter may be her superior. Ten-nyson, in *Enoch Arden*, describes the daughter as "the later, but a loftier Annie Lee." We are all fond of enumerating the noted men who have been country born; but their mothers are the unrecognized heroines of history.

The beauties of rural life have often been told in story and song, yet we all know the woman on the farm faces many stern realities; but we believe she does it with a sweet simplicity and a sacred sincerity that is not always present with her city cousins. Doves and pigeons are less troublesome in poetry than in the barn yard. The much dreamed of rest and quiet on the farm may suddenly be turned into hurry and immediate activity when the cattle rush into the corn field, or the horses dash into the front yard, or the pigs and chickens find their way into the garden.

Since it is a law of human thought, that man can only discover truths which emanate from his own experience, it would be folly for me to try to give any practical points regarding the difficulties that befall woman in the rural world, but I do know she occupies an important place on the great stage of life.

Many claims have been made that the twentieth century is the woman's century; but I believe when old Time's clock struck 1900, the hands on the great dial plate pointed directly to the first letter of the alphabet, and there were the words Agriculture, Armies and America. Going down the line of letters the hands pointed next to E, beside it were the words Education, Electricity and Evolution. Moving down the list the next stop was at M, there were the words Man, Money and Monopoly. Still farther down was the letter W, and it represented Woman, Worship and Wife. The capital letters M and W are almost identical in size, and may not this be typical of the spiritual and mental capacity of the highest types of man and woman? But in the arrangement of the alphabet W was placed several spaces below M. The words, "Worship and Wife," seem fit companions for "Woman," since most of the worshiping is done by women and no farm could be complete without the wife.

For the rural woman "old things are passed away; behold all things are become new," and to-day she enjoys an enviable position. Good roads, suburban and interurban railways, centralization of schools, rural free delivery, woman's organization of clubs and the telephone have brought to her all the advantages of the city. Added to these advantages, she has for her physical development fresh air, unadulterated food, pure drink and wholesome environments, with a boundless opportunity to study nature.

Woman has been called the "heart of nature," and it is not strange that children long for the mountains and meadows, for the rivers and rills, for the sunshine and skies, for fruits and flowers, for birds and butterflies.

Count Tolstoi dignifies agriculture above all other means of earning a living, and surely the country is the ideal place for many kinds of work. Gardening is a delightful occupation for women and children, and why not? The more we dig in the dirt the longer we will remain above ground.

The crowded condition of Paris caused Rosa Bonheur to buy a home in the country where she could work unmolested, and for years she painted the horses, cattle and sheep of her own fields, the cats and dogs

of her own yards and the tigers and lions of her own menagerie. There is nothing more delightful than the fields and the forests and nothing more useful to mankind than the sowing and the reaping, and this labor is the song of the soil. Without the country Millet could not have painted "The Angelus," "The Gleaners," or "The Potato Planters." There would have been neither picture nor poem of "The Man with the Hoe."

Some women in the rural world may say, "We have no time for poetry or art," but you have. It takes no more time to observe and enjoy the picturesque scenery along the road going to town than if you rode along with closed eyes. Many of the old masters began their work in art when they were mere children, and the story of their lives can be made as interesting to a child as a fairy tale. A person need not be an artist with brush or chisel in hand in order to enjoy the beauties of nature; but to know something of the works and lives of the great masters in art quickens our appreciation and broadens our understanding of poetry, music, painting and sculpture, and even life itself. No library is complete without books on the fine arts.

No work in the rural district has been more edifying than the establishment of libraries. In 1900 the combined libraries in the United States contained only a small fraction over one-half a book for each inhabitant. Within the past five years our libraries have greatly increased, and before many more years have come and gone the number of books in our public libraries ought to equal the number of our people.

Much has been written, recently, about our public libraries becoming feminized. It is only a natural consequence that they should be feminized. Most of our readers and librarians are women. Men in general pay too little attention to the books that come into their homes and they give less thought to the books for the public libraries; yet it is said, "Women use books as playthings; men use them as tools." The man who reads examines his books more closely than woman does and he reads fewer books. The day is not far distant when every community will have its public library and in it will be books for men and boys.

The extent of rural woman's work and her influence cannot be estimated. How long will they last?

"As long as the heart hath passions,  
As long as life hath woes."

What will be her reward? "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

*Galveston, Texas.*



THE total number of men in the United States liable to military service is 11,126,750.

## THE BROKEN PIECE.

ZACK NEHER.

SOME time ago, while working near the mines, shoveling at a pile of crushed stone, I found a piece of something which, evidently, was a part of a machine at one time. Not having time just then to examine it closely I laid it aside. Then, when my day's work was done, I picked up the piece and took it to the master mechanic. He looked it over and said, "That is good metal (copper). I can use that even if it is broken."

Some of us perhaps, are much like the broken piece. At one time we may have had a good position, but now by some mishap we may be down, as to position, but our character is not affected by our position being broken, hence can be used yet somewhere. Many young people, striving for an education, do not seem to make the effort to develop a good character that they do to prepare for a position in life.

The position the broken piece once occupied is worth nothing now, neither does it figure now as to the value of the broken part; it is the quality of it now that makes it valuable. We may lose our position in life, then will our disposition shine the brighter and our character be most valuable to us, if it be the true character.

We may be financially broken, through a business disaster; then it is when our good habits—habits of economy—will be to our advantage. We may be of a broken family; then our good Christian character will hold us up when all else will fail. Our home church organization may be wiped out of existence by the destructive storm of envy; we will then need to muster all the strength of character that is in us, to stand. Even then we may be broken by the wreck and buried in the rubbish; then our position is worth nothing, but our character alone, if good and true, will remain the same and the quality of it will not be affected by the wreck and will some day be removed from the rubbish, carried away and the broken part mended by the great Master and once more made useful, like the piece of broken metal spoken of above. It was not the position it once occupied in the great machine that made it valuable, but the quality of it.

Boys and girls, you who are at school or college, preparing for a position in life, remember it is not the position, but rather the disposition, that makes you valuable, and which will hold you up long after the position has taken its flight. The position is only a means to an end; but if the disposition is evil, then the end will be disastrous.

Resistance is one of the best qualities to use in building a good character for schoolboys and girls. Executive talent is born; when put into action it brings position and wealth. Resistance is cultivation



of Christian character, and is needed more in the schoolroom than most anywhere else. The temptations there are perhaps stronger toward evil than on the farm, at least, but the effort that is put forth (at school) to resist evil will develop strength of character which will be to your advantage.

After you have spent some time in school and return home, even though you fail to accomplish what you aimed at when starting to school, or fail to get the position for which preparation was made, your school life may yet be a grand success.

*Carthage, Mo.*



### THE REFORMATION OF JOHN HOWARD.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.



As far back as I can remember, and long before I entered this vale of tears, John Howard had been a slave to drink, and he did just as other drunkards have done, and will do in the future. He abused his faithful wife and little children, let them suffer for food and clothing, while his hard-earned wages went to swell the coffers of the saloon-keeper.

John Howard was not a lazy man; he worked hard while he was sober, but when he received his pay for labor done, he never stopped until he was as drunk as a loon, and he remained drunk as long as his money lasted, during which time he almost always tried to break up everything about the house.

This state of affairs lasted until the oldest of the Howard children had grown into manhood. Then one autumn a brilliant young preacher started a revival at the little church of Pleasant Hill,—a little church near the Howard home. The young minister preached sanctification, and he warmed all of the old members, and got a score or more of new converts; among that number were two sons and two daughters of the Howard family.

Night after night the minister discoursed to a full house; everyone in the neighborhood was talking about the wonderful preaching, and for miles around the people came to hear this great man.

At that time John Howard had one of his sober spells; and one night his two daughters prevailed on him to accompany them to church. It so happened that the minister preached a powerful sermon that night, and there is no doubt but that it worked its way into the drink-soaked brain of John Howard, to some purpose, too. But on the way home from church a still more powerful lever was brought to bear on his superstition, for when the people were only a short distance from the church, there flamed up in the sky one of the most magnificent aurora borealis ever seen by anyone there. In fact that magnificent spectacular

was the first of its kind that some of those churchgoers had ever seen, and its gigantic proportion was enough to inspire terror in a superstitious mind.

There was no moon that night, but the sky was a clear dark blue, and bejeweled with countless quivering stars, when the aurora borealis appeared in the north like the rosy dawn of morn. Then the light widened until it extended all along the northern horizon, and then long crimson tongues of flame shot across the heavens, clear to the earth-bound horizon, south, east, and west, while masses of fleecy, smoke-like vapor tinged with red, orange and purple rolled up behind the flaming banners, blotting out the stars and creating the impression that the stars had fallen to the ground.

This magnificent spectacular display of flame-capped clouds and crimson banners athwart the sky lasted for fully an hour, and during that time there were many others besides John Howard frightened into almost believing that the judgment day was already at hand.

That night John Howard went home a badly frightened man, for he thought that if it had been the end of time he was not prepared to face his Maker. The next evening Howard went to church again, and the young minister worked on the feelings of his audience by referring to the aurora borealis of the night before, and assuring his hearers that the day of judgment would present a far more appalling sight to sinners than that did.

The next night John Howard went to church again, and before the week had passed away he, too, was a suppliant at the mercy seat. Whether it was due to fright or to a thorough conversion, or both, John Howard's reparation was complete and he became a staunch member of the church and an ardent advocate of temperance, remaining steadfast until the day of his death, which did not occur for many years afterwards.

*Glen Easton, W. Va.*



MIZ'BLE.

"Oh, dear! I'm just as mis'able as ever I can be," sighed little Lillie Channing, as she rocked back and forth in her little chair, with her feet on the hearth of the base-burner in the sitting room. She held her slate in her lap, and the tears dropped down upon it now and then, blotting the figures which lay sprawled over it.

"Hi, hi! What should make my pet miserable, I want to know?" said grandpa, who came in at that minute.

"Why, grandpa," said Lillie, "just see here, I'm 'termined to understand borrowing, so I can be perfect to-morrow, and I've tried and tried, but I don't know how to borrow."

"Don't know how to borrow, Lillie? Well, that's good; I wish John Croger didn't understand that so well, for then he wouldn't break the teeth all out of my rake."

"Oh! but grandpa," said Lillie, laughing, "of course I don't mean that kind of borrowing. Now, grandpa, I do wish you'd 'splain it to me."

"All right, my dear, let me see your slate."

Lillie held up her slate with the following example in subtraction upon it:

845

789

"Now, grandpa, you know I can't take 9 from 5."

"Certainly not," said grandpa, "you must borrow 1."

"Borrow from what, grandpa?" asked Lillie.

"Borrow from the next column, my dear."

"Well, when I borrow 1 from the next column, and put it with my 5, it isn't 1 at all; I have to call it 10, and say 9 from 15."

"What a puss it is to ask questions!" said the proud grandpa; "that's because we borrow it from the 10's column. Every figure in that column is ten times as much as if it stood in the unit's column."

Lillie pondered that explanation awhile until she thought she understood it.

"That's what we learned in numeration, grandpa, I understand that."

"Very well, my dear, now you can go on and do your sum without any trouble."

"Tisn't a 'sum,' grandpa, it's a 'zample.'"

"Oh!" said grandpa, with a droll look on his face, "so it is, but they always called them 'sums' when I was a boy."

"They don't now," responded Lillie. "But now I want to know some more."

"Indeed!" said grandpa. "Well, go on."

"Shall I borrow from the 8 or from the 4?" asked Lillie, demurely. Grandpa was a mouse and she was a cat, and she meant to catch him.

"Well, s'pose I borrow from the 4 then, and subtract, then I have to pay back what I borrowed, don't I?"

"Certainly, my dear, all honest people do that."

Lillie laughed a little at the idea of being honest with the figures on a slate; and then went on.

"Then I ought to pay it back to 4, and say 8 from 4!"

The idea that grandpa could teach a child who was born as late as 1874! She knew exactly what she didn't know at least.

"No, no, my child," said her grandpa. "You must pay it back to the 8."

"Grandpa, if I was to borrow a slatepencil from Rose Armsby, I wouldn't pay it back to Ada Bainbridge, would I?"

"Why, no, my child, I rather think not. I guess you borrowed it from the 8, because you must certainly pay it back to the 8."

"Grandpa," said Lillie, slowly and earnestly, "s'pose Rose Armsby had 8 slatepencils, and I borrowed 1 of them, she would have only 7 left, wouldn't she?"

"Yes," said grandpa, very meekly now. He did not dare to make any more ventures.

"Then, when I paid back the 1 I borrowed, she would have just 8 again. But when I pay back in subtraction, I have to borrow 1 from 8, then pay it back and make it 9. That's what I don't understand."

"Neither do I, my dear," said grandpa. "I thought I knew all about it, but I don't know a bit more than you do."

Perhaps some other little scholars are troubled like Lillie, and do not understand the puzzle.—*Signal*.



#### PASSING UNHURT THROUGH LIFE.

It is a wise saying of Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault." There is no power in the world that can really injure us. Temptation can harm us only when we let it into our heart. We cannot evade life's ills—bodily infirmities, hard toil, adversity, trial, or care—but we may so meet them that instead of harming our life they will become means of grace to us. An enemy may do us cruel wrong, but if we keep our heart full of love, not growing angry, not seeking revenge, not cherishing resentment, the wrong has not hurt us.

We carry about with us the only possibilities of harm to ourselves. If we lift the latch to temptation the evil will come in. If we grow bitter in suffering adversity or meeting trial, hurt comes to us from the experience—the hurt is in the bitterness, not in the experience. If we fail in the spirit of forgiveness, the unkindnesses of others have left ugly wounds on our spirit, but it was not the unkindnesses, but our own wrong way of enduring them, that was the cause of the hurt.

The great problem of living is, therefore, to pass through all struggles, all sorrows, all life's experiences of whatsoever kind, keeping the heart meanwhile pure, sweet, loving, and at peace. Then nothing amid all the world's mighty forces of evil shall have power to hurt us.—*Forward*.



#### MARSHALL FIELD, THE MAN.

JOHN DENNIS, JR., in a study of the late Marshall Field in the March *Everybody's*, says:

"Do you remember in 'The Cloister and the



Hearth,' where Gerard, writing alone in the Pope's closet, arises to see what is behind the soft, beautiful hangings of the room and thrusts his hand upon the steel halberd of a soldier on guard *thère*? It is so throughout this vast and wonderful enterprise. Over all is a covering of soft, genial beauty and always underneath the steel of rigid, undeviating system that reaches from subcellar to garret, perfectly working, cold, absolutely certain. You could read the story of it all in the author of these visible marvels, a quiet, suave, kindly man, polished, courtly, whose face under its genial expression told of tremendous resolution and iron will. You could hear it all again in the man's voice, a low, gentle voice, speaking kindness and genuine benevolence, and underneath, in every word, iron ringing with the perfect assurance of dominance and power. He was a figure of the average height, cleanly and compactly built, still vigorous up to the time of his last illness, for at seventy Marshall Field had just reached his prime. The hair and the

short mustache were white, the eyes blue and piercing; the head was chiefly remarkable for round, even development—a good head, high in the frontal regions. The face was most interesting, with its complex indications of qualities we are accustomed to regard as incongruous: kindness and sternness, the well-schooled look that comes of habitual and wide reflection, and the chill immobility of one accustomed to battle and victory, something of the scholar, something of the dreamer, much of the soldier. The dominant quality was expressed in a jaw of extraordinary width, contributing a look of determination that would have been formidable but for the mollifying lines about the eyes. In a word, the born commander, and almost the only one among contemporary captains of industry that realized markedly the ideals of great men derivable from Carlyle and dear old Samuel Smiles, for this man was always self-contained, always prepared for battle, always making moves on an invisible chess-board, always poised and calm."

## The Rural Sanctum

### FENCES ON THE FARM.

W. H. HOOD.

To fence a farm and do it right,  
Every field should be hog-tight.  
In paying the mortgage on the farm,  
Raising hogs, works like a charm.  
Make the fence straight and neat,  
Set good posts where they meet.  
There are fences bad, and fences good;  
Some made of stone, and some of wood,  
Some are made of boards and nails,  
Some still use old-fashioned rails;  
The way they did in days of yore,  
Was to lay ten rails high or more.  
The way we do out in the west,  
Is to use material which is best.  
The man who has most common sense,  
Is quitting the use of barbed-wire fence;  
(It cuts the horses; the cows crawl through;  
Then, in milking them, they remind you  
And hand you a couple; whence  
You remember you have barbed-wire fence.)  
Instead he's using woven wire,  
It's good on plain, through slough and mire."  
It gives the pigs a chance to go,  
And bother not your neighbors so.  
A quarter should be fenced in four  
Forty-acre fields or more.

\* \* \*

It costs much to be a Christian, but it costs far more not to be one.—*Matt. 13: 41.*

### FENCES.

W. R. DEETER.

ALL of our country readers know something about fences. They are of various kinds. There are rail fences, post and rail fences, board fences, picket fences, stone fences, hedge fences, various kinds of wire fences, and iron fences of different kinds. The rail fence was the fence of our fathers, when timber was plentiful and cheap. Owing to there being so much timber in them they were peculiar to a timbered country.

The farmer would go to the woods, select the straightest trees, those that he knew would split well, fell them and saw or chop them into cuts from ten to twelve feet long and split them into rails, all of which was hard work. A man who was used to the business and who was strong, if he had good timber could make two hundred rails in a day. He would then haul them to the place where he wanted his fence. It would take eighteen rails to the rod to make a good fence. The rails were laid zigzag style to make the fence stand well. It took about six feet to build a good fence on. Sometimes they would stake and rider this kind of a fence; this was done by digging a hole on each side of the fence corner and planting a post on each side of the corner, cross the stakes on the corner and then lay a rail on these crossed stakes. This made a very substantial fence.

that would turn any kind of stock. A good rail fence would last from ten to twenty years.

A post and rail fence was made by making mortises in the posts about two by four inches in size, planting the lower end of the posts in the ground about two feet, and dressing the ends of the rails so they would pass in the mortise. This made a straight, substantial fence. If the posts were black locust or mulberry or oak the fence would last a long time. Some of this fence is yet to be seen in some of the Eastern States. The board fence is made by planting posts in the ground same as in post and rail fence and nailing the boards horizontally to the posts.

The picket fence was made by plaiting pickets in crossed wires, having two wires at the top, two at the middle of the picket and two near the bottom. Every time a picket was slipped in the wires were crossed. The wires were stapled fast to posts to hold them up. I need not describe the stone fence. The different kinds of galvanized wire fences with cement posts are superseding them all. When once made they will last for many years; they are neat and will turn almost any stock.

*Milford, Ind.*



#### AN IDEAL LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

JOHN W. WOLFE.

THERE are many ways in which a person can be a lady or a gentleman, some of which we shall consider. The chief way by which we can tell them is by their manners. The one great way in which we can show whether we are ladies and gentlemen or not is by our actions. Although we can be polite and still not be ladies or gentlemen, if we are honest to ourselves and everybody around us, we cannot help being something other than hypocrites. Another great essential of a lady or a gentleman is truthfulness, although this is no greater than honesty. If we have neither of these we are about as far from being one as we dare get. True ladies and gentlemen will strive to make themselves pleasing to everybody about them. They will care for others and show it by their actions. A few minutes' talk with a person will tell what he is, for what is in the mind must come out. Any person who laughs at the mistakes of another without considering his position is no lady or gentleman. Always think before you laugh at some one else or you may some day be in his place.

They need not wear fine clothes or ride about in fine carriages or automobiles to show that they are such, for when they have to show it in this way they are likely to be far from it. One can tell ladies and gentlemen without any outward marks. If it is in them it will come out without their going to so much trouble. In business or at places of pleasure they will stand back until their turn comes and will not

shove the others away in order to be served first. They will help others first and themselves last. They do not use any slang. This is one great thing that lessens the number of ideal ladies and gentlemen.

A lady or gentleman keeps good company or none. They are never seen idle, for when their hands are not employed they attend to the cultivation of their minds. They make few promises, but always live up to their engagements. When you find a person who makes so many promises, you are likely to find some one who is not a lady or a gentleman. The character of ladies or gentlemen is such that it cannot be injured by anything but their own acts. When they speak to a person they can look him in the face. They will avoid any sort of temptations for fear they may not be able to withstand them. They never speak evil of any one. They never drink any intoxicating liquors.

There are many places where ladies or gentlemen can show culture. In the home is the most important place. If they are mannerly in the home, it is easy to be so at other places. They will see that the people about them are enjoying themselves. In church is a very good place to show whether we are true ladies and gentlemen or not. While traveling they will be polite to their fellow-travelers and try to entertain them. By their speech they can make either a good or a bad impression on some one else. They are well behaved in the schoolroom, for what they do in the schoolroom will follow them in after years. They can be told by their conduct in the street. There are many other places they can be told, such as in society, at places of amusement, at places of business, in making and receiving gifts, in borrowing, in correspondence, and many others.

Ladies or gentlemen are kind to the aged, in attending to their wants and comforts, also to the unfortunate. They can be told just by this one way alone. They are polite to their superiors, in society, in government, and to their parents. Anyone who does not obey these breaks the moral law. They are courteous to their servants and do not ask them to do things that they would not do themselves. Ladies or gentlemen in school are obedient to their teachers and cause as little trouble as possible.

*Md. Col. Inst., Union Bridge, Md.*



THE United States Navy is to have an equipment of \$100,000,000. The House Naval Committee favors the construction of the largest battleship in the world, one which, when armed and armored, will have cost as much as \$9,000,000. It is to have a displacement of about 20,000 tons; the hull and machinery alone are supposed to cost \$6,000,000. The Committee also authorizes three torpedo boat destroyers and a number of submarines. The naval bill will carry a total of \$99,750,000.



# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

## Thuds From the Padded Cell.

How much did Philadelphia Pa?  
Whose grass did K. C. Mo?  
How many eggs could New Orleans La?  
How much does Cleveland O?

What was it made Chicago Ill?  
'Twas Washington, D. C.  
She would Tacoma Wash, in spite  
Of a Baltimore Md.

When Hartford and New Haven Conn,  
What reuben do they soak?  
Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark  
If he had no Guthrie Ok?

We call Minneapolis Minn.  
Why not Annapolis Ann?  
If you can't tell the reason why,  
I'll bet Topeka Kan.

But now you speak of ladies, what  
A Butte Montana is.  
If I could borrow Memphis' Tenn  
I'd treat that Jackson Miss.

Would Denver Colo cop because  
Ottumwa Ia dore,  
And, tho' my Portland Me doth love,  
I threw my Portland Ore?

—Maurice Smiley, in March Lippincott's.

If all the laws were enforced who would be left to act  
as jailer and lock the rest up?—Puck.

## He Tried to Even Up.

A Harlem mother went shopping the other day, leaving  
the maid in charge of her two children. The maid, in a  
way maids have, forgot to look after the children for  
about ten minutes and in that time a whole jar of jam  
disappeared from the ice box.

"William," said the mother on her return; of course,  
accusing the boy end of the household first; "did you eat  
mamma's jam?"

"Nope," responded the youngster.

"Oh, why, mamma, he did too," broke in the sister.  
"He's telling a fib."

"She's telling a fib, too, mamma. She didn't see me  
when I took it."

"He is wise who knows the source of knowledge—who  
knows who has written, and where it is to be found."—  
Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge.

"There's always a river to cross,  
Always an effort to make,  
If there's any good to win,  
Any rich prize to take;  
Yonder's the fruit we crave,  
Yonder the charming scene;  
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,  
Is the river that lies between."

Nowhere is a man's good breeding shown to better ad-  
vantage than at his own table. There is something in  
this. Just think it over.

## A Stamp Menagerie.

It is possible to construct quite a menagerie with the  
aid of postage stamps. Up to the present time there are  
forty-nine quadrupeds, thirty birds, one fish, one mollusk,  
one polyp, seven reptiles and two insects, animals repre-  
sented on stamps.

A blank album artistically arranged and having the  
stamps classified according to their designs in this man-  
ner would prove very interesting, and, in addition, the  
philatelist would have the satisfaction of knowing that  
such a collection can be made complete or nearly so.

Some men's opinion of the world is but a reflection of  
the world's opinion of them.

A lady who is very deaf, stopped a milkman as he was  
passing the house the other day to ask him how much he  
charged for a quart of milk, and then put up her ear trump-  
et to catch the reply. The man drew a quart of milk and  
emptied it into the trumpet, and the result has been that  
he has to go three miles out of his way to keep out of  
sight of the lady's son, who sits on the porch with a shot  
gun waiting for him to pass by.

## "Hear My Dollies' Prayer."

O Lord, I pray thee, hear my dollies' prayer,  
And teach them how to ask for what is right;  
But if it's going to give you extra care,  
Then you might skip my blessings for to-night.  
Please make them all more loving and polite;  
I pray thee not to let their covers tear,  
But keep their sawdust stuffings out of sight,  
And please help Anne to grow a head of hair.  
I wish poor Bella's knees were made to bend,  
I truly am as sorry as can be.  
I hope that you won't mind, and that you'll send  
The blessings that each dolly asks of thee.

And, Lord, I pray that you will just pretend  
This is my dollies talking, 'stead of me.

—Burgess Johnson, in Everybody's Magazine for March.

## A Lapland Birthday Present.

As soon as a Lapp baby is born a reindeer is presented  
to him. This reindeer is literally his start in life, for not  
only that deer, but all its young—and as they grow up all  
their young deer—belong to the child. When he is of age  
he has quite a herd of his own.

Pat: "This is a great country, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann: "How's that?"

Pat: "Shure th' pa-pers sez yez can buy a foive-dollar  
money or-der fer three cints. Oi'm afther havin' wan  
now wid th' money yez give me for th' cake av soap."—  
Washington Life.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XVI.

SILE not only nearly talked an arm off of me, but shouted himself hoarse trying to raise his voice above the rattle of the milk cans, and yet he said he was

white and sugar pine, red and yellow fir, and red cedar. These are the ten largest mills,—there are thirty-five sawmills in the county, I am told. There ought to be a dozen on the mountains above Butte



Sile wasn't much "off" about the lumber business.

not half done telling me what he saw. I certainly will have to go down there myself and see some of these things. Lucile thoughtfully took her camera

Valley. There is a fortune in it for somebody who wants to embrace the opportunity of getting in on the ground floor.



Here is what is Done; a Dozen More Could be at It.

along and got a snapshot of a load of logs going over the new railroad, also a picture of one of the many sawmills that are springing up here and there. There are already ten lumbering firms in this county, and they are certainly doing well in the large forests of

As I said, some of these mills are small and cut only for the local trade, but there are two large mills and will soon be more that will make lumber for eastern trade exclusively and possibly some for export to the Orient.



# A. C. BRUBAKER LOCATING, TRANSPORTATION & REALTY CO.,

**17 1/2 West 10th Street, Kansas City, Mo.**

All information given Brethren and all others going to Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and the Southwest, seeking cheap homes and church privileges.

## **CALL OR WRITE FOR INFORMATION**

We now have for sale in the great wheat belt of southern Kansas 2,000 acres of first class farm land, 600 acres of which is in growing wheat. The land can be subdivided into eight or ten fine farms. There are two sets of farm buildings. Price of land, \$15 per acre, one-half cash, balance to suit.

We consider this a good opportunity for one to ten families locating as neighbors. We have similar opportunities in other localities.

14-14

**A. C. BRUBAKER, Manager.**

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# **SONG PRAISES**

**Our New Sunday  
School Song Book**

**For Sunday Schools and Chris-  
tian Workers' Meetings**

**EDITED BY**

**PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER**

Author of Gospel Songs and Hymns No. 1 and Brethren Hymnal.

This new volume embrace selections from the latest gospel song writers, containing some of the best music to be found. It contains 128 songs and hymns, selected with the greatest care, thoroughly covering the field for which it is intended.

We feel confident that all our Sunday schools and Christian Workers will gladly welcome this new volume, and introduce it at the earliest moment.

New, bold-faced type has been used in the composition of this book, which gives it a very good appearance and makes it easy to read. Size, 5 1/2 x 8 inches. The book is substantially bound in full cloth and is sure to please in contents as well as workmanship.

With all the good features mentioned above, yet this volume will be sold at the following very low rates:

Price, per single copy, prepaid, .....25 cents  
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The Wabash Railroad is selling one-way tickets from Chicago to New York, Boston, Montreal and many other eastern cities at greatly reduced rates. For full details write F. H. Tristram, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 97 Adams St., Chicago.

14t4

## **Low Rates to Los Angeles,**

Via the North-Western Line. An excursion rate of one first class limited fare for round trip, will be in effect from all stations April 25 to May 5, inclusive, with favorable return limits, on account of Imperial Council, Nobles of Mystic Shrine. Three fast trains through to California daily. "The Los Angeles Limited," electric lighted throughout, via the new Salt Lake Route, with drawing room and tourist sleeping cars. "The Overland Limited," electric lighted throughout, less than three days enroute. Another fast daily train is "The China & Japan Express" with drawing room and tourist sleeping cars. For itineraries and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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To Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota (east of the Missouri River), Manitoba, Western Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta,

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**IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK**

**Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.**

# CATARRH IS VERY DANGEROUS

HOW CAN YOU REFUSE MY TRIAL OFFER?  
THE WEEDS WILL CONTINUE TO GROW

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

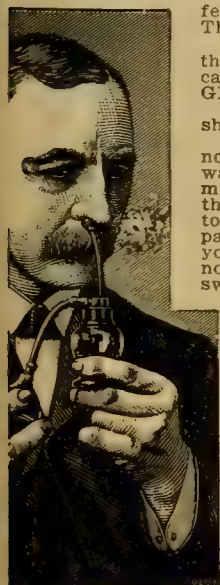
Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed of breeding millions of germs of disease. Did you ever see a garden where all the weeds were destroyed one year but that they also made their appearance again next year? If you could destroy the seed of every weed in that garden this year, the air if nothing else, will carry more seeds in it next year.

Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into the head and air passages and it must be the agency to remove them. Let the weeds grow in the garden and they will choke and ruin all that is good. Let the germs of disease continue to multiply in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs unmolested and you are doing far worse. You are destroying the system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world. **YOU MUST KEEP ON WEEDING.**

I am making a common sense offer to the readers of the **Inglenook**. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—will Do for YOU; I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Pre-paid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling

of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."  
J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only  
for Catarrh. Endorsed by  
the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

## Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst Mfg. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Mark symptoms with X.

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

- Do you hawk and spit up matter?
- Do you have watery eyes?
- Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?
- Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?
- Does your nose discharge?
- Does your nose feel full?
- Do you sneeze a good deal?
- Do crusts form in the nose?
- Do you have pains across the front part of the head?
- Do you have pains across the eyes?
- Is your breath offensive?
- Is your hearing impaired?
- Are you losing your sense of smell?
- Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

## To Readers of the Inglenook

I make my special free trial offer to the readers of this paper,

- 1st Because they have proved themselves to be an honest and upright people, in whose hands I can place my trial treatments with safety, and whose word I can trust implicitly.
- 2nd Because I believe that no reader will be disappointed in my treatment or in my motives in trying to serve them faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily. The world knows in part what I am doing.

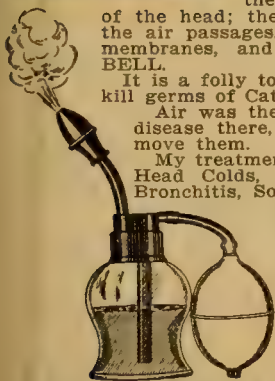
## My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning the Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost you only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. WRITE THIS VERY DAY.

Address **E. J. WORST**, 45 Main Street,  
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Name ailment or describe your case.





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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last," is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



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We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three years' residence.

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is one of the simplest in construction, the best made, and finest finished on the market. It is up-to-date in every respect. Has all the new ideas. It is handsome in design, ornamented and finished. It is the latest result of the evolution in sewing machine construction.

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One of our strong points is the simplicity of construction and fine sewing qualities, as it will sew all kinds of goods from the lightest muslin or silk to the heaviest cloth, and will do all kinds of sewing that can be done on any family machine.

Some cardinal points to consider are speed, durability, simplicity, ease of action, and many improvements to lighten a woman's work. This is the machine of many conveniences. Every machine is furnished with a complete set of the best attachments.

**OUR TEN-YEAR GUARANTEE.**

We substantiate our claim of the superior qualities of this machine by giving with each machine a guarantee, agreeing to duplicate any part that proves defective in ten years, free of charge (shuttles, needles and bobbins excepted), thereby proving conclusively our confidence in this sewing machine.



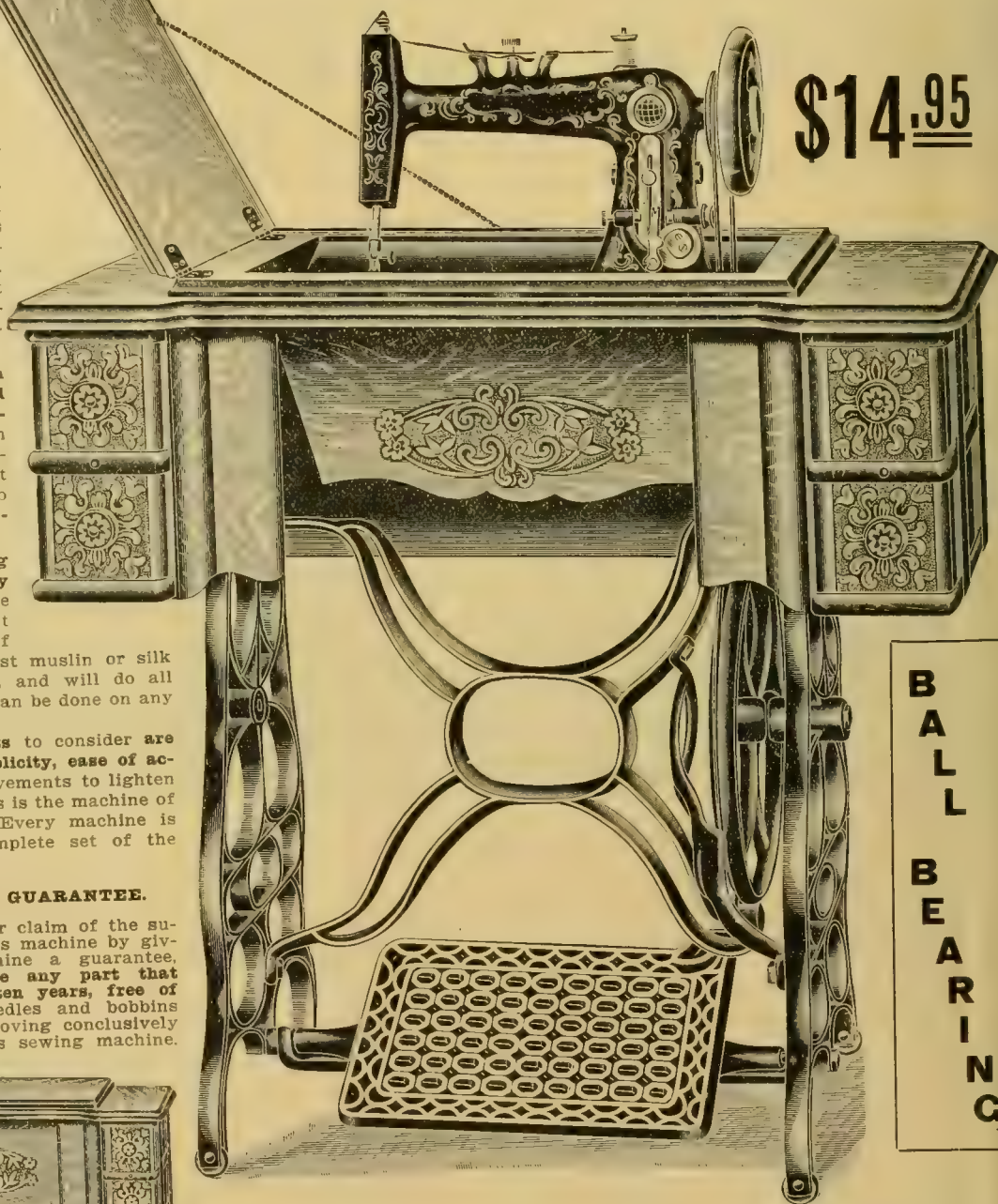
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Style 208

Automatic Lift.

Full High Arm

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# THE INGLENOOK

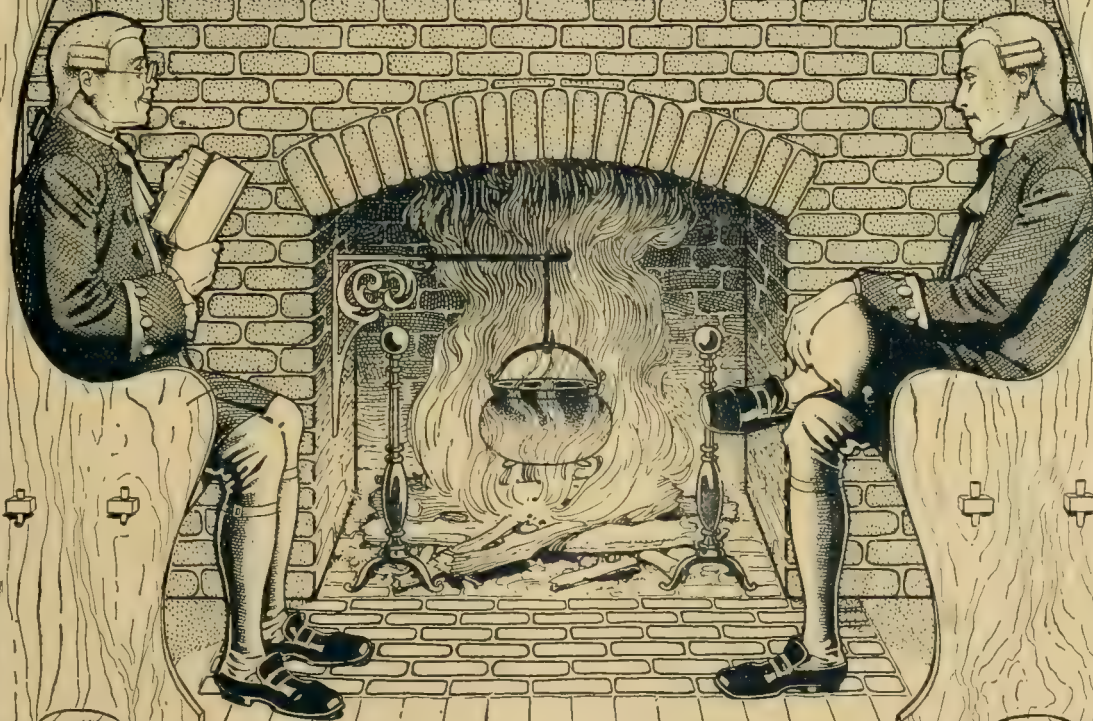
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

THE MODERN GODDESS.—Ettie E. Holler.

MILLIE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.—Dora  
Shank.

WHAT FOR?—Maude M. Berry.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

April 24, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No 17. Vol. VIII



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**ANNUAL  
MEETING**

At

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Everybody invited to make appointments to meet their friends there.

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COLONIZATION AGENT

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Which is known as

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and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

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**CHEAP RATES**

(To Sterling Colorado.)

**South Platte Valley**

AND RETURN

**First and Third Tuesdays  
Every Month**

Proportionate rates from all points East.

You can

**STOP OFF**

North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

**WHY RAISE CORN**

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

**YOU HAD BETTER RAISE  
SUGAR BEETS**

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

**THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,**

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

**THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE  
SOUTH PLATTE  
VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

**TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE  
ERECTED IN 1906.**

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for

**NEW FOLDER FREE.**

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**

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ARE YOU GOING TO

**California,**

**Washington, Oregon,  
Idaho**

Or Any Other Point?  
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**Daily Tourist Car Line**

BETWEEN

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Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

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**Farming Lands in California can  
be Bought from \$25.00 to  
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**FOR SALE** Near Virden, Ill., 160 acres, all tilled, all tillable, well improved, seven to nine-foot coal vein, within three-fourths of a mile from Brethren church, twenty-five miles south of Springfield. Address, **Mary M. Gibson, 1834 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.**

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In the best corn, wheat, alfalfa and fruit belt in the state. Write for list  
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This Novelty will afford much innocent pleasure for all in the home. It makes every one smile to see them turn, twist and jump.  
Two for you, free, if you send us at once five names of persons, who are heads of families, and make an X opposite the names of those who have a baby less than one year old, also your name and address.

**Victor Remedies Co.,**  
**Frederick, Maryland.**  
The fish will be sent to you about June 1st, 1906. Send us your order and list of names now, to be sure you get The Novel Fish.

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An Eye Opener.  
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By C. D. Meigs.  
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One Sent Free.

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Send us the names at once and we will forward to your address a copy of the booklet. You will be pleased with it.

Address,  
**Brethren Publishing House,**  
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## SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Gospel Messenger

Now is a good time to begin your subscription. If you are not now a subscriber to the Gospel Messenger, let us send you a sample copy.

Better still—send us \$1.50 for a year's subscription and we will send you Free a copy of the Brethren Family Almanac.

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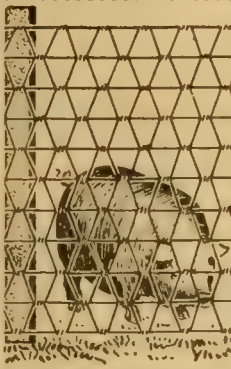
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Send letter or postal for free **SAMPLE HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE**  
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I had a cancer on the nose for several years. It was not of the eating kind, but grew out a very large fungus growth on the end of my nose, making a very unsightly affair. It gave me considerable uneasiness in the way of sharp pains running through it and a burning sensation at times. I realized that something must be done and that very soon, but where to go and be sure of a cure was a task indeed for me. Fortunately I saw Mr. Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., and saw with my own eyes what a wonderful cure was obtained in his case. I lost no time, but called on them at once and I can truthfully say that I was permanently cured and have never had any signs of return as yet and I am cured since July 25th, 1904. I hope this will be the means of getting others to try this wonderful treatment. Anyone can have a book on cancer, giving valuable information concerning cancer and other diseases by addressing **DRS. RINEHART & CO., Kokomo, Ind.**

Respectfully,  
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## A Plain View of the Rites and Ordinances of the House of God

By **ALEXANDER MACK.**

This work is arranged in the form of a conversation between father and son, and vital questions concerning the faith and practice of the early church of the Brethren are ably defended.

Besides this, many ground-searching questions are answered by the author. This book contains 89 pages Paper bound.

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Address,

**BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,**  
**Elgin, Illinois.**

## HOW ANY BOY OR GIRL MAY MAKE \$5.

Find out the names of the people that want to move to a milder and healthier climate, a more prosperous country adapted to all kinds of deciduous fruit, grain, grass and stock, or who wish to make investments where returns will be larger and surer and I will send them descriptive matter showing that

**Sunnyside, Wash., is the Best Place to go for Health or Wealth.**

Send me names at once as I pay the one who sends the name first to whom I sell only

Address: **S. J. Harrison, Sunnyside, Washington.**

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We have ample grounds and buildings, owned by Brethren, and a good College proposition for the right parties. Brethren preferred. Address **E. MOHLEE, Plattsburg, Missouri.** 15113.

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**Aid Digestion. Restore Strength.**

**Brawntaws** restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.  
**Brawntaws** are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.  
**Brawntaws** will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.  
**Brawntaws** are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.  
**Brawntaws** are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

**VICTOR REMEDIES CO., Frederick, Md., U.S.A.**

## THIRD EDITION OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS' MEETING OUTLINE BOOKLETS.

In order to accommodate many Christian Workers' Societies who have just recently organized we have published another edition of outline booklets.

It contains a full-page outline on each topic for the first six months of 1906. More than eleven thousand of them are now being used.

Price, single copy, .....4c  
25 copies, .....75c  
50 copies, .....\$1.25  
100 copies, .....\$2.00

**VERY POPULAR.**

Enclosed please find \$2.50 for one dozen "Song Praises."

I had ordered and received four dozen, thinking that would be enough, but they seem to be very popular.

Yours truly,  
**E. N. Frushour,**  
Frederick, Md., April 2, 1906.

## THINK THEY ARE FINE.

Find enclosed a money order of \$2.50 for which send me one dozen "Song Praises" at once.

We have already received 55 books and think they are fine.

**W. A. Miller.**  
New Lisbon, Ind., April 9, 1906.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. BOCK, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

APRIL 24, 1906.

No. 17.

## SPRINGTIME.

AGNES NEFF.

When springtime lifts her gentle hand,  
Waves o'er the earth, her fairy wand,  
And wakes the flowers and brooks and trees;  
Brings back again the birds and bees,  
Who would not love to take a stroll  
'Mid pasture, forest, hill and knoll,  
With green grass growing at our feet;  
Wild flowers, blooming fresh and sweet?  
The song of birds, and the hum of bees,  
Sunbeams peeping through the trees;  
Who would not love to wander there?  
For where is beauty found more fair?

Milford, Ind.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*The cardinal principle of life is truth.*

*Go slow except in getting away from temptation.*

*While Christians are wide-awake the devil never sleeps.*

*The worst kind of a miser is the one who hoards his religion.*

*Nobody has ever found happiness who did not seek it in God's way.*

*Shoot where God tells you to aim and you will always hit something.*

*When a man is wrong with God everything around him tries to tell him so.*

*Confess that you cannot afford to take a good paper, and you confess yourself a failure.*

*The man who does not care what people think of him is seldom worth thinking about.*

*There is nothing that any man needs so much as he needs to know God.*

*Keep out cold and you keep warm; keep out troubles and you keep happy.*

*The man who does not have faith in God has nothing really noble to live for.*

*The man who never gives away anything cheats himself out of a good deal of satisfaction.*

*Fashion gives employment to dressmakers, and this illustrates the law of the survival of the fittest.*

*The easiest place any man can find on earth is to be where he knows he is right with God and man.*

*Perhaps the greatest sight the angels can see on earth is the heroism that God puts in a human soul.*

*To develop conceit it is not necessary to think a good deal of one's self; one needs only to think of the defects of others.*

*Now we get our good resolutions ready, and to make it easier to put them in practice commence rehearsing them right now.*

*The most disappointed people in the judgment will be those who could have had more religion, but thought they had enough to do them.*

*It is as needful that we imbibe spiritual sustenance if we wish to have increase of soul as it is that we inhale oxygen for our physical strength and stature.*

*"Men have no difficulty in worshipping me," said Gold. "I have never promised that if they seek me they shall surely find me; yet such is their faith that they continue to seek me with all their hearts."*



beside Grandmother Green. Mr. Martin's work being in the city he was seldom at home. Poor Millie worked very hard, and her stepmother made it no lighter by her harsh words and complaining, irritable nature. Mrs. Martin kept a record of Millie. If she happened to break a dish, failed to awaken in the night when she called for her, or any accident that would befall Millie, it was marked down, and when Mr. Martin returned from the city she had to be punished by him and that was not lightly.

Thus Millie toiled on in her patient forbearing manner, often stealing over to Grandmother's to talk her troubles over, and to receive comfort for her wounded spirit. The bloom had faded from Millie's cheeks, the kind, pitiful little face that so often was upturned to Grandmother for comfort was becoming thin and haggard, and tears would often come unbidden when Grandmother Green looked into it. Since her stepmother had charge of her her father had become more cruel. She often told Grandmother that she believed she would soon be where there are no harsh words spoken or cruel blows dealt.

Grandmother had not seen Millie for a few days. One day when Grandmother stepped out on her back porch she heard groans in the direction of the Martin house. She at once thought of Millie and ran hurriedly over. When Grandmother rapped at the door Mrs. Martin opened it with a guilty look. Grandmother asked for Millie. Mrs. Martin said she was not at home. Just then pitiful, heart-rending groans came from somewhere above the kitchen. Grandmother ran past Mrs. Martin in the direction of the groans. Mrs. Martin had forgotten to take the key out of the door after locking it. Grandmother unlocked it and ran hurriedly up the steps. What was that she saw? There was Millie tied to a chair, her face pitiful to look upon.

"Oh Millie," said Grandmother, "how long have you been here?"

"Two—days—and—a—night," gasped Millie.

"Have you had anything to eat or drink?"

Millie shook her head.

By this time Grandmother had succeeded in cutting the ropes with which Millie was bound with a pair of scissors she had hanging at her side, for she had been sewing before she came to Martin's. She picked Millie up and carried her down the steps. When she came to the garret door it was locked. In the meantime Mrs. Martin had slipped up and locked it, thinking she would have them both captive, but Grandmother, maddened by the cruel deed, laid down her little charge and burst the door through. She laid her on a bed and called for Mrs. Martin, but she received no answer.

Millie had fainted, and Grandmother, seeing that

something must be done, hurriedly went for the doctor. When he arrived he looked at Millie, felt her pulse and looked very grave. He asked when Millie had taken sick. Grandmother told him what she knew about it, how she had found her in the garret and in what condition she was. Grandmother went to find Mrs. Martin, while the doctor tried to restore Millie to consciousness. Grandmother searched for Mrs. Martin upstairs, downstairs and in the yard. At last she thought she might be hiding in the cellar. She went down, and there she found Mrs. Martin crouched behind a barrel in the darkest corner of the cellar. Grandmother spoke to her kindly and at last persuaded her to come upstairs. In the meantime the doctor had succeeded in restoring Millie to consciousness. Mrs. Martin came to the bed and looked at Millie. Something in that pitiful little face as it looked into hers would touch a heart of stone. The doctor ordered that some one should watch by Millie all night and give her medicine regularly, for she was in a serious condition, and by the most careful attention she could hardly recover. Grandmother was very glad to watch by her, for she was as dear to her as a daughter. All that night Millie was in a state of delirium. After midnight she became quiet, a death-like stillness reigned in the sickroom, except now and then a sob could be heard from Mrs. Martin. She had at last realized what she had been doing and that if Millie should die it would be her fault. Millie called Grandmother and Mrs. Martin to her bed.

"I have been with my mother and shall soon go to stay," said Millie feebly.

"Oh Millie, you must not say that. Just to think what I have done to you. Oh Millie, can you forgive me?" sobbed Mrs. Martin.

"Yes, Mother Martin," said Millie, "I can forgive you with all my heart."

"But, Millie, to think if you should die I would be the cause of it," said Mrs. Martin.

"Do not worry about that, Mother Martin, but ask forgiveness of the One that not only died for one, but for us all. Tell father I forgive him and tell him not to worry about the past, but to prepare for the future. Good-bye, Grandmother, I shall await your coming."

Millie sank back on her pillow exhausted and fell into a deep sleep and awoke on the other shore. Mr. Martin arrived, but too late. His train had been delayed and he could not come until she had passed away.

Next to Grandmother Green live two sober, sad, penitent people. They often wish they could live their lives over and have Millie with them, yet they know she is where God and love reign supreme.

Let us fill our future with kind deeds so when it is past we will not regret it.

*Quarryville, Pa.*

## What For?

Maude M. Berry



TIME had been when Damon Crowley would have scorned to ask help of any man—would have died to shield his wife and son and to protect his home, but now, alas!

The disease caused by the legalized drink traffic was eating his life away little by little, and as the fire burned it called for more fuel.

One night when every gland and fiber in his whole being and all the great ulcers in his diseased stomach seemed like fierce flames cutting, licking and torturing him, half drunk, he staggered from one grog shop to another, begging for something to drink.

It was growing late. He made a circuit of his old haunts, but it was useless—no money, no drink. For his pleadings he was mocked. For his curses he was struck and put out. He staggered toward home, the stinging fire within him quickening his pace. One hope remained. Perhaps, hidden away in the little box, he might find a few pennies—enough for this time.

No time could be more suitable for him. He would find the family asleep. He would sneak in like a cat and find the box—perhaps the pennies. He rubbed his hot hands together nervously in anticipation.

It was not difficult to get into the house, and he found it still and dark. The search was vain. It was a penniless home.

The little boy Johnny stirred slightly, sat up in bed and opened his eyes. As the father drew nearer in his vain search the boy crept closer to his mother, and began to cry. It was when he heard the boy's cry that the fire within him licked up the last of his manhood and the devil had full sway. He set the lamp down and sprang toward the bed. The boy threw his arms around his mother and gave a cry of terror.

"Mamma! O mamma! Hold me tight! Don't let him get me! O mamma! mamma! mamma!"

The other held the child close, but the man had seized him. They struggled for a moment—a mad-man's strength against a mother's love—unequal struggle!

The man—a demon now—had the child.

He gave the boy a blow that caused him to writhe with pain, but he steadied his voice to ask:

"What for, papa? What for?" But the words were lost in screams, for the blows fell thick and fast. In vain the mother cried for help. No help came. Drunken rows are a part of our civilization.

On the little hands when they were raised to protect

the head, on the head when the hands dropped down in pain, on the legs when the body twisted in agony, on the back when the body bent to shield the legs, and the childish voice broke into screams at intervals:

"What for, papa? Oh, what for?" At last the child sank back on the floor. His screams were ended; but as he lay there he still moaned, "What for?" Then the moaning ceased, the eyelids quivered and the breath grew faint.

But even then his father had not exercised enough of his "personal liberty." The torturing fire within him leaped higher and higher, searing his soul. He bent low over the body and beat it still, till the tender bones were crushed under the blows. Then throwing the knotty stick, dripping with his own child's blood, into a corner, with a fearful scream the murderer dashed out into the night.

Then the mother came back from her vain search for help, but it was too late. The little life had gone.

Another voice had been added to the chorus of suffering children as by the million they cry out in their pain till the appeal of outraged childhood goes thundering and reverberating into the ear of the Almighty Father, while he writes the "What for" of their wailing protest in the book of his remembrance as the record unto the day of Christian America's reckoning in letters that burn brighter as the curse waxes worse and worse.

In that home of sorrow white-robed Justice held her perfect way. Upon the victim of a nation's sin sentence had been passed—"To be hung by the neck until dead."

Damon Crowley was behind the bars for the last time. Perhaps he did not know, at any rate he did not care. He had reached the beginning of the end.

From the corners of his cell dark faces leered at him: cruel, sharp claws closed around his limbs and icy fingers grasped his throat—yet he was not dead. Outlines of things he saw became to him living creatures of destruction and crouching over him, grinning in his face and tearing him to bits—yet he was not dead.

Snarling beasts sunk their fangs into his flesh, a thousand poison insects swarmed upon him, and he felt the virus of their sting bounding through his body—yet he lived.

Slimy serpents wriggled over him, thrusting their forked tongues into his nose and ears, and when he grabbed frantically to tear them away they were gone.

A fire burned within him and he tore his flesh and hair, while death like a shadow hovered nearer and nearer, closing in slowly but surely. The end of



Damon Crowley was not as a child falls asleep nor as a Christian steps into the great beyond.

It was a time of screams and groans, of frantic clutchings and hard grappings. Those in neighboring cells were for once glad the walls were thick and the bolts secure. But had he fallen without a struggle, had there been no hour in which he had girded himself for the conflict? A hundred times he had said, "I will be clean, and pure, and true." A hundred times he had toiled in vain. Who then did sin, this man or another?

Have you passed the palaces of gilded doom, ar-

rayed in cut glass and mirrors, luring the souls of men and boys to hell?

Have you thought of the Christian voters who allow it to be so because bound by party ties and fooled by leaders, they will not push this mighty issue to the front and demand its recognition at the ballot box?

Have you heard the words of the Most High, "Because I have called and ye have refused, ye have set at naught all my council. I also will laugh at your calamity when your destruction cometh as a whirlwind" (Prov. 1: 25, 26).

*Bowling Green, Ohio.*

## Miss Ritter's Question

MISS RITTER is the school-teacher at "The Corners," and boards at different places in the district. She was in to see me the other day, and, somehow, the subject drifted on to self-denial. After a few minutes of silent thought, Miss Ritter said:

There are two kinds of self-sacrifice. I have been reading Jane Carlyle's letters, and do you know I think that woman committed a sin in commencing such a life of self-abnegation with her husband. She ought to have denied herself from the first the pleasure of sacrificing herself for her husband. But what grieves me most is to think there are to-day, and right among us, many another Jane Carlyle in the leading of lonely, unloved lives, and, like her, looking forward to the grave for peace and rest. Why, I'd rather be an unloved old maid to the end of my life than to love and have my love turned to ashes while my husband was living as it did in the heart of Mrs. Carlyle, and as it is doing in the hearts of other wives married to selfish men. To be married to a man, and to be parted as wide as eternity before he dies, and yet walk alongside in this world, is the most pitiful life I can imagine.

There is Mrs. Smith, who died in Oregon last year. Before they moved out West I used to stay there a great deal. I remember one evening her husband came in to supper something after this manner: Walking through the entry he brought his hat and coat and threw them on the lounge in the dining-room and walked on out into the kitchen, where his wife was working, saying:

"What, supper not ready yet?"

"It is half an hour earlier than usual," replies his wife.

"That doesn't make any difference. It is time it ought to be ready. It is always this way, no matter when I come."

Mrs. Smith made no reply; but I sat where I could see her face, and an expression of pain passed over it, as if she had received a blow.

Mr. Smith knew she had been up several times

with the baby the night before, and had awakened in the morning with a headache, and, to use her own expression, had felt so miserable she could hardly drag one foot after the other, but had done her usual Monday's washing and picking up of papers and books scattered over the house the day before.

"Seems to me I never find my meals ready," continued the man, not noticing or not caring about the tired look on the face of his wife. "All you have to do is just to see to things here in the house, while I have been tramping all over town in this hot sun. Everything has gone wrong to-day. Newton has gone back on his word, and I'll warrant I shall lose a thousand dollars by him."

After a short pause he continued: "Newton will not sell that land that joins my section. He must have learned that the railroad was going that way. I'll warrant you told his wife; 'twould be just like a woman."

For about a quarter of an hour Mr. Smith poured this kind of "oil and balm" on the heart of his wife, until he felt his own annoyances less. After a few minutes' silence, he said, in a quick, harsh tone:

"Do take that baby. He is enough to kill a nation, and his everlasting howl—I should think he'd get sick of his own voice."

"His teeth trouble him; can't you take him a few minutes, while I take up the supper?" and, with another sigh, Mrs. Smith placed the youngest of seven children in his father's arms, while I thought, How glad that woman must be that she has four of her children safe in heaven! I do hope they can't look down on their mother's agony at these times when their father enters the house.

"Come, now, hush your crying," said the thoughtless—no, heartless—father. "What is the use in whining? It does no earthly good." The little one-year-old man ceased his pitiful cry, as he rested in his father's strong arms, but the one forty-year-old commenced again his tirade.

"That stock I bought at Vernon's I shall lose on.

Never should have bought it if you had not persuaded me to do it. That is all a man ever makes by listening to a woman."

"Why, Edward, I did not persuade you. When you first spoke of it I thought it did not seem for the best, but at last I said, Do as you think right about it. That was all I said."

He was silent a minute, and his boy about twelve raised his head from his book, and gave his father anything but a look of reverence, and, going to his mother, took the pitcher from her hand, saying, "I can go after the cream, mother."

I blessed that boy for his gentle thoughtfulness, although I saw his mother wipe a tear from her face with a corner of her apron.

I presume you think I have exaggerated Mr. Smith's language, but I have not. He often spoke in this way to his wife, and he is not the only man who does this. They vary their language according to the degree of refinement possessed, but the best of men are essentially coarse and selfish, at times, with their wives. I remember distinctly the first time I ever heard a man blame a woman. My father was a Christian gentleman, and men in my eyes then were gods. I was quite young, and went with my parents to visit friends of the family who had met with a loss of property. The gentleman, after giving an account of the transaction, said:

"If it had not been for my wife I should not have met with the loss; she urged me to invest my money there."

"Why, I thought you talked about that investment before you were married?" said my father.

"So I did," the man replied, "but did not make it until after we were married. My wife thought it was just the right thing."

"I used to think that all your acts were just right," said the wife sharply.

When we were going home, father said, "God pity the wife of a man who lays blame on her shoulders, instead of shielding her; it is so contemptible for the strong to oppress the weak."

I wonder if I have been unfortunate in my acquaintances. I felt when I was reading poor Jane Carlyle's letters that her life, so full of weariness, pain and heartache, was not so very unlike that of the average women I know. I have always thought

that the wives commenced their married life wrong, and are somewhat to blame for the selfishness of their husbands, and, therefore, for their own unhappiness. It is a woman's delight to sacrifice for those she loves, and, when first married, they all lay themselves on the altar of their love. Run for the slippers, the glass of water, the papers; offer the best chair, the best place by the fire and by the light. Break the back to broil chicken because "he" likes it better than roast. They roast themselves because "he" likes warm rooms in winter, and freeze the rest of the year because "he" likes open windows. Cling to the carriage as he drives at breakneck pace, and smile as they hold their breath when "he" asks if 'tisn't jolly.

After a time "he" forgets to thank his wife for her acts of self-denial, and begins to take these things as his right.

If the wife asks for a horse she can drive, he opens his eyes and informs her that he "hates a slow coach." If the wind from the open window gives her neuralgia, he is surprised that she can't endure a breath of air. If she dares to take the most comfortable chair in the room, he has such a faculty of making her feel that he is a martyr that she soon relinquishes it.

I do hope not many women like Jane Carlyle commend, at the first, their husbands for not being like "weak, amiable men who put themselves out for other people's comfort," but many a woman has confirmed her husband just as surely in his selfish ways by her actions as she could have done by words.

Even though women like to sacrifice themselves for the sake of their husband's comfort, when they realize what it will help the husbands become, is it not their duty to sometimes deny themselves, that their husbands may learn the more blessed way of self-sacrifice? If women have found that self-denial is the most blessed of all virtues, is it not wives' duty to give the husband an opportunity to sometimes practice this saintly trait?

If it is more blessed to give pleasure than to receive favors, is it not wrong for the wife to deny her husband the chance of this greatest of blessings?

Of course, I am not expected to know, but I would like to ask if it really is not the duty of the wife to teach her husband, or, at least, allow him to practice, self-sacrifice?—*Young People's Paper*.





## Troubles and Triumphs

"I KNOW what I would do if I had my choice of a vocation—I would be an author." The speaker was a boy of seventeen, tall and handsome. He stood leaning against a tree; looking down at his companion, a fair little maiden of fifteen summers, who sat sewing at his feet.

"That would be nice, but I want to be a musician, and such an one as will make people pause and listen. And some day, if I live, I will do it, too!"

She had dropped her work, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap. Her eyes were fixed on the scene before her, but she only saw a happy future with her dreams realized.

Her companion laughed a little contemptuously. "The music I have heard lately makes one rather sick."

"Oh, this trash! I wouldn't play any of that. I mean such music as the grand old masters composed; which is worthy of the name. It is beautiful, grand, ennobling! Something in which one can express one's highest thoughts and feelings."

"Dear cousin, I know what you mean, and I agree with you that much of the music of to-day is trash. It rather degrades one's taste than otherwise. I think you will succeed if you keep on studying them."

"Thank you, Ted, and you shall hear my favorite piece this evening for that encouragement," answered Bertha, taking her work again. They talked, and planned their castles in the air, until the last button was in place; then slowly went toward home.

Bertha and Theodore Allen were great friends as well as own cousins. They had been playmates from babyhood, and now, at her age of fifteen, were classmates in the village school; but while Ted had the bright prospects of a future college course, Bertha must content herself to remain on the farm. Her mother was an invalid, and the constant need of medical aid and servants brought the family purse very low.

Bertha's ambition was to excel in music, and every minute that could be spared from home duties was given up to practice.

On this particular Saturday afternoon Ted and Bertha, accompanied by Bertha's sister Louise, had gone for a half-holiday in the woods. The girls took their sewing along.

When they returned Louise ran at once to the house; but Ted and Bertha were still at the gate when a voice came from the hall door.

"Miss Bertha, please come right in. Your mamma wants you and has been waiting for you."

"Yes. I suppose she has. She always wants me if I have a second to myself," said Bertha, in a petulant voice, a frown puckering her brows. Ted looked

up quickly at the low-spoken words, and said in some surprise, "Did you mean that, Bertha?"

Her face turned crimson. "No, Ted, I didn't. That is the way I always do. I fly up in a minute and speak sharply, then immediately I am sorry and feel like crying. It's all this longing for college and music that makes it. Good night. I'm going in and make mamma forget she is ill."

She ran up the path and disappeared through the hall door.

She went to her mother's room, and stooping, kissed the pale, sweet face. Mrs. Allen smiled her welcome, saying, "I was afraid you would not care to come into this quiet room after a long play in the sunshine, but I was so lonely, dear. I wanted you to talk to me."

How the young girl's heart smote her when she looked into her mother's patient and loving face! She drew up a stool and leaned her head on the dear motherly bosom, shutting her lips firmly to keep back the tears. Mrs. Allen stroked the smooth dark hair gently.

Suddenly Bertha lifted her head. "Mamma, do you suffer very much?"

"No, dear; not always. To-day is one of my bad days and it makes me cross."

"I never saw you cross." And to herself she added, "I was heartless enough to put my pleasure before hers. I must not—must not do it. God help me to make her life more cheerful!"

After this she talked, laughed and was so successful as to see mamma soon laughing and forgetting the bad pain.

That night when she went up to her room she read a chapter in her Bible, and then she knelt by her bed to ask the Savior to keep her always from giving up to her quick temper.

Sunday morning she was up before the sun. Singing gayly, she hurried down to the kitchen to prepare her mother's breakfast, for it was Bertha's task to care for the invalid. As soon as it was ready she took it up and placing a table by the bedside she deposited the tray upon it, and, helping her mother to a sitting posture, she busied herself tidying the room. Then she dressed her and went down to her own breakfast.

"Now I'll go and have a few minutes of music before it is time to get ready for church," she thought, as she rose from the table.

She had just seated herself when a tangled head looked in at the open door.

"Bertie, won't you fasten my dress and comb my hair?"

Bertha sprang up angrily. "Well, for pity's sake, why don't you learn to do something for yourself?"

You are always—" Then she stopped and suddenly sitting back on the seat, covered her face with her hands.

"There, I did not mean it, Louise. Come now and I'll do it. Don't cry, dear. I forgot myself again."

Drawing her sister to her she gently smoothed the tangled hair and tied on the ribbons.

"Hurry now and get your jacket. I will go up and dress and see if mamma is comfortable, and then I will join you. Where is Ray?"

As they left the house Ted came up with Ray, and Ted locking his arm in Bertha's, walked on ahead, while Ray and Louise fell behind.

"Well, how did you and Capt. Temper come out this morning?" asked Ted.

"I knew you would ask that. I wish you hadn't. I had a battle, but I remembered in time to stop before the tantrum was half out. I'll win some time—I know I will," shutting her lips firmly.

"I know you will; but I haven't so much hope for myself."

"Why, Ted?"

"Because this morning I wanted to let Tramp loose for a romp; but papa said 'No.' He would be so rough, and I was ready for church. I went out and slammed the door and let Tramp loose anyway. He jumped against me and got me dusty. Then I felt ashamed and went down to the barn, because I did not want papa to see me. He came down after a while and saw me, but he never said a word. I knew he was displeased, though, and I soon went and begged his pardon. Then I changed my coat and came over to go with you."

"Never mind, Ted, we will conquer yet if we keep on trying."

The service seemed chosen especially for these two young followers of Christ that morning, and as they walked home after it they talked of it, together declaring their purpose to try anew.

"And that last hymn, Bertie, was it not beautiful? 'Christ receiveth sinful men.'" he sang in a low tone.

"Yes; I must try the music of it when I get home. It will be a good one for us to learn."

She walked quickly up the path and crossed the hall to the parlor door. Just then Mr. Allen came out of her mother's room and said. "Bertha, mamma would like to see you. She wants to hear about the sermon." He passed on out of the hall door, and Bertha stood still.

"Well, of all things!" she said under her breath. Tears sprang to her eyes. "I'll go, but I don't think I can tell much of the sermon."

As she opened the door and saw the welcoming smile on the gentle face, her resentment vanished, and drawing up her stool, took her favorite position, her head on her mother's shoulder. She told all she

remembered of the sermon and her interpretation of it, and a quiet half hour followed.

Aunt Cora came after dinner to spend the afternoon with her sister. Ray and Louise were in the orchard, and Bertha and Ted were in the parlor, regaling themselves with music.

"I have often said I would like to make the world just a little better with my music, but I must not forget to let it help me, or all the charm is lost."

"True, Bertie; begin by letting it help you and me to be better."

\* \* \* \* \*

A year passed, and Bertha is now sixteen. It was a beautiful morning on the first of October, and Bertha came down with a song on her lips and in her heart. At her plate was the usual number of little packets. There was a book from mother; a crisp new five-dollar bill from papa; a pair of gloves from Ray; a handkerchief of Louise's own working; and a roll of music from Ted. She thanked each one with a hearty kiss and they all sat down to a happy meal.

"I have received so many nice things, it seems selfish to ask for any more, but papa, dear, couldn't we have a new instrument this year?"

She had risen from the table, and now she put both arms around his neck. He drew her around in front of him, saying, "I have been thinking of that myself, and have put by a little money; but I am afraid we will have to wait one more year. Then, if all goes well, we will have one."

"Oh, thank you, papa! I am glad, and I can easily wait another year."

How quickly the days flew past after this. Bertha's heart was very light and she sang over her work. If any one interrupted her practicing hours she always said, "Never mind, I will soon have a new instrument. I can't do much on this old one anyway."

Spring came, after a mild winter, and Mrs. Allen seemed growing stronger; but that summer it was so hot and dry she lost all of her regained strength and even grew worse, so that the doctor came and a nurse from the city was mentioned, but Bertha would not hear of it.

"I am used to waiting on her, and know what she likes best." So Bertha was installed as nurse and proved a faithful one.

When October came again the mother was in her chair by the window. Bertha was seventeen and "quite a young lady," said mamma. She came down to breakfast with a happy thought. "Before the sun goes down I will have my great wish fulfilled."

Her father looked very grave when she chattered so merrily with Ray, but she was too happy to notice it.

"Bertha, little daughter," he said, as she arose. Then he stopped—how could he disappoint her? How could he tell her? "Bertha, I am so sorry, but



the new instrument must be given up. Try to be patient, dear. You know mamma has been ill, and it took the money; then, too, the harvest—"

"Don't," cried Bertha, who had all this time been standing perfectly still, her hands tightly clasped behind her. "Don't," she cried, her voice so choked he could hardly hear. "I can't bear to hear it all," and, turning, she fled to her own room.

Throwing herself on the bed she burst into tears and sobbed until the fountain of tears was dry. Then, exhausted, she lay quite still, thinking, "Oh, it is just wait—wait—wait—until I am tired of it all."

At that moment a voice came from the hall below.

"Bert, Bertie, I say, are you there?"

"Yes," came the stifled answer.

"May I come up?"

"I don't care, I'm sure."

"Don't care, eh? Well, I'll come, though it isn't very inviting," said the voice, growing plainer as it came nearer, and Ted walked in.

"Why, what's this? I didn't hear anything downstairs."

"O Ted, I'm disappointed," sobbed Bertha.

"Bertha! can't you have your wish fulfilled? I'm so sorry."

Bertha sat suddenly up. "Yes, of course you are, and so are papa and mamma and all the rest, but that doesn't help the matter any, as I see."

"True; but who is at fault? Don't let Aunt Louise see you cry, Bertha, when she knows it is her illness that denies you this," said Ted, for while he was very sorry for Bertha, he remembered gentle Aunt Louise.

"Theodore Allen, you stop your preaching," cried Bertha, angrily. "What can you know about it? You always get what you want. I'm not going to try to be good or patient any longer." And rushing from the room she never paused until she was far down in the orchard.

When she came back Ted was gone, and Louise was looking for her.

"Bertha, mamma wants you; but, please, don't cry when you go in, because she has been crying so much herself she is quite tired out."

"Keep on, and after a while I'll be perfectly good; of course you know exactly how I feel," muttered Bertha under her breath.

She would not meet her mother's eyes as she entered the room, for she knew they were wistful and appealing; so she walked up to the stand and began arranging the work basket.

"What do you want, mamma?"

"I want to tell you how sorry I am, dear, that you have been so disappointed, but—" and here the gentle voice broke and the eyes filled with tears.

Bertha threw the thimble impatiently into the work basket, and left the room.

That night the little Bible near the bed on the table

was forgotten, and hastily saying her prayers (her thoughts meanwhile on her great disappointment), she got into bed and lay thinking many unjust and bitter thoughts.

The next day was Sunday, and Bertha arose thinking, "I won't go to church to-day, I don't feel in the humor." She had forgotten that it is in such moments as these that we most need to go.

She avoided her mother's room, because she was afraid to meet the pleading brown eyes. She went in to kiss her good-morning, but afterward with some excuse she sent Louise to take her mother's breakfast. Gradually she left all the duties to Louise, only going in to kiss her good-morning and good-night, and with no sign of confession or reconciliation.

How the mother's heart ached as each day slipped by and Bertha withheld her confidence! The warm autumn days were gone, and winter, cold and cruel, was again approaching, yet Bertha would not give up. She became so cross and fretful from brooding over what she termed her troubles that she often shook her little sister for the slightest cause, and was angry when her father chided her. She felt sore and hurt and disappointed, yet she never really blamed her father or mother.

Ted came in one Sunday morning some months later and asked:

"Are you going to church this morning, Bertie?"

"No; I don't feel like it."

"But, Bertie, that is very wrong; you ought not to give up like that. Where is the good effect of your music?"

"Keep still, I say; you can't know anything about it. Suppose you had to give up your college all in a second, after planning so long?"

Ted did not answer, but turned and left her, feeling very much hurt.

Bertha did not realize that it was for the new instrument's sake she had been so good and contented, and not for father's or mother's or for Christ's sake, and that it was perhaps for this very reason that she had been denied the thing she most desired.

As cold weather came on Mrs. Allen grew worse and again Dr. Mores was called in and a nurse was installed in the sick-room. Mary, the servant, had left, and Bertha took charge of the household affairs.

Although Bertha did not know or suspect the real cause of the fatal illness of her mother, supposing it to be the severe winter weather (and indeed it was partly this), the real cause lay in her own neglect and thoughtlessness. She would not forgive what she thought was an abuse.

To do her justice, it was not altogether this that kept her away. She was heartily ashamed of her own conduct, but she had gone so far it was hard to ask forgiveness and meet the deserved reproach.

One evening she sat in the parlor with a basket of

mending before her, when Mr. Allen came in. His eyes were red with weeping and his face was very white. Bertha was very much startled and cried in a frightened voice, "What is it, papa?"

"Your mother! She has been worse this afternoon, and—oh, Bertha, Bertha! forgive us now and comfort your old father." He sat down by the fireplace and resting his elbows on the arms of the chair, buried his face in his hands. Bertha sat quite still; her eyes, staring into the fire, were strangely bright.

"Why have you not told me before?"

"Ah, Bertha, how often have I tried to tell you in these last months how wrong you were! But you would not listen."

"But, papa, she had competent nurses, and I was so busy with household cares," said Bertha, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, yes, I know; it was not for care she pined, but for your love and confidence."

Bertha laid down her work and rising as one in a dream she left the room. In the hall she paused, and, putting her hand to her head, she seemed bewildered. Where now were the bitter thoughts, cherished but a moment ago? Gone! Gone! And in their place nothing but the keenest remorse, the bitterest pain! Oh, what if mother should die! How could she then atone for all these months of neglect? Perhaps she had even been the cause of all this suffering. Oh, was it too late to bring her back, even if no longer than to tell her how sorry she was for her sin? These thoughts surged through her brain as she hurried upstairs to her mother's room.

Louise and Ray were already there and she crossed the room at once to her mother's bedside. She leaned over her mother, and again her heart smote her as she saw those soft dark eyes raised to her face so appealingly.

Bertha whispered, "Forgive, O my mother, forgive your wayward child!"

Tears sprang to the sick woman's eyes and a glad light came into them; a smile rested on her features and closing her eyes she soon slept. Mr. Allen came in, and midnight drew near. The nurse came to the bedside with a glass and gave a portion of the contents to Mrs. Allen.

Bertha sat with her hands clasping her mother's fingers and silently praying. The clock struck twelve, arousing the sleeper. She partly raised herself, then she sank back with a gasp. Bertha sprang up and leaning over her mother listened at the quiet lips; then with a cry of, "O mamma, mamma!" she burst into a flood of weeping.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a month after Mrs. Allen was buried, Ted called to take Bertha to church in his light sleigh.

"I am almost afraid to go and meet all of those people, Ted; it is so long since I was there."

But she went, and going home she said, "I am sorry I stayed away so long. If I had gone before, perhaps I would have seen the enormity of my sin; I might have atoned before it was too late. O Ted, will I ever forget it?"

In one short month one would hardly know Bertha; she was pale and thin, her eyes looked so large and sorrowful. She was quieter and more gentle, and did not seem the same spirited girl of a few months ago.

"Never mind, dear cousin, I am sure your mother can see how sorry you are and how hard you are trying to do better. But how about the music?"

"I have done nothing since mamma died. I can't bear it; I keep thinking if it were not for that she would be here. O Ted, Ted! I cannot help but believe it was this very thing that lost me my mother," she sobbed. "And I have talked so much of the purity of music!" she added, bitterly.

"Bertha, you must not talk so. Music is a grand thing and the love for it is a proof of a noble nature. It was not this that has caused your downfall, but your own ungoverned temper and hardheadedness. Conquer these and your real sweet and gentle nature will show itself."

"Thanks, Ted, for that scolding; it does me good. Come over this evening and I will sing with you."

"That is good; the silence must be broken some time and it will be better to have it over, will it not?"

"I suppose so."

"These last words were spoken as Ted lifted her from the sleigh. Bertha went in at once to prepare her father's dinner, for he must have his favorite dishes, and she felt that she could not do enough for the loved ones left to her. It seemed to partly atone for her unkindness to her mother. The poor child suffered terribly when she thought of it, and often whispered, "O mamma, mamma, have you forgiven?"

The dinner over, she sat down in the parlor to wait for Ted. In a moment she saw him coming, and quickly withdrawing from the window she picked up a book, pretending to read. A faint flush dyed the pale cheek and a strange thrill swept through her heart.

He came in, bringing a cheer of the crisp air of February with him.

"Ted, you dear old cousin, you have put me in a better humor already."

"I'm glad of that. Now for our songs. We must make the most of our time now, for in the fall I go to college."

"Oh, I had forgotten, and now tell me what I shall do without you?"



"Why, go right on the same as ever. We will write long letters, you know, and you will be so busy with your practice you won't have time to think of me."

"Yes, I will. Every day when this hour comes I will sing one of our favorites."

"Thank you, Bertha, I hope you will." And after this they sang. As Bertha touched the keys all the pent-up love of music burst from her heart, and she let her fingers wander tenderly, almost reverently, over the chords. The old instrument sobbed and moaned or grew soft and tender as she portrayed her thoughts upon it, and Ted stopped singing to listen.

"That was well done," he said, heartily. "If you always play as well you will even surpass the hopes you spoke of on the hill three years ago."

Bertha's eyes shone. "Is it true, Ted? If I only could make something of it."

"You can and will; I am sure of it."

After that Bertha kept on practicing, and when the time came to bid Ted good-by she had taken a long step forward on the road to success. The parting made her sad for a time. But before long she became accustomed to the change and set herself the task of perfecting her music before Ted came home. He would not be at home now for four years, because he was to visit different historical places in the West before his return.

Soon after this Bertha's eighteenth birthday came, and as she came down that morning she thought of this time a year ago.

There was some confusion and stirring in the hall, and going toward the parlor she opened the door. Why! What was this? Bertha stood transfixed—for there in the place where the old instrument had stood was a grand new one.

"Papa, you darling! I never dreamed of this," cried Bertha, her eyes filling with quick tears.

"I planned to surprise you, and so had the man bring it out early, only I was in hopes you would not come down until we had cleaned up a bit. I have engaged a teacher to come out from D— next week," said papa, smiling.

\* \* \* \* \*

January came cold and bleak. Bertha put on her wraps one Saturday and went for the weekly mail. She received two letters, one with the village postmark and the other from a near-by city. What could it mean, for Bertha rarely received letters, except from Ted. A little excited, she stopped on the bridge and, leaning against the railing, she opened the one from the city. She read with burning cheeks and bated breath an offer from a Mr. Monty, asking her to take a leading part in a musical production.

"I'll go! I'll be famous! Oh, what will Ted think? What will papa say?" Then she paused,

"Yes, what would papa say?" She knew without asking that he would not let her go; but then if she made her own living, and—perhaps if she coaxed hard enough and long enough he might let her go.

Then she opened the other letter. It ran:

"Dear Miss Bertha:—You have been highly recommended to me as a competent person to take charge of the music in the school. As the present leader is ill, I offer the place to you. Respectfully, R. Fountaine, Principal."

Here was a puzzle. Her old teacher and friend, as well as her home and her church, had the first right, but it would be small pay, and, besides, in the other offer the way was open to fame as well as fortune. She stood for a while in deep thought, then, as if from the rustling dry leaves of the oaks near by, she heard a soft murmur, "Stay with your loved ones and guide the footsteps of your young sister in the right. What right have you to leave this sacred charge in the hands of strangers? What better use can you make of your one talent which God has given than to use it for him to the best of your ability?"

Bertha started as if just awakened. The vision of her mother passed before her mind. Resolutely she stooped and picked a pebble from the ground. She put it into the envelope and dropped it over the railing, where it sank into the soft snow.

"There," she said, "is the last of city ambitions. The tempter is routed and I am going home to my duty."

She wrote to Ted and told him what she had done, and in answer he said, "You did right, I am sure. I am glad you did, dear Bertha, and I do not believe you will ever regret the decision."—*Claudia Dsink, in Young People's Paper.*

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#### THE STUDY OF CONSCIENCE AS A FACTOR IN MACBETH.

EDWARD MILLER.

In the study of Macbeth we find conscience a very prominent factor. To know the psychological meaning of conscience is to understand the subject more fully.

Conscience is the activity of mind which insists that the decisions of judgment shall, in all cases, be respected and obeyed; that we shall always do what we believe to be right and duty, and refrain from doing that we believe to be wrong.

This oftentimes is sadly perverted. In Macbeth, we find ambition, spurred on by Lady Macbeth, to be a momentary ruler of conscience.

Probably the first noticeable weakness upon the part of Macbeth is when he told Lady Macbeth of

the prophecies of the weird sisters, about his becoming king, etc. (Act 1, Scene 5.) The over-ambitious Lady Macbeth began to picture the glories of kingship. At this moment Macbeth experiences the first remorse of conscience, because he was loth in having the blood shed which was necessary to ascend the throne of Scotland.

Again do we find Macbeth very conscientious in the planning of the murder of Duncan. He tries to reason with Lady Macbeth that he was a near relative of the king's, that he had entertained the king that day, that the king was clear of offense and gracious to his subjects, etc. (Act 1, Scene 7.)

Now the dictates of his own conscience seem to say "no." But Lady Macbeth, with her powerful talent of influence, finally persuades him to yield. So with dagger in hand he steals to Duncan's room, but in going he sees an apparition—a dagger suspended in the air. (Act 2, Scene 1.) This was simply the lashing of his own conscience.

After the murder he thinks he hears a voice crying, "Sleep no more: Macbeth doth murder sleep," etc. (Act 2, Scene 2.) Another result of conscience.

As the great scheme advances the voice of conscience in Macbeth grows very feeble. Ambition seems to be master of conscience. So he desires to kill the other possible aspirant to the throne—Bangno—and his only son—Fleance. He was successful in this, save the killing of Fleance, who escaped and from whom eventually came a long line of rulers of Scotland.

Now the voice of conscience in Macbeth gradually grows stronger, because it is being troubled over the escape of Fleance. So he tries to find consolation by consulting the weird sisters, but they only add new stimulus to his almost unconquerable ambition. He was told that he would never be molested until Birnam would come to Duncinane Hill. (Act 4, Scene 1.)

His conscience seems to be comforted. But after becoming king he loses the respect of his subjects as is generally the case with all tyrants. The people finally arose against him under the leadership of Malcolm.

Lady Macbeth, who had stimulated Macbeth to all these deeds, now sees the mistake of her life. The remorse of her own conscience was too great for endurance. She seeks relief by committing suicide.

It is also noticeable that Macbeth is gradually becoming submissive to conscience. The consolation given by the weird sisters proves inadequate for his later career. He decides to end his life in an encounter with Macduff. Macbeth has been called, and fitly, too, the greatest soul's tragedy of the English literature, for it gives the greatest and most sublime workings of the soul, also the final doom if wrongly used.

No doubt we can all recall circumstances in our

own lives,—of course of less vital importance than Macbeth,—in which we disobeyed the voice of our own conscience, and to our sorrow have experienced that sad and indescribable remorse. So let us all obey conscience.

"And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful soe'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me."

*Bradford, Ohio.*



### THE OBEDIENT ELEPHANT.

IN some countries in Asia an elephant is made to carry the flag in battles. This is because the elephant is so tall, and the soldiers can easily see the flag flying from his back.

One of these elephants, which belonged to the Poona host, was very brave and very kind, but he would obey the order of no one except his mahout, or driver.

One time, while a very fierce fight was raging, the driver called out to him, "Stand, my brave beast, stand!" A moment later the mahout received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he lay beneath a pile of wounded and slain.

The obedient animal would not move, though the battle raged wildly about him. The Poona soldiers, who feared they were being overcome, were cheered on by the sight of the flag floating from his back.

He never stirred a foot, and all through the hot fight, the noise, the smoke, the confusion, listened patiently for the voice of his master.

Sharp spears were hurled at him, a score of javelins pierced his sides, his long ears dripped with blood, but he stood like a rock.

"Come forward, my men!" cried the Poona captain; "our flag still floats, and the battle will yet be ours."

His men, discouraged and ready to fly, rallied at this command, and with a cheer for the flag pressed forward.

In a short time they had won the victory and put the enemy to flight.

And then they gathered around the brave elephant, offering to lead him where he could be fed and cared for.

But, though wounded and worn, the obedient creature would not move until he heard his master's voice. That master could never speak again.

A rider was sent in great haste to a place fifty miles away, where lived the driver's little son, whom the elephant knew and loved.

When the little boy was brought to the battleground, the elephant showed very plainly that he was glad to see him, and permitted the child to lead him away.—*Selected.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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## THE CRIMINAL LICENSE.



WE hear a lot of talk these days about the high license for the saloon, and that it is just the thing the country needs. We are told that this traffic should aid in bearing the burden of its own ravages. This is just as paradoxical as a thing can be; it is impossible for it to do this. How can

it bear the burden of the father and the mother when the son is brought home drunk, or stabbed or shot, or worse than glass-filled,—himself a murderer. How can the saloon bear the burdens of a wife, when her husband, who at the altar plighted the sacred vows that made them one, has become cruel, debauched and brutal, and in whom every tender word, look and act has been effaced?

There certainly can be nothing so fundamentally wrong as to hope for that kind of an institution to bear that kind of burdens. All the burdens that the saloon has are wringing from the hearts of men and women their lifeblood, and then putting it into the crucible and distilling it until the gold runs out. How can the saloon bear the burdens of childhood, when they are starved, frozen, uneducated, unloved, robbed of a fair chance in the race of life? What does the saloon care about the life of the child, who is a vagabond, an outcast, an orphan? How can a few worse than tainted dollars help bear the burdens of these stricken ones?

When these arguments are cast before the public to-day the man who is in favor of license says that these things are sentiment; they are not sentiment, they are truths which are cruel, relentless and awful. There is an argument put forth by some that the license money which the saloon is compelled to pay maintains the asylums and infirmaries. They forget to tell you also that it is these institutions that fill the asylums and infirmaries as well. Where, then, is the

burden-bearing of it? There is not much comfort to the wife, whose husband has been slain by a bandit or robbers, to know that the executioners pay her doctor bills and funeral expenses. It doesn't help the friends of an insane person, who was made insane by drink, to know that the state, which has taken the victim's money in the form of life, pays back a part of it in looking after the life that has been wrecked. But even arguing as a cold-blooded dollar-and-cent proposition, it does not bear *one-fourth* of the burden that it creates.

The liquor traffic shortens life, weakens its victims and lessens their efficiency while they live. It creates paupers and breeds criminals; it impoverishes the nation in manhood and morals wherever it touches it. It is a pirate upon the high seas of commerce, which lives by harpooning every honorable business, and leaves in its track a circle exhibition of withered and spoiled beauty.

The most harmful argument to-day is that the high license should be applied so that the low-down haunt should be abolished and allow the first-class saloons to run. This is entirely wrong. If we are not able to abolish all of them, and some of them must be abolished, let us abolish those which do the most wrong. The gilded saloon is the one where young men of high-classed society go first. They would not be found in one of the low-down haunts, but they go to these gilded saloons and take their first drink and are led to perdition. The wretchedly poor congregate in these low places and the respectable people never go there.

Any one of ordinary judgment will agree that it is better to burn up an old hulk than to set fire to a new and splendid ship. It is worse to put the first glass to a young man's lips than to crown with madness an old drunkard's lifelong alienation; worse to wake the fierce appetites in the depths of a generous and promising nature than to take the carrion of a man, a mere shell of imbecility, and soak it with a fresh debauch.

Therefore, it is better, where a license should be granted, to grant it to a low-down haunt rather than to give it to the gilded saloon, which wrecks thousands where the others wreck none. Let the worst stink of intemperance in the cities have the sanction of the law, let them run to overflowing, but shut up the gilded apartment, where the youth takes his first drink, and where respectability just begins to fall from its common level.



## FORGET YOURSELF.

YOUNG man, wherever you go, whoever you are, whatever you expect to be in this life, the main thing is for you to forget yourself. You will never do any-

thing great until you do. Self-consciousness is a disease with many people; no matter what they do they never get away from themselves. They become so warped upon the subject of their own personality, wondering how they look, how they appear, and what others will think of them, how they can enhance their own interests, etc., that they have no thought of other people, and the interests of the public are not in their minds nor in their hearts. Therefore, they become a useless factor of society, if they may be called a factor at all.

In other words, every thought and every effort seems to be focused upon self; nothing radiates from them, everything seems to point towards the center, and nothing goes out from them to make their lives better or the lives of anyone else. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone," are the words of the Master, and we may call it a safe conclusion that he who does not spend his talent, his means, or his life, for another is no philanthropist, no lover of men, is no factor in true society, no helpful unit in the great whole.

Life, in general, contains the principle that is fundamental, and it is this: that it extends outward, the very germ of life in its simplest form grows from the inside out. And the man to-day who allows his temperaments, characteristics and individuality to unfold like a bud into a full-grown flower is doing good for himself and his fellow-man. But the man who draws in the wanderings of his own nature, centers them upon himself, after fame or honor or glory of any sort, that man is in danger of being a dwarf instead of a great man.

No one can grow while his thoughts are self-centered. The sympathies of the man who thinks only of himself are soon dried up. Self-consciousness acts like paralysis to all expansion, it strangles enlargement, it kills aspirations and cripples executive ability. The mind which accomplishes things looks out, not in. It is focused upon its object, not upon itself. The mortal acts have been unconsciously performed. The heroes of the day have accomplished great things, that have made them great, involuntarily. The great philanthropists have done the good which they have done in the world because they have done it from a heart of love and not from any selfishness. A man may be a financier or a miser, and yet be selfish, but a man cannot be a philanthropist and a real, genuine lover of mankind, and have his thoughts continually centered upon himself. The greatest prayers have been the silent walking, the secret yearnings of the heart, not those which have been delivered faithfully in critical order; the daily desires, the effectual prayers,—the prayer that is heard and is answered.

Therefore, young man, if you would be successful in life, if you would give your life for those you love, if you would be, when the end of your life comes, one

who has gone to the people as a friend of man, you must forget yourself. Think of those for whom you live; think of those for whom you would dare to die; think of the principles of right that must be perpetuated, and the wrongs that must be executed and annihilated. Think of the good of the commonwealth; of the people whom you serve; and be a servant of all men and you will be the greatest of men. Put yourself in the background and the principles of right continually in front, and you will have made a grand success of your life.



#### GOOD HARD SENSE.

"I will abstain myself and promise not to associate with any young man who is not a total abstainer from intoxicants, and who is not upright in morals. I will not marry a man to save him."

THIS is a self-explanatory pledge, which one of our exchanges says that the girls of Eaton, Ohio, have formed and subscribed to. There was an election held recently in the town for temperance or intemperance. The town went "wet"; the girls have taken up the fight for temperance in their own behalf. The organization they have formed has a very large number to it, and it ought to have. Every girl of a marriageable age or younger ought to give their support and example to just such an organization of this kind. If the men, in whom the government has entrusted its safety, have no more care and concern for the government than to allow it to be ruined and even help to ruin it, it is to be counted a blessing from heaven that the girls have enough good, hard sense to decide to make no more homes until there is a way made to protect them.

If all the girls in the United States will just take that pledge the liquor traffic will vanish like dew before the morning sun. Girls, the business is in your hands. Don't ever marry a boy to reform him, whose mother has made a failure in trying to do so.



#### ONE THOUSAND OR SEVEN THOUSAND.

ARE you one of the seven thousand, or do you belong to the one thousand? You remember on "INGLENOOK Day" there was a request went out for everybody to invite their friends to subscribe for the INGLENOOK. One thousand of the loyal Inglenookers went forth and conquered, and brought in one each; the rest either forgot to go, had not the time to go, or had not the interest at stake to prompt their going. Had each of the seven thousand done as each of the one thousand did, the subscription list of the INGLENOOK would have been doubled. However, there is time yet. We expect to hold this offer open now to all who want to still show their loyalty to our family magazine.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

PROBABLY the greatest disaster known to any people now living in the United States visited San Francisco, Cal., on the 18th. At this writing rumors are not altogether reliable, but it is said that more than three thousand people have lost their lives in the city of San Francisco. Two ships sunk in the harbor, three miles of railroad buried, one hundred million dollars' worth of property destroyed, and a square mile of angry flames still raging in the center of the city are among the casualties. The Cliff House is said to have tumbled into the sea. The water front has sunken about eight feet and escaping gas has ignited and is carrying death and destruction in its path. Ghouls and their work make martial law necessary. By another week papers will be able to get reliable information concerning this most terrible catastrophe.

It is reported that twenty days after the terrible explosion of March 10, in a coal mine in northern France, where 1,200 men were entombed, thirteen men were brought up alive, whose only life-supporting means during that time were the gnawing of bark from timber supports, the bits of food left by their dead comrades, hay, oats, and the partially decomposed carcass of a horse. They were deprived of water, and the intense cold only added to their sufferings. On April 4 another body was brought up alive, and according to his statements, his sufferings were less than those rescued four days earlier. The people are becoming greatly excited over the unexpected rescues, and they are led to believe that many more men have met the same fate. Serious disorders are threatened against the engineers who have charge of the mine.

It is known that in Natal, South Africa, there is a vast amount of mineral wealth awaiting exploitation, in the districts of Vryheid and Utrecht, and it is stated that their valuable resources are absolutely beyond the capabilities of private individual enterprise to exploit. Near Vryheid is a mountain of coal, which has been proven, by eminent experts, to be of the very finest quality. There are at least 600,000,000 tons available in this mountain, which can be mined without the sinking of a shaft. This property is held by one man, who, it is said, has expended nearly \$60,000,000 to retain his hold upon it. Natal is also rich in gold as well as coal.

STATISTICS show, and have been testified to in the United States Circuit Court, that the automobile industry is on the increase. The total number of vehicles manufactured and imported under license, from Jan. 1, 1903, to Jan. 1, 1906, was 41,696. The valuation of these cars was \$63,141,437.22, and the royalties paid on them to the licensors were \$814,183.52; all of the figures representing cars actually sold. The total business in 1905, according to the testimony, amounted to 17,840 vehicles, having a valuation of \$31,814,758.99. Taking the total number of cars produced by the licensed makers and their selling prices, it is shown that the average selling price for cars of all sorts in 1903 was approximately \$1,170; in 1904 the average price was \$1,422; in 1905 it was \$1,784, and for these three years the average selling price of domestic cars was \$1,429, and of imported cars \$6,710. There are thirty-seven concerns now operating under the Selden patent, which handle the great majority of all the motor cars made and sold in this country.

THE soft coal mines of the Pittsburg district are all in operation again except one, now employing about 30,000 men, who are enjoying a five per cent increase of wages. Perhaps these men will be satisfied now for a short time until their carnal desires demand an extra supply of stimulants, when they will hand in another appeal for more money.

ACCORDING to a statement made by the Post Office Department there are now thirty-two thousand rural routes in operation in the United States, with about 4,000 petitions for the new service awaiting action. The rural mail delivery at present costs the government about \$25,000,000 a year.

ELD. D. L. MILLER and wife safely landed at San Francisco, Cal., April 13, in good health, cheerful and happy. They are to spend two weeks in California and then come to their home in Mt. Morris, Ill. Considering the entire trip, it has certainly been a pleasant and profitable one. This is his second circuit of the globe, and may probably be the last. They will be welcomed by their American friends, whose interests they have at heart. They expect to be able to renew old acquaintances at the coming Annual Conference at Springfield, Ill.

GOVERNOR M. SLEPTZOFF, of the Province of Tver, while going to the elections of April 7, was killed by the explosion of a bomb. He was much hated on account of his severity toward the revolutionists. The assassin, a young man, was arrested.

A NEW type of universal plate mill has been recently patented by an engineering firm at Pittsburg, and the Illinois Steel Company has given a contract for the building of one of these mills in South Chicago. The mill will be driven by an electric motor of 6,000 to 8,000 horsepower capacity.

THE people of the city of Lynchburg, Va., are becoming awakened to the fact that the per cent of incompetent teachers of their little ones is entirely too high, therefore it has been unanimously passed by the Board of Instructors that the increase of teachers' salaries is to depend upon the efficiency. The superintendent and supervising principals are to grade and hand in a careful report on the basis of discipline, knowledge of subjects, method and manner, moral influence, professional interest and health. In the public school is certainly the place to carefully mould the youth for life's school, and it would be a good thing if all of our public schools would follow this plan. It does not depend so much on what teachers know, but what they are able to do to help make the world better morally, religiously and spiritually.

THE Mutual Life Insurance Company has filed another suit against R. A. McCurdy and son, charging conspiracy to defraud the company. They wish to recover \$1,200,841, the amount which R. H. McCurdy has been overpaid.

IN the State of Connecticut there are seventy-three townships in favor of free text-books to school children, and forty-four against them. The State has authorized the local option system to furnish same as demanded.

AFTER May 1 New York is to have a bank known as the "night and day bank," which is to be open for business continually except from midnight Saturday until midnight Sunday. The capital is announced at \$200,000, a surplus of \$200,000 and a reserve of \$100,000. There are to be three shifts of employes. The purpose of the organizers is to accommodate the public and especially the out-of-town customers. Many important transactions are executed after ordinary banking hours and it is believed this plan will meet the convenience of that class of people. So far as known this will be the only bank in the world open night and day.

THE world's youngest king is Daudi Chua, king of Uganda, who is now about eight years old. He holds his court seated on a scarlet throne with a leopard skin mat under his feet, and bearing in his hand a toy gun.

RAILROAD men have under consideration the establishment of a through short line from the Great Lakes to Mexico City, with branch lines into the Northwest. This line will reduce the traveling distance between Chicago and Mexico City more than six hundred miles. B. F. Yoakum, who has formed a syndicate, recently purchased the Colorado & Southern, and the syndicate has operating arrangements with the National Railroad of Mexico, including the Rock Island and Frisco. The Denver-Galveston Line is to be extended into the wheat fields of the great Northwest. All Gulf ports are to be connected, and possibly the syndicate will come into control of the Rock Island system, in which case Yoakum would control the largest group of railroads in the United States.

SOME British authorities at Portsmouth have, within the last year and a half, made some experiments in regard to the storage of coal so as to gain the best results in the consumption of the same. They sank two tons of coal in iron crates in a basin of water at the dock yards, and at the same time a similar quantity of coal was stored in the open air and covered with tarpaulins. At various times samples of each storage have been burned under scientific tests, and far the best results have been realized from the submarine storage, which adds to its value steadily. It was found that the coal in storage in the open air decreased much in its heat-giving power. This experiment has created quite a stir in regard to the practicability of submarine storage on a large scale. The main difficulty is that the coal must be dried before it is used to avoid spontaneous combustion from superficial moisture.

SCIENTISTS, in the study of South American fossil animals, which display a similarity to the animals of Australia and Africa, are coming more and more to believe that these three continents at one time were connected with land, believing this connection to have existed not later than the opening of the Tertiary or the close of the Cretaceous geological period. The land connection is supposed to have reached downward to the South Polar lands, which formed the link of communication.

NATHANIEL S. SHALER, geologist and dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, at Harvard, died at his home in Cambridge a few days ago.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### HOW SHAKES MY HAND.

D. D. THOMAS.

**H**OW shakes my hand! Ah me,  
How weak, unnerved we mortals be.  
Our strength abates, tho' slow;  
It warns us still, is sure to go,  
And, like a wreck upon the sea  
We float out in Eternity.

How quakes my heart! Ah me,  
May I a shepherd's shelter see;  
My blood may cease to flow;  
I shall but look for rest, not woe.  
And, like a sail upon the sea  
May wafted in the haven be.

How shrinks my soul! Oh yes,  
As 'twere a life of wretchedness.  
By hope I'm safely moored;  
Within the vale it is secured.  
And so beyond the mists I know,  
There's nought but glory's brightest glow.

Harrod, Ohio.



### THE WIFE'S SHARE.

LINA N. STONER.



**A**PRIZE was once offered to the lady who would write the best essay on child training and it was won by a maiden who never knew the care of a child; and no doubt the subject of the wife's share on the farm might be handled more impartially and beautifully by one who views farm life from a distance than by the farmer's wife herself; one whose ears hear only the music of birds, and not the hum of labor; whose eyes feast upon the beauties of well-kept lawns bordered by gorgeous flowers and whose dreams of a land flowing with milk and honey are not disturbed by kicking cows or stinging bees; but I am happy to be classed among earth's most favored people, and am willing to do my part in finding the wife's share in at least a few things. The originator of our work is God himself; the age of our industry dates from the beginning of time, our first field of labor an earthly paradise. "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Gen. 2: 15.

From that time until the present, the farmer has had need of a partner, one who cheerfully takes her place by his side, not a drudge, not a slave, but a woman with a brave heart to share his labors amidst

clouds as well as in sunshine; with an intelligent mind to help him solve perplexing problems, with willing hands to administer in the care and keeping of his home, with a pure, white soul to keep the fire of love continually burning upon the home altar. One that will teach lessons of patience, faith and trust, lessons that will guide the inmates of that home from the changing scenes of earth to "the land of pure delight."

Before entering into this partnership, care should be exercised in selecting a partner. "Make haste slowly," is preferable to, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." If the young farmer has not the proper respect for the lady to whom he offers his hand, if he shocks her ear by profanity, if he is so forgetful of her rights as to smoke in her presence, if he violates her sense of maidenly modesty by undue familiarity, she had better reject him at once and wait for a suitor with a pure heart and a body free from the chains of evil habits. One who will give to a wife her share of love and respect, without which she could in no sense be a partner but a slave. The wife, being vested with equal authority, having her share of love and respect, should also share in the responsibilities of the firm. To do this well, she must be acquainted with its finances, she should know the amount of income and outlay, she should see that, so far as is in her power, the expenditures do not equal the income.

Economy is always in order in her line of business; a shiftless, extravagant wife can squander broad acres of land, or can keep a husband in abject slavery to debt and poverty. If self-denial and strict economy must be exercised, let them be practiced by those who are to reap the benefits. Never allow yourself to feel that your hired help, your grocer or your merchant must bear your burdens, they have enough of their own to bear and while we maintain our rights, let us be sure not to infringe upon the rights of others. If you can not pay your help amply and promptly, do your own work, simplify it and let the unnecessary go undone. If you can not pay your grocer for some luxury, do without it. If the dry goods merchant asks more for an article than you can pay, wait, or buy something cheaper. Live so that you can look the world in the face; it owes you good will and kind treatment, and you will be almost certain to secure it if you act toward your fellows as you would have them act toward you.

But before entering further into the subject of the wife's responsibilities, let us look at some of the privileges, some of the pleasures she should have, that

she may be stronger for her duties and happy in them. She should have time to rest. "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," is an old adage and there is truth in it, but it should not be used as an excuse for a life of unceasing labor. Drudgery, instead of being profitable is expensive and deadly. Let her wear her cares as a loose garment that can be thrown aside when weary. A few minutes spent in sleep, when nature demands it, strengthens the nerves, sweetens the temper and lengthens life.

She should have time for recreation, for social enjoyment. Let her have her accustomed seat in the family carriage; the husband and the children will enjoy the outing more (if they have been trained properly) and she will live longer and better by so doing than to remain at home cooking and stewing over the stove, preparing dainties for the family upon their return.

She should discard worry from her program. It is a despotic tyrant that will claim her strength, her time, her health and whose wages are death and destruction to happiness in the home.

While the farmer's wife is waging war upon dust and cobwebs, she should take heed that she keep the dust and cobwebs from her mind. It is not expected that she be a literary star, she is not compelled to fathom the mysteries of geology or higher mathematics; but her life can be broadened and beautified, she can be a more pleasant wife, a better mother and a more important factor in the social life of her community, if she spends her odd moments in reading good literature, rather than to fritter them away on fancy work or in idle gossip. While she has no time to be a reformer or a philanthropist, while her scepter need not be wielded higher or farther than her home, yet there are little hospitalities, little kindnesses that she can perform to others. She can have an extra bed in which to lodge the wayfarer and a place at her table to appease his hunger, she can have a piece of bread and butter for the tramp; she can have some flowers for the sick, a prayer for the dying and a tear for the mourner. She can shed a few rays of light into hearts darkened by earth's sorrows. She can cast her bread upon the waters and it will return after many days. Not the least among the wife's responsibilities is the keeping of the home. But few men can make any honorable business a success who have no place of rest, no refuge from the storms of life. It should be a place of beauty, if means are at command to make it such; it should be a place of order, of neatness; a place where good, substantial food is prepared to nourish the body; where wholesome literature is read to elevate the mind, where the religion of Jesus Christ is taught by precept and example to purify the soul and to prepare the members of that home for the duties of life.

If the good wife has time and strength, and no more important work to do, she will be a money-maker, her yard will swarm with poultry, her dairy will produce pounds of golden butter; but let it be remembered that the rosy, romping boys and girls are the most important product of the home. Happy is the family that is well supplied with them, and foolish is the mother that would sacrifice the training of her children for wealth, honor or fame. Do not be so careful of the beauty and cleanliness of your house that the presence of your boys in your choicest rooms will annoy and irritate you. There is a glittering room in your nearest town where your boys will be welcomed, smiles will await them there, sunshine and warmth will greet them as they enter, but there are stained windows to that room, and there will be stains upon your boys' souls if they go there; stains that will cost you prayers and tears; stains that nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse.

O, you busy farmer's wife, lay down your broom and dust pan for a few minutes, and take a little time to show the love you feel for the inmates of your home. Your sons should be taught lessons of honesty and true manhood. Your daughters need instruction and training; believe me when I say that a few years hence, after the home nest has gotten too small and the nestlings have flown, no day will be too full of work to welcome them home, no room will be too beautiful for them to occupy, and in the depths of your mother heart they will receive a more cordial welcome than President Roosevelt or King Edward.

Take a little time to entertain the admirer of your youth. Let not the daily routine of business, nor contact with the world make him forgetful of that love, which like a halo of light, sanctified your presence at the hymeneal altar. Let the atmosphere of your home be such as to deepen and strengthen that love. Let mutual confidence and abiding trust increase, as the roses fade from the cheek and the silver steals into the hair. Believe me, the time may come when a silent messenger will enter your home, when the pale boatman will convey your loved one across the River of Death to where "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green." What though your feet may be a little tired, what though your heart be lonely, there is a quiet retreat beneath the shadow of the Rock of Ages, and there you may rest just a little while until the summons comes, "It is enough, come up higher."

*Ladoga, Ind.*



#### OUR LEFT-OUT NEIGHBORS.—No. 1.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

"OLD man Jones called to-day. Isn't he getting silly? Always wants me to sing and play for him. This time I stayed in my room till he was gone.



Wants us girls to go buggy riding with him. Guess he thinks since he's moved to town, and got a new buggy, he can shine around the girls. If there's anything that's disgusting, it is to see an old man spruce up, after his wife dies, and go trying to shine around among the girls. Why, he's been white-headed ever since I can remember. I used to sit on his knee and pull his long white whiskers when I was a baby. He's old enough to be my grandfather!"

So ran the comments of an attractive young lady, as she conversed with several other young ladies. True, old man Jones (which may not be his name at all) was "grandpa" to the whole neighborhood when these young ladies were little children. Many a time he has taken them up beside him as he drove along to market, and given them a ride on their way to school. Many a time has he generously treated them to candy or ice cream, when they were little tots: and they seemed to appreciate it *then*. Many a time have they visited in his hospitable home, when his aged companion was living, for where was there a nicer place to go, on Sunday afternoon, or when you just needed a little rest, than "out to Grandpa's"? Grandma always had a jar of the nicest cookies, to which they were welcome, and grandma was such a good cook. They had such a comfortable old house and such large roomy grounds. Such exquisite shade trees and such room for play. When they began to have beaux, what an attraction was the croquet ground on Grandpa Jones' place, where his own children and the hired help used to play so long ago, before his children had all married and gone away. And the young people were always so welcome there. Grandpa was never too busy nor too tired to entertain them. If they languished in their city homes, he would bring them out to the ranch to stay a week or so. If they wanted to go any place, there was always a horse and buggy at their disposal. If they wished to show their friends around, there was the covered carriage as well. But for a place to have a good time grandpa's place was good enough. In strawberry season, the young people were always welcome, and berries were always plenty. All summer and fall, grandpa's orchard was as free to the young people as if they had owned it all. When a group of them started home, after having enjoyed his hospitality, grandpa followed them to their various vehicles, and bestowed armfuls of choice fruits. In June he bestowed roses.

But grandpa couldn't work always. At last, his health having failed, he sold the dear old home and moved into town, because he could no longer manage a farm. Then his faithful helpmeet of more than half a century died, leaving him alone. How lonely it was for Grandpa Jones then! The young people never came to see him any more. If he went to their homes they seemed preoccupied. They seemed to

avert their faces when he was near. But he could not believe it was intentional.

"Why," he reasoned, "they used to climb up onto my lap when they were little things, and were always delighted to go buggy riding with grandpa, and no one's house was more attractive to them than ours."

Poor, lonely old man, just waiting—longing for the time to come when God in his infinite mercy may give him a little home, just six feet long, beside his faithful wife. As he sits day after day in his lonely place looking out of the window, wishing some one would come to see him, as they used to do "when Mother was living," people pass and pass and pass: but none of them give a glance toward his door. *They* all have business to occupy their time. They have houses where loved ones are. They have husbands, wives, parents, friends, children. *He has no one.* Poor, lonely old grandpa. At last—Ah! Some one is coming—yes, they're coming in. "Can it be possible they're coming to see me?" thinks grandpa. No wonder the old face brightens, the eyes sparkle, and he arises with unusual alacrity, to receive them. No wonder he capers about, almost as a child, so glad to see them, and does everything he can to make them feel welcome. And then I wonder if they go away thinking he is "trying to shine around the girls." No wonder he drives out sometimes to the homes of his old friends(?) and asks the young people to sing or play or go driving. Oh, what blind Endeavorers we are, that we do not have regularly appointed committees in our churches to go and visit these lonely old folk once or twice every week. They ought to have a friendly call from some one every day. It would brighten a whole day for them, though we stayed but a few minutes. After my mother died, a certain young man used to call upon my father nearly every evening, a few minutes, bringing with him a copy of the daily paper. He was only a man of the world—made no profession of Christianity—belonged to no church or League or Endeavor Society. Yet how much more of the Spirit of Christ was manifest in his life than in the lives of the church members all about us. How we waited, through the unbearable darkness of the long evenings, longing for his footsteps to approach our door. Oh, heavenly Father, his little courtesies were more than a cup of cold water to us.

What opportunities for doing good, in showing kindness to these lonesome old people! And so little effort it costs. Like the cup of cold water, it costs us nothing. Yet how stingy we are with our kindness.

Shall *we* ever grow old?



THE largest safe in the world is now being built for the Premiere Diamond Mine Company. It will hold \$10,000,000 in uncut stones.

## The Rural Sanctum

**Resolved.—That a student should take a three or four-years' High-school or preparatory course before entering College.**

JNO. J. JOHN.

It is no small event in a boy's or girl's life that first leads them from fond parental care to abide for a few years under the care and restraint (or lack of restraint equally often) of some school. In selecting a course of study adapted to one's talents and state of development and the proper environments under which to take this course, one can easily make the mistake of a lifetime. You want to consider well your attainments before going to college. A man building a costly dwelling on a few wooden blocks as a foundation would be no more foolish than he who attempts to enter college without first completing a good strong preparatory or high school course.

I might name the following three great objects to be sought by every student: 1. Knowledge. 2. Intellectual growth (including skill in applying knowledge). 3. Pure and well developed character. It is a fact further that the mind makes its most rapid growth when it is most successful in acquiring knowledge. Hence whatever retards or defeats the acquisition of knowledge retards or defeats likewise, mental growth; and two of the great objects of school going are not attained. It is further a psychological fact that the mind can and does acquire knowledge only by passing from what it knows to the closely related unknown.

But what have these things to do with a student's taking or not taking a strong preparatory course before entering college? Can not knowledge be successfully acquired at college or even more so at the university? Yes, provided the knowledge the student has already attained borders on and is closely related to the knowledge these higher schools purpose to impart. However thoroughly a student may have completed the fundamental operations of algebra, if he has gone no further, he is not ready for quadratics or logarithms. While his knowledge may be related to these subjects, it is not closely enough related that he can at once master them. To make the attempt would be to thwart the acquisition of knowledge and dwarf mental growth. So it is with him who would pass directly from public school to college or beyond. He ignores one of the fundamental laws of mind and must take the consequences.

A great many young people go direct to college and, under the instruction of tutors, bridge over the preparatory course in an incredibly short time. Is this proper? No. Those schools which make college

work their business devote their talent and experience to college work. Their preparatory work is secondary, receives secondary attention, and gives secondary results. Those schools which make it their chief business to give preparatory courses, which give to these courses their whole time, talent, and experience will certainly secure to the student more satisfactory results than can be had by going direct to college. Among the students of my acquaintance all those who completed a preparatory course and then took college work have, almost to an individual, taken their degrees in the highest ranks, and are now occupying lucrative positions of trust and honor. Of those who took college work without sufficient preparation I need not write. We have living examples in almost every community. In fact a strong preparatory course thoroughly completed, should one stop at that, fits one better for life than a college course taken without an adequate preparatory course.

Finally, if character counts for anything, the student should take his preparatory course. The discipline suited to college students proper is not at all suited for students of a preparatory age. The failure on the part of colleges to recognize this fact has sent more than one noble youth to eternal failure. And further in imitation of university life, far too many colleges have discarded practically all restraint and have firmly fixed among the student body many baneful customs. In these institutions the teachers are socially not in close touch with their students. It is not much wonder then that boys often return from college more debased in character than when they left home. At home the student in addition to receiving instruction and restraint, has daily received those little kind attentions from father and mother that make childhood days the happiest of life. Older brothers and sisters have taken him into their confidence and made his life happier and better. What think you then of his awful feeling of want, when for the first few months or years at school he finds the teachers a high caste unto themselves, and in imitation of their preceptors the upper classmen respectively castes to themselves. Is this the place for a boy or girl at the most critical age of life fresh from the protection of an ideal American home? Is this the environment that grows character? Is it the social clime in which gentle refinement comes to perfection? The average student who has prematurely cast his lot with the college speaks for himself on the question.

Preparatory schools dealing almost entirely with the students of the above class devote themselves more thoroughly to the protection and development of char-



acter. Following the example of the great Pestalozzi, their teachers are more closely affiliated with the students entrusted to their care than is the case in higher institutions. This is vital to the young student. The curriculum is only one factor in determining the value of a school course. Method of instruction must be adapted to the intellectual age of the student. And the general atmosphere socially, morally, and religiously are more potent factors in determining a young student's future than is generally conceded. Now in all these things that go to make up a school course, the course of the preparatory school will be found far better adapted and more profitable to the young student than that of the college.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



D. C. REBER.

RESOLVED, That every student should, when possible, finish a four years' high school course before entering college.

Before affirming or denying this proposition, an understanding must be reached as to the meaning of the word "college." This word is used with a popular meaning and a technical or restricted meaning. In the first sense, which obtains largely only among the educational institutions of the German Baptist church, college means school or almost university.

In these so-called colleges, instruction is offered for a commercial career, Bible course, teacher training, a course in arts, a musical education, and even agricultural pursuit. These courses, with the exception of the course in arts, are all technical in their nature, for they aim at preparation for a definite calling in life. Specialization is not properly the aim of a college in the true sense, but is purely the work of a university. All technical courses such as those aforementioned, excepting the course in arts, presuppose a general liberal preparation such as the classical course gives.

Therefore a high school course of four years would not furnish the broad, liberal training of the classical course and so, ideally speaking, it would not be advisable first to complete such a high school course before entering a Brethren College. Yet since conditions are not ideal, to take a high school course of four years before entering such a college for a technical course as the commercial, musical, pedagogical or biblical would be an advance of present conditions and would be temporarily welcomed as an improvement along the line of educational progress; for at present many young people enter upon such courses with only a meager knowledge of the common school branches. Having no broad foundation upon which to build a technical course, their possibilities, however, are circumscribed and soon they reach a point be-

yond which they can not rise in their chosen vocation. Hence in the end, it is not the most advisable course to pursue.

The high school period occurs between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years. This is a critical period in the lives of young people, hence it is very important that they be under uplifting and ennobling influences. As a rule the high school lacks in this respect. It would be a gain to the young people morally if they would continue in the high school until they are sixteen or seventeen years of age; then take a year or more of preparatory training at a Brethren school before entering upon a course which fits for a special calling. Ideally of course they should complete the classical course before undertaking the technical course.

Again, most high schools have no four years' course, and therefore it would be impossible in most cases to take it.

In most instances also, it is a great blessing if young people during the high school age get away from home under different influences. Accordingly, in choosing between going from home to attend some city high school and going to a Brethren school, the choice should undoubtedly be in favor of the latter.

In many high schools, the work is not so thorough as it should be. Pupils graduating from high schools generally overestimate their attainments and remain contented to enter life's work with such a preparation.

On the other hand, taking the word college in its proper sense, meaning institutions that offer only the four years' course in arts, or meaning a Brethren school offering such a course, a first class high school would furnish the entrance requirements. There are two arguments in favor of taking the high school course under such conditions. If the young man is to enter a college not under the management of the church before mentioned, he could prepare for college at a first class high school (if possible), and so be at home under parental supervision while getting his elementary training. The other argument is that it would be more economical. If the young man is to take his classical course at a Brethren college, the question would resolve itself to a choice between the high school and a college preparatory course at a school of the Brethren, which should be decided in favor of the latter because the influences of such a school would be better for the young man than the home possibly could be. And then too the preparatory course is closely correlated with the course in arts for which it aims to prepare the student. Hence he could enter the higher course without any examination.

Another argument in favor of not attending an academy for securing the necessary preparatory training is that our schools are freer from the vicious influences of intercollegiate athletics and mediæval

customs such as hazing than secular schools, and they furnish an environment that fosters moral development and religious education.

*Elizabethtown College, Pa.*



JOHN W. WAYLAND.

By a four years' high school course I understand to be meant a four years' course of instruction provided by, and taken in, a regular public high school, so-called, and not in a private academy, or a preparatory school, or the preparatory department of a college.

In answer, then, to the question, "Should every student, when possible, finish a four years' high school course before entering college?" I would say, It depends.

To be sure, every student, to enter upon a real college course in a real college, must have as a preparatory education a good high school course or its equivalent. If he should be able by some means to gain admission to college classes without this preparation, he would soon have to drop out, or else his work would be a drag upon him and a double burden. Many students make a mistake in college, as in life, by passing too lightly over their preparatory branches, and by pushing into higher courses too soon.

Now, whether a student should take his preparation for college, as aforesaid, in a regular high school or not, depends upon several considerations or conditions: it depends upon circumstances.

Let us suppose, for the first case, that a student has in his own town, or within easy daily access from home, a good public high school: nothing else of the sort. Then, by all means, let him complete the high school course. In this case, allowing the school to be passably good, home advantages and economy both weigh in favor of the high school.

Let us suppose, for the second case, that the student has also within just as easy reach from home a good academy, or a preparatory school, or a college with a preparatory department, or all of these. The home factor remains now the same as in the first case, and is the same with reference to any one of the schools mentioned; for he can live at home, and reach any one of the schools as easily as another. Therefore, in this case, the comparative merit of schools, a factor not very actively operating in the first case, would, together with the factor of economy, determine one's choice. Economy would likely weigh the balance in favor of the high school again, unless the value of the training given by the academy, or the preparatory school, or the preparatory department of the college should be found superior to a considerable degree. In case the college should be the particular one in which the student proposes to take his college degree, then the preparatory course of that college might be

the best for him, since it would probably link on the best with what would follow.

Let us suppose, for a third case, that the student has to go out from home, not only to college, but also to get his preparatory course. Then the school, of whatever sort, that offers the best course of instruction and, at the same time, comes nearest to supplying the protection and good influences of home, should be the one chosen. And these two factors may both be approximated in schools of moderate or low cost. The average high school, on the other hand, can hardly be expected to excel in these particulars, although it may save a few dollars for its patrons by giving tuition free.

The three factors chiefly considered, therefore, are: First, home influence and protection, or its best possible substitute; second, value and adaptability of instruction; third, money. I place money last; for there it rightfully belongs. No man has the right to jeopardize his son's morality or his daughter's purity, or the intellectual possibilities of either, for the sake of a few dollars.

To sum up, in conclusion, it seems to me that if the student can get his preparatory course, living at home, the chances are in favor of the regular public high school; if he has to go away from home, then the conditions are likely to be against the high school.

*Bridgewater, Va.*



J. E. MILLER.

THE amount of corn raised on a piece of ground is fixed partly by the preparation that the soil has undergone. The benefits to be derived from the college course are fixed in part by the preparatory course leading up to the college work proper. I know that years back the college course contained very few subjects, and that most of these will now be included in the high school work. This does not mean however that they were taught in college in the same way that they are now taught in the high school. In some institutions they were taught better and some not so well.

It should be the ambition of every boy or girl to secure a college education if at all possible; but there are many instances where this cannot be done; and where it cannot be they must content themselves by securing the best education at their command. As our colleges are run to-day they presuppose in general four years of high school work before the student is admitted to the college work. Since the requirement for the college training is four years' preparation, every boy and girl who means to take a college course should see that they have this preparation in either a high school or an academy.

In the first place he will find when he takes up his college work, that the studies he wishes to



pursue will be largely based upon the work that he began in the high school course. For that reason he will be at a disadvantage if he does not have this preliminary training.

Then, too, the young man and woman in college have had as a rule this four years' training. Unless I have it I am at a disadvantage. I will be short in many cases and cannot possibly get out of my schooling what others are getting out of theirs.

Some one may say that four years is too long a

time to be spent in preparation, but it will be well to remember that this preparation is thorough as far as it goes. This four years' training is basic and will largely increase the benefits of future schooling. The fact that our colleges and universities are uniting in admitting this shows that in the eyes of educators it is the best thing and when it comes to school questions I know no one so competent to judge as school men.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### A Vain Boaster.

A farmer in central New York State has in his employ a man named George, whose understanding is not very acute.

One day as his employer came out to the field where he was working, George hailed him: "Say, Boss, who do you like best, Mr. Gorman or Mr. Carney," naming two ministers whose churches are in the neighborhood.

"Well," said the farmer, "I couldn't say. I never heard Mr. Gorman preach."

"I don't like that man Carney?" said George; "he brags too much. I went to his church last Sunday and he didn't talk about anything but his father's mansions and brag about how much finer they were than anyone else's."—H. S. Slawson, in February Lippincott's.



Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—John Selden.



### From Harper's Monthly.

Some one has palmed off on the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Monthly, the matter printed below:

Some time ago, in New York City, a man was awakened in the night to find his wife weeping, uncontrollably.

"My darling," he said, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"A dream!" she gasped. "I have had such a horrible dream."

Her husband begged her to tell it to him, in order that he might comfort her. After long persuasion she was induced to say this:

"I thought I was walking down Broadway, and I came to a warehouse, where there was a large placard, 'Husbands for sale.' You could get beautiful ones for fifteen hundred dollars, or even for twelve hundred dollars, and very nice-looking ones for as low as a hundred."

The husband asked, innocently, "Did you see any that looked like me?"

The sobs became strangling. "Dozens of them," gasped the wife, "done up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

When Cleopatra used to tell the story to Marc Antony, in the first century of the Christian era, it was not "husbands" in their entirety that were for sale.



Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.—Socrates.

### He Deserved Spanking.

Mrs. John P. Newman, Bishop Newman's widow, who proposes to found a kindergarten in Jerusalem, has a great affection for children and a great store of children's anecdotes.

Anent an embarrassing situation, she said one day:

"This reminds me of a dinner that a Denver woman gave during a Methodist convention in her city.

"The dinner was sumptuous. The leading lights of the church and of the state were there. A presiding elder, in taking a drink of water, broke a glass.

The hostess began to assure the elder that the accident was of no consequence, but her well modulated voice was easily overpowered by the loud shout of her little son.

"'O, mamma,' he cried, 'it's one of the borrowed ones, isn't it?'"



The Liquor Business tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and law breaking among the saloon-keepers themselves. Debauches not only the body social but the body politic as well.—Theodore Roosevelt, President of the New York Board of Police.



A fire occurred on the premises rented by a Hebrew citizen. The circumstances were somewhat suspicious and an agent of the insurance company with which the property was insured, was sent to investigate. He interviewed the senior partner, as to the probable cause of the fire. This was the report. "I find that the senior partner thinks that it was caused by an arc light on the second floor; the junior partner thinks it was caused by an incandescent light on the first floor—but my opinion is that it was caused by an Israelite in the basement!"



The theory of theft is beautifully demonstrated by the following, which is now going the rounds of the papers:

Stealing a million—genius.  
Stealing \$500,000—sagacity.  
Stealing \$100,000—shrewdness.  
Stealing \$50,000—misfortune.  
Stealing \$25,000—irregularity.  
Stealing \$10,000—misappropriation.  
Stealing \$5,000—speculation.  
Stealing \$2,500—embezzlement.  
Stealing \$1,500—swindling.  
Stealing \$100—larceny.  
Stealing \$10—thrift.  
Stealing a ham—war on society.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XVII.

THE fact is I haven't had a decent talk with Sile for three weeks. He is as busy as a hen with one chicken. I just must stop and tell you about the wedding before I say anything more about our future plans.

In the first place Sile made another trip to Yreka a couple weeks ago, and I suspicioned then that something was up; in fact, it was a foregone conclusion by the whole family, but they tried to conceal the object of the visit by Lucile going with him as far as Montague. They claimed they both went to Montague, and of course they did; they put the horse in the stable, Lucile went to the hotel, and Sile took the Yreka train, made a satisfactory trade with the county clerk for the necessary papers, while Lucile purchased some drygoods necessary for the occasion. Talk about a boy with red-topped boots and suspenders! That degree of pride is nothing in comparison with what Sile felt while he was carrying those papers round in his pocket. He wouldn't have traded that paper for a mortgage on the Butte Valley.



Well, after they found out that we had gotten wise, they became a little bolder in conversation, and occasionally matters, pertaining to the coming great event were discussed. While they were in

Montague, Sile arranged for a Justice of the Peace to appear at the Wallace ranch on a certain day at high noon. Ministers are scarce in Butte Valley.

After an endless amount of preparation in the culinary department of the establishment, quite a lot of needlework, the consumption of midnight oil, the drawing of many long breaths, the distribution of invitations, and other necessary arrangements, the culminating point was reached on the very day which Sile had announced to the J. P. There is no question but that Lucile is a favorite in the Butte Valley. This has long been so, but on the wedding day the number of guests present showed the high esteem in which she was held by her many friends, and I am glad to say, since Sile is a good friend of mine, that he has not only won the complete confidence of the family, but everyone who knows him speaks well of him; and they were not slack to show their appreciation of his character at the wedding. There was nothing foolish or gaudy about the bride's trousseau; her

suit was a light drab, made of goods of a very fine quality; it was neatly made, but not over-made; she looked more like a bride than a butterfly. In these days, you know, some women get an idea that on that important day they ought to look considerably more like a bird of the air than some earthly being. So far as Sile was concerned he was the same old Sile. He had on a new suit of clothes, of course, but the occasion, the place, or anything else did not cause him to change the style of his dress from that to which he had always been accustomed. A young lady from Picard played the wedding march. When they stood under the arch, a modest color was noticeable on Lucile's cheeks and a slight nervousness was noticeable as they went to join hands. Outside of this no one would have known but that they had been married a hundred times. An attempt to describe the nuptial feast would only be to do it an injustice. Nobody but Lucile and her mother, with the deep interest they had, could arrange such a service.



After dinner came the presents. Not stopping to describe them I will make it short by saying that they were well remembered by those present. When a side table was fairly piled full of them, Lucile, having noticed that the family had not participated in this part of the exercises, said to her father, "Are we not going to be remembered by you, papa?" "Waal, now just step out on the porch and we'll show you how we have remembered you."

While the above dialogue ensued, Jack and Alek had gone to the barn and arranged their presents. Mr. Wallace, pointing to a bunch of ten three-year-old heifers and laying his hand on Sile's shoulder, said, "My son, here is what I have for you. Mother, you are next!" Mrs. Wallace then pointed to the best cow on the place, which Jack had just led to the yard gate, and said, "Lucile, I'll make you a present of old Bess." I noticed Alek held Doc by the halter strap, but didn't think much of it till he said, "Sister, Doc is the best horse in Butte Valley, but he is not too good for you." By this time Jack had tied Bess to the fence and had brought out a dapple grey, the mate to Doc and said, "Lucile, I think just as much of you as Alek does. With Bob and Doc, you and Sile will have the best team in the valley to begin with."

(To be continued.)

SEE NEXT PAGE.





A Bird's-eye-view of the Beautiful Butte Valley.

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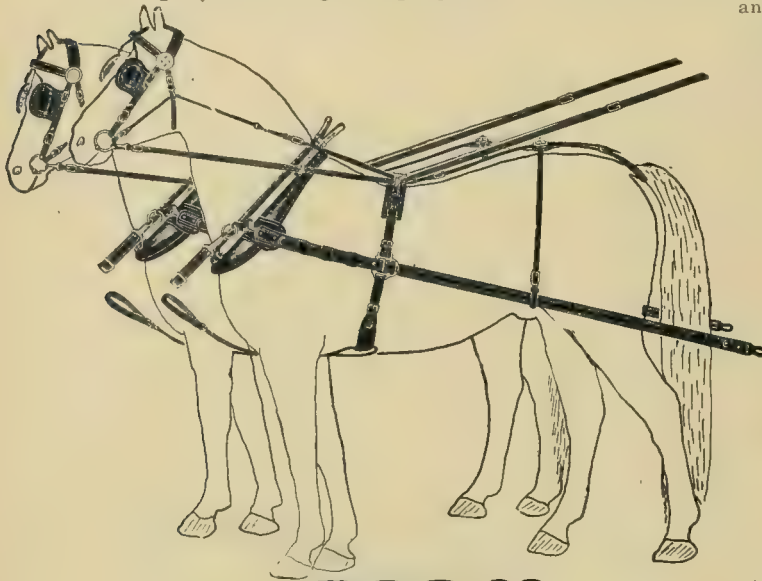
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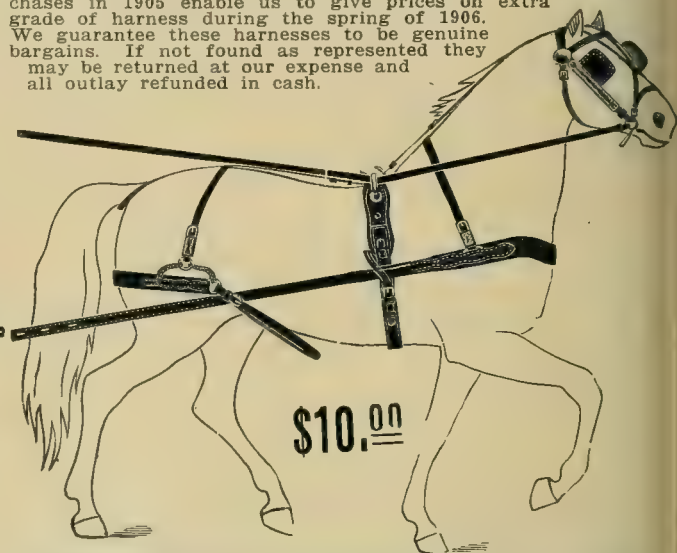
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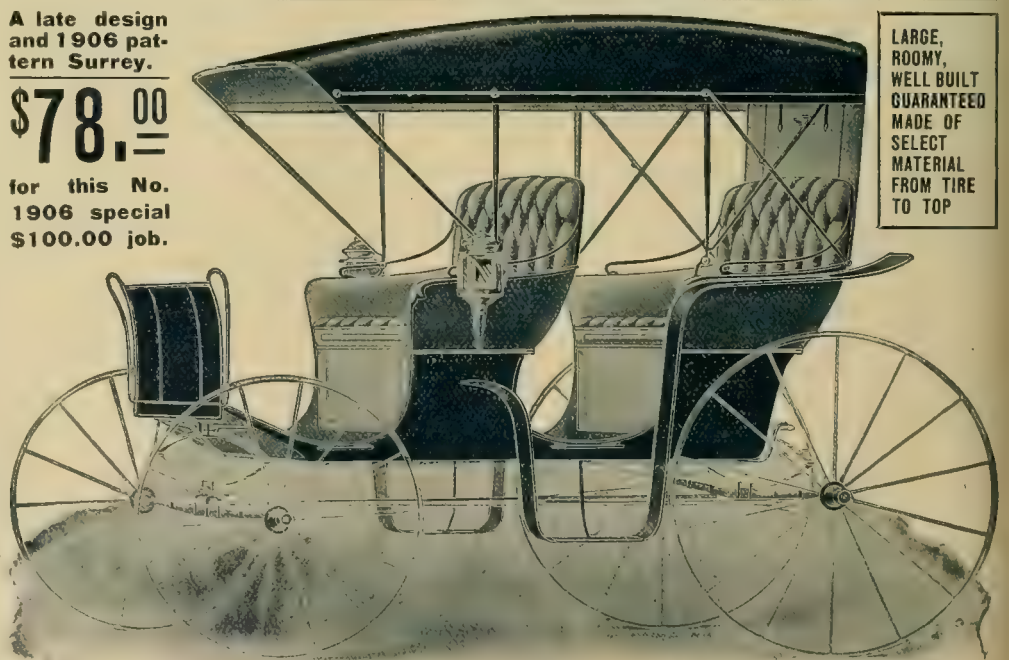
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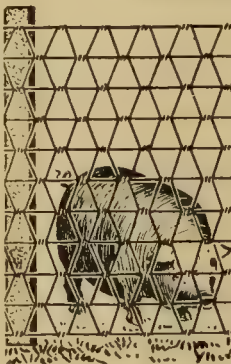
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MAY 1, 1906.

No. 18.

## IN THAT DAY.

W. H. ENGLER.

**I**N that day I shall awaken,  
From a sweet and quiet sleep,  
And I'll find the dark, dark shadows,  
That along my pathway stood,  
And obscured my view of heaven,  
Like the morning dew-drops gone;  
And I'll know I have awoken'd,  
Within that heavenly clime.

In that day the sound of warfare,  
Shall be followed by a calm,  
And the storms and shadows parted,  
By a hand that is divine;  
And I'll see the land of quiet,  
Where saints that here have striven,  
Shall find rest and peace forever,  
In that land without a storm.

In that day life's waves and sorrows,  
Shall be hushed to perfect peace,  
And the noise and howling tempest,  
Of the chilly wind shall cease;  
And my shattered life bark,  
Out upon the sea of life,  
Shall cast anchor in the haven,  
Of the soul's eternal rest.

Waynesboro, Pa.



## SNAPSHOTS.

*There is no sweeter repose than that bought with labor.*



*The first step towards heaven must be taken on the knees.*



*No man can repent as long as he believes he can sin and be safe in doing it.*



*Sometimes the only road to real success is through what the world calls failure.*



*A kitten trying to catch her own tail illustrates the mistake of jumping at conclusions.*

*Submitting yourself to God, means to get in an attitude of obedience and stay there.*



*When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in family, our tempers; in society, our tongues.*



*If borrowing was as hard as paying back a great deal of trouble would be saved by many people.*



*The man who really loves God with all his heart can call upon every star in the heavens to help praise him.*



*Do good constantly, patiently, and wisely and you will never have cause to say that life is not worth living.*



*This sorrow, which has cut down to the root, has come, not as a spoiling of your life but as preparation for it.*



*Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by radiance of God.*



*The man who is always going to do it to-morrow is the man who is ever paying tributes to the man who did it yesterday.*



*Not until you make men self-reliant, intelligent, and fond of struggle—fonder of struggle than help—not till then have you relieved poverty.*



*To character and success, two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—humble dependence and manly independence; humble dependence on God and manly reliance on self.*



*Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is heaven and the Spirit of God within you.*



# Antietam, the Past and Present

Susie M. Hout



ON September the fifth, 1862, when Gen. Lee decided to cross the Potomac and for the first time, invade Maryland, the die was cast, which culminated in the bloody struggle at Antietam on September seventeenth. To show the important issues that awaited the culmination of this battle, we need simply quote the words of Lincoln, when he said, "I made a solemn vow before God, that if Gen. Lee was driven back from Maryland, I would crown the results by the declaration of freedom to the

of war; when our nation was stirred from north to south, and from east to west in the fires of civil strife; when the great issues of our nation were being decided by the sword, and the rivers of our country were tinged with the blood of her countrymen.

This battle has been termed the bloodiest battle of the Civil War, there being more killed and wounded than in any other battle in the same length of time. On the morning of the seventeenth of September, 1862, the Union army under the command of Gen. McClellan numbered 80,000 men, while the Confederate



Entrance to the National Cemetery, on the Antietam Battleground.

slaves." The issuing of the "Emancipation Proclamation," which liberated 4,000,000 suffering slaves, was the greatest act of Lincoln's administration.

This Emancipation Proclamation had been prepared in July preceding the battle at Antietam. Lincoln was waiting for a victory by the Union army; first came the defeat at Bull Run, and the Emancipation was put aside, until assured of the victory of the Union at Antietam. Surely the results of this battle can never be estimated.

This historic battlefield is situated in Washington county, Maryland, ten and a half miles from Hagerstown and three miles from the Potomac river. Many incidents of historic interest center in this county, from the time the redskins gave place to the pale faces.

But her greatest history was enacted in the drama

army under the command of Gen. R. E. Lee, numbered 70,000 men. On the evening of the seventeenth, ah! what artist can ever paint, or what pen ever describe, the heart-rending scene that was spread over rolling fields and by rippling streams? Only those who took part, and witnessed this devastation of life and property can ever realize it.

The Union losses for the day were 12,469 killed, wounded and missing, while the Confederate losses have been estimated at 13,533 killed, wounded and missing. Surely this was the bloodiest day in American history. May there never be a repetition of its horrible bloodshed.

This battle resulted in a Union victory although it was dearly bought. Though many of the Southern soldiers were, "ragged, shoeless, and hatless," they



The Old Dunkard Church on the Battlefield of Antietam, Sharpsburg, Md.

fought with a heroism born only of American blood. But it has been said, "They met their equals at Antietam."

"O long and fierce was the conflict on that sad September day,

It seemed as if all heaven and earth had entered into the fray.

The horrible groans of the dying, heard 'midst the cannon's roar,

The mighty 'Rebel yell' that rose as it cheered them on before.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When ten thousand of Lee's soldiers were slain in the bloody fight

Sadly and kindly night came down and covered the ghastly sight."

The morning found neither army ready to continue the fray, and so,

"Quietly by 'Boetler's Ford' o'er Potomac's crimson tide, Lee's jaded army wended its way o'er to Virginia's side."

The town of Sharpsburg is situated on this battlefield; and all of its inhabitants, who were not engaged in battle, either fled from the town, or took refuge in cellars and caves. Many churches and private homes in and out of town, were pressed into service as hospitals in which to care for the wounded and dying soldiers.

The national government has done much to beautify this battlefield, as have the different States and their regiments, which have erected beautiful monuments, in honor of their beloved dead, some of which lost their brightest and most talented sons. Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Connecticut, and Maryland, all have many beautiful shafts and statues on this field, erected at a cost of many thousands of dollars. And still this work goes on. The coming summer, the state of Pennsylvania will erect four imposing statues, which will be unveiled September 17, 1906.

One beautiful monument has been erected in honor of our late beloved president, McKinley, on the very spot where he, as was characteristic of his whole life, manifested such bravery and such faithfulness to duty, that he voluntarily carried hot coffee across the firing line to the men of his regiment. This was greatly appreciated by them and for this act he was promoted from sergeant to a higher rank in the army. It might be of interest to note here, that Pres. Hays was a member of this same regiment, the 23rd Ohio volunteers.

This monument stands near "Burnside Bridge." This bridge crosses Antietam creek, a stream famous in song and story. The bridge derived its name from Gen. Burnside, who fought so valiantly to save it. At one time during the day it was almost in the hands of the southern men, who had made a desperate advance forward. But they were driven back by Burnside and his brave men.

Another beautiful memorial has been erected by the state of Maryland, in memory of her brave sons, who fought in both the Union and Confederate armies, and who fell on her own soil at Antietam. This mon-



A Monument Erected to the Private Soldier of the Civil War.



ument was erected at a cost of \$12,000, and was unveiled May 30, 1900, in the presence of Pres. McKinley and many thousands, who came to bury all sectional differences, and under one flag pay tribute alike to the "Blue and Gray." On the top of this monument is a sphere, on which rests a figure of peace and unity.

Almost directly opposite this monument is the little "Dunkard Church." This church was in the direct line of battle, and was very badly wrecked. It was used as a hospital after the battle. When the war was over it was repaired, and in the years that have passed its accustomed worshippers have gathered within its sacred walls, and worshiped the Prince of Peace, who has said, "Put thy sword into the sheath, for they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

There is a romantic, nevertheless true, incident clusters around the Bible, which was the property of this church at the time of the battle. This Bible was taken from the church, after the battle, by a couple of soldiers of 107 N. Y. regiment. It was held as a prize of war, and was carried north to New York where for more than forty years it was kept as a souvenir of Antietam. The survivors of this regiment knew little or nothing of the whereabouts of this Bible until 1903 at a reunion of the survivors of the regiment. The custodians of the Bible made known their desire to return the Bible to the church from whence it had been taken. The Bible was procured and presented to Bro. John T. Lewis, an honest and respected colored brother of Elmira, N. Y. This brother was formerly a Marylander; he, by the aid of the ministerial list in the Brethren Almanac, wrote to us here, and finally in December, 1903, the Bible was returned after its many years' wanderings. And to-day it rests in the place it was first designed to fill, by the one which was procured after the war to fill its place. This was the first Bible ever given to the church and it is in fairly good condition.\*

The national government has made many beautiful avenues on this field, and placed mute cannons and tablets by the way, to remind the generations of the future of the bravery of their forefathers. "Bloody Lane" has been converted into a beautiful avenue. It is said that in this lane men lay in piles and blood flowed in streams. On this avenue the government has erected an observatory seventy-five feet high. It is built entirely of iron and stone. From its top a view of the battlefield and its many beautiful monuments can be obtained, as well as many surrounding places of note and adjoining States.

But the most striking scene of all is in the east end of Sharpsburg; where rests all that is mortal of 4,667 of this nation's bravest sons. This cemetery was dedicated Sept. 17, 1867, and the many federal soldiers

who were buried in fields and graveyards adjoining the town were disinterred and reinterred in this sacred spot.

Near the center of this cemetery stands a beautiful monument known as the "Private Soldier" and indeed it seems as though he were keeping watch over the silent dead. This monument was erected at a cost of \$36,000 and was unveiled Sept. 17, 1880. It bears this simple inscription, "Not for themselves but for their country, Sept 17, 1862."

The many grassy mounds and mute head and foot stones speak in striking terms of the cruelty of war, and appeal to us, to work all the more earnestly in the interest of peace; and cause men, "to beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn the art of war no more." "O War, War, thou who takest the fairest and most robust art most cruel!"

Each returning springtide amidst the singing of birds and the budding of flowers, youth and age alike meet within its sacred enclosure to place a flag upon each lowly green mound, as well as garlands of flowers, nature's richest gift.

This cemetery is beautifully kept and is indeed a fit resting place for those who fought so bravely to defend the Union.

Hundreds of visitors are attracted annually to this battlefield, either because of its historic interest, or to visit the grave of a loved one, who is sleeping with the many thousands on the hill.

But after all that men can do, to honor and cherish the memory of those who saw fit to sacrifice their lives on the altar of their country, they can never undo the ravages of war. Monuments of marble and granite may mark their last resting place and beautiful flowers may shed forth their fragrance and beauty over the graves of loved ones, but it is all hollow mockery when it comes to binding up the bleeding hearts, of mothers, widows and orphans, whose sons, husbands and fathers were sent to an untimely grave, or removing the anxious suspense of those who have waited for loved ones to return from the battlefield; and those loved ones perhaps have through long years filled unknown graves.

We know that "war is cruel." That it is unjust and unnecessary and that differences of national issue can be settled by arbitration, and that alone is tending toward the ideal and the millennium. War is a relic of barbarism and civilized nations need to learn the lesson. May they learn it speedily.

*Sharpsburg, Md.*



PAPER car wheels made by pressure from rye straw paper are usually good enough to take a second set of steel tires after the first set has been worn out by a run of 300,000 miles.

\*See next article in this issue.

## The Tale of a Dunkard Bible Gone Astray



THIS is a little narrative about a Dunkard Bible astray for more than forty years, events in the life of a worthy colored citizen of Elmira, including a deed of courageous heroism at the peril of his own life, and the kindly and perfect reward measured out to him from the grateful hearts belonging to an honored Elmira family. It would make a long and pleasing narrative, but only the barest facts can be given in this brief account. In all its fullness it would amount in fact to a story, ever colored with the romantic, and at sometimes thrilling.

There has just been returned to the little Dunkard church at Sharpsburg, Md., a stoutly built, leather covered and fairly well preserved Bible, which was taken from that humble meetinghouse after the battle of Antietam, fought Sept. 17, 1862. For more than forty years the square-built Bible, taken almost as a prize of war, has been here in the north, and due to a train of interesting circumstances, it has been replaced with its original owners, and will be by them preserved in the little old church, which, somewhat battered, survives the awful struggle at Antietam. For the old church still stands and is used as a place of worship by the German Baptists, just as it was used before the days of the civil war and of that war's carnage and destruction. The church itself shows some of the effects of Antietam's fierce struggle, large holes having been made by flying cannon balls in the end of the church which faced the field of battle.

The restored Bible was taken from the church by a couple of soldiers of the gallant 107th New York regiment, which participated at Antietam. It was brought north, and, it is believed, during the greater part of the past forty years has been in Schuyler county, where it was kept as a souvenir of that battle. Until the present year the survivors of the 107th regiment knew little or nothing about the captured Bible, but during the last reunion held in this city, one of the comrades brought to the attention of those at the reunion the fact that such a Bible had been in the possession of Sergeant Nathan F. Dykman, who was a member of Company H of that regiment. It was made known that the custodian of the Bible was disposed to have it returned to the meetinghouse from which it had been taken, and the comrades partly arranged to carry out that plan. In order to compensate the soldier's widow for her trouble the survivors at the reunion, at the instance of Captain Arthur S. Fitch, raised a little purse of \$10, which was presented to her.

The Bible was obtained and delivered to John T. Lewis, a prosperous and respected colored farmer who

lives on East Hill, near the Crane farm. Mr. Lewis not only came to the north from Maryland, but he is also a member of the Dunkard church, and took special delight in taking charge in the return of the Bible. Before sending it to its southern home, Mr. Lewis was photographed, with the Bible in hand. This Bible was shipped by express a week ago last Friday, and on Thursday last Mr. Lewis received a letter from Rev. John E. Otto, in charge of the Dunkard church in Sharpsburg, Md., acknowledging its receipt. It states that the old Bible had been presented to the con-



John T. Lewis, East Hill, Elmira, and the Bible he Returned.

gregation, which greatly appreciates its return after an absence of over forty-one years. It was the first Bible ever given to the church, and it will be preserved jealously. Mr. Otto thanks Mr. Lewis and all instrumental in its return, and also expresses his pleasure to learn that there is a Dunkard brother in Elmira, not knowing that any resided here. Mr. Lewis desires that all the credit for the restoration of the Bible to its original owners be given to the generous veterans of the 107th regiment.

And, by the way, John T. Lewis is an interesting



and picturesque personage, as his portrait here will in part indicate. He is known to all the older residents of Elmira, and has always enjoyed the respect of his neighbors, and acquaintances. He is a sturdy old gentleman, with a frank and open countenance, a genial disposition, and an unusual share of intelligence. Certainly he belongs in the ranks of the best citizens of his race, and is a man whose firmness and courage have been well tested, and, happily for him, rewarded by those who have the best reason to appreciate his heroism displayed at a trying moment, and upon an instant's notice. He was born in Carroll county, Md., January 10, 1835, and is nearly sixty-nine years of age; but looks much older. Those who knew him in his prime will recall his well-knit form and will remember his apparent great physical strength. Owing to injuries which affected his spinal column, he is now stooped and bent, and bears token of his growing physical infirmities.

Mr. Lewis was a freeman, and started northward in 1860. He made his first stay about Gettysburg, and was there at the time of the great battle. Two or three years there whetted his appetite for the north, and falling in with a couple of white men he made the journey on foot. He had some money saved from his wages, but not knowing his companions, kept that fact a secret. He does not know who the men were, but one claimed to be named John Wygant, and the other he knew as Leo, both claiming to be from Steuben county. With them he journeyed afoot from Gettysburg to Carlisle, thence to Bloomfield, in Perry county, Pa., then to Liverpool, Pa., on the Susquehanna, and thence to Northumberland. From that place they reached Williamsport by rail and later traveled to Trout Run, Pa., then to Blossburg, finally reaching Corning. That was in 1862, and Mr. Lewis has never since heard from his companions, although he would like to do so.

In 1864 Mr. Lewis came to Elmira, and was first employed in a meat market. In the fall of 1865 he became, for a short time, the coachman for the late Jervis Langdon. He had been a blacksmith in Maryland, and from 1867 to 1870 worked for A. Bliven & Sons, at their shop, then located at the corner of Church street and Railroad avenue. In 1870 he returned to Mr. Langdon's employ, to take charge of the farm on East Hill. That was on June 1, and on the following August 6, Mr. Langdon died. The East Hill farm became the property of Mrs. Crane, and Mr. Lewis rented it. In those days he found farming far from profitable; he had considerable ill luck and found himself in debt for more than \$900. It was just at that time, when he felt himself almost heart-broken over his difficulties, an event occurred which quickly tested his courage, but which speedily later brought a new happiness into his life.

That was in 1877. On a pleasant afternoon Mrs.

Charles J. Langdon, her daughter, Miss Julia, and a nurse, had made a visit to the Crane home. Mrs. Langdon was driving a new horse, not accustomed to the hill roads, but one considered gentle and tractable. The journey up the hill was made without incident, but on the downward trip, on the return home, Mrs. Langdon, her daughter, and nurse, became the victims of a perilous runaway. The horse had become wildly affrighted by the carriage pressing forward on his heels and started on a desperately rapid and wild dash down the steep East Hill roadway. Mr. Lewis in his wagon, was returning from the city, to his home and saw the animal wildly dashing down the steep hill. Turning his own team into the ditch, and not knowing who occupied the carriage drawn by the runaway, he sprang from his wagon, and at the risk of his life, grabbed the frightened horse by the bridle. Mr. Lewis was a powerful man in those days, but it took all his strength and courage and presence of mind to stop the runaway beast, but he conquered. He caught the frightened horse at the right moment, and in the right way. Had he faltered for even an instant, or been faint of heart, the consequences no one can tell.

It is needless to say that Mr. Lewis was gratefully rewarded, and ever since has been held in affectionate regard by the entire Langdon family. Mark Twain was a visitor to the hill at the time of the runaway, and he was one of Mr. Lewis' most grateful admirers. He gave to Mr. Lewis a set of his books, personally inscribed, and \$50. The late J. D. F. Slee made him a gift of \$25. Mr. and Mrs. Crane gave him \$400. Mrs. Langdon presented him with a massive gold watch, inscribed as follows:

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* John T. Lewis, who saved three lives at the dead- \*  
 \* ly peril of his own, Aug. 23, 1877. This in grate- \*  
 \* ful remembrance from Mrs. Charles J. Langdon. \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Gen. Charles J. Langdon was not at home at the time, but upon his return gave Mr. Lewis a check for \$1,000. These gifts, with the exception of the latter, were presented to Mr. Lewis at his home on the hill, in the presence of the Langdon family, who had prepared a surprise for him. After that Mr. Lewis found more sunshine in life. He is now the owner of a farm of sixty-four and one-half acres, and proud of his possession. His physical infirmities are such that he is not able to do much labor, and it is one of the griefs of his life that he cannot find men of his race willing to do farm work. It grieves him greatly to think that they prefer a poorer life in the city than the able-bodied could secure on the farm.

Mr. Lewis is married and has been the father of two children. The son died, but a daughter survives to comfort father and mother. The wife was a niece

of the late John Jones. Her maiden name was Mary Stover. She was born in the south, and the couple were married in 1865. Years ago they resided on the south side of the river, on a street once called Crow street, doubtless for Rev. Moses Crow, who once resided at the intersection of that street with the Mt. Zoar highway. It was Mr. Lewis who got up the petition by which Crow street was renamed Pleasant street, by which name it continues to be known.

Mr. Lewis cherishes a little library at his East Hill home, not the least of which are the first books he ever studied. He has there an old Maryland arithmetic, an old speller, and a geography, all published about 1850. He tells a most interesting story about how he planned to save money to buy these books. Not the least interesting of these possessions is the first copybook he ever owned, the one in which he took his first lessons in writing. This he bought in 1851, and every page is filled with his first endeavors at handwriting. How many other men and women of to-day have cherished and preserved their first books? Very few, indeed, and we doubt if there is another person the age of Mr. Lewis who has preserved the first copybook. He has guarded it all these years, and now at nearly three score years and ten can look back at his first effort at writing with a quill. It is more than remarkable.

Many other things of absorbing interest could be written of this remarkable old gentleman. The brief sketch given presents but the barest details of some of the leading events in his life, as he narrated them in a pleasant, conversational way to a *Telegram* representative. If he saved three lives on the East Hill roadway, still another can be placed to his credit, as he once saved a companion from drowning. His memory is marvelously excellent, and he recalls with incident and detail all the earlier events of his life. His tiresome and tedious trip from the south to the north seems now like a pleasant tale, as he recalls the haps and mishaps connected therewith, which we have not the space to report. That trip alone would make a rather absorbing tale of travel. It was not all pleasant going, however. The trip was attended with perils and many perplexities, but Mr. Lewis

made it safely, with most of his money still securely hidden. He has at his home the old oilcloth satchel in which he brought to the north his little belongings, and he cherishes it sacredly as a memento of that, to him, memorable journey. Perhaps some day he may have the pleasure of a trip to his birthplace and a pleasant visit to "Maryland, My Maryland." At least he hopes so, as do all his friends and neighbors, who respect him as a man who has lived intending to live rightly.

This kindly old man, it must also be said, enjoys the warm personal friendship of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). The great humorist picks his friends with a good deal of care, and it is one of his greatest pleasures on his visits to Elmira, to greet the worthy old colored farmer, who is his neighbor, when he is at the Quarry farm. Mr. Clemens has been fond of the old man ever since that dreadful runaway peril, and that fondness is not likely to be ended in any other way than by death. The past summer Mr. Clemens was at Quarry farm, and among his welcome guests was Mr. Lewis. They walked and talked and crooned together like real chums. The *Ladies' Home Journal* for November, contains four views of Mark Twain, as he whiled away the hours in the open. In one of them he appears in the company of Mr. Lewis, the latter in a blue jean summer suit, finding support with a long hickory staff. In connection with the picture the *Ladies' Home Journal* says: "The colored man in another picture is John T. Lewis, 'a friend of mine,' says Mark Twain, 'these many years—thirty-four in fact. He was my father-in-law's coachman forty years ago; was many years a farmer of Quarry farm, and is still a neighbor. I have not known an honest man nor a more respectable one. Twenty-seven years ago, by the prompt and intelligent exercise of his courage, presence of mind and extraordinary strength, he saved the lives of relatives of mine, whom a runaway horse was hurrying to destruction. Naturally I hold him in high and grateful regard.'"

It is a simple tribute, but one which any man would be justified in covetously treasuring.—*Elmira Telegram*, Dec. 13, 1903.

## The Modern Goddess

Ettie E. Holler

### Chapter IV.

AT SCHOOL.

Dear Helen:—

Truly, I had begun to think that you were not going to write. But now that you have written it is all right. Your letter was very interesting to me. True,

the subject was not as interesting as some, but it is you that I am interested in now.

Since you are gone, I was made to think what a dangerous trip you were taking, considering the object of your going. I was very sorry to see you go, with the object you had in view. It would mean eternal



ruin to many girls. But as you said you were beginning to see things differently I hope it will be the means of awakening you. Already I can see that you are viewing life differently from what you did. For many years you have been a zealous devotee of the goddess of fashion. But if your trip is the means of awakening you, it will be more than worth your money.

But I am very glad and thankful, too, that there are many girls that see the folly, yes, sinfulness, there is in giving their lives to fashion, without going to New York to learn it.

Helen, do you know that the goddess of fashion is dwarfing the intellect and eating out the hearts of our people? And, Helen, you have talent that you are smothering with thoughts that give you no good returns. Our young men and maidens, yes, and older ones, too, are chasing after fashion as if that was the only thing in this world worth following. Yes, and many know better, too, but they are seemingly asleep. It is high time for a general awakening.

Helen, you do not know how much good it would do me to see you spend your time and talents in adorning your soul, and you would enjoy it much more, too, and that is worth while.

If we would behold our souls in the mirror as we do our bodies, and as often, we would give them more attention.

I hope you have found the lady you spoke of a woman that will help enlighten you. Don't think I mean you are ignorant, for I do not, but I mean to

help you awaken. Tell me all about it, and if I can give you any comforting words I will be glad indeed to do so, although I know I am not perfect, though I do try to be.

If you would have consulted your Bible as often as you have your fashion plates, what a store of knowledge you would have! More than I have, I know.

But now, Helen, do not get the idea into your head that you are the worst girl living and that you are past redemption, for you are not, and I do not think that either.

But I want to encourage you to stop worshipping your goddess. Take a firm step against her, do not obey her. There is a better sovereign. Possibly you can be the means of helping to awaken your aunt and cousins too. There is a work to do. Some people do not need much talking to awaken them, others require much. You certainly belong to the latter class, for I have talked very candidly to you.

Many times I have refused your invitations to attend questionable places of amusement because I knew it was wrong. And if you are once fully awakened you will despise the things you now love, and if every soul would be awakened there would be no such sinful amusements as there are.

I am very glad for your decision against the ball. O that the thousands would likewise decide before it is forever too late. As I am very busy I must close. Write again.

With much love.

MARY.

(To be Continued.)

## As a Task That is Done

Mary I. Senseman



“GET up, Bird!” Clara Seward accompanied her command with a sharp tug and slap of the lines. She wanted to overtake the skirted pedestrian just ahead. There was ample room in the buggy for another occupant and Clara was eager that that other should be the very woman who was so disregardful of the wind that was flinging itself into her face.

“Won't you ride with me, Mrs. Merrill?” invited Clara as Bird came to a standstill.

“Oh! I don't mind to walk. But if I won't crowd you I'll get in.” She did so continuing her cheerful rattle, “It's only about a mile into town. I drive sometimes, but it takes quite a while to hitch up and then, when I've come home, to unhitch and put the horse away again. For Merrill's in the field now all day. And, too, he is using Moll, and that colt,—well, she isn't a colt any more, but she is frisky from idle-

ness,—she's wild for driving. I took her the other day and she pranced and shied and broke her rein, and I thought once she'd have her hind feet in the buggy,—she shot her heels above the dash. So I think I may as well walk and be done with it. It's not so nice always—when I have to take Babe along and have a basketful of packages to bring home, besides. The last time I took Babe we rode part way with Ellis's. They were going to Weston's—that's Mrs. Ellis's folks—and said they'd start home at four, and Babe and I could ride if we'd meet them at the end of the street. So at a quarter till four I telephoned from Auht 'Liz'beth Reck's to Weston's that I'd start with Babe right away. A telephone's for use don't you think? We waited at the end of the street nearly an hour, then I lugged that two-year-old child the whole way home. I found out afterward that Weston's understood my 'going' as 'gone' and thought it was Aunt 'Liz'beth talking;

and Ellis's went up Elm street and home by the turnpike. Here, Miss Seward. I'll not go farther, if you please. It's only a square from here to Aunt 'Lizbeth's. Thank you for the favor."

Clara had not spoken a word until she gave her much unbegrudged reply, "You are quite welcome. Mrs. Merrill." She had not wished to talk. She had been optically devouring her companion. The bright, dark eyes, the rosy cheeks, the clear, lively voice, charmed the young girl. Her mental palate enjoyed the sweet morsel for hours. After she made her purchases and Bird was jogging homeward Clara let her musings have full sway.

Why has she,—and everybody,—so much more contentment and animation than I? I am as intelligent as she; have as good health and more school education. Yet I'm always unsatisfied and seldom particularly interested in what is going on. Mrs. Merrill lives on a farm, too, and has no more diversions, probably fewer, than I have. In all her chatter to town she didn't say anything, yet I believe she enjoys every breath she breathes. If I were less dissatisfied and disgusted with myself I'd allow myself the privilege of being envious." So Clara's thoughts ran on, always with a feeling of admiration and esteem of the bright life she had encountered; indeed, the undercurrent feeling was even a sort of reverence.

That evening Clara closed her Bible with a bang, threw back her head and exclaimed, "What a lesson we have for next Sunday! It's so very deep and as full of thoughts as can be. I've been studying less than an hour and I have plenty of points and illustrations and questions that will more than take up the allotted time."

"Do you have the best ones?" asked her father.

"They're all good. I don't pretend to be the best teacher."

"Do they adapt themselves to your girls?" inquired her mother.

"Well, I have to teach from my own point of view. I can't explain something I myself don't clearly grasp, you know, mumsey."

"Do you have your questions in order? You had five or six backwards last Sunday," said Dorothy, who was a member of her sister's class.

"That happens seldom. You'll find me an automaton with those things next time, my lady." And Clara was already smiling over the "Just For Fun" columns of a magazine she had got.

Mrs. Seward was in the garden the next morning when her older daughter set off, rake in hand, from the flower-bed she had been preparing to receive seeds.

"Have you finished this, Clara?" she called after the girl, looking down at the bed.

"Yes. It's a little coarse, but the flowers will grow just as well as if the soil were like meal. It's good enough I'm sure."

She entered the house, glanced at the clock, sat down at the piano, and thumped—scales, march, scales, scales, march, scales, march, march, voluntary, glanced at the clock, whirled on the stool, voluntary once more—just time for it—arose and said, "Practicing, I'm done with you once again."

"Clara, you may sweep the walk," said her mother as the girl loitered in the kitchen, watching the speaker's busy hands.

"Yes, ma'am. But it scarcely pays to do it. Father and Dan soon have it littered again with mud."

"It's sunny to-day and less muddy than it was yesterday, when it was so cold. A stranger would think that walk in its present condition a rather impolite invitation to his entering."

"All right, I'll sweep it."

Half-way to the end of the walk was the group of swings. Clara stepped first into the double-seated, stationary-framed red one, and, singing the beautiful words of "Rock of Ages," stood pushing the swing back and forth until its arc had reached the limit of safety. The oscillations then gradually shortened, ceased, and Clara took up her stand on Dorothy's high rope swing. It, too, flew through the air until its span became almost the length of a true diameter, and Clara, slipping down into a sitting posture, sprang from the seat, far out on the green lawn. The hammock next offered itself as a place of rest, and the girl sank down into it. The memory of her companion of the previous day came to her, holding her by its musings until it was time to help Mrs. Seward make the final preparation for dinner.

The music-teacher, Faith Bryce, came soon after the midday meal.

Clara played her lesson through—in even, mechanical, monotonous tones. Then she turned to Faith for criticism. The teacher replied by silently placing the tip of her pencil on various *pp's*, *f's*, *cres's*.

"Oh, the expression! I know, Miss Bryce. I can't get that. I suppose there's no music in me." She leaned indolently on the piano.

Faith Bryce scanned the finely moulded features, the shapely hands, of her pupil. Then, returning her scrutiny to the face, she wondered whether the petulant frown and the restless dissatisfaction of eyes and lips were contradicted by the careless good nature of the attitude or were caused by it.

"I think," she said, "you are not in the music."

Clara had not the least doubt that she fully understood the words. "Well," she said, "I've been wondering all week whether to have my new lawn made up with gathers or tucks."

"Do you like to sew?" asked Faith.

"I? I can't make an apron decently. It's too tiresome to baste and to overwhip seams. Nancy Cole will come over and she and mother will make the dress."



Both were silent for a time.

Faith continued to query, "How do you like 'Aurora Leigh' by this time?"

"Haven't read any of it for a month." She laughed a little as she said, "Mumsey says she don't know what she's going to get me for my birthday present any more if I don't finish reading what books I have." She continued gravely, but in an easy drawl, "Mrs. Browning wrote scarcely any half-dozen lines without having within them some fine thought. Say! it must be beautiful to originate such things; it must be happiness."

The teacher smiled. "I don't know."

Clara went once each week to entertain an invalid, an old lady, "Aunt 'Tildy Garris." Aunt 'Tildy's beloved diversion was parcheesi, and Clara's duty was to be the opponent in the game every Thursday from three to four.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Clara shoved her chair back from the little stand on which the parcheesi board was lying.

"There! You're spilin' the game agin, Clary. We ort t' finish this one. Mebbe you'd git it this time," Mrs. Garris said peevishly.

"It's four, Aunt 'Tildy. My time is up. Anyway, you can finish by throwing the dice just as if it were myself. The game depends on chance, not on the slightest skill. Only be sure that your discs reach the goal first. I haven't won a single game to-day you see."

"It'd be more satisfyin' if you would git ahead o' me oftener. It'd be more excitin! Mebbe you would if you'd try harder 'n you do. I b'lieve them dice knows how much interest is bein' took in 'em, Clary."

Clara laughed. "Oh, Aunt 'Tildy! You're trying to convince me that those dice are alive."

According to her habit, the girl, as she sauntered homeward, carried with her a picture of the battered hulk of a woman she had just left.

"She thinks I lose the games because I don't try enough. Try! Parcheesi is nothing but chance, not a bit of skill can affect it. 'If you'd try harder—' Why, Miss Bryce said something like that about my music lesson,—that she thinks I'm not in the music. And Aunt 'Tildy urged me to get into the parcheesi dice. Animate the music! Animate the game! 'Try harder.' Is that the secret of the how and why of such things?"

Two such similar expressions as those of the music teacher and the invalid, applied to one person within one afternoon, could not but attract even that irresponsible, indifferent person to the line of thought suggested.

Clara had yet to sow the seeds in the flower-bed at which she had worked that morning. But she first crumbled the soil into a much finer, smoother condition than that in which it had been left.

Before she went to sleep that night she made a mighty resolve: To do everything on the morrow the very best she could, and ascertain whether or not the results would justify the effort put forth. It would be a novel experiment, at least. And she knew that first in order in the morning would be prompt getting up.

She found that pretty difficult, but she was able to credit herself with having done it. She carried a shirt-waist along down stairs. It was one of which Mrs. Seward had said, "A good pressing would improve it." Clara surprised herself with the appearance that resulted from a careful wielding of a hot flat-iron.

She decided to make a custard and carry it to Mrs. Garris that afternoon. It took patience to stand by the hot stove, just monotonously stirring for twenty minutes or more, but the custard came off an aromatic, velvety composition instead of the lumpy mass for which Clara usually apologized to the other Swards by saying, "It's a custard anyway."

Friday was the day on which Clara gave the furniture what she called "a lick and a promise"—namely, a flop with a dry dust-rag instead of a damp one and the words, "To-morrow's Saturday. You'll be better cleaned up then." But this morning she performed that task as she did it the other days of the week.

She played her voluntary and sonata for the sake of the *pp's* instead of for the hour hand of the clock. It was at the expense of thumping regularity at first, but it gave promise of the development of *touch* in proportion to the gradual obliteration of thumps.

Clara started to Mrs. Garris's with the beginning of the afternoon.

When the invalid had tasted the custard and, at the caller's request, told her where to put it, the latter said, "Should you like to play parcheesi all afternoon, Aunt 'Tildy?"

The gleam in the dim eyes was answer enough. And the number of times Clara won the game that day brought to the lips of the weary, dreary, old woman the first audible laughter they had known for months.

When Clara reached home after a brisk walk she found her father and mother ready to drive away.

"Sister Annie telephoned, asking us to come. Uncle Ed has been hurt. We'll leave Ralph with you and Dorothy, and Dan Gray will be here as usual," explained Mrs. Seward. "Put Ralph on the cot up stairs to-night," she added. And, kissing the little boy good-bye, the parents went away.

Clara was tired when she at last led Ralph off to bed. Every minute of the youngster's lying awake there in the unlighted room increased the tediousness and her own sleepiness. Once she dropped into a nap and when she awoke the boy was breathing heavily and regularly. To assure herself that he slept his sister struck a match, held the light above the cot.

a moment, dropped the match on the floor, then went to her own and her sister's room and to bed.

Just as Clara was about to go to sleep she remembered that her mother made a habit of returning to little Ralph's bedside to see that he was comfortable.

"I'm sleepy. I staid so long the first time. He's all right," said herself.

"Mother does it. Are you going to spoil your day by one slighted duty?" said a new self.

A strong smell of smoke met her at the door of Ralph's sleeping room. She was inside in an instant. There was a dull glow beneath the cot.

Clara seized her brother, carried him out of the room, screamed, "Dorothy!" and returned to the burning articles. She tore off the light bed-clothes with one movement, dashed the cot aside, threw the comfortables on the fast-brightening blaze, a rug on next, and then, on hands and knees, worked to put out the flames. Dorothy, with wide-eyed Ralph tugging at her clothes, brought water, and together the sisters extinguished the fire.

"It was a roll of cotton I had put under there to get out of my way," Clara said to Dorothy after their adventure.

But only to her mother did she ever say, and that white-faced, that she had dropped on the floor a match that was charred, but, in all likelihood, was yet smoldering as well.

Faith Bryce commented on Clara's improved playing the next week. The pupil told the story of the fire. She added, with her old lightness but with little trace of drawling, "I finished reading 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' last evening.

'Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me.'

We can put life into tasks, can't we, Miss Bryce, by giving ourselves to them—by trying to do them the best? It must be beautiful to originate such thoughts as that in the poem; it must be happiness."

"I think," replied Faith, "the beauty and happiness are in living them."

The alert figure of the girl, the new glow in the eyes, showed that she fully understood.

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*



### ONE LIFE.

"DON'T be silly, Ellen. You never see the Browns or the Conways fooling."

The hand which the young wife had laid caressingly upon her husband's shoulder was quickly withdrawn, and she left the room with a white face and a quivering lip.

Her husband had not struck her with his hand, yet she felt the blow stinging her very soul.

Only a few weeks before she had left the home nest, the father and mother, the brothers and sisters

who loved her so; and she was so lonely, so heart hungry. And now!

Why did she marry John Ruthven? Was the strange feeling which had brought tears to her eyes even while she stood at the marriage altar a premonition?

Yet he was a good man. She had always respected him and was sure that love would come when she knew him better. Alas! She had found that in his narrow nature there was only room for love of self and money and that he was best pleased with her when she had accomplished the greatest amount of work; though even then he had no word of praise.

And this was the beginning! Could she endure it? How long would it last?

The heavy perfume of the blossoming locust swept into the room. There was sweetness at least. The sun was going down in a mass of roseate clouds—and here was beauty.

Under the window the flower seeds which she had sown so carefully had burst through the brown soil and were growing green and luxuriant. And here was life.

Just then, with a pang, her husband's words came back to her, "I wouldn't fool away time in this way, Nell."

A kiss, a caress, the cultivation of flowers—"fooling!"

"But this will never do," thought Ellen Ruthven.

"My mistake is for life and I will gather and scatter all the sunshine I find on the way."

"A good sensible match," the friends had said when the marriage was announced, and they did not change their verdict.

"Ellen Ruthven just settles down to her duty like a sensible woman, though she is such a bookworm."

There was one Book among her treasures which she had chosen for her life chart; and so pure and lofty were its teachings that the critics need not have feared for the influence of the miscellaneous reading.

Yes, the young wife "settled down to duty," and found it closely akin to beauty.

Infinite love sends healing balm to weary hearts through nature, and the young wife felt its power. So bright and cheery did her home appear that some said:

"All good things come to Ellen Ruthven. She knows nothing of sorrow."

And she smiled, for she knew that the "skeleton in the closet" was hidden from the public gaze.

Yet the human heart craves sympathy, kindness, appreciation; and it came to the lonely wife in perilous sweetness, under the guise of friendship.

Years filled with busy work had gone by since that first rude awakening, and the clinging of soft arms around her neck and the cooing of baby voices had almost made her forget what life might have been,



And now she had a friend, a student, who was a great admirer of little Nellie, and—though he carefully concealed the fact—of her mamma.

"Alone to-day? Well, I'm delighted, for I want to talk about the last book I sent you. It is creating quite a sensation."

"You are very kind to send me so many delightful books, Mr. Selwyn," said Ellen Ruthven, with heightened color. "They have given me much pleasure. But you won't think me ungrateful if I do not finish reading this one." And she took up a volume lying on the table beside her. "I do not like the heroine, and don't care for her company."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Selwyn. "You have such an odd way of putting things. But you're not treating my lady fairly. What else could the poor girl have done? What is so terrible as a loveless marriage?"

The blood rushed to Ellen Ruthven's face, then receded, leaving it deadly white. Did he suspect?

"He shall never know," she thought, and answered calmly, "Divorce—to forsake her own child, to weakly yield to trouble instead of conquering it. 'My lady' was a coward."

Mr. Selwyn listened in wondering perplexity. Was she the gentle, yielding woman, so eager to grasp any new thought, he had fancied her? His ideal of womanhood had been formed from the sensational books of which he was so fond.

"I am sorry the book doesn't please you, Mrs. Ruthven," he said, gently. "I did hope to have given you pleasure. 'My lady' is a myth, but there are live questions which we may not dismiss so easily. What of the guilt of such a marriage? Is not love the true marriage bond?"

He had risen from his seat and stood beside her. His hand was upon her arm, and she felt an electric thrill to her finger tips. Looking up in surprise she encountered a look in his eyes she had never seen before.

"Mamma!"

The cry of the child was as the voice of an angel. Little Nellie, her hands full of roses and her eyes of tears, could not release herself from the entangling bush; and Ellen Ruthven did not hasten her task, though her thoughts flew with lightning-like rapidity.

"Oh, what shall I do? Have I given occasion for this?" she murmured to herself. Flushed, humiliated, angry with herself and with her friend(?) the muslin was at last freed, and with Nellie's arm around her neck and her kisses fresh on her lips, she came into the room.

"What a lovely picture!" thought Mr. Selwyn, as the fair young mother with the rosy, tearful child appeared.

"Come to me, sweetest," and he extended his hands, expecting her to spring into them as was her wont.

"No," she said, clasping her mother's neck more

closely. "You may have dis," and she tossed him a rose.

"Cruel!" he said. "And is mamma cruel, too?"

Without the semblance of a smile, Mrs. Ruthven said calmly:

"You asked me a question about guilt or sin, which means broken law, human or divine. The heroine of the book which we have been discussing voluntarily took the marriage vows, and had no excuse for breaking them. Her husband was neither a libertine nor drunkard. 'Incompatibility of temper,' was her flimsy excuse. She might have said more truly, 'Guilty passion,' which is as unlike love as lightning is unlike the light of the summer morning. Life is too sacred a gift to squander in such a fearful way, for you know 'we pass this way but once.'"

"I feel as though I'd been to church," said Mr. Selwyn in the privacy of his own room. "Yet she may be right."

The life of Ellen Ruthven, though often quoted as one of exceptional happiness and prosperity, was by no means an ideal one. The "love of money"—such a common and respectable weakness—choked the higher aspirations in John Ruthven's heart, and did not gild her path; yet when life's last hour came and friends were watching the failing breath, a strange light hovered over the white face and they heard her murmur:

"Beautiful life! and now life eternal!"—*Ruth McAllister, in Young People's Paper.*



#### "GENERAL DELIVERY."

##### A Window in the Washington Post Office.

MOTLEY floods flow into Washington. The more wealth, the more poverty, the more learning, the more ignorance, the more ambition, the more desperately disheartened, the less need of anything, the more need of everything, a man realizes,—the more he idealizes his chances in the Mecca of the free and sees the cresset of his hope at one end or the other of Pennsylvania Avenue, midway which the skew post office stands open for all.

He circles first about the pool, whatever his predilections or expectations, then, whether intoxicated by success or by disappointment, he plunges in the vortex and would be utterly lost—the great majority of him—were it not for a window in the Washington post office.

They boast that there are no poor in Washington. It is true. Among the constitutionally "down-trodden" there are few exhibits of abject destitution and a good many small bank accounts. The acknowledged poor of the capital are better provided for in an adequate adjustment of supply and demand than could possibly obtain in the fanatic fluctuations of com-

mercial centers. But there is another large class in Washington,—the unknown poor, the floating poor,—which is never inventoried in taking account of stock; they who came in more or less distress, hoping for relief, and have waited in vain for it till they have not the means to get away. There is pride-covered poverty, masked misery, shame-veiled destitution in Washington as nowhere else on earth. Thousands of stranded ones have dragged forlorn hopes through years of grimmest economy, ashamed or unable to retreat, existing heaven knows how; starving, freezing, anything to keep up an externally not too threadbare show; still believing, in a kind of chronic Washingtonia, that the next mail or the next must bring them the longed-for summons that shall mean their sweet salvation. They have no abiding-place. They only exist—they would not for worlds have anyone know how or where. They live on the solace granted by pitying heaven to the unfortunate—Hope! To them a window in the Washington post office is the last link which holds them. It is the General Delivery.—*Willard French, in April Lippincott's Magazine.*



#### HOLLOW-VOICED PREACHERS.

THERE is nothing which more clearly resembles the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal than the hollow voice of a preacher, whose strained and artificial tones and accents leave you to doubt whether he believes what he says, or is simply repeating what he has heard from others. In his utterances there may be classical grace, elegant rhetoric, distinct articulation, impressive gestures and faultless looks, and yet there is nothing but emptiness behind it all; and the hollow voice, destitute of the accent of conviction, only carries disgust to the discerning hearer's mind. A sham pathos may move the ignorant and the undiscerning; unnatural intonations and stagey accents may attract and impress those who are unsaved and untaught of the Spirit; but spiritual men, with eyes, ears, hearts, and consciences, are repelled by such artificial performances and such hollow voices.

There are many causes for this hollowness. The true preacher of the Gospel tells what is in him—not merely in his mouth, but in his heart, his soul, his whole being. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and unless the heart has this abundance the mouth cannot speak with force and conviction. A sinful life, a dishonest profession, an outward acquiescence in a creed which is accepted for advantage sake, but which has no hold upon the heart; the fear of man which bringeth a snare; the consciousness of guilt and condemnation, all these exercise their influence upon the tones in which men speak. The hope of gain which causes men to trim their words, and to hesitate before uttering their con-

victions; the love of the praise of men; the disposition to wink at things which are wrong in the rich, or in their friends, and the inclination to falsehood and deception whether manifested in making lies, or repeating them, or in allowing others to do so in our presence or for our advantage; all these things tend to set the stamp of insincerity upon a man's voice; and if that man undertakes to speak to me concerning eternal things, this brand of insincerity will be as legible as the mark which of old was set upon Cain.

The cure of all this emptiness is in downright and outright honesty and fidelity; in the confession of faults and the making of wrongs right; in humility, simplicity, and godly sincerity; in the willingness to seem to be what we are, instead of professing to be something which we think we ought to be, and are not willing to confess that we are not.

If we have empty hearts we cannot have full voices; but if our souls are full of the life and light of God, others will see and hear, and will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.—*H., in Armory.*



PROHIBITION has struck Denmark. The city council of Trapsborg, a place of 5,000 inhabitants, has refused to grant any liquor licenses for the year. The result of a recent election showed that sixty of the four hundred and seventeen municipal officers elected were members of total abstinence societies. It is stated by Father Hays, who is now on his way to England, that during his campaign in New Zealand, he secured 25,863 signers to his total abstinence pledges which he handed out, and that during the past year more than 50,000 had signed pledges. It is encouraging to know that in other countries people are becoming alarmed at the awful end to which humanity is coming. May the day hasten when the number of pledge signers may reach the millions and far beyond that even. "To him that knoweth to do right, and doeth it not to him it is sin."



THE Kansas Supreme Court has recently rendered a decision, upholding a law which makes liquor sellers liable for damages resulting from the liquor they sell. As a result of one violation of this law, a Kansas widow will get \$5,000, for which she sued a saloon-keeper, whom she holds responsible for her husband's death, which occurred in a drunken brawl. This will perhaps be a pretty heavy demand to make, at one pull, but when people lose respect for humanity, they ought to pay the penalty outright. Some lessons mean more to some people when they pay a high price for them than otherwise.



THERE are 8,840,789 negroes in the United States, but only 2,577 of African birth.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## CURSE No. 2.



HERE can be no question but what the liquor traffic is the greatest curse of our country. But the curse that stands next to it in appalling and astounding proportions is the great tobacco curse. A great deal has been said on this subject, of course, and of a right ought to be, and every preacher, editor and in fact every well-thinking man ought to set his feet and hands against the curse until it is wiped from society.

We become so accustomed to these disturbing influences that we really become hardened to the results they produce and therefore do not notice the enormity of crime produced by them as much as we should. But a little sober reflection now and then helps one to meditate on the gigantic proportions to which these crimes have grown. When we think of the strides of progress they are making through our social circles it seems as if it was high time that we are doing something to check their progress. There need be no great amount of guess work about this curse.

Statistics already show that \$600,000,000 a year is spent for tobacco in these different forms. When we speak of a million we know not whereof we speak; it is too great, we cannot comprehend it, and how much more incomprehensible are six hundred millions! The only way we can think of it is to analyze the problem into integers that are comprehensible.

If this vast sum were spent for five-cent cigars they would number about twelve billions; that is all the more beyond our comprehension. But if they were made into cigars of average length, it would make a cigar 750,000 miles long, which would go around the earth about thirty times, or cover three times the distance from the earth to the moon. That makes the picture a little plainer. Ten minutes is a very

short time in which to consume a cigar. Many men spend more time than that. But if one cigar consumes the tobacco that is used in one year, or, two million men working at it continually night and day without ceasing, what an army of suckers this would be! The ordinary man does not live to be more than thirty years old according to statistics; then it would require 65,000 men an entire lifetime, smoking night and day, to bring this lengthy cigar to an end.

The average-sized plug of tobacco is  $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$  inches, or 5.625 cubic inches. Thousands of men, by a continual wag of their inferior maxillary, chew one of these plugs every day, and there are hundreds of men who chew a pound of tobacco a week each. But throwing away all chances of exaggeration and putting the average at one plug a week, counting the life forty years, a man would chew 2,080 plugs, which, at ten cents a plug, would amount to \$208. If these plugs would be crowded into a solid cube they would contain seven cubic feet. If the young man taking his first chew would see the lifetime job before him, it would probably cause him to meditate a while before he began the job. Or if he could see all the cigars of a lifetime made into one cigar, which would measure more than three miles long, and think of the job of pulling fire, smoke and nicotine through that kind of a tube, and picturing himself such a sucker with a job like that, he would probably become disgusted with the outfit and give up the job.

We have not computed the valuable time spent in smoking these cigars, have not said what it would amount to in money. Each one can figure that for himself. But remember that 64 per cent of our children are in school; the other remaining seven millions do not attend school because of the effects of alcohol and tobacco. There are nine times as much spent for drink as for education. Taking liquor and tobacco together there are fifteen times as much money spent as for educational purposes. The one billion and five hundred million dollars that are spent for liquor and tobacco each year would clothe and educate nearly all the seven million children who are not in school on account of poverty. Leaving out the clothing bill, we could educate fifty-three million.

Statistics show that nineteen hundred colleges conferred degrees on 13,705 who had finished their education. The same statistics show that 70,000 others went to drunkards' graves; they finished their course too. Less than one-fifth as many finished products of manhood as there were finished products of debauchery and crime have passed over the threshold of our nation because of this great curse. Shall we say that people are cranky when they talk about temperance and other reforms? Shall we yell at the top of our voices for them to let up, give us a rest, etc.? Shall we try to keep temperance out of politics

and out of religion, out of society? Are we satisfied to sit with our arms folded and let it run riot?

Counting five feet for the average grave, it would require a grave more than sixty miles long to bury the victims of these two curses in one year. The great heart of the nation goes out in sympathy with the unfortunate people of the Chicago fire, the St. Louis cyclone, the Johnstown flood, the Galveston horror, the eruption of Mt. Pelee, or the earthquake of San Francisco. The thought of thousands of lives being lost, homes being wrecked, property being destroyed, and all this causes national wailing to go up in sympathy for the bereaved ones, and yet if all these disasters could happen each year, at the same time, they would not reach the enormous figures that are produced by the two great curses mentioned above.

Meditate on the results of our work as a nation, then see if it does not appeal to you personally to do what you can to save the youth from the awful fate that awaits him if he participates in this crime.



#### MUSINGS.

WHEN a city like San Francisco, situated in a land of flowers and sunshine, protected by a government like the American government, surrounded with everything that nature can produce to make it lovely and beautiful, when a city like this looks upon her resources, natural and otherwise, she can well pride herself among the queens of the earth; but with all her glory, with all her municipal authority, and with all her leaning upon the strong arm of the United States, yet in one brief moment of time the strong finger of nature projects the spark that ignites the power to make what was a city of beautiful homes a pile of worthless debris. It is truly wonderful how the illimitable power of God is a thing not to be thought of in everyday life, and we can only come in touch with its wonderful influence when we see such demonstrations as the great earthquake at San Francisco. Such demonstrations have a wonderful effect upon the minds of men. It makes some reflect upon their past lives; it makes others think of their future lives; some think of their families; some of their business matters, and not a few of personal escape.

The people who are thousands of miles away can sit by and criticise and tell what they would do if they had been there, and, at the same time know no more what they would do than the man in the moon. It would seem as if the earthquake had destroyed enough property, and yet the soldiers, perhaps, did as much damage with their dynamite in their endeavor to stop the fire. Then the city officers did some funny things. For instance, the saloons were ordered to be closed. If the saloon is a good thing

as it is reported to be by some it seems queer that they should be stopped in such a time as this. The saloon in a time like this shows itself to be, in their judgment, iniquitous and criminal, in spite of all they say and do at other times. Why were not the churches closed? Why were not people stopped praying, instead of selling-liquor? Men's actions speak louder than their arguments sometimes. If the saloon had been closed years ago it would not be necessary to do such things at a time like this.

The most pitiful sight is the work of the ghouls. One would not think of human beings having so little principle that they would actually rob the bodies of the dying, dead and wounded during such a disaster, and yet there are just such beings on the earth. The strong hand of the law ought to protect these unfortunate ones from such people.

Many buildings in San Francisco, erected at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars are now in worthless ruins. It is to be supposed that the builders of these structures thought they would stand the ravages of time for centuries, and they bid fair to do that, but one stroke from the hand of nature has leveled them with the earth. So it is in other matters, the opinions of men are sometimes exalted to the heavens and set up in contrast with the will of the Almighty Father, and one little touch of the omnipotent finger causes them to crumble into dust and the atoms to be blown away and scattered everywhere. At a moment like this millionaires may become paupers. Fond hopes fade away like the dews before the sun. Future prospects vanish like vapor, and the hopefulness of man is painted on the canvas of life so vividly that it could be seen across mountains.

The sympathies of the American people are centered at the Golden Gate. As we read about the awful disaster let us meditate about the things which we can learn by these lessons as they come to us. And let us remember that these things are only illustrations used as hooks upon which we may hang facts regarding the wisdom and power of the Almighty. It may be that these educational lessons will help each one of us to admire, respect and reverence his most Holy Name.



#### NOTA BENE.

Do not fail to read the two illustrated articles in this issue relative to the "Battlefield of Antietam." They should both be read together in order to be understood. The illustrations are first-class and add much to the interest. John T. Lewis, the old gentleman, had the kindness to assist us in procuring a great deal of the information; he figures prominently in the last article, and we hope that every reader will find both communications interesting and educational.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE annual stockholders' meeting of the Albaugh Bros., Dover & Co., was held at their general offices on Tuesday, April 24, at 2 P. M. A much larger representation of stockholders was present than at any previous meeting in the history of the company. The stockholders seem to be well pleased with every aspect of the business, and proceeded to capitalize for a million dollars. Their legal adviser from New York City was present and seemed to be enthused over the showing of the year's business, as well as the character of the constituency. A magnificent banquet was served to the enjoyment of everyone present. Each stockholder returns to his place of residence with renewed determination to be a coöperator indeed during the years and months to come.

LATER news from San Francisco says that there is to be a new San Francisco built at once, and that it will be among the leading American cities. It will be the world's wonder. It is to be built mostly of steel, on account of the experience with earthquake shocks, and in some instances the more important buildings, no doubt, will have ball-bearing foundations, in order to prevent being destroyed by earthquakes. Another reason why San Francisco will be the world's wonder is, that because of having all the modern improvements at hand now and plenty of capital at command, another city will spring up in a few months and be practically new at the same time, which is hardly ever the case. The relief fund has grown immensely; it shows the sympathy and respect that the Americans have one for another. In spite of fate and undeserved ill-fortune, smoke, grime, fallen walls, haggard faces, hunger and thirst,—in spite of all this the people of San Francisco have not lost all their courage, and will proceed to rebuild.

A NEW feature in the way of traveling for women, in England, has been established by the London & Northwestern Railway. A reserved first-class compartment has been placed on its trains as a smoking car for women. This has renewed the public discussion of the alleged increase of the smoking habit among society women. It is painfully true, however, that similar ideas are extant among the American people to-day. The marks of distinction in appearance and actions, between the two sexes, to some extent,

are vanishing. Woman's attire is becoming so very much like that of man. Men smoke, drink, chew, ride horseback, etc.; and women do the same thing. Men are found in the penitentiary, so are women; men are found in the billiard rooms, so are women. Where and what is it that man does that woman is not trying to do? Where is the virtue in woman? Has she not lost it? A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, and her price is far above rubies.

S. W. AYCOCK, of North Carolina, and Van Leer Polk have been appointed by the President as additional members of the American Mission to the Pan-American conference at Rio de Janeiro next June. This provision was made by a special request of southern congressmen. President James, of the Illinois University, has withdrawn from the commission. The other members are W. M. Buchanan, of New York, chairman; Prof. L. S. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania; Tulio Larrinaga, commissioner for Porto Rico, and Congressman John S. Harlan, of Chicago.

IT is now estimated by the immigrant officials at New York that the total arrivals for the current year will reach 1,100,000, whereas the greatest record of the past was 800,000. During the last week over 45,000 immigrants have arrived, making a new weekly record.

THERE seems to be a scarcity of labor in the West, especially among the farmers, who are selling parts of their land because they cannot get sufficient labor to carry on extensive operations. President Hill, of the Great Northern R. R., says that railroads will have to raise freight rates, as they have done in the East, if the cost of labor continues so high.

G. BERNARD SHAW has filed suit against the members of the publishing concern of Stone & Co., of New York, for \$25,000 damages on account of the detention of the copyrights on several of his plays, which were recently transferred to Fox, Duffield & Co.

A NEW English education bill has been introduced in the British House of Commons, which act will recognize as public schools only those which are pro-

vided by the local educational authorities, after Jan. 1, 1908. This practically means that the present sectarian schools will have to become public schools and strictly undenominational, if they are to receive government grants, and there is not to be even a religious test for teachers. This is optional; they will, however, be lenient enough in their rules to allow religious education to be given two mornings each week, but strictly stating that this is not a public expense, if any attention is given to religion. The bill further states that attendance is not to be compulsory, and that it appropriates \$5,000,000 for educational purposes. This would surely be a good missionary field. Thousands of men and women are in darkness and need to be brought to the light.



DR. DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON, graduate of South Carolina College and Harvard University, has recently accepted the presidency of the University of Texas, the inauguration taking place at the Main University, Austin. Every effort is being put forth to place the schools of that State on a higher basis of moral character.



SINCE the first of April Herbert Myrick, of the Pittsfield, Mass., Board of Trade, has been directing a special train, devoted to the betterment of farming, through the New England States, making numerous stops; the Boston & Maine Railroad taking all responsibility for operating the train. The train carries lecturers, curators and instructors from the various experiment stations and agricultural colleges. Of this train one car is devoted to the exhibit of all the latest farming improvements and a great quantity of literature for free distribution. All of this is being done for a better development of the industrial and laboring class of people.



OHIO has a population of more than 300,000 persons living in no-license districts. Out of 1,371 townships of the State, 975 are now "dry." Of the 763 municipalities of the State, 460 are now under prohibition.



THE crepe of mourning hangs on the Golden Gate, the western door of commerce of our country. The beautiful city of San Francisco has been shaken to pieces, blown to atoms, and burned to ashes; thousands are homeless fugitives. Millionaires are reduced to poverty; ghouls have been shot dead; hundreds have lost their lives; nearly half a billion dollars' worth of property has been destroyed. In all probability, before the smouldering fire has been extinguished, a graphic account of the horror will be in type, and the world will be poring over its pages. It is now a matter of history. The city is a piteous ob-

ject of charity, a fitting type of the helplessness of man. There is afforded her an opportunity for relief by philanthropists, financiers, speculators, common laborers, and almost every class of people on the face of the earth. Will the city be rebuilt? Of course it will. Although it will doubtless require more work to rebuild than to build a new city, the former will probably be done.



THE first direct Chinese cablegram was recently exchanged between President Roosevelt and the Emperor of China, on the occasion of the opening of the Commercial Pacific Cable office at Shanghai. This is the first direct cable connection between the United States and Asia. This is said to be the last link of the cable which runs between San Francisco, Honolulu, Guam and Manila, nearly 10,000 miles of cable which has been laid at an average depth of 2,640 fathoms.



DRINKING saloons and bar-rooms are absolutely prohibited by Uncle Sam in Yellowstone Park. If they are a good thing they should not be prohibited in Yellowstone Park, or if they are a bad thing they should not be licensed in other places.



ON Rainy River, Ontario, is what is called the Christian colony. It is to be a land of promise. Up to the present it is largely a wilderness, but is very fertile and is developing rapidly. Mr. R. A. Burriss is the founder. The Canadian government gave him twenty thousand acres at first; he gave that away and got three hundred thousand acres more. His plan is to help deserving families and give them free temporary homes until they can obtain homes of their own. Of course in a place like this there will be the inevitable hardships of pioneer life. To men of pluck it offers independence.



It is claimed that the International Harvester Company, of Chicago, owes sixteen railroads entering Chicago one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and these railroads have combined in a refusal to deliver freight to the trust until the amount is paid.



ELABORATE plans are being made at Colorado Springs to celebrate in truly Western style the centennial of the day when Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike first sighted the famous peak, which afterwards was the landmark of the hardy pioneer, whose wagon train wended its slow way across the plain. The last week in September is to be a continuous round of festivities in which thousands will participate, among them United States regulars and Indians of the various tribes.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### LA GRIPPE.

EMERSON COBB.

**T**HOU uncouth monster, slimy, cold,  
Sly and wily, brave and bold.  
No choice of victim: day to day  
You cast about in search of prey,  
Unless, perchance, some soul like me,  
Who loves an out-door life, and free.  
Hold off, foul dragon! Make a pause,  
Ere you stretch forth your horny claws  
Again and catch a victim quick.  
Oh, half my kingdom for a brick  
One stroke with which to level fair  
The demon that you are! And tear  
From the power you hold.  
Oh for chivalric knights of old  
To come, and, from this serfdom free  
All slaves of Grippe (including me).

Elgin, Illinois.



### OUR LEFT-OUT NEIGHBORS.—No. 2.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.



**J**UST a quiet, unnoticed old woman. She seems to be always in the way. Queer, old-fashioned soul, with a cap on her head, and antiquated style of dress. The younger people would rather she was some place else, though they are too polite to say so. They never think of telling her any of their little secrets or confiding in her any of their hopes or aspirations for the future. Little do they dream that she once had hopes and aspirations, ambitions and love affairs just as they now have. Little do they guess that she was once pretty and attractive—a belle among the young people of her time, and wore becoming clothes. They do not know that she was the best in her class at school and became a most successful Sunday-school teacher and church worker later on. They do not know that her society was eagerly sought, that her face was wreathed in smiles and her voice rang with the music of wholesome laughter. But now she is nobody but "Old Grandma Smith." No one thinks of talking to her. No one comes to see *her*. There are sometimes callers in the home—yes, visitors a plenty—but none of them are there because they care for *her*. They take no notice of her. She feels very much in the way and wishes for the time when she, too, may lay aside this earthly tabernacle and be at rest beside the dear companions of former years.

How sympathetic and appreciative she would be if the younger people around her would talk to her as they do to one another. They'd find in her a friend who could understand and sympathize in all their little trials and perplexities, and often give suggestions that would help them over many a hard place. For has not Grandma Smith had years of experience along the same road they are now traveling? A friend that could be relied upon would they find in Grandma Smith,—one who could keep a secret better far than any of the giddy younger people; and never a kinder listener could they find to tell of their youthful experiences. No harsh criticism or rough chiding in Grandma's heart for the inexperienced young people. She's been through it all herself; she knows just how easy it is to err in judgment in one's early youth, and no thoughts but loving ones ever enter her silver-crowned head in regard to the dear young people of her acquaintance. Others may chide, and criticise. But Grandma can always find an excuse for the erring, thoughtless, wayward or giddy young person.

I wonder why we do not take her into our plans, and share our air castles with her. Why do we grieve her tender loving, motherly heart by withholding from her all our confidences, and showing her only the cold side of our natures? Poor Grandma! No wonder she seems queer, uninteresting and forgetful. We have crowded her out of our selfish little world of activity, and given her only coldness, until her mind trembles on the verge of despair. Yet her years of experience have made her a woman whose acquaintance and friendship are well worth cultivating. One whom we should find intelligent, pleasant, and interesting, if we only give her a chance. But we seem to prefer to bury these elderly people in the cold tomb of indifference instead of sharing our lives, our experiences, our joys and pleasures with them. Is it because they are a few (just a *very few*) years older than we? And shall we not soon be as old as they? Is it because they do not talk and chatter and gossip about small nothings as we do?

The real experiences of life may have given them more gravity than we younger ones possess, but in thus deepening their knowledge and wisdom they have also received a deeper, truer sympathy, a keener sense of true worth, a more tender charity for inexperience. Yes, their friendship is well worth cultivating; while ours may be of only passing interest or benefit to them, theirs should be a lasting, an undying blessing to us. "It is more blessed to give than

to receive." So, when we show kindness and courtesy to the aged, giving them a little of our time, a little of our youthful gladness, *we* are the ones who receive the greater blessing. How it would enrich our poor, miserable, stingy lives to have the friendship and confidence of some of these elderly left-out people! But we do not know it. We are blind.

Is it because their clothes are poor, old, or a little out of the fashion, that we ignore them? Or because their complexion has lost the bloom of youth, their forms their youthful comeliness? And shall *we* never grow old? We used, in childhood, to admire the bright green balls upon the walnut trees in autumn. When they were gathered we desired at once to devour them. But mother said, "No, they are not fit to eat now. Wait till the hulls get black and wrinkled; then you will find the nuts very good." Even so. The nuts that wore old brownish-black clothes—the wrinkled, homely, shriveled things, were the ones that contained the rich and palatable kernels. The homely old neighbor may not *look* very attractive, but when you are looking for real worth, that is where you will be most likely to find it. How tired we grow of the frivolity of fashionable society. How unsatisfactory is the light chatter of our fashionable young company, when we are longing for something real—something genuine. Yet we pass by the nuts in which the richest, sweetest kernels are, to pick out those of more attractive exterior. Pig-nuts (bitter-nuts) have a nice, smooth, light-complected surface. Would it not be more satisfactory to choose our friends with some regard to their hearts, and not so much in regard to external appearance?

*Collbran, Colo.*



## TO FARM THE SWAMPS.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

THE man who can provide homes for industrious and strong-armed citizens is a benefactor to the race. If Representative Steenerson, of Minnesota, can push his swamp reclamation measure to enactment into a law, he will be deserving the praise of not only this but future generations. His bill is a practical extension of the old homestead idea, or rather, perhaps, an application to the vast areas of our swamp lands of the idea embodied in the national irrigation law.

There are in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 acres of swamp lands in the United States, some 70,000,000 of which have been surveyed, and the great bulk would make splendid farms if the excess of water were drained.

The Steenerson bill provides for the beginning of the work of reclamation of these huge areas. The measure is framed after the irrigation law; it provides that the receipts from the sales of public lands

in the non-irrigation States shall constitute a "drainage" fund to be expended by the government in great drainage works, and further, that the cost of such drainage shall be prorated among the land benefited and paid back by the settlers into the "fund," to be used over again for additional reclamation work.

### Would Create Thousands of Homes.

This plan of developing the internal resources of the country and making homes of waste places is splendid in its scope, and appears to be entirely practicable and profitable. Take, for instance, the single example of the swamp lands of the Kankakee River basin in Indiana and Illinois. Here are some 400,000 acres of the very richest of bottom lands, but subject to overflow. They are worthless except where they have been reclaimed through expensive private drainage works, when they have become worth \$100 and \$150 an acre. Yet it is estimated by the government surveyors and engineers that the entire system could be effectively drained at a cost in the neighborhood of \$10 an acre. The same can be said of the lands in the Red River Valley in Minnesota. These include the finest grain and farm lands in the northwest except that they are frequently overflowed. It would be worth millions of dollars to the farmers and settlers, who would occupy these lands in small tracts, to have a perfect system of drainage provided. These extensive systems, however, especially when they are interstate, seem to be feasible for handling only by the general government.

The Steenerson bill places the entire management of the work in the hands of the Reclamation Service and the plan of operation follows very closely the irrigation work now being done by that branch of the Interior Department. Government lands, ceded Indian lands and private lands may be included in any drainage project, but in each case the cost of the drainage improvement is to be borne by the owner of the land and no settler can have drainage provided for more than 160 acres, thus insuring the division of the tracts into small farms which must be actually settled upon and tilled.

### Drainage Work Already in Progress.

This work the Reclamation Service is qualified to do at this very moment. While primarily an engineering bureau, it has, in all its great irrigation projects, to deal directly with the farmer. It must outline a comprehensive drainage system for each irrigation project, since there is as much danger from too much irrigation as too little, and to do this the Service has its own farm and soil experts. Some of the irrigation projects have distinctively drainage features, in fact are almost as much drainage as they are irrigation projects. In the Klamath project 136,000 acres, or more than half of the area of the total project, is rich tule land covered by eight or ten feet of water,



and is to be drained and converted into over a thousand farms.\* The topographic branch of the Geological Survey, of which the Reclamation Service is also a branch, has already run its lines over many of the great swamp areas of the eastern States and as soon as the Steenerson bill becomes a law the Geological Survey engineers will be ready to launch out into immediate activity in drainage projects.

#### Would Start With a Million Dollars.

The fund provided by the bill would be small as compared with the irrigation fund—it would approximate half a million dollars a year and would start off with about \$1,000,000, the receipts from the sales for the fiscal year 1905 being included—but on the other hand the cost of drainage would not be so great as that of irrigation.

The importance of this work of wholesale drainage, in order to provide homes for increased population, is scarcely second in importance to the irrigation work. It means that tens of millions of acres of the most fertile land imaginable, which has lain idle for ages, may be converted from dismal and pestilential swamps and useless bogs into highly prosperous homes, to become the garden spots of the nation.

The Dutch have reclaimed vast areas in Holland from the encroachments of the ocean. Thousands of families live and farm below sea level, gaining their security by magnificent feats of engineering and persistence. They now contemplate the drainage of the Zuyder Zee, reclaiming some 1,350,000 additional acres of meadow land. American drainage in most cases would be far more simple and less expensive; it is simply a question as to whether the nation will see the wisdom of setting its hand to this work.

#### Another Inland Empire.

In Florida the Everglades alone—almost solid muck beds—would afford an empire of some 7,000,000 acres; in New Jersey and Virginia are vast swamps, among them the famous Dismal Swamp. In Illinois which is generally regarded as a well-settled agricultural State, there are 4,000,000 acres of swamp land; in Michigan there are nearly 6,000,000 acres. Fertile Iowa has 2,000,000 acres of swamp land. In Minnesota there are almost 5,000,000 acres of rich surveyed swamp lands and huge areas not yet surveyed. Arkansas has tremendous swamp areas which could be drained and made habitable, and in all there is a swamp area in the eastern half of the United States which is equal in extent to the great agricultural States of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, with three or four smaller eastern States thrown in.

If the Steenerson bill demonstrates that the government can transform swamps into fertile land and that the settler or owner will pay back to the government the relatively small cost of the improvement, there seems to be no reason why this work of creation of

value out of worthless waste should not go on indefinitely and provide homes for millions more of rural population.

*Washington, D. C.*



#### A STRANGER AT HOME.

A YOUNG fellow who had gotten into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was brought to his senses in the following way:

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had any engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened.

"All right," I said, "where shall I go?"

"He suggested the Columbia Hotel at 7:30 and I was there. When he appeared he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"We went out and started straight home. 'She is staying at our house,' he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Columbia under these circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh at it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired I was invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman and my sister a bright girl.

"I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company, and intend to cultivate their acquaintance."



#### THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

OPINIONS have a value; convictions mould the world.

The graciousness of culture is humbling the arrogance of knowledge.

The love that cleanses the lover will purify the world.

A life is alive as long as it is used to give life.

The motive gives the quality to the act.

Courage makes peace possible and fear a guardian angel.

The blessing comes when we have forgotten the service rendered.

Be sensitive for others and you will not forget to be sensitive for yourself.

Be alert to believe good of others and goodness will fill your life.

Teach and live the best things and righteousness will fill the earth.

Forget yourself and you will be remembered; remember others and your life will be filled with joy.

Be more concerned about your own work than anxious about another's service.

Want others to have the best and you will have the blessing.

Be too busy to see or know evil in any one.

To trust is to become pure; to love is to live abundantly.

We shall find the Grail when we can use it.

Do the best you can and the best you can use will be yours.

The home of the soul is reached through paths that lead along God's Highway.

Those who serve are saved.—*W. W. Stetson.*

If Christ had avoided the cross, or if any one of those who walked with him had remained on earth with man and preached the Gospel of salvation from that day to this, and the world had paid him for every day of the nineteen centuries a salary of \$500 a day, and he had saved every cent of it, his piled up fortune would not nearly equal that of Mr. Carnegie. Had providence ordained that Adam, the first man, should have life eternal here, and as the ruler of his millions of descendants he had received a salary of \$175 a day, his 6,000 years' savings would not bring his fortune up to that of Mr. Carnegie. Yet the wages of the average man is nearer \$1.75 a day than \$175, and instead of living 6,000 years the span of his life hardly reaches forty years. If a man were to receive a salary of \$10,000 a year, and save every cent of it, he would have to live 5,000 years before he could match his fortune with that of the prince of oils, acquired through the system of special privileges. These cold figures are staggering. How is it that men can accumulate in a few years as much as under normal conditions it would take tens of thousands of years to obtain? This could not have been done if the doctrine of equal rights prevailed; it is done because of the rule of the special privilege.—*Jos. W. Folk.*

## The Rural Sanctum

### "YENDER GRASS."

"This world is full of 'yender,'" says Deacon Watts to me.

"When I'm a-mowin' in the field, the grass close by," says he,

"It's short and thin and full of weeds, but over yender, why,

It looks to me as if the grass is thick and smooth and high. But, sakes alive, that ain't the case, for, when I mow to where

The grass I saw from far away looked all so smooth and fair,

I find it's jest as short and thin as all the rest or wuss— And that's the way the things of earth keep on a-foolin' us!

"'Bout every day you'll hear some man complainin' of his lot

And tellin', if he'd had a chance like other people, what He might have been! He'd like to know how he can ever win

When all the grass that comes his way is all so short and thin.

But over in the neighbors' fields, why, he can plainly see That they're in clover plumb knee deep and sweet as sweet can be!

At times it's hard to tell if things are made of gold or brass;

Some men can't see them distant fields are full of 'yender grass.'

"I've learned one thing in makin' hay, and that's to fill my mow

With any grass that I can get to harvest here and now. The 'yender grass' that way ahead is wavin' in its pride I find ain't very fillin' by the time it's cut and dried.

Hope springs eternal, so they say, within the human breast;

Man never is, the sayin' goes, but always to be blest, So my advice is, Don't you let your present chances pass A-thinkin' by and by you'll reap your fill of 'yender grass.'"

—Nixon Waterman, in *Christian Endeavor World*.



### PONDERINGS ON PEN AND PLAGIARISM.

D. Z. ANGLE.

"Of the making of books there is no end," and papers too we might add to that as well.

The art of printing has been practiced for many centuries. Christ himself at one time wrote upon the ground. Man appears to have been able to write almost from the beginning of his appearance upon earth. Probably after Adam came to know good from evil, the Lord taught him how to write so as to leave a record of the events of his life to his descendants. Certainly Seth, Methuselah, and the old patriarchs



lived long enough to learn many arts and trades. It probably was reserved for Moses, the Jewish law-giver, to write the only authentic record of events up to his time, which we find in Genesis and Exodus, and that record seems to have been written with an ease and clearness of expression seldom present in works of later dates.

Before and just after the Dark Ages authors seemed to have been common and much of their writings were preserved. This condition of intellectual activity has continued and greatly increased down to the present time. Probably at no time in the world's history were authors so numerous or so many books produced as at the present time. It is said that "there is nothing new under the sun," yet in our narrow limit of vision we often seem to see new inventions about us. However, much of the work produced is a union of the new and the old. The thought and feelings, passion and prejudices of men and women of one thousand years ago were probably the same emotions and sensations that we of to-day experience. So, unknown to us, in many instances we may say and write things not strictly original with us, things that were uttered before in every generation and time. In fact many of the books of to-day are a combination of extracts from books and writings of yesterday and preceding generations. Yet we think these same books interesting and desirable, and truly they are so to us, for we never had a chance at the other books and might never have heard of them, much less seen them, if some industrious student had not studied and worked to produce a new work, which maybe he thinks will be just a little better than any others yet. He thinks he is adding new thoughts too, when likely as not they are as old as the human race. But no censure to him, if they seem new to us, for that is what we are after, to learn from our superiors in knowledge. If they borrow their knowledge they also loan or sell it to us, then we continue to give our information to our children or, swap with others and thus the world moves on.

Facts are facts, regardless of who knows them. History is a record of past events; those events remain the same and succeeding generations desire and continue to learn of the past. Geography changes somewhat, we all want to keep posted. Our fathers studied arithmetic; it is about the same book to-day and we learn the same old rules so as to assist us in our life too. Thus we of to-day continue to teach or write, regardless of plagiarism, and though much of our work be a repetition of other men's work of the past, it may be put together in a slightly different way. Truth is truth and if we but repeat it in the proper manner, it adds testimony to its value and assists others to grasp it. Thus we promote the present and future wellbeing of our fellow-men.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

## FREAKS OF NATURE.

S. N. M'CANN.

A FEW things that I have seen that seem curious to me may interest some of the Nook readers.

First, back near my home, Upshur county, West Virginia, one of our neighbors has an apple tree that bears abundantly but the apples have no seed and no core. No one seems to know how this came about—a mere freak of nature.

Second, at Raj Pardi, India, a few weeks ago, in a litter of pups, one was born with a stub tail just as if it had been bobbed off. The father had a stub tail cut off by the owner.

I know another dog that has peculiar crooks in his tail near the end as if it had been broken, and many of his puppies have the same deformity.

A week or so ago I saw a cow with a double ear on one side of its head. Cattle with horns that are perfectly loose and that swing like a pendulum are not uncommon here, and are counted sacred.

The so-called sacred cattle of this country with the big hump on the shoulders seem to be a freak developed from the peculiar way the yoke presses the muscles and flesh up to that place. Cattle do all the work in hauling, farming, etc., of this country, and with the thousands of years of this peculiar yoke pressure will have the peculiar hump. People born with double thumbs, double big toes, and such like, I have often seen.

About a year ago I saw a child born without arms. It was some months old when I saw it and there was a dwarf hand where the arm should have been.

If the physical can so be changed by influences upon the parent how much more the mental and moral! The influence that our thoughts and actions have in moulding the life of the children that God may give us is more than we can know.

May God save us from bringing into the world low moral freaks of nature.



## FENCES ON THE FARM.

J. C. ZIEGLER.

As to which is the best fence to build, that depends upon the purpose it is to serve and the material at hand. In the first place do not build or keep a fence in repair that you can do without. Wherever you find a fence necessary, one should be built and one of the very best of its kind, as poor fences occasionally cause trouble to the owner, and sometimes between neighbors.

For instance, a farmer turns his cows out to pasture on Sunday morning, goes to church, where everything is pleasant and encouraging, and he returns

to his home in good spirits; but as he comes within sight of his home he sees his cows over in another field, among the grain or corn as the case may be. Now, where is the man who would not do or say bad things on such an occasion?

Not only should a good fence be built, but it should be kept in good repair as long as it is needed, and then when it has served its purpose, remove the fence entirely. A tumbledown fence is one of the poorest advertisements a farmer can have. On passing by a farm where are unkept fences, people generally conclude that the farmer of that place is just as careless and wreckless about all his farming, and even to the extent of raising a family of boys and girls.

*Bethel, Pa.*



### FENCES ON THE FARM.

C. W. CAYLOR.

SOME fences on the farm are indispensable, but a large farm fenced into fields is expensive and cumbersome. My ideal has always been to fence a suitable tract near the barn for hogs, cattle and sheep, and make all the grass grow on these plots that is possible and not compel our stock to wander over large areas hunting for a living. An extra good "stand" of grass is possible in the small plat but not reasonably so in the large field.

Fence your lots and arrange to have something green in them the year round and haul your feed from the fields to the stock instead of compelling the stock to go where the feed is and wasting time, feed and muscular energy. Our motto now should be not to farm more acres, but where one blade of grass or ear of corn grew make two to grow. Fences all over the farm oblige the farmer to make his fields square (to economize in the linear feet of fencing), and in time his teams spend more time in turning in the field, a thing that tramps the crops under cultivation, wastes his time in harvest, wears his machinery unnecessarily, tires the team and often riles an otherwise good temper. Lay the farm out in long strips and rotate crops without fences. Farm all the land and see how much faster the farming goes.

And more, no fences, no clods, which are nearly always caused by stock tramping in the fields for exercise, or because a gate is not closed at the proper time. Some fencing about the house puts the stock under our notice continually, and it is fed because it needs it, and not turned out to rustle. In short, fewer fences, less stock but a better grade, better farms, and better farming.

*Belmont, Tenn.*



TAKE the hard places and give others the easy seats and happiness will crown your toil.

### THE CAKE I LIKE BEST AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

MRS. N. H. WEYAND.

OF all the cake recipes I use, we place "Devil's Food" as the best. The name must be derived from its black looks. I consider lightness, instead of shortness, the first requisite of a good cake.

1 cup grated chocolate.

1 cup sugar.

½ cup sweet milk.

Place this on the stove where the chocolate will melt. Then proceed as follows: Beat together one cup sugar and one-half cup butter. Add beaten yolks of three eggs, then the cold chocolate mixture, three cups flour, one-half cup sour milk into which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Lastly add the well-beaten whites of three eggs.

*Somerset, Pa.*



### THE CAKE I LIKE AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

LIZZIE ZUG.

#### Sunshine Cake.

TAKE the whites of seven eggs, yolks of five, one and one-fourth cups of granulated sugar, one cup of flour, one-third teaspoon of cream of tartar, a pinch of salt added to the eggs before whipping; flavor with lemon.

Sift, measure and set aside sugar and flour; whip the whites of the eggs to a foam, add the cream of tartar, and whip until very stiff; add the yolks of the eggs and beat in, then the sugar and flavor and beat in, then add the flour, but do not beat, only fold it lightly and slowly together, just so the flour is mixed thoroughly all through the dough; put in a deep round pan, not greased, place in a moderately hot oven at once, from forty to sixty minutes; when done take it out, turn upside down in the pan till cold before removing.

*Prescott, Pa.*



### SCALLOPED CABBAGE.

CELESTIA MYERS.

CUT one head of cabbage fine; put a layer of cabbage in a pudding dish, then a layer of cracker crumbs, salt and pepper, and some butter, the same as for scalloped oysters, pour milk over, place in a hot oven and bake for one hour.

*Melmore, Ohio.*



WE keep the best things when we give them to others.



# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fical torture she needs yet readin' an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump.  
—Mrs. Canavowsky.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; snore and you will sleep alone.

Once upon a time a man married a woman who had inherited \$500 from a grandfather. This is all she ever received; but the man never got credit for his efforts the rest of his life. He built a new store. "Did it with his wife's money," the neighbors said. The home was made over and enlarged. "His wife's money did it," was the only comment. The little measly \$500 she inherited was given the credit for everything he did during life, and when he died and his widow put up a monument with his life insurance, "Her money paid for that," was said again. But this is what her money really went for: During her engagement she bought herself a \$350 piano and a \$150 diamond ring, and in a few weeks lost the ring, and there was some regret that she didn't lose the piano.

A traveling salesman, just back from Maine, says that he recently asked an old fisherman in a snow-bound hamlet what he did with himself evenings. "Oh," said the old man, easily, "sometimes I set and think, and then again I just set."—Boston Record.

## He Expected Reciprocity.

This little anecdote comes from the South, but it may have an application nearer home: The first slice of goose had been cut and the minister of the Zion church looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces around him. "Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw, Brudder Williams," he said to the host. "Where did you get such a fine one?" "Well, now, Mistah Rawley," said the carver of the goose, with a sudden excess of dignity, "when you preach a special good sermon I neber axes you where you got it. Seems to me dat's a triv'al matter, anyway."

In the Western Division or group of states, consisting of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Washington, Oregon and California, there are 27,130 teachers in the common schools, or one teacher to every 33 pupils.

Golden volumes! richest treasures!  
Objects of delicious pleasures!  
You, my eyes rejoicing please,  
You my hands in rapture seize.  
Brilliant wits, and musing sages,  
Lights who beamed through many ages,  
Left to your conscious leaves their story,  
And dared to trust you with their glory;  
And now their hope of fame achieved!  
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!

—Isaac D'Israel.

## A Mere Matter of Form.

Mary now is tall and slim,  
Yet (this I will bet cash on)  
Mary would be short and stout  
If it was the fashion.

—Houston Post.

## "Forbid Them Not."

The following beautiful story is told of the famous Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier, whose preaching was attended with such marvelous results in India and other Eastern lands, in the sixteenth century.

On one occasion, after nights and days of incessant toil, ministering to the questionings and heart-hunger of the multitudes who came to him for help, Xavier said to his attendant: "I must sleep, I must sleep; if I do not, I shall die. If any one comes, whoever he be, do not waken me; I must sleep."

He retired into his tent, and the faithful servant began to watch.

Soon, however, even before his master was asleep, a little frightened face appeared at the door. Xavier beckoned to the watcher, and said in a most tender and decided voice: "I made a mistake, I made a mistake. If a little child comes, waken me."

Lord help the millionaire. There is Rockefeller with no appetite; Morgan so restless he can't stay long in one place; Carnegie has long been a sufferer from dyspepsia and the rest of 'em are dying with envy because they are not as rich as the three of 'em. Blessed be bacon and beans and health with the grace of God!—Wichita Eagle.

First we send missionaries to save the heathen. Then we send gunboats to save the missionaries. Does it pay?—Philadelphia Record.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent-mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense—not even for the hire of love, and yet more noble it seems to pass from itself and enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## L'Envoi.

Six months ago he loudly swore  
He never would resign.  
Said he, "I've nothing to restore;  
I earned it; it is mine."  
But now he's lost his cosy job  
And groans upon the rack,  
And with full many a shaking sob  
He puts the money back.  
You see, it should be borne in mind  
That grafter and public are both resigned.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XVIII.

THE pressure was a little too great for Sile and Lucile; they had to get down off the porch and take hold of the halter strap of Bob and Doc. Sile remarked to Lucile, that since they had been presented with the best team of horses in Butte Valley he thought he might hustle around and furnish the gears himself. You know in southern Indiana and Ohio they call harness gears.

Sile was considered a little close with his money, but he gained the consent of his mind to take a little wedding trip; they took the Southern Pacific for Southern California. Lucile says she thought she would never get out of sight of old Mt. Shasta. They could see Black Butte for several hours, but Mt. Shasta they could see all day long as they went down the Sacramento river. You see Mt. Shasta seems to be the dividing line north and south; north of there the waters flow north, and south the waters flow south. That is one thing I can not get used to in the Butte Valley. They always say "up south" and "down north," and that is not the way I was raised in Ohio. It seems awfully awkward.

The bridal pair didn't spend much time in San Francisco, except to run out to the Golden Gate and to see the Golden Gate Park. Lucile had never been to sea before, so when they crossed the Bay from Oakland to San Francisco, on the ferry, she thought she was really on the ocean; and it is a very pleasant ride of twenty or thirty minutes. It is just a little bit like jumping out of one world into another to several million tons of snow on the cap of old Mt. Shasta, while you are standing in a valley filled with roses and oranges, but this can be done in California. The same thing is true of "Old Baldy," in Southern California.

The coast-line ride was an experience that Lucile says was a lifetime privilege; for one hundred miles the train followed the coast, sometimes close enough that one could throw an apple core from the car window into the Pacific Ocean. Then think of having the car window up at holiday time! One of the things that puzzled Sile was a bunch of oil derricks standing out in the ocean. There were several acres of them. He couldn't see how they could pump the oil from under the water and not get it mixed. He said it was no wonder that our coal oil back east had so much water in it; he thought it would take Rockefeller a long while to pump the Pacific ocean dry.

At Los Angeles they actually saw little children playing in the street barefooted. Lucile said it would take a good-sized book to tell what they saw from the glass-bottomed boat at Catalina Island. She brought home a trunk half full of the most beautiful seashells that I ever saw; she said she got them at Long Beach and was going to decorate her home with them. Now I can't say that Lucile was selfish; nobody can, but it is like pulling teeth for her to give up those beautiful shells, even to her most intimate friends, although she has shared with all of them so far. Sile says he wrote the folks a letter, while he was at Tropico, and enclosed a bunch of California poppies which he plucked by the roadside. How is this for winter?

Lucile admits that she nearly lost her mind over the orange groves around Covina and Lordsburg, etc.,



Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken,  
of Tropico.

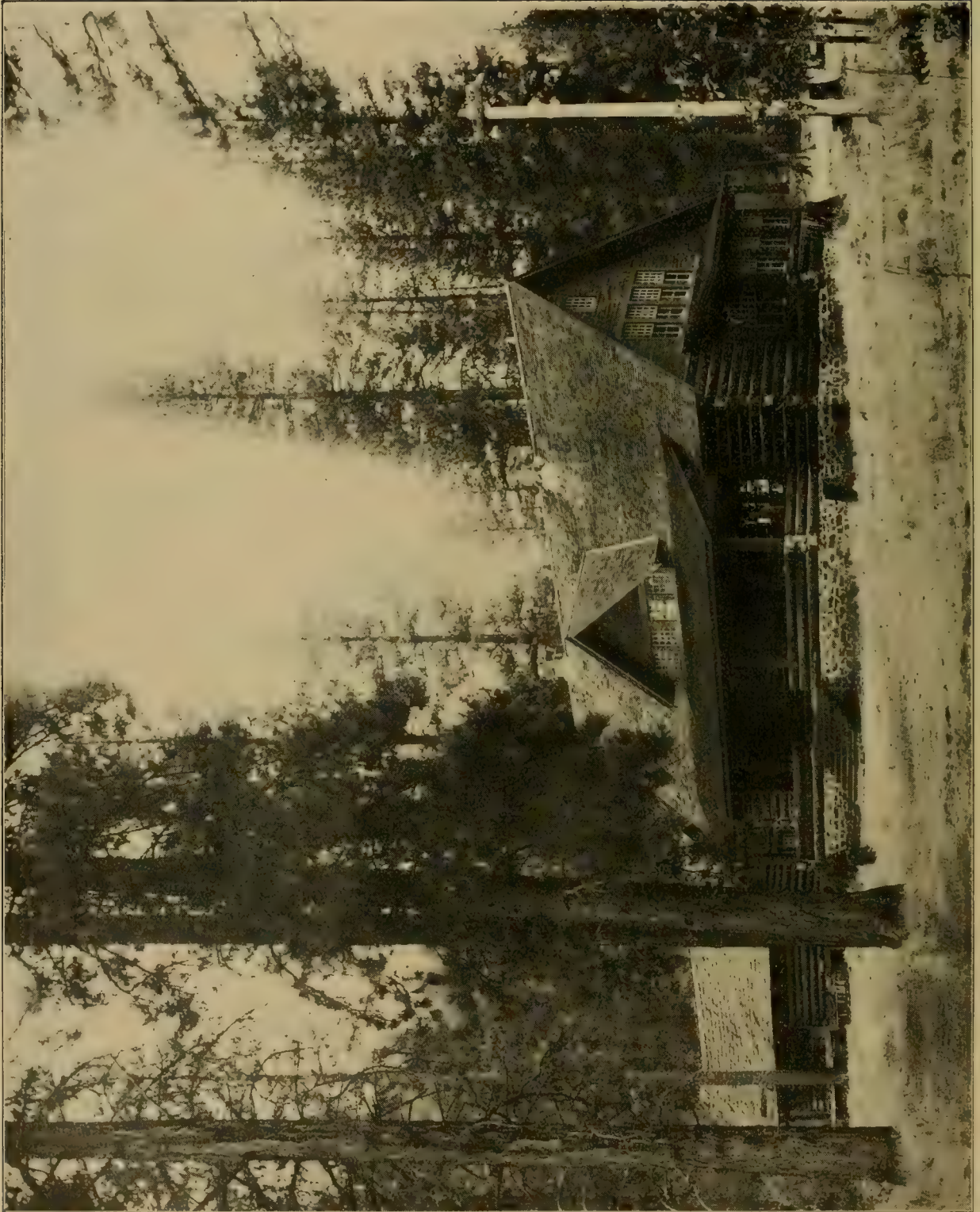
but she entirely lost her presence of mind when she saw Mrs. Aiken's incubator, about a mile from Tropico. It is called the "Bamboo ranch." The incubator holds more than six thousand eggs, and her thousands of chickens of all ages and sizes, are simply a sight to behold, to say nothing of what she is do-

ing with ostriches, pheasants, grouse, pigeons and other birds of utility. Sile said he could hardly get her to leave the place at all; she had the brass to ask the proprietor for her photograph.

The worst trouble we had when they got home was that they both wanted to talk at once. While Lucile was telling us about incubators and flowers, Sile was telling us about the temperance towns of Pomona and Riverside, and the big fishes which he caught at Long Beach. He said if anybody would spend a few days in Pomona he would never want to live in another town where there were saloons unless he was a saloon bum himself. He says that the growth of Los Angeles is simply marvelous; he says that men informed him while there that ninety-five hundred houses have been built since last July. So you can see that the tide of immigration is toward California.

Upon their return they passed through the famous Santa Clara Valley, and Sile says there are hundreds of acres of prunes and English Walnuts there that beat the world for quality. He sent a box of prunes to the editor of the *INGLENOK*, and he says they were among the finest he ever saw.





An Eighteen-Room Log Cabin on the Praether Ranch like Anyone Could Have in the Butte Valley. Who Will Cut Down the Trees and Build it.

# THINK OF LIVING!

---

"THINK of living!" sang the great German poet Goethe in his enthusiasm and exhilaration of vigorous health and life.

"That sentiment is all right for one like him, whose heart beats like a trip hammer and whose blood bounds through his veins like that of a school boy," said a sickly gentleman, a member of the English Parliament, to whom a friend had quoted the poet's words, "but for me whose days are one rack of pain, whose nights are one long watching for the morning, whose blood is a sluggish, impure stream, the thought of living means very little, I can tell you." Pure blood, what does it mean? It means the difference between the tortures of pain and the joy of vigorous health. And this man, whose great intellectual and oratorical powers were rendered almost futile by physical weakness, had bitter cause to know whereof he spoke.

"Unclean! Unclean!" was the cry of the leper of the Orient. It is no less applicable to those who make no effort to cleanse and rejuvenate the source of all their life force—the blood.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER cleanses the blood and puts health into the body and imbues with energy all who take it. Its history stretches back over a century to the time when it was prized by a few Pennsylvania folks who traveled miles along the Blue Ridge to get it of the maker. Its fame as a medicine has constantly grown since then till now it enjoys the patronage of every civilized nation. Thousands of ailing men and women have found it a help in time of need.

## CURED TUBERCULOUS SORES.

Hatton, N. D., July 24, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I consider it my duty to write to you and express my heartfelt thanks for what your medicines have done for me. About three years ago some tuberculous sores broke out on my cheek. The physicians operated on my cheek twice and tried to remove them, but without avail. I also used medicines, but I got worse in place of better. Finally I commenced to use your **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum Linament** and in about a month's time the sores disappeared and I was well. This is now over two years ago. You can see, your medicine did a great thing for me. With deep esteem,

Yours very truly,

Helen Sondreal.

## SICK FOR TEN YEARS.

Center Rutland, Vt., Oct. 10, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. I was sick for over ten years. I suffered terribly with my stomach and pains through my breast. I had no appetite. I had a doctor treating me. He helped me a little at the beginning, but finally the disease got worse than ever. I thought surely I would die.

One of my neighbors then told me about your **Blood Vitalizer** and advised me to try it, which I did. I used four bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** and was soon rid of my disease. I have now been well and able to work for five months. I thank you for your wonderful medicine.

Yours truly,

Jas. Drewga.

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I had ordered and received four dozen, thinking that would be enough, but they seem to be very popular.

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E. N. Frushour,

Frederick, Md., April 2, 1906.

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Find enclosed a money order of \$2.50 for which send me one dozen "Song Praises" at once.

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W. A. Miller.

New Lisbon, Ind., April 9, 1906.

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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last," is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



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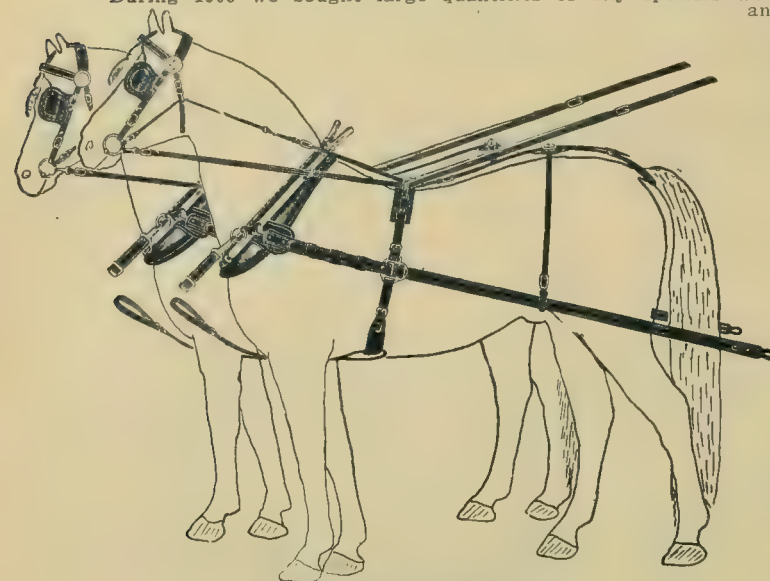
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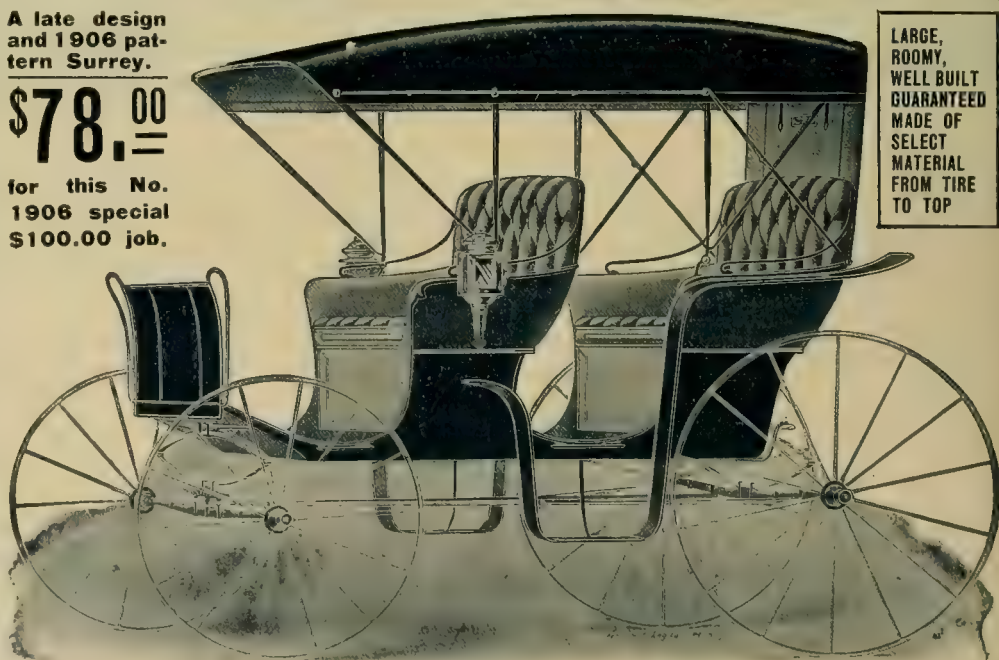
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# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



Haskell Viaduct.—A. M. Grounds. (See Editorial Page.)

ELGIN, ILLINOIS



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During

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(To Sterling Colorado.)

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AND RETURN

**First and Third Tuesdays  
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Proportionate rates from all points East.

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Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

**WHY RAISE CORN**

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

**YOU HAD BETTER RAISE  
SUGAR BEETS**

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

**THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,**

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**THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR  
FACTORIES IN THE  
SOUTH PLATTE  
VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

**TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE  
ERECTED IN 1906.**

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

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be Bought from \$25.00 to  
\$40.00 per Acre.**



Printed Matter FREE.  
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## OFFICIAL RAILROAD ANNOUNCEMENT

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The short line; the greatest number of trains; the most satisfactory route from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Peoria Union Stations. The Chicago & Alton forms a part of the shortest and most direct route to Springfield, Illinois, from all the more important German Baptist settlements in different parts of the country. It is the only railroad line with a terminus at Springfield, Illinois, which is in a position to land its passengers at the State Fair Grounds. Union Stations at Chicago, Bloomington, Peoria, St. Louis and Kansas City provide against tedious delays by transfer across these cities enroute from connecting railway lines.

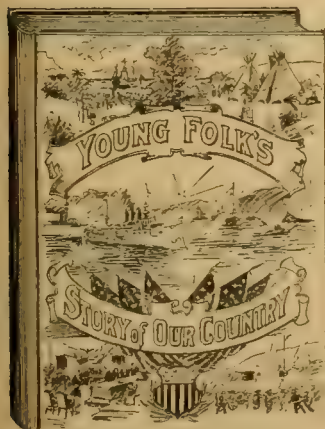
### Ticketing Arrangements

Railway lines generally in all parts of the country have announced rates of one fare and a third from all points within one hundred miles of Springfield, and one fare plus \$1.00 from all points in all parts of the country over one hundred miles distant from Springfield. From Central Traffic Association territory and Western Passenger Association territory, covering largely the sale of tickets from all points in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Ontario, South Dakota and Wisconsin, excursion tickets will be sold June 1st to 4th inclusive. They will be made good for continuous going passage to Springfield, commencing on the date of their sale, and for return passage to and including June 15, but may be extended to and including June 30th, 1906, by deposit of the returning coupons with the Joint Agent of the railway lines on the Fair Grounds, on payment of 50 cents.

Members of the National Missionary Committee and Advance Delegates will be permitted to buy excursion tickets on May 29th to 31st inclusive on presentation and surrender of certificate of identification to the selling agent.

From outlying States in trunk line and New England territory in the east, from the extreme outlying southern, western and northwestern States, the dates of sale and limits of tickets will vary slightly to facilitate the transportation of all delegates and visitors in ample time to attend the opening conferences.

For further, more complete and detailed information, and illustrated folder advertising matter, apply to your home agent, or address Geo. J. Charlton, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, Chicago, Ill. See that your tickets read via Chicago & Alton R. R.



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# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

COLONISTS' CHEAP ONE WAY RATES to Idaho points will be in effect from Feb. 15 to April 7, 1906.

HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April, 1906, on basis of rate of one first-class fare, plus \$2.00.

*Seize the opportunity now, by going on the Homeseekers' round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. Write at once for printed matter and full information.*

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. A.,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MAY 8, 1906.

No. 19.

## I'M NOT ALONE.

W. H. ENGLER.

I'M not alone, no not alone,  
For Christ is with me thro' all time;  
For in my soul I hear his voice.  
He bids me hope and trust in him.  
I'm not alone in life's dark hour,  
His presence always is with me;  
Where'er I am, where'er I go,  
I feel his spirit ever near.  
Whether I'm home, on land or sea,  
His pleasant voice its speaks to me;  
In troubles deep I hear his voice,  
In shades of darkness I rejoice.  
Calm and serene my soul remains,  
His presence banish's all my fears;  
In all my journey thro' this life  
His love and peace keeps from all strife.  
Thro' all the storm-clouds here below,  
Tho' rugged winds do fiercely blow,  
I know that he is always near,  
To calm the storms and lead me thro'.

Waynesboro, Pa.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*A sincere reformer first converts himself.*

*A man is only helpless when he is hopeless.*

*Determination never shakes hands with doubt.*

*Doubt stops at the door of the heart full of faith.*

*Man-made money is better than a money-made man.*

*All you have to do is to use good judgment and hustle.*

*Honor is easier retained than found after once being lost.*

*A lack of love is a lack of sense, as well as a lack of grace.*

*Some preachers do not practice so much as they rehearse.*

*A man is never alone when he has the company of a good book.*

*Envy is always looking for empty heads wherein to lodge and grow.*

*Instead of boasting of being self-made some men ought to confess it.*

*Satan seldom worries about the man who always has an excuse handy.*

*If you feel inclined to criticise someone stand in front of a mirror.*

*What you do for the church ties you to it, not what the church does for you.*

*A man may be content with his lot without being satisfied with his condition.*

*Before jumping at conclusions find out what is on the other side of the hurdle.*

*When a man begins to be his own worst enemy he can secure a lot of free assistance.*

*When a woman looks in a mirror she is never able to see herself as other women see her.*

*Your lot is not so hard or burdensome but what others have even a more undesirable one.*

*We may not understand what some things do mean, but may understand what they can not mean.*

*Do we not part this life with all those whom we have loved? As our treasures pass, more and more, over to the invisible, are not our ties with this side of the grave unloosened more and more?*



# The Modern Goddess

Ettie E. Holler

## Chapter V.

NEW YORK CITY.

*Dearest Mary:—*

I have read and re-read your letter. Although short it is rich, and as I was reading it I imagined I could see your earnest, loving eyes gazing into my soul. I know you cannot see my soul, but you know my life.

Last Sunday again I was longing to go to church. Somehow I long for something that I cannot get where this Modern Goddess is first and foremost. So I stayed at home, and don't you think, I actually asked Auntie for a Bible. Imagine my surprise when she said she had none fit for use. Then she said that she did have one, but it was so old-fashioned looking that she just burned it.

Well, I made up my mind I would get one the next day and I did. She told me to read her magazines, but no, I wanted something better than Modern Goddess's literature.

But I must tell you, too, that I am just about sick. I can scarcely walk, and I will tell you why, too.

Last night Aunt Liza and the girls gave a banquet. An elaborate affair! And it was given for no other purpose than for rivalry. Of course she did not invite anyone but those who would pay it back, or those of her "set,"—not a poor one among them. I overheard some of the conversation among the ladies, and there was a general feeling of jealousy among the guests.

The girls are sick, too. We had to eat when we were not hungry, drink more than we needed, and were up until morning. Then this morning when we should have been up we were still asleep. So you need not wonder we are sick. Then we were dressed so miserably and uncomfortably, as I have many times, and now I am suffering for my foolishness. But I have decided that this will be the last time I will torture my body for the sake of fashion.

Even love must be fashionable too. But no doubt you have known that long ago, for I now can see examples at home that I had not noticed before. But no use to give you any illustrations, unless it would be myself; that is about as good as any. I begin to see my folly now and I am glad of it, too, before it is too late.

But you wanted to know about Mrs. Harmen. Well, I went to her place last Monday a week ago, I believe. While I did not find all I was hoping to find, I was to see her several times. We visited various missions and benevolent societies, etc., and I could see much good work being done. In our rounds I met quite a number of persons that I know have a

higher object in view than to follow the Modern Goddess. They are seeking to save that which is lost.

Comparatively speaking, I have seen a very small per cent of New York's people. But I have found that there are good, noble-hearted people here too. Many, I believe, are seeking more light, like myself. I was wishing that I might be filled with the Light, that I could help some one, but I cannot give that which I have not myself. I was just wishing that you were here; you could be the means of helping them, for I know you have an abundant light; it is not hidden either. In our various conversations I found some that I know are not satisfied with the light they have and were tired of so much of fashion's teaching. I was made to feel almost heartbroken that there are not more missions opened here to teach the people aright. Then I thought of home. Here I am lamenting for the lost in the city when I am no better. At home I have had opportunities for doing good, but I left them go unheeded. So you can imagine how I feel. But it is enough.

You know I told you that I got me a Bible. Well, I began to read in it, and I read and read until I had completed the New Testament. This is my first time. Words fail me to describe my astonishment at finding so many beautiful things therein. In plain words it denounces the teachings of the Modern Goddess.

Well, I was just so full that I had to tell someone what I found. So I began with Auntie. She had often asked me why I declined to go with her so often. So now I was prepared to give some reasons. I told her that I appreciated her kindness very much, but that I had begun to awaken, and I thought it would be a good thing for her to awaken, too. She said she was awake. I told her the sinfulness of following the Modern Goddess in her various ways. She asked me where I got my proof that it was wrong. She seemed interested. I was surprised that she was.

My! I was wishing that I had control of the Sword of the Spirit as you have. But I got my Bible and read to her 1 Peter 3: 3, 4, 5; 1 Tim. 2: 9, 10, and other verses that I myself was surprised to find, but not like Auntie was. She could scarcely believe; she had to come and see for herself. No wonder you seek the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. I do not know what effect it will have upon her, but she has been reading for herself now. So have the girls.

I intend to leave my Bible here for them and I intend to come home some time next week. And I intend to devote the rest of my life in adorning my soul and help to awaken others that are worshipping the Modern Goddess. Hoping to see you soon.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*

HELEN.

## Reba's Class Pin

Iva Metzger



MAY ARCHER ran through the hall of the dormitory of Miss Wilson's "Select School for Girls," and tapped on three doors, announcing, "H. A. L. meets in my room to-night. Important!" Then going slowly and quietly back, the sound of a low sob reached her ear; she stopped and listened a moment, then went on.

In the evening Eva Burns, Lucy Walton and Beth Meadows went to May's room; then the door was

besides; still she never complains and is always cheerful."

The girls saw they were interrupting May, so they kept silent. "Just then some one came to Reba's door and said the matron wished to see her. She arose, and the letter she had dropped to the floor; she did not stop to pick it up, but told me she would be back as soon as possible, and left the room.

"I picked up the letter for her, and truly, girls, I did not mean to read it, or even think of doing such



LANDSCAPE VIEW.—A. M. Grounds. (See Editorial Page.)

locked, for that was the signal for business at the meeting of the "Help A Little."

"Where's Reba?" they asked. May said, "Wait till I close the transom. I don't want her to come to our meeting this evening."

The girls were astonished, but May went on, "I wanted Reba to walk with me this afternoon and she refused, saying she felt stupid, cross and tired, and would only spoil my walk."

"I am afraid she is working too hard," said Eva. "She studies quite hard, and washes all those dishes

a thing, but it was her mother's handwriting, and I read a little of it, which was as follows:

"'Reba, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I fear you will have to give up the class pin. Six dollars is a good deal of money for us, you know. I am taking money now from the bank to pay for your diploma and class expenses that are necessary, but is this really necessary? After all, Reba, perhaps I had better leave the decision to you.'"

There was silence, then the girls began to plan how to get the pin and give it to Reba without offending



her. At last it was decided to get it and not let her know until it came.

Reba had a very busy morning; examinations would be on in a few days, and she wanted to gain the mathematical prize.

It was a lovely spring morning, all her class went to hunt violets after breakfast except herself. She had a great pile of sticky dishes to wash. It made her feel vexed, but had it not been for dishwashing she could not have remained in school.

The bell rang for study hours, and she still had some dishes to wash. When she had finished her work she hurried to her room, finding a little envelope tied to the door knob. She opened and read:

Dear Reba:—I suppose you can never realize with what "faithfulness" you stood by me in the hardest, darkest days I ever spent. You will not care if I show you that I appreciate it. Please look on your bureau. Lucy.

She went to the bureau. There was a glass dish of violets, fresh from the pasture, with a slip of paper on top:

Your generous kindness to others has been a constant lesson to me for three years. Is it strange I want to give a little? Go to the window. Beth.

Reba walked as directed. There lay a bird's nest, with a note in it:

I shall never forget the good it did me to visit in your home last vacation. I'm going to help my mother as you do yours, at least try. I want you to have something to remind you to write to me when you go home. Look under the radiator. Eva.

Reba laughed, and said in a low tone, "I have been so tired lately I fear there is dust there," but found another note:

I owe you more than I can ever pay. Perhaps I would never have wanted to be a Christian, but for you. Beside your mother's picture. May.

Here was a small box; yes, it surely is a class pin box.

"Oh, girls, girls!" Reba sobbed. "Have you really done all this for me?"

The girls were all around her in a minute, laughing and crying together. Finally Eva said, "Reba, it's been dreadful to have a secret from you, and we promise never to have one again."

Rossville, Ind.

## The Prodigal

Dora Shank



RED was eighteen years old and Dick twenty. They were the only children of a Kansas farmer by the name of Black. No parents could have been prouder of their children than were Mr. and Mrs. Black. But the boys were unlike as day and night. Dick had an amiable disposition, while Fred had just the opposite. One pleasant spring morning Fred and Dick were down to the potato patch to plant potatoes. They had been working silently for a while, when Dick said, "Fred, I am going to college."

"Did father say anything about me going?" said Fred.

"Well," continued his brother, "he said I could start in now and when you are twenty you can start. He needs at least one boy on the farm just at present."

"If you go, I shall go too. You are just father's pet; you can do anything you wish to," said Fred, getting very angry.

"Well," said Dick, "I will ask father this evening; maybe he will let you go in my stead."

"Very likely, indeed! There is no chance for me once father has set his head to do anything for you," answered Fred.

"Father is not that way; you know he loves to make us both happy. He thinks you are too young to start to college yet, but I will ask him, as I have

said before, for you to go in my stead. He may let you go yet," continued Dick.

Fred sulked around all day. His parents noticed it, but did not pay much attention to him, for it was a common thing to see Fred sulky. If it had been Dick they would have been concerned, for he was always in a good humor. That evening he pleaded for Fred to go to college, but his father said, "Dick, my boy, don't you think father knows what is best for his boys?" That settled it and Dick knew it. That night after they had gone to their room he told Fred all about it. He said father meant all well and knew what was best for both of them. But Fred could not be reconciled to it.

"I shall go, or some morning I shall be missing, and I will make father feel sorry that he was so partial," said Fred, his eyes flashing with anger.

Dick did not think anything more about it; he thought Fred was in a passion and it would soon pass away. But it was not so. He did not seem like himself, he was quite reserved; he hardly ever spoke only when he was spoken to. Dick tried to reconcile him, but it was in vain.

Dick was to start to college the next day and his father and mother were excited in getting everything ready for him to start. He took a stroll around the farm, for he did not expect to go home for a while. The next morning when he awoke, Fred was not in

bed. Dick thought he had gotten up early to do his work and go with him to the station. He was not in for breakfast, but his parents thought because the boys were so attached to each other, he did not like to give Dick good-bye and would not make his appearance until after his brother had left.

After Mr. Black had returned from taking Dick and his baggage to the station, he said to Mrs. Black. "Have you seen anything of Fred?"

"No," she said, "I have not seen him since last evening and I am becoming alarmed. You know

No one but a mother who has lost a loved one can feel as she felt; it was worse than death to her. Mr. Black had hunted all around the barn. At last he came up to the boys' room, and there he found Mrs. Black, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Oh! what is the matter, has he gone and left this note?" said Mr. Black. He picked it up and read it. How it rent his heart, to think they had been trying to do the best they knew for their boys and Fred was breaking their hearts in return.

"I must try and find him. Do not take it so hard,



LANDSCAPE VIEW.—POULTRY HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.—A. M. Grounds.  
(See Editorial Page.)

Fred is of a jealous nature and we never know what he is going to do next. We must hunt for him, maybe he is hiding."

Mr. Black hunted around the barn, while Mrs. Black hunted about the house. When she came to the boys' room, she noticed a piece of paper lying on the stand. She took it up and opened it; it was Fred's writing and read thus:

Dear Parents: I am taking my revenge; you may never see me again. And when you think of your wandering boy, remember, you were the cause of my going away. When you read this, I may be many miles away. Fred.

Mrs. Black read it over and over again. "Can it be possible? Surely it cannot be," said Mrs. Black to herself. She lay down on the bed and sobbed aloud.

Mary, I will telephone all around the country and have detectives stationed, and maybe I can find him. But, Mary, if we never find him, God knows we have done our part. I will send word to Dick, poor, poor, boy, it will almost break his heart, he was so attached to Fred. This morning when I bade him good-bye, tears came to his as he said, 'Give Fred good-bye for me, tell him I said he is to be good to you and mother and I will look forward to the time when he shall join me at college.'"

Mr. Black telephoned and had detectives stationed in almost every town in the county. He telephoned to Dick, telling him Fred left and they had not found him yet. He sent word back that he would be home on



the next train. When he came home no words can express that sad meeting. How lonesome everything seemed to poor Dick! During the day he spent most of the time at Garden City, waiting to hear news of Fred, if any was to be heard of him.

Days weeks and months passed by and nothing was heard of Fred. In those few months the greatest change had come over Dick and his parents. Instead of the once bright happy home it was one of gloom and sorrow. Mr. Black wanted Dick to go back to college and resume his studies, but he answered, "How can I, father, when I do not know if Fred has anything to eat or anywhere to lay his head? I could not apply myself to my studies."

Time passed on wearily and sorrowfully for the Black family until twenty years had passed since Fred had so mysteriously disappeared. Dick was married and his parents not being able to farm any longer, he moved in with them. Garden City was only one-half mile from the Black homestead, and almost every Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Black and Dick and his wife walked into Garden City to church. One Sunday evening on their way home from church, Mr. and Mrs. Black passed a church door and the strains of that beautiful hymn, "Oh, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" pealed forth. They stopped and listened until

it was finished. Oh! how it rent there hearts. Oh! where was their wandering boy? Maybe dead or starving.

As they walked on homeward, prayers ascended to the throne of mercy and pity for their boy. That night as they knelt around the family altar they prayed as did the saints on Pentecostal day, with one accord. When the prayers were ended a loud rap came to the door. "Who can be coming at this late hour?" said Mrs. Black. Dick opened the door and Fred walked in. "I have come in answer to your prayers," he said.

Such a happy meeting, mingled with tears of joy and forgiveness, tongue cannot express or pen cannot record. "I have suffered many hardships, but I deserve to suffer many more; it seems as though I can never, never, be forgiven," said Fred, and he broke down and sobbed aloud. "Fred, although you have caused us much sorrow and anxiety, yet we forgive you over and over again," said Mr. Black. And they all had words of comfort for poor, broken-hearted Fred.

Mr. and Mrs. Black have crossed on the other shore, beyond this vale of tears. The loved ones left on this side are anxiously awaiting the time when they shall join them, where there shall be no death or sorrow neither parting, but joy, peace and happiness.

*Quarryville, Pa.*

## Vyara Bats

Nora E. Berkebile



WOULD you folks enjoy taking a walk this evening?" said Flora, as she came into the room where her husband, the Millers, and ourselves were sitting and talking about the delicious roast of nylghau we had eaten for dinner. We all said it was the best meat we ever ate and we also enjoyed a description of the hunt by one who had been in the "thick of the fight."

Usually when we missionaries get together we have a genuine old-fashioned American visit; and it was indeed very homelike here even if the walls of the house are mud and bamboo and the floors earthen ones instead of polished wood.

'Tis not the house that makes the home and, after all, one does not most enjoy a visit where costly furniture is placed in abundance, and softest carpets spread upon the floor.

When we can read "Welcome" in the eyes and every manner of host and hostess as one reads when they visit the mission home at Vyara they can at once decide that it will be a visit long to be remembered because of its pleasantness.

When we missionaries first go out to our own sta-

tions we do not have what you at home would call good houses, but we try to make things look clean by using lots of lime and make convenient cupboards and tables and such things out of the few old boxes we have or can find.

We almost forget how very comfortably you are all situated at home and what conveniences we once had in our thankfulness that we have some boards and boxes out of which to make necessary articles of furniture. I remember that it gave me about as much joy when our book box was formed into a cupboard as it did to see a nice sideboard set up in our dining room at home. It was home in the fullest sense and how we did enjoy ourselves!

There are always new things to see in India and the customs of the people as well as their form of dress is often quite different in different parts of the country, so when one goes out walking there are usually interesting things to see.

"Suppose we go to see the bats then," someone suggested, after we had decided to go walking.

On sultry summer evenings at home we had seen some bats and we expected to see about the same thing here, only perhaps more than we saw at home.

We walked down the dusty street, past rude huts and some stores, went up a narrow lane or street where we met some buffaloes that seemed to want the right of way which all quite willingly gave, and walked out past the tank, which you would call a beautiful little lake. This was dug out quite a long time ago and the dirt thrown up all around it forms a splendid walk where people take their evening exercise. It is the "Unter den Linden" of Vyara and the costumes worn by the people are far more brilliant in coloring and just as interesting as those on the famous old street of the German capital.

D. L. was the only one who could throw straight and he made the bats squawk.

Then a boy came along and in Gujarati Flora told him to go up and get a bat. He climbed the tree and the bats set up a great noise. He did not stay long, neither did he get a bat. When he came down a pice was given him and this seemed to limber his joints and brighten his understanding for he with alacrity climbed the tree and drove a few of them from their resting place among the leaves.

O how they did scold! It was not late enough for them to go out and they did dislike so much to be dis-



DOME BUILDING.—A. M. Grounds. (See Editorial Page.)

After walking for some little distance farther on we came to a field in which were some large trees where we were told the bats stay.

Looking closely we saw what, at first, looked like about fifteen hundred hams of meat of all sizes hanging from the limbs of the trees—big hams, medium-sized hams, and tiny little baby hams.

Then we heard them squawk as if they were alive. We went down the bank,—Bro. Miller, Maiji, Flora and I,—and we did not walk down very gracefully either, for the tank was steep. We ran and slipped and sometimes almost fell, but we got down anyway and the trees seemed almost alive as we got nearer.

We threw stones at them, not to hurt them, for you see it was not some one's smokehouse but trees full of bats. Flora threw, Maiji threw and I threw, but

turbed. No doubt they felt just like boys do when they are awakened by a pounding on the stairway door or a gentle voice from below telling them to get up and come down and do the chores.

The boy insisted on their going and the bats persisted in only moving from one tree to another. Finally they started and bats, bats, bats! There were so many that it seemed almost black overhead.

While they flew from one tree to another we had a chance to see what kind of creatures they are. I think they are what are known as flying foxes. They are quite large when full grown and their heads look like the heads of foxes, only smaller, of course.

Wood describes them this way: "If the fingers of a man were to be drawn out like wire to about four feet in length, a thin membrane to extend from finger



to finger and another to fall from the little finger to the ankles, he would make a very tolerable imitation of a bat."

The finger joints are elongated to give the bat power to fold or extend the wing at pleasure. The thumb joint has no part of the wing attached to it. This has a hook on the extremity which helps the bat to drag itself along. The parts we should call feet also have hooks that clasp the limbs as they suspend downward from the trees. They seem to hide their heads under their wings as they are suspended.

It is interesting to watch them alight. They look as if they would surely fall, but the hooks hold on firmly and there they rest head downward as easily as we stand with heads up.

After flying for some time they circled around and around and finally started toward the town. If I should tell you how many we thought there were I'm sure you'd think we were exaggerating the number.

After most of them had flown away we climbed the bank and started towards the house well pleased with our evening walk and saying, "Had any one told us Vyara or any other one town had so many bats in it we would never have believed it."

Sometimes bats are so destructive to mango crops that the natives are forced to cover them with bamboo baskets to protect them from the ravages of the little creatures. Often they attack cocoanut trees and destroy much fruit.

*Vada, India.*



MAUD HAWKINS.



SHOULD a nation profit by the sale of intoxicants? Should there be a revenue tax by which a nation becomes richer every time a man takes a drink of poison? Is its richness measured by the number of human wrecks made of its subjects?

The government once responded to public sentiment and sent out a mighty host to suppress

the great evil of negro slavery. Why not send out a like host to subdue a far worse form of slavery,—not with the sword but with something better, the ballot?

The civil war was a terrible strife, and slavery the cause of a great deal of misery, yet there is a practice in the land to-day that makes more slaves, more misery, more wrecked manhood, more divorces, more empty, yes, worse than empty, homes, more orphans,—worse than orphans, children who would be far better off if they *were* orphans, more cripples, more disease than the bondage of three or four millions of colored people ever could have made.

It were far easier to see a kind husband torn from one and sold to a slave driver than to see him changed to a brute, and believe it one's duty to live with him and undergo the torture of being brought to destitution and degradation, and the children reared with an inheritance of every evil under which civilization groans,—disease, insanity, early death, poverty and crime. And it were easier to see father, son or husband honorably fall on the battlefield than to fill drunkards' graves. Slavery was an American institution, intemperance is world-wide.

Many as true and touching stories might and have been written on the effects of the drink habit as ever were on slavery. Yes, and much more could be written than slavery ever caused. Surely it did not fill our prisons, asylums, almshouses, homes for weak minded, blind and cripples. You will say, Surely not the prisons, for the slave owners were not punished for any crime against the slaves. Admitting that, but how many crimes, foul crimes, are committed against the weak and innocent by the effect of alcohol, which are not punished and cannot be reached by the law? Not to mention the law of hereditary crime that will follow the children to the third and fourth generation.

The slavery question had some pecuniary gain in it for many on both sides, else it would not have been contested so desperately. The temperance cause does not gather to itself ever-multiplying thousands. It is a crusade in which the crusaders can have no personal end to serve. There is neither money nor fame nor any reward but that of a good conscience to be gained by it. And the men and women engaged in it are not all fools. It enlists some of the brightest intellects in the country. It is worthy, then, of a respectful hearing and a friendly consideration. It can hardly be swept aside as mere stupid fanaticism. It is men at close quarters with the great evils of our cities that are most earnest over it, most urgent in their pleadings. Surely we may say to Christians, ministers, teachers and to all good people, At least have it not laid to your charge that you have with indifference caused your brother to stumble, or let slip the occasion to brace and fortify his will.

*Cerro gordo, Ill.*

### REAL SUCCESS.

If the ground principles which, ultimately, lead to real success in life were more thoroughly instilled into the minds of young men the failure ratio, which at this time is even fearful, I believe, would be normally reduced.

Real success may admit of quite a variety of definitions according to the ideas of those attempting to define it; but to men who have forged their way upward in life by perseverance and the battling down of difficulties which attended their course, it practically has the same meaning.

Here are a few "thinks" which if memorized and made your bosom companions will, I believe, be of inestimable value to you throughout life.

to get hold of a simple English grammar; his books, all told, were few, but with them and hard study he combined hard and constant thinking. What he studied he studied hard and every word received his earnest thought, and difficulty was not a word in his list.

The world admires and honors the plain whole-souled man; character is the culminating substance of nature, and a man may be what he pleases to be. The forms of our activity are prescribed for us naturally, but circumstances only determine how much show he shall make.

To be famous may depend upon some fortuities. To be president may require the assistance of only a few keen-scented politicians. To be rich depends upon birth or luck. But to be a man depends solely



MACHINERY HALL.—A. M. Grounds. (See Editorial Page.)

"The character and force of the man will show in his work and his attitude toward the world, let his occupation be what it may."

"Every person must rely upon his own resources and activity if he would show up large upon the roster of achievement."

"To resolve is to place an estimate upon our possibilities; to do, is to sustain that appraisal."

Last and best, "The person who lives only for himself and within himself touches the world at an infinitely small point."

Every young man who will read, remember, believe and put into practice these four practical truths shall receive as an endowment success, honor, and happiness. They involve perseverance, honesty, determination, the grasping of opportunities, self-dependence and undaunted courage, all of which, combined, insure success.

Abraham Lincoln walked twenty miles and back

on one's own noble ambition, and determination to live in contact with God's open atmosphere of wisdom, from which real manliness is inspired and fed.

Wisdom is habited in the plainest garb and walks modestly unheeded by the gasping and wondering crowd; she teaches us the necessity of observing the little things in life. Her secrets are revealed to the thoughtful and plodding student. They may be learned from the ants, or the flower that blooms in some hidden spot, or from the lips of the humble. A man thus endowed makes a teacher of every man, an opportunity to improve in every happening. If men scorn him, he is thoughtful that he need not scorn himself. If he is thrown in company with one who is pleasant and converses on interesting subjects, that is opportunity. If in the company of the rude, their vulgarity gives him a higher estimate of breeding and good behavior.

The happiness of others adds to his own pleasure.



The merry voices of children bring joy to his heart and the songs of birds awake a melody there. Whoever, anywhere, or in any age, spoke noble words or performed heroic deeds, they spoke and wrought for him. For him, the brave Leonidas perished at the pass of Thermopylæ. For him, the wisdom of Solomon gave his life.

I believe real success can be attained by any one, but will be attained only by those who are willing to utilize their allotted time in careful study, and a close observance of the principles herein mentioned.

Young man, you who are soon to be caught in the whirl of business life, the principles here involved are worthy of your careful perusal. Enter the business world with the determination that your services rendered shall measure up to the compensation received, remembering that the names of men whose deeds come to us as echoes from the misty ages of the past are not those who have thought only of self and lived within themselves, and accumulated millions; but those who made life a real success. They may be poor often in worldly goods, but rich in golden truths, which guide and instruct generation after generation in their passage through life.

The company we keep, the books we read, the thoughts we think, fashion our lives. Even as a sound may suggest light and color, a perfume recall forgotten worlds, as a view, disclosed by a sudden turn in a road, may carry us across years, to scenes long forgotten; so will the universe come to utter for us the voice of our Creator.

Everything that touches the soul leaves its impression, and thus, little by little, we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated upon; and, if we learn to live with all that is fairest, purest, and best, the love of it all will eventually shape our very lives.—*W. A. Meador, Assistant Superintendent Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Bluefield, W. Va.*



#### ABE LINCOLN ON ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

ONE Rev. Dr. Ross once maintained that it is the will of God that servants should be obedient to their masters; and that the black slave should accept the position to which his Creator had called him.

Old Abe met the argument in the following words, quoted from his notes for speeches that have been preserved:

"Suppose the Rev. Dr. Ross has a slave named Sambo, and the question is: 'Is it the will of God that Sambo should remain a slave, or be set free?' The Almighty gives no audible answer to the question, and his revelation, the Bible, gives none—or, at most, none but such as admits of a squabble as to its meaning; no one thinks of asking Sambo's opinion of it.

So, at last, it comes to this, that Dr. Ross is to decide the question, and while he considers it he sits in the shade, with gloves on his hand, and subsists on the bread that Sambo is earning in the burning sun. If he decides that God wills Sambo to continue a slave, he thereby retains his own comfortable position; but if he decides that God wills Sambo to be free, he thereby has to walk out of the shade, throw off his gloves and delve for his own bread. Will Dr. Ross be actuated by the perfect impartiality which has ever been considered most favorable to correct decisions?"

Whatever Dr. Ross may have done in the premises, it is certain that no considerable number of slave owners ever allowed their religious convictions to free their slaves. As a matter of fact, such reverends as owned slaves or drew their salaries from owners of slaves evolved a diametrically opposite interpretation of God's intent as revealed in the Bible. In so doing they proved the correctness of the theory of economic determinism and disproved their own pretension to impartiality.

In like manner the D. D.'s of the present day, who draw comfortable salaries from capitalist pew-renters, or who own a few blocks of "this world's goods," are ever ready with eloquence and biblical sanction to condemn socialism and show that it is God's revealed will to perpetuate the horrors of wage slavery.

Should they decide differently they would lose their comfortable livings and be compelled to get off the gloves, get out of the shade and do what Sambo's master would have done had he decided against the economic interests of his parishioners.—*Appeal to Reason.*



#### THE ECONOMIC POWER OF THE RAILROADS.

ASIDE from the unfailing production of foodstuffs in sufficient quantities to supply our own people at reasonable prices, the largest economic concern of the United States to-day is that just and stable conditions shall exist for the transportation of the vast agricultural surplus of the Middle West to the markets of Europe. This matter is of vital importance to many more people than one might at first thought suppose. It involves prosperity or the lack of it on the part of a very large majority of the forty millions who live between the Alleghenies and the Rockies; it affects all of the ports of the country through which produce passes, or ought normally to pass, on its way to the foreign market; and it goes far toward determining the cost of food-supplies in Europe, and consequently the standard of life of the consuming masses.

The maintenance of natural, fair, and stable conditions for foreign commerce depends, of course, upon a variety of things,—notably upon the preservation of international peace, upon tariff regulations, and upon the ratio of supply and demand. These are the factors,

chiefly, which determine the amount of our foreign trade and the countries among which it is distributed. In addition there is the multifold railroad problem, affecting the amount in no small degree, but in a much more important way of influencing the routes of trade and fixing the geography of our commercial prosperity. It is the railroads that make and unmake agricultural districts, inland cities, and shipping ports. It is they that have it in their power by their rivalries and manipulations of rates to condemn to stagnation vast sections of the country which have enjoyed commercial vigor, to force into prosperity others which have been conspicuously backward, and, as a result, from time to time to alter the whole *morale* of our international trade.—From "*Railroad Rates and the Flow of Our Foreign Trade*," by Frederic Austin Ogg, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for April.



#### FERTILIZATION OF CORN.

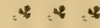
It is only within comparatively few years that both scientific and practical farmers have learned that corn stands in an intermediate position between the clovers and other grains, in regard to its plant food requirements. We know that corn can obtain considerable nitrogen from the soil and air that is not available to other crops, except clover. In fact, corn is now classed as next to clover in its renovating powers.

Prof. Charles V. Mapes was one of the earliest advocates of this theory, and coöperated with Atwater and other experimenters to demonstrate it. The results of these and others have now come to be generally accepted. These results are the basis of the present practice of using corn as a restorative crop on comparatively light and poor soils. In many cases such soils have shown decided improvement after years of a rotation consisting of corn, followed by potatoes, then wheat, and then sown to timothy and clover.

As Professor Mapes points out: "Stable manure under for the corn crop, which puts the soil and the manure in prime condition for the potatoes to follow. The potatoes are heavily dressed with commercial fertilizer, which so increases the yield and quality that the potatoes pay a handsome profit above cost of fertilizer. No manuring of any kind is done for the succeeding crops of wheat, timothy and clover. If instead of using 1,500 pounds fertilizer on the potatoes, these farmers should use 500 pounds on the potatoes, 500 on the wheat, and 500 on the grass, their bills would be as high as now, the labor three times as great, and their crops of potatoes cut down nearly one-half, but with a small increase in grain and hay. It is because potatoes are a money crop of the farm that they are fed on the choicest food.

"The corn plant is the key-keeper of the rotation

Clover supplies the crude material and corn manufactures it into suitable humus for the potato plant, yielding its grain as almost clear gain. On a rotation of this kind, corn is quite as important as the clover, because of its ability as a weed cleaner, and also because stable manure should first be strained through a crop of corn before being used on potatoes."—*Metropolitan*.



#### "WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?"

MR. STEWART had been preaching on St. Paul's words, "a conscience void of offense." When all his children on the Sunday evening after service trooped into his study to say "Good night," he wondered how much of the morning's sermon they had understood.

"Jack," he said to his eldest boy, "what is conscience?"

"I don't rightly know, father," and Jack put his hands into his knickerbockers' pockets and tried to whistle.

"Kenneth, can you tell me?"

"It's God's voice, isn't it?" said Ken.

"Right, my boy! Well, what do you say, Eva?"

Eva came closer to her father's knee, and a timid little head was laid on his breast. Mr. Stewart placed an encouraging hand under the drooping little chin.

"Well, childie?"

"Father, isn't it"—a pause, and then, softly and reverently, "I think it is Jesus *whispering in our hearts*."

Mr. Stewart kissed the sweet, upturned face tenderly. His little daughter had put his whole sermon into a few words.

God's voice is so soft and low that we must be careful not to miss it. Elijah heard a "still small voice," and when he heard it he wrapped his face in his mantle, to shut out all sights from his eyes. So must we. If we would hear the whisper of our Savior we must have his "calm" brooding upon our hearts. Ask him to give you the peaceful soul, and the wakeful ear to "hear what the Lord God shall say unto his people."—*Our Own Magazine*.



A SEARCHLIGHT is now being tested by French and German armies. They think it is altogether probable that they will raise its candle power to twelve million.



THE manner of clothing the body is of much less importance than the manner of clothing the soul.—*Matt. 23: 25*.



THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.  
—*Byron*.



# The Advance of Agriculture

Tony E. Fisher

OF all the arts and sciences of civilization we find agriculture occupying the highest place. The advance of agriculture goes hand in hand with the advance of civilization. In the earliest times man was a nomadic hunter, following the movements of game, and living off the products of the chase, the stream and what fruits he could find. Agriculture began when man first began to select and encourage the growth of certain plants suited for his needs and to strive to destroy others that interfered with them. It is not known whether he began to domesticate animals before or after this time.

In the history of the earliest ages as narrated in the Bible, we have agriculture originating when man was banished from the Garden of Eden and condemned "to till the earth from which he was taken." Cain was a farmer, Abel a shepherd, types of the two great divisions of agriculture.

The first agricultural implement was doubtless a forked and pointed stick with which obnoxious vegetation could be removed and the surface of the earth slightly stirred. Next we find two sticks were tied together similar to the modern mattock. That was the first hoe and on a larger scale the first plow; drawn at first no doubt by human power and later by domesticated animals. As with the American Indians, the burden of the work likely fell upon the women. However, this is mere conjecture, as the first agriculture is hidden in the dim traditions of the earlier ages.

For authentic records we turn first to Egypt. Here domestic animals were kept; agriculture was a more honored occupation than trading or mechanics. Crops were grown in the alluvial deposits made annually by the overflowing of the Nile River. The land was also irrigated by water taken from the Nile and distributed by canals and ditches. Sometimes the seed was sown in the wet earth after the inundation of the river had subsided; but more frequently the ground was prepared by a hoe or plow. The latter was made by a wooden share, beam and handles, fastened together by straps of hide. This was drawn by being yoked to the necks or attached to the horns of oxen.

In Rome agriculture was looked upon with the highest esteem. A plot of ground was granted to each citizen by the state, and the holdings carefully restricted in the earlier days to what would be about five acres at the present time. This land was tilled with the greatest care. The ground was carefully spaded and tended like a garden; the prevailing idea being that a greater profit could be secured by a careful tillage of a small farm than the careless cultivation of a large one. But with increasing wealth and ter-

ritory these things underwent a change until finally a man could own as much land as his wealth would permit. The slave holder on these large farms started a degenerate movement in agriculture that was beginning to make itself felt when a great event took place. The warclouds were hanging thick and threatening on the northern horizon and soon the barbarous Germans came breaking across the Alps into Italy. This soon resulted in the downfall of the vast Roman empire. With the overthrow of Rome came the downfall of the ancient agriculture in Europe with its great advancement and mighty power.

But as from the barbarian invasion a better race and higher civilization were to spring up on the ashes of the old, so after long ages there arose a new agriculture that far surpassed that which existed before. All this time China was pushing to the front in agriculture, but as her progress was impeded by the introduction of ancestor worship, it is unnecessary to trace the steps of her development.

After the downfall of Rome come the dark ages of agriculture as well as of civilization. Scarcely a gleam of light is seen in this period to brighten the gloom. It seemed as if the ancient forms of agriculture were destroyed never to be recovered. Things went on in this way until the last of the fifteenth century when the more settled state of affairs gave a better security to the peasant classes. From this time dates the awakening along agricultural lines, although the real revival was left for the sixteenth century. It was then that men began to seek new methods of work; new products were introduced and the standards of farm life became higher. From this time on to the present the advance has been slow but sure. Slowly and steadily onward and upward the art has pushed till now we see it higher and better than ever before.

The experiments and writing of Jethro Tull in the early part of the eighteenth century were the real beginnings of modern agriculture. After Tull many writers and investigators labored, each one doing his part for the advancement of the cause, by bringing forth new ideas, new methods of work and above all, new inventions.

One of the most helpful agencies in this reform was the reestablishment of boards of agriculture and the consequent scattering of literature on agricultural subjects. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that chemistry, the handmaid of art, came into existence, and lent its powerful aid in the progress of agriculture, by showing the elements of the soil and plants. In this way it enabled men to handle their crops more intelligently.

As the European progress of agriculture from this

point is parallel with that of America it is unnecessary to dwell longer across the sea, but we will come home to our native land. At first the agriculture in the United States was very crude, being but little better than that of the Indians. But it has grown until to-day the United States has a more advanced system than any other country. Let us glance over the history of the past century and see if we cannot discern the reasons for this great development. The main cause and at the same time the main effect of this growth has been the invention and introduction of labor-saving machinery. The cotton gin has made cotton culture on a large scale practicable; the self-binder has taken the place of the sickle; the plow has advanced from a forked stick to the large gangs and steam plows of the prairies; and by this process of invention hay-making has been transferred from the human hand to the untiring arms of wood and steel. Thus the change goes on through all the different departments of farm labor.

Brilliant as were the advances before those of the nineteenth century eclipse them all. Thought has conquered labor; thought has conquered time; thought has conquered space, till to-day we stand triumphant on the ladder of progress. Farm life is no longer the round of unending drudgery, varied by no pleasures and lightened by no conveniences, but now has all the culture and conveniences of the city and pleasures are waiting for all who seek them. A course in agriculture is being introduced into almost all the colleges; it is no longer an art but a science. The up-to-date farmer must be a student and can never cease learning. Agriculture is the most widely diversified of all the professions and presents an almost continuous series of various problems.

Let us take a look forward and see what the future holds in store for the agriculturist. I can see, in the near future, the science as it has now become taking its place high above all others, and its followers the food producers of the world, honored by all men. I can see machinery still more freeing the masses from the bondage of toil. I can see a new epoch dawning upon us, resplendent in power and glory, which shall be an epoch of intellectual growth as the past has been one of invention. I can see the time when the farmer must be a scientist, when he shall receive a better remuneration for his toil, and in turn will rule the land.

Let us work toward this end, ever watchful for better things, till time shall usher in the golden age of life, and may we, as a great family, with our steps ever onward, seek higher planes, till at last when our life is done we can lay it down and say we have not lived in vain.

*Mexico, Ind.*



Don't give up the ship.—*Lawrence.*

#### \$1,000,000 A DAY FOR NEW YORK THIRST.

NEW YORK spends \$1,000,000 a day for drink, according to the Rev. Madison C. Peters, of Epiphany Baptist church. He gave his congregation some figures on the subject recently.

New York's annual liquor bill is \$365,000,000.

This is:

More than the income from the tariff.

Four times the annual gold output.

Six times the yearly silver product.

One-third the value of all coal mined in a year.

In some sections of New York there is one saloon to every thirty families.

The money spent here in ten years for liquor would buy every workingman a home in the suburbs.

New York's annual drink bill would buy:

73,000,000 barrels of flour.

730,000 wagon loads of wheat.

It would take fifty persons a year to count the money in \$1 notes.

The money would cover 10,000 acres of ground.—*New York World.*



#### KINDNESS TO FOWLS.

MUCH is said and written concerning the feeding of fowls, but I wish to say a word concerning their treatment. I agree with other writers in regard to feeding, that in order for hens to lay well they need a variety of good food, but another important item is to treat them kindly, never frighten them, have your hens so that you can go among them without their showing any fear. If you don't believe this affects their laying, just try a flock of hens that may be laying well and go among them or let some stranger get them nervous and scared; keep it up a few days and see how your eggs will fall off. I have a nice flock of buff pullets, and can go among them and feel perfectly at ease. My flock of Wyandottes are so tame I have to be careful and not step on them; eating out of my hands or dish, they know I am their friend and feel contented and happy in my presence. I would impress upon all who keep a large or small flock of fowls to aim at having them tame so they will not start at the approach of even a stranger. Kindness is far better for all animal creation. It pays in more ways than one to be kind.



THE State Senate of Iowa has lately passed a bill prohibiting railroads, street railways, telegraph and telephone companies from issuing passes and franks to any public officials. It excepts the railroad commissioners and newspapers.



THE Lord's Day is not a day for idleness, but for the Lord.—*Matt. 12: 10.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations.

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## THE CONFERENCE AT SPRINGFIELD.



OST probably there are a few of the INGLENOOK readers who will not be interested especially in the conference news, but quite a large majority of them will have more or less interest in knowing where the conference will be held and what sort of a place it is.

As every one knows by this time, the place selected for the Annual Meeting is Springfield, Ill. The state fair grounds at this place are said to be the finest state fair grounds in the United States. Whether this be true or not in every respect we cannot say, but one thing is sure, the grounds are very fine and beautifully kept, besides, the buildings are convenient. Springfield, the capital, is geographically near the center of the State and about one hundred and eighty-five miles from Chicago, and one hundred miles from St. Louis. The census last year showed that the city has about fifty thousand inhabitants. It lies in the famous corn belt of the world, and all around about and underneath the city is an exhaustible supply of coal. Quite a large per cent of the inhabitants are coal miners.

The conference being so centrally located this year will no doubt have its influence upon the crowd, and some predict already that it will be one of the largest meetings of late years. The railroad facilities will be good. The following railroads reach Springfield: the B. & O. Southwestern; the C., H. & D.; C. & A.; C., P. & St. Louis; Illinois Central and the Wabash. The last-named road is one which has always granted every favor to the Brethren that was reasonable and right and in their power to confer, and it so happens this year that their system of road reaches over a large portion of country represented by the Brethren people. This insures good service to a large portion of the visitors at the conference. Persons passing through Chicago, St. Louis or Kansas City will have a direct line via the Wabash.

For the benefit of the readers of the INGLENOOK

we insert a few photographs from the fair grounds, giving an idea of what the conveniences will be while at the conference. There are several places of interest that should be visited by the Inglenookers while in the city. One of special interest will be that of the home of Abraham Lincoln, which is found on the northeast corner of 8th. and Jackson streets. The house is practically the way it was left by the president and his wife, but a few years ago it was presented to the State of Illinois by Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, and now it is in the hands of a committee and is kept for the State of Illinois, which keeps it in repair and also keeps it open to visitors. It might be interesting to those who visit the place to know that the present custodian, Mr. A. S. Edwards, is a nephew of Mrs. Lincoln. Oak Ridge cemetery is the resting place of President Lincoln, and will be visited with interest by hundreds of people. The Memorial Hall opens each morning at nine o'clock and contains an interesting collection of Lincoln's relics, and is free to visitors.

The state capitol at Springfield, which represents a total cost of four and one-half millions, and twenty years of labor in construction, is one of the better state houses in our country. The capitol building stands on the summit of a gentle knoll in the midst of a beautiful plot of ground containing eight and one-half acres. It is near the center of the city. It is symmetrical in proportion, and is a unique piece of architecture.

In order to furnish a little idea of the real condition of business activity we spend one paragraph in furnishing statistics for meditation. Springfield contains seven banks; one electric company; four hospitals; three hundred and seventy-five merchants; two colleges; two convent schools; twelve hotels; eight florists; forty factories; fourteen coal shafts; numerous wholesale houses; eight brickyards; seven building and loan associations; four foundries; six laundries; four stone works; eighteen livery stables; three daily papers; sixteen other newspapers; six lumber yards; twenty real estate offices; ten transfer companies; two telegraph companies; six steam railways; one electric railway system; one hundred and fifteen lawyers; seventy-five doctors; forty-five churches, and, we are sorry to say, one hundred secret societies; one brewery, and almost an innumerable quantity of saloons.

By making a little study of the above statistics one can easily form an opinion of the city of Springfield, and it will be easily seen that the city will be amply able to care for the conference and make our stay among them pleasant. The street car service is good, and if we are not mistaken this conference will go down on record as one of the most successful ones in the history of the church.

The places of interest which we have mentioned have not been mentioned to draw the visitor away

from the conference, but many of these points of interest can be seen during recess of the conference, and will be a rest from the labors of the day, and a source of information which will be enjoyed in the future. We have taken this method of giving you a prospective view of what you may expect to see while there, so that you may be better prepared for it, and the whole thing will not be a surprise when you arrive.

We hope to see hundreds of the INGLENOOK family

#### PLAN FOR THIS FEATURE.

IMMEDIATELY after the regular conference is over there will be conducted in a special hall on the Annual Meeting grounds by Professors A. C. Wieand and E. B. Hoff, of Chicago, a Bible Conference and Sunday School Institute, to be continued until the expiration of the tickets to Annual Meeting, which can be extended until June 30 at a cost of only fifty cents.

This will be a rich spiritual feast of Bible study.



EXPOSITION BUILDING.—A. M. Grounds.

at the conference, when we can talk over the past, present and future of the magazine.

Another thing. About the time of the conference we expect to make a special price on the INGLENOOK to the end of the year so that you can each one make a present of it to the family with whom you lodge while in the city, provided some one else has not already done that, and if they have it may be that they can furnish you a name to whom you can send it. This will serve two purposes; it will let them know that you appreciate their hospitality and at the same time it will increase the circulation of the magazine, for a great many of them will get to liking it so well that they will not discontinue their paper.

The Inglenookers did a great deal of good this way last year, and we hope they may not forget us this time.

It will be an additional feature to the trip to Annual Meeting. It will be an unexcelled opportunity for an outing in one of the best parks in our country, and practically no expense save a small fee, and board and lodging of course. Special courses have been arranged for immediate practical benefit for ministers, Sunday-school workers and Bible students as follows:

1. Miracles and Parables of Jesus.
2. Special Lectures on Bible Lands.
3. Exegesis of the Sunday School Lessons for the Remainder of the Year.
4. The Art of Soul Winning, or, How to do Personal and Pastoral Work.
5. Prayer as Taught and Practiced by Christ and the Apostles.
6. Sunday-school Pedagogy and Psychology, with Special Reference to the Sunday-school Lessons for the Remainder of the Year.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

E. H. HARRIMAN has established a new special record train for speed between Chicago and San Francisco, which made the trip in sixty-two hours, or about ten hours shorter than any previous record. This is fast traveling from one point to another and endangers life.

At a meeting of the Senate, last Monday, another appropriation of \$500,000 was agreed upon for the San Francisco sufferers, in accordance with the wishes of the President. This makes the total appropriation \$2,500,000, which will be immediately available, and is to be disbursed by the Secretary of War. The Treasury Department has also offered to make a special deposit of \$15,000,000 with the California banks which suffered in the recent disaster. This will enable them to meet the emergency. The smaller banks will have \$200,000 each, and the larger banks whatever they need, up to a limited amount.

NEARLY two thousand workmen of the foundries of Chicago are on a strike for higher wages. There are about eighty-five foundries in the vicinity of Chicago, and but very few of the employés are non-union. These few will make an attempt to keep the work going. It is said that about forty of the foundries have withdrawn from the struggle, but the union leaders are likely to make all the trouble they can.

FRANCE is facing a curious but undesirable condition. About thirty thousand soldiers are distributed over the northern part of France to prevent disturbance; but in spite of these precautions that part of the country seems to be continually ready for open revolt. The strikers seem to know that the soldiers have been ordered not to molest or interfere with them unless in self-defense, and they take advantage of the soldiers accordingly, and have repeatedly stoned them without an answering shot. Stores have been looted and private residences robbed. The policy of the government, under the present minister of the interior, has been so liberal as to allow a great deal of this kind of work. A more rigid enforcement would probably be better during such excesses. Even the late President Loubet was attacked, recently, and an attempt made to take his life. One of his staff had enough presence of mind to jerk the fuse from a bomb, and thus saved his life. Is it possible that France

will write a chapter in history like Russia? Whenever a nation forgets her religion and turns all of her attention to politics and society, the worst may be looked for at any time.

JOHN MURPHY, the bank-philanthropist of Pittsburg, has started a movement to provide free transportation and house rent for one year to 1,000 destitute families of San Francisco, as there is \$20,000,000 worth of building work under way in Pittsburg. There is no doubt but that men can get instant employment and good wages. This is one means of helping the unfortunates, and no doubt it will prove an excellent thing in more ways than one. Many are out of homes, but then the great loss is not only felt by those whose homes are gone; it means much to the insurance companies. It is estimated that the property loss will reach \$600,000,000, and that the insurance liabilities will exceed \$300,000,000. The question of facing this heavy loss was carefully considered, and some of the smaller companies favored taking advantage of the "earthquake clause" in their policies. The proposition is before them and it is only to their credit to meet it as finances will admit.

THE sudden death of Pierre Curie, the Frenchman, who collaborated with his talented wife in the discovery of the element radium, will be regarded as a great loss to science. Professor Curie was generally so absorbed with the problems he had under consideration as to be unaware of his surroundings, and in this way he met the end by being run over by a wagon in a Paris street. He was the son of a Paris physician, and he began his scientific research on his own account while working as an assistant in the School of Chemistry in Paris.

GOVERNOR FOLK, of Missouri, has offered a reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of each person guilty of participation in the Springfield, Mo., mob.

At a meeting of the House of Commons, the Speaker of the House was obliged to permanently exclude women who interrupted the proceedings and shocked the dignity of the House by calling out from the gallery for members to vote on a woman suffrage motion. The National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies disclaims connection with the disturbers.

THE new fundamental law for Russia has been published. The law gives the right to the czar to have full control of the army, navy and foreign relations, including the power to declare peace or war. No law passed by the lower House shall be enforced until it has been proved satisfactory. The power of the Senate is very similar to that of the Supreme Court of the United States. The new Russian loan has been over-subscribed in Paris and London. There is an unauthenticated rumor afloat, supposed to be from St. Petersburg, to the effect that Father Gapon has been hanged by the revolutionary leaders for having deserted the army of workmen whom he once led.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot in favor of erecting the Chicago schoolhouses out in the suburbs far enough so that each may have five acres of ground around it. It is believed that, in coöperation with the coming system of municipal ownership of street railways, the transportation problem will be solved, as special cars or car lines will be provided for the children free. In this way the children would not be thrown in with the crowds going to and from business. It is believed that the sanitary and beautiful surroundings would tend to make the children friendly towards all kinds of learning.

POSTMASTER GENERAL CORTELYOU has recommended to Congress the adoption of the new postal note in denominations running from one cent to \$2.50 as an amplification of the present money order system. It would afford a convenient means of transmitting small sums of money through the mail. It is proposed that notes of the denomination from one to ten be sold at their face value without a fee. A fee of one cent would be charged for notes of from ten to forty cents and two cents for notes from fifty cents to \$2.50. To carry out the law, an appropriation of \$150,000 is asked.

THE iron and steel mills, especially in the western Pennsylvania district, have again started up at full capacity. Their business had been checked on account of the trouble in the bituminous coal-mining industry. The mills are fairly swamped with orders, and the steel rail plants have been put on double time. Owing to the advanced orders that will occupy the American mills for many months to come, it is said that San Francisco will have to order much, if not all, of its reconstruction steel from abroad.

ON the seventeenth day of April, the body of John Paul Jones, founder of the American navy, was transferred from the temporary receiving vault, in Annapolis, to its permanent resting place in the Naval Academy grounds. Thousands of spectators were

present, including President Roosevelt, M. Jusserand, the French ambassador; General Horace Porter; Governor Warfield, of Maryland, and many others of high official station. The President expressed the thanks of the American people to France for the courtesy of allowing the body of the dead hero to be brought home, and for sending a squadron of French ships to aid in commemorating the event.

A TORNADO recently struck the town of Stafford, Kans., demolishing a number of houses and injuring several people.

MOUNT VESUVIUS continues to give forth eruptions. A large number of scientists have gone to the scene for the purpose of making observations.

THE Indiana Steel Company has presented plans to the directors of the United States Steel Corporation for the largest steel mills in the world, requiring 5,000 acres of land selected in Indiana, bordering on Lake Michigan. Construction has already begun and the plant is to cover a square mile of land, and they will be able to handle 5,000,000 tons of ore a year, which means a product of 3,000,000 tons of pig iron and nearly as much more of steel. There will be sixteen blast furnaces, eighty-four open-hearth furnaces and six rolling mills. The rail mills alone will cost \$2,500,000. The lake fleet will be increased to handle the business. The mill is expected to employ 15,000 men and it is likely to increase the population to 100,000. The earnings of the steel trust for the first quarter were the largest in its history, amounting to \$36,634,490.

THE New York Legislature deems it proper and expedient to take sanitary steps for the benefit of her great metropolis. The city of New York has been authorized to appropriate \$2,500,000 for the purchase and \$250,000 for the construction and maintenance of a free ocean beach for her people. It is to be under the control of the department of parks, and it is likely that a portion may be put under the Department of Health for the establishment of a convalescent hospital. Provisions are allowed for philanthropical societies to maintain fresh air homes there. The city is also to secure Rockaway Beach. This movement is sure to add to the comfort and good health of the shut-ins, which is conducive to a happy life.

THE first turbine ship to be built in the United States was launched at Roach's Shipyard, Chester, Pa., April 21. It was christened the *Governor Cobb* after Governor Cobb, of Maine. The new vessel is owned by the Eastern Ship Company, of Boston.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### GOIN' BAREFOOT.

It's more fun goin' barefoot than anythin' I know.  
 There ain't a single nother thing that helps yer feelin's so.  
 Some days I stay in muvver's room, a-gettin' in her way;  
 An' when I've bothered her so much, she sez, "Oh, run  
 an' play!"

I say, "Kin I go barefoot?" 'En she says, "If y' choose—"  
 Nen I alwuz wanter holler when I'm pullin' off my shoes!

It's fun a-goin' barefoot when yer playin' any game—  
 'Cause robbers would be noisy an' Indians awful tame,  
 Unless they had their shoes off when they crep' up in the  
 night,

An' folks can't know they're comin' till they get right close  
 in sight!

An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when I get old,  
 An' haven't got a nurse to say I'll catch my death o' cold!

An' if yer goin' barefoot, yer want t' go outdoors.  
 Y' can't stretch out and dig yer heels in stupid hard-  
 wood floors,  
 Like you kin dig 'em in th' dirt! An' where the long grass  
 grows,  
 Th' blades feel kinder tickly and cool between yer toes.  
 So when I'm pullin' of my shoes I'm mighty 'fraid I'll  
 cough—

'Cause then I know ma'd stop me 'fore I got my stockin's  
 off!

If y' often go 'round barefoot there's lots o' things to  
 know—

Of how to curl yer feet on stones so they won't hurt y'  
 so—

An' when the grass is tickly an' pricks y' at a touch,  
 Jes' plunk' yer feet down solid, an' it don't hurt half so  
 much.

I lose my hat mos' every day I wish I did my shoes—  
 Er else I wisht I was so poor I hadn't none to lose!



### OUR LEFT-OUT NEIGHBORS.—Number Three.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.



O wonder she's left out. She doesn't be-  
 long to any of the lodges or societies or  
 go to dances or take any part in any of  
 our social functions. She's a Christian,  
 I'm sure, but she never goes to any of the  
 church socials. She seems to hold herself  
 aloof from the rest of us. We would have  
 welcomed her into our circle,—even begged her to  
 join it, when she first came here; but she did not care  
 to belong. Yes, she goes to church and Sunday school  
 and always takes an active part in prayer meeting,  
 but that's about all. We all like her well enough.  
 Everybody says she's a Christian if there ever was

one, and she's the one that's usually sent for when  
 any one dies. But she's too solemn for ordinary use.  
 Reckon she holds herself a little above the rest of us,  
 'cause she used to be a school-teacher, or 'cause she  
 painted a picture once that took the premium at the  
 fair; or was it a book she wrote? I'm sure I don't  
 know, nor care. I consider myself just as good as  
 she, if she did marry a man with a little money, and  
 has a fine house to live in."

So the subject of the above criticisms stayed at  
 home day after day, and year after year, till her poor  
 starved heart grew weary with longing for friendship  
 and human society, and she wrote in her will, "Turn  
 my face sidewise in my coffin, so that my visage may  
 not be very noticeable, and do not mark my grave.  
 I have been shunned in life; I do not want honors  
 in death. I long for my quiet resting place on yonder  
 hill, where my face will no more be seen, nor my voice  
 heard."

Yet she was one of the most popular of young  
 women in her youth. No one thought of getting up  
 a social function of any kind in her neighborhood  
 without her to help and advise. Was a program to  
 be prepared for some entertainment? She was the one  
 to prepare it. All the rest were her willing helpers.  
 Was a picnic or social or school entertainment  
 planned? She was one of the principal participants;  
 and the school or society thus honored was grateful  
 for her help. But when her husband decided to lo-  
 cate in another place, and built a comfortable house  
 for his family to live in, it was at once rumored that  
 they were immensely wealthy, and their new neigh-  
 bors in humble dwellings were ready to turn the cold  
 shoulder. Her husband being a quiet, reserved man,  
 Mrs. Brown did not push out into society. She did  
 not think it right to have church entertainments in  
 the house of prayer, nor upon the Sabbath, so she did  
 not attend them. But her heart was full of love for  
 her new neighbors, and she tried to be friendly and  
 sociable with them.

She longed for their friendship and sometimes went  
 to their homes, at which times they sat uneasily in  
 their chairs and waited for her early departure, while  
 they talked of the weather. They did not care to visit  
 her in her own home. She could not feel free to do  
 all the visiting, so she had to retire to her own lone-  
 some corner of a cruel, cold and selfish world. Once  
 a parent was called away by the hand of death. Who  
 cared! None of her near neighbors. When she re-  
 turned from the funeral none of them came to see her.

At another time her heart was breaking with loneliness for an absent child. Who, then, came to comfort her? Was it the minister's wife, or the Sunday-school superintendent, or any of the leading women of the church whose services she constantly attended? Nay. But a poor, tired washerwoman—just a miserable, misunderstood and despised stepmother—went to see her. *She* had a heart into which God's love had shone, although she was not identified with the village church. "You look tired," said her hostess, after leading her about, and showing her guest the things of interest in her home. "I *am*. I did a large washing just before I came," was the weary reply. Ah, tired worker! Your service is of far more value in the sight of Jesus than the glittering offerings of the selfish throng whose dollars and dimes clink with a loud clatter upon the collection plate each Sunday. Luke 21: 3.

A young couple moved into her neighborhood and became members of the little village church. She took them into her heart at once. "They are poor," thought she, "maybe I can help them. They have not the experience that I have, maybe I can be of service to them in some way." Her home was opened to them and she proved herself a friend in every way. At first they seemed to appreciate it, and how her heart went out to them as a mother's heart only can. Their little ones were precious to her, and she anticipated much happiness in calling often upon them in their home.

But she found that her calls were apparently somewhat embarrassing and were not returned: her invitations were usually met with excuses and the cordial friendliness was a thing of the past. What could be the trouble? Mrs. Brown could not think; but she could see that a rather shallow and selfish class of people had become the chosen friends, or rather, associates of her new neighbors. The explanation was simple enough. "Birds of a feather will flock together." She had thought better of her new neighbors. She *wished* to think well of them. They were really superior in intelligence and character to those whose intimacy they had encouraged. Why could not they have chosen friends who would have been helpful to them along the uphill climb of life, rather than those whose influence would tend to retrogression? Why was *her* friendship despised?

And why is a stepmother despised, because she has given herself, her life, and buried her hopes and ambitions, to bring up in the right way, to honorable manhood and womanhood, children for whose being she is in no way responsible; while those who hurl stones at her character and mud at her reputation, have not sufficient honor or purity to be willing to bring their *own* offspring alive into the world, lest they be a little trouble or expense?

And yet those of the latter class,—though their

names may occupy honorable places in the church register, and they occupy the best seats at every social function in their neighborhood, and their poor, miserable friendship(?) is sought after by those whose hands ought to be clean, and their characters pure,—I think the beautiful Recording Angel must avert his face with shame when he comes to the names of such upon the fair(?) pages of the church books.

But this poor existence is not all of life. It is only the preparatory period. And such souls as those of Grandma Smith and Mrs. Brown and the poor washerwoman have nothing to dread as they approach the shores of the dark, turbulent stream of Death, for the dear, ever-seeing Savior has been an ever-welcome guest in their homes and hearts, and now he is ready and glad to welcome them to his own home and to make them his own honored guests, where they will never be lonesome or hungry for friendship any more. And when their poor, weary, tottering feet step out upon the black stream of Death a bright angel will reach down from heaven and take hold of their wrinkled, toilworn hands (which so many of their neighbors have disdained to touch in friendly greeting) and a warm love-clasp will steady the tottering one, as the beautiful angel shall guide them safely across the dark stream of death, to the beautiful shores of Eternal Life and Happiness.

Those whose hearts are pure, and whose lives are filled with kind thoughts, words and deeds, have only happy anticipations for the future life. We may chill them with our coldness here, but when the important moment comes, when we know we must meet the Savior face to face, how shall we feel then?

*Collbran, Colo.*



#### HOW TO KNOW AND COOK MUSHROOMS.

GOOD descriptions and illustrations of edible mushrooms and toadstools are given by J. C. Arthur in the September *Country Calendar*. He writes:

"Old wiseacre ways of distinguishing between good mushrooms and bad by their effect on a silver spoon, change of color upon breaking, etc., are now very properly discredited. The way to know mushrooms is 'to go ahead and know them'; not by dangerous and indiscriminate browsing, but by individual recognition; just as, in gathering from field and garden, one distinguishes between blueberries and baneberries, between healthful vegetables and poisonous weeds. A safe and simple plan is to take up one kind at a time, as opportunity for positively determining its food value offers, and become perfectly familiar with it, either through the assistance of good books and magazines, or that of trusted friends. Let all other sorts of mushrooms, except this one kind, alone, until they, in turn, can be carefully studied and enjoyed in the same way.



"Several classes of edible fungi are so unlike any poisonous kinds that anyone, with the help of ordinarily careful description and illustration, may safely gather them. Among these are the very abundant honeycomb mushroom, or morel, the puff balls, large and small—none of which are poisonous—and the inky toadstools.

"In gathering all mushrooms, skip the overripe ones. The inky toadstools should be gathered before the gills begin to darken, and prepared for the table while still fresh. They do not keep long even in an ice-box. Tinges of black that are comparatively faint while the caps are fresh darken incomprehensibly in cooking. This does not make them unpalatable or harmful, but, of course, renders them unappetizing. Mushrooms are much the tenderest of all vegetables, and the three toadstools here considered are, in turn, the tenderest of mushrooms. They require but a few minutes' cooking—fifteen minutes is ample—and but little preparation for it. To peel them is wasteful and unnecessary; careful rinsing, to remove dust and foreign substances, is quite sufficient. If cooked too long, the nutty, delicate flavor of mushrooms is lost; the addition of lemon juice or pungent sauces completely masks it, transforming a delicate, epicurean dish to one that is entirely commonplace.

"A good general rule, when cook-books are not at hand, is to use any favorite recipe for cooking oysters. It is inadvisable and unnecessary to add water in cooking these toadstools, as they have so much juice of their own.

"The simplest way of all, and one of the best, is merely to cook the coprinuses for ten or fifteen minutes in their own juices, adding a little butter, salt and pepper, and serving hot on toast."



#### SCALPING SQUASHES.

WINFIELD SCOTT DAVENPORT. It was a very long name for a very little boy, but great-grandfather was responsible for it, for when he was given the privilege of naming his first grandson he said, in his most decided way, "Call him Winfield Scott."

You see he had fought under that noted general, and was a great admirer of him.

As the child grew older, he displayed great liking for military matters. He and a little girl friend, Tiny, would make long marches around the yard, waving flags, tooting horns, and charging valiantly on the old cat, the fussy turkey gobbler, and once completely routing a family of pigs that were rooting in the onion bed.

The little "General," as papa sometimes called him, dearly loved to hear stories about wars, and was especially delighted when great-grandmother told him about the Sioux massacre in Minnesota, where she lived when she was first married. The General

thought Indian warfare must be very exciting. He had many imaginary battles, and to have seen him scalping invisible Indians you might have thought him a very ferocious warrior.

One October day he happened to be down in the vegetable cellar. Now the nights were getting pretty frosty and papa had thought it safer to gather his winter squashes, and there they lay, a great pile of dark, green "Hubbards" and golden "Mammoths." The General gave a little shiver of mock fear as he stood looking at them in the dim light.

"They look like a big lot of peaked-headed Indians!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't it be fun to make believe scalp them!" Whereupon, with what he thought a very blood-curdling yell, he gave the Mohawk Indian war whoop, about which he had read in Peter Parley's little history, and, brandishing his hatchet, made a charge on the pile.

Nearly every squash had a tough green stalk, about five inches long. This the General called the "scalp-lock," and he hacked it off, quite regardless that his blows sometimes cut great gashes in the squash itself.

An hour later, as this hero sat before the fire in the dining room, making a worsted harness for Snowball, his pet kitten, Papa Davenport strode into the room, saying indignantly, "Who's been hacking away at my Hubbard squashes? Was it you, Winfield?"

A big lump came into the General's throat. He almost wished that that story of George Washington and the hatchet had never been written, because since then everybody felt that it would not do for a soldier to tell a lie.

So he said, slowly, with downcast eyes, "I—I—did, papa—I—I—was scalping them."

"Scalping them! Child, don't you know that when the stem is off they decay a good deal faster? I wanted to keep those squashes as long as I could so as to get a good price for them by and by. Now I shall have to sell them right away. I'm sorry, my boy, but I shall have to punish you for this piece of mischief. March out into the yard and get me a switch!"

Papa could be very severe when occasion required, and General knew that marching out and getting a switch meant a whipping.

But it would not do for a soldier to be a coward, so he drew up his small legs from the rug and went soberly out of the room. Papa looked sober, too, and mamma's face was very sad.

Presently the General returned. He brought no switch, but he held out one chubby hand with something in it. "Papa," he said, trying to speak bravely, "I couldn't find any switch—Jack trimmed the hedge last week, you know. I looked for a shingle in the woodhouse, but Jane had burnt them all up under her kettle. But, papa," sturdily repressing a little choke in his voice and holding out his hand resolutely,

"here is a stone I thought you might throw at me—I'll stand perfectly still, you know."

Papa suddenly turned and looked out of the window, while mamma bent over the buttonholes. Then papa cleared his throat and lifting General up in his arms, said gently, "Well, little man, if you are truly sorry, I think I'll let you off this time."

And when the General gave papa a grateful hug, the stone dropped from his fingers and rolled on the floor, where the kitten chased it until mamma stooped and picked it up, and with a tender smile put it in her work-basket.—*Selected.*



### THE FENCE CORNERS.

THERE are fence corners on most farms, but far more on some than on others. Driving along a road one will come to a holding that seems to be composed in large part of such receptacles, and every one of them will be full to overflowing with its accumulation of weeds, superannuated machinery, rotting posts and the like, while on another it would seem that the fences must all run straight, so devoid is the landscape of these abominations. The ways of a farmer may very nearly be gauged by the shape in which his

fence corners are kept. Much has been written about the advisability of putting on sheep to keep such places clean, but a far better way is not to let them become foul and littered up with all manner of rubbish. When a piece of farm machinery has passed its usefulness it should be dismembered, what is of use put away and the remainder sold to the itinerant junkman.

It is not a long job to clean out the corners. In the old countries the tall, rank weeds which grow in the corners and along the hedges are carefully cut down and hurried to the compost heap, where they are speedily converted into fertilizing material by the aid of lime. That may not be necessary in this country, but the cleaning process is. Dirty fence corners on any farm usually mean many such corners in barns and outbuildings about the premises. There is no special time when the fence corners should be cleaned out on any farm, as it is always time for such work; but it stands to reason that the weeds should be destroyed before they mature their seeds and so make preparations for even a greater invasion by another year. The moment a farm begins to go back in management it will show first in the fence corners, and thus do these unsightly places proclaim the character of those who have them in their care.—*Metropolitan.*

## The Rural Sanctum

### ANOTHER VIEW.

SOME close reader of the INGLENOOK from Pennsylvania, who for some reason unknown has failed to sign his name, has the following to say in criticism of an article in the INGLENOOK. We publish the letter in full in the Rural Sanctum. This is just exactly what we like; this Rural Sanctum Department is set apart for the people's editorials. We like to have them say their say. This is the way we can talk to each other. It is not a place to quarrel, but is a place to reason. Let us hear from the rest of you, only do not forget to sign your name.—Ed.

Elizabethtown, Pa., April 16, 1906.

Editor Nook,

Dear Sir:—I notice in the Inglenook of April 10, page 356, an article entitled "Some Things a Man Should Do." The twelfth one reads thus: "Take the curb of the street when walking with either one or two women." Here is where ninety-nine per cent of every hundred are mistaken. A lady should always walk at the gentleman's right, then she is sure to be out of danger, because when we meet persons we turn to the right. Therefore, the lady ought to be on our right, where she would be out of danger of the person who may be walking fast and accidentally strike her in his rapid gait, which is so often the case; or, while carrying something that may extend beyond the

shoulders. Read "Good Morals and Gentle Manners." These were written by an Englishman, who, we are made to believe, knew what he was writing about.

The other rules of the same article I recommend, but that one I do not, although we were taught this way, it is wrong. Let us modify the old way and practice the new. May you call attention to it. Yours truly,

A Reader.



### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

THE above great war song was written by Henry Clay Work. After making a most thorough search through thousands of pages of musical journals, I find that about all that can be said about the song is what is said in "Our National War Songs," published by S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago. In this they say it was "written in honor of Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea." It was written in the winter of 1864-65.

Some writers of songs, upon finding a good subject for a song, write what they have to write upon the spur of the moment, so to speak. To illustrate: Dr. Geo. F. Root hearing one afternoon of Lincoln's sec-



and call for troops, found a "song starting in his mind, words and music together," and that afternoon he thought the song out and wrote it next morning. The ink was hardly dry when the great war song, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," was being sung by a quartette on the steps in front of the courthouse, at a great war gathering then being held. At the fourth stanza a thousand voices joined in the chorus.

This was not the way Work wrote songs. Dr. Root says of him: "Mr. Work was a slow, pains-taking writer, being from one to three weeks upon a song, but when the song was finished it was like a piece of fine mosaic especially in the fitting of words and music."

This being the case it is not hard to understand why we have no special story of the great song. It is played and sung more than any other song of the war. Mr. Work wrote many other songs, but I mention only two well-known ones, "My Grandfather's Clock," and "Come Home, Father."

*Bridgewater, Va.*



#### CHEAP WORDS.

NORA KINGERY.

WHEN we are angry at people we can always think of plenty to say and say what we think. Words seem very cheap to us then, but in the end they may become very dear to us.

They may cause some friend to be our enemy. "A harsh word pierces a true heart like a sword," and it would be a great sin of ours if we should say a harsh word to a friend who is in need.

Words are plentiful and cheap, if we select the correct words and speak them in a kind way.

Kind words are always cheap, and we should scatter them wherever we go. Never think they are wasted, for they are as bread cast on waters, and it may be we shall find them coming back to us some day, when we are in need of kind words.

As these are cheap to us we should give them freely; gift and giver God will bless.

*Brighthurst, Ind.*



#### THE CAKE I LIKE AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

MRS. GERTRUDE SCHLOTMAN.

##### Perfection Cake.

TAKE one and one-half cupfuls sugar, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful lard, one cupful sweet milk, whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and flour enough to make a thick batter. Cream, sugar, butter and lard together, add whites of eggs beaten stiff. Then the milk with the baking powder stirred in; lastly the flour.

Bake in layers and use chocolate filling made as follows: Grate one-fourth cake of Baker's chocolate, mix one cupful sugar and enough hot water to moisten it. Boil until quite thick, then add a tablespoonful butter or two tablespoonfuls of cream and a little vanilla. Spread between layers and over top and sides.

*Haven, N. Dak.*



#### WHEN TO BEGIN STUDY.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

OFTTIMES do parents ask me this question: How old should my child be to begin the study of music? To be sure we cannot give the same answer to all, because children are not all alike in their intellectual relish or discernment, as well as their physical ability, a point which should not be lightly noticed.

No definite age can be given that will suit all. Some children at six years of age are better qualified for primary work than others ten or twelve years old. So the age must vary according to the musical taste and perception of the child. I have taught children only seven years old who made better progress than children, musically speaking, eighteen years old. My advice to parents who do not trust their own judgment in this matter is to procure an honest and competent teacher to decide for the best interest of the child.

*E. Akron, Ohio.*



#### THE CRICKET.

MRS. N. REESE.

WHEN the long bright days of summer were gone and the first frosts came a cricket took up his abode behind the kitchen range. Why or how he came no one knows; perhaps, knowing that winter was at hand, he rode in on a load of wood to find a snug winter house. Be that as it may, he came and he stayed. All through the long winter evenings we heard his shrill, insistent voice and apparently he thrived. His merry voice seemed to say, "Cheer up, cheer up, this world is a pleasant place after all, if you would just think so." Sometimes we saw him, his beady eyes bright, always singing.

One day we took into our home a Maltese cat. The chirping cricket attracted her and we often saw her behind the stove, one foot raised, listening, listening. Unlike us she had not come to commend but to destroy: how many people are like the Maltese! One day our little friend came forth to stretch himself and began his singing. Maltie raised one velvet paw and drew him forth. So ended the cricket's song. Someway the kitchen seems less cheerful now and we miss the bright voice of our little black friend, for

small as he was he filled his tiny niche and filled it well.

Each of us has his own little niche to fill, small and mean though it may be. Let us strive to fill it cheerfully and well, remembering when we have done our duty we have done our part towards the building of the shining life in the great beyond. You can be a hero, even though no one ever hears of you; do your part, that in itself is the compensation better far than empty praise.

*Kansas City, Kans.*



### PUSSY IN MISCHIEF.

AHA, Mistress Pussy! So you think you will have a fine breakfast, don't you? You heard the little birds peeping in their nests up among the vines and you have scrambled up to look into the matter. You think you will cure their hunger for breakfast by taking them for your own breakfast. Is that it?

But there comes the mother bird; perhaps she will have something to say about it. And the father bird is coming too. Does pussy think, "So much the better. I'll have the old birds for breakfast, too"? Not she. Pussy knows very well that tiny as the birds are, and big as she is, their love for their little birdlings will make them brave enough to fly at her and peck her eyes out if she stays there.

And so pussy scrambles down the vines again, faster than she came up, and leaves the little birds to their parents and their breakfast.

The father and mother bird are just like your father and mother in this, that they love their little ones so dearly that they will take all sorts of trouble and run any risk to make them comfortable and keep them safe. But your father and mother have one thing to care for that the birds have not: they have to see that you are good as well as comfortable and safe. And that is sometimes the hardest task of all. Do you try to make it easy?—*Selected.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Passing of Dunbar.

Out ovah de night's bleak silence,  
An' ovah de day's mad ro',  
De song dat once rung out wid gladness,  
Wid gladness will ring out no mo'.  
  
De Marstah done called de sweet singah,  
Who wuz patient an' true to his art,  
An' all o' de birds in de fores'  
Dey's taken his deff to heart.  
  
De lowly black mammies an' daddies,  
De little black chillun, too,  
Whose lives he has sung of wid fondness  
Is a-axin, "Lawd, what shall we do?"  
  
De skies dey don't seem so happy,  
De sun it don't shine so bright,—  
It's all jes' because Paul Dunbah  
Done passed far beyon' de night.

—Silas X. Floyd, in April Lippincott's Magazine.



Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! A message to us from the dead,—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away; and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. We ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, . . . they are the message of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth.—Charles Kingsley.



There is no surer beginning for a home than simple furnishing. In simplicity lie safety, reason, and art. There is nothing finer nor higher. It is supreme.—November Ladies' Home Journal.

### Illinois.

By thy rivers gently flowing,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
Comes an echo on the breeze,  
Rustling through the leafy trees,  
And its mellow tones are these,  
Illinois, Illinois.  
  
From a wilderness of prairies,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
Straight thy way and never varies,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
Till upon the inland sea,  
Stands the great commercial tree,  
Turning all the world to thee,  
Illinois, Illinois.  
  
When you heard your country calling,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
When the shot and shell were falling,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
When the "Southern Host" withdrew,  
Pitting Gray against the Blue,  
There were none more brave than you,  
Illinois, Illinois.  
  
Not without thy wondrous story,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
Can be writ the nation's glory,  
Illinois, Illinois,  
On the record of thy years,  
Abr'am Lincoln's name appears,  
Grant and Logan, and our tears,  
Illinois, Illinois.



### A Question of Right or of Wrong.

Two doctors were talking together one night,  
While the lamp in their study was still shining bright,  
Of the work of disease and its telling effects  
Upon certain men, and of those it rejects,  
And whether it were right to go, wanting pay,  
To the door of the sick—if needy be they.  
Should they visit a sick one, although she were poor,  
Who lived just beyond, a stone's throw, not more?  
Who was lying sore low with Death at her door.  
"I tell you," says one to the other named John,  
"It is not a question of right or of wrong,  
But it is rather one's duty to jump and run quick  
To the door of the poor, to the door of the sick."  
Without further talk, as a matter of fees,  
John took his coat, his hat and his keys,  
Together they went, on the good errand bent,  
To the door of the pauper—by disease nearly spent;  
Together they went by the light of the moon,  
To the door of the sick—the bed-ridden one,  
But little they thought, as they knocked at the door,  
That the Angel of Death left ten minutes before.  
There, lying wrapped up in a sheet on the bed,  
The rigid form lay—for the pauper was dead.  
"Should I ever again question," said I, turning to John,  
"Whether it be a question of right or wrong,  
To go at the call of a poor, sick one,  
And to do what we can—although it be small—  
To make death more easy—for that may be all?"  
John turned to me, with his face whitely graven,  
And uttered these words, still looking amaze:  
"If ever I hope to reach that fair haven  
That God has prepared for all well-behaved,  
Where now this one's soul is just singing with those,  
But not of her poverty, her wants and her woes,  
I must never again, I feel it to say,  
Sit thinking and talking, 'till near break of day,  
As to whether it be right to go wanting pay  
To the door of the sick, if wanting be they,  
For all are but mortals, all fashioned of clay."

#### Moral.

Now, if in this case, we had started right out,  
The light might be burning, which just was put out,  
And Death's grim angel, after knocking in vain,  
Would have mounted his steed and given him rein.

—Charles C. Partridge, M. D.

### Wants a Subsidy.

"I'm gittin' tired o' haulin' my grain t' market f'r nuth-in'," observed Farmer Haicede.

"Don't you git nuthin' f'r haulin' it?" queried the village grocer.

"Well, I ain't never got no subsidy f'r haulin' it in, an' I reckon I'm just about as much entitled to a subsidy f'r haulin' my grain t' git th' money on it as them ship own-in' fellers are f'r engagin' in a business that pays big dividends."

### How He Pays His \$1,000 Tax.

"A thousand-dollar license," said the man behind the bar  
As he lightly knocked the ashes from his No. 1 cigar;

"Well, I guess that I can stand it if the other fellow can,  
But I'll have to shape my business on the thousand-dollar plan.

And if the law insists on the thousand-dollar raid,

I will have to shift the burden to the shoulders of my trade—

Or, rather, to their stomachs, if their stomachs can sustain

And their kidneys stand the pressure of this thousand-dollar strain.

And I'll drown them and I'll drench them, and I'll do my level best,

Till the dear old oaken bucket sighs for solitude and rest;  
And I'll mix them and I'll fix them with the cheapest, vilest stuff,

Till the kidneys holler 'murder' and the liver shouts 'enough.'

And I'll trim them to a finish and I'll trim them to a stand,

Till an honest glass of whisky is a stranger in the land;  
And the 'shakes' and 'snakes' and 'jim-jams' and 'delirium tremens' too,

Ain't a marker or a circumstance to either one of you;  
And I'll pay that thousand dollars and respect the license clan,

Though for every dollar that I pay I'll have to kill a man."

### She Knew the Visitor.

A Washington man recalls how Minister Wu once talked at a mother's congress. He told how mothers-in-law were revered in China. Then he said that all the mothers before him would be mothers-in-law some day, and therefore he would tell them something that they might remember and profit by. "A parlor maid," he began, "answered a ring at the doorbell one morning, and a few moments later ascended to her mistress. 'If you please, ma'am,' she said, 'the strangest lady is downstairs. She won't give her name, and she has taken off her coat and hat; and she opened the two closets and rummaged through them, and then she looked at the windows and shook her head, and she rubbed her fingers over the mantel and the piano and then she held it up to see the dust on it, and now she is—' But the mistress interrupted calmly. 'Dear me!' she said. 'My husband's mother wasn't expected back from Texas till December.'"

### Too Young to Know.

I asked my Pa, a simple thing,

"Where holes in doughnuts go?"

Pa read his paper, then he said:

"Oh, you're too young to know."

I asked my Ma about the wind,

"Why can't you see it blow?"

Ma thought a moment, then she said:

"Oh, you're too young to know."

Now, why on earth do you suppose

They went and licked me so?"


Ma asked, "Where is the jam?" I said,

"Oh, you're too young to know."


—Selected.

Mamma—"Johnny, you look as if you had been fighting again. Have you?" Johnny—"Yes, ma'am, I had to. Tommy Jones hit me on the cheek." Mamma—"Well, you should have turned the other cheek." Johnny—"I did, and he hit that and soaked me on the nose. Then I got mad and licked the stuffin' out of him."—Chicago News.

At the present rate of consumption—2,300,000 tons per annum—the merchantable supply of iron in the United States will, in all probability be exhausted in eighty years.



# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE



EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XIX.

A HONEYMOON trip makes fools out of some people, but it didn't have that kind of an effect on a practical, substantial citizen like Sile, and a sensible woman like Lucile. They returned home full of good words for the State of California; they say it is an empire within itself. Sile said if a man could not find a home in California he didn't want one very bad, because you see if a man wants to raise oranges and lemons he can't do better than settle around Covina, Lordsburg or Chico; if he prefers smaller fruits, such as prunes, English walnuts, etc., he should visit the Santa Clara Valley. There are places where he can find hundreds of acres of vineyards. There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres of land where all kinds of grain are produced. If he especially likes the mining business, no State in the Union can afford better facilities for all kinds of mining than California. But if he wants a good country home, with every luxury of the city, surrounded by beautiful scenery, with pure mountain water and air, and a beautiful climate, he will find the Butte Valley unsurpassed.

Silas Smith and his second wife remained with the old folks until they could build a nice little house and barn at the other end of the ranch. It was one of the proudest days of their lives when they started for their new home. Lucile drove the fine team of horses, while Sile drove Bess and the ten heifers; of course Jack and Alek helped them out of the barnyard, after which they went all right. Lucile got a letter saying there was a box of freight over at Montague for her. The letter was from Sile's mother. When Sile's first wife died, Sile's mother took good care of the goods which they had in the house, and she was just thoughtful enough, that when Sile had written her, and given the date of his wedding, she started the goods by freight, and they just reached there in time to furnish the new house that had been built. Besides the goods that belonged to Sile's first wife, she remembered her new daughter-in-law with two or three of her best quilts, and such other things as only a mother could think of. Sile had instructed them not to ship the furniture, but to dispose of it there and send him the money. But when he found out there were a lot of other folks coming after awhile from that section of the country, he countermanded his order and told his father to get him a car, when the rest of the train-

load came, and not only put in the furniture, but his implements as well. He had been farming but a couple of years when his first wife died and the binder, mower, plows, harrows, hayloader, hayrakes, and a whole lot of other implements, were practically as good as new. He says, and I know it is true, that it will never pay a man to sell his stuff for nothing, at a sale, and then expect to buy everything new.

When a man has a sale, to move to a new country, the people think he is going anyhow and has to sell and therefore the goods put up at auction sell, as a rule, for less than half their value. A man can soon lose enough to pay the freight on a carload. Besides, if some of the Flory boys, from the same neighborhood, should come out with that trainload Sile said they should put his buggy mare in the car and bring her along. She is so kind and gentle that he wouldn't be afraid to let Lucile drive her to the creamery alone, for the probabilities are he will not get to go along as much now as he did before; and besides, he will be using the other horses to work with and therefore she would have nothing to drive.

They have a very cozy little house. Jack and Alek helped Sile to get out the timber. Old Mr. Wallace is kind of a one-horse carpenter, so he laid off the logs and the boys scored them and I hewed them, and when "raising day" came we invited a few of the neighbors in and I tell you it seemed like a regular old-fashioned barn raising. Of course Sile was proud of the house when we got it raised, but I don't think that made his heart half as light as the many remarks that were made by the hands about the good dinner which Lucile set out that day. He had noticed it and spoke of it himself, but the fact that everybody else had appreciated it is the thing that did him a bushel of good.

Well, after all is said and done, I believe Sile got a good wife, and I know mighty well that she has a good husband; I know Sile like a book, and I know he is as straight as a string. If a young man like he, with an industrious, economical wife like his in a country like this, can't make a fortune, he better not try it in the United States.

Force of habit is a wonderful thing. Sile has got so used to going with Lucile to the barn to milk, that he does it yet; and after they get old Bess milked, they stand there and look at that herd of heifers and imagine the ranch covered with nice, white-faced cattle in a few years. Sugar beets and alfalfa will make them grow.

(To be continued.)



# SPRING CLEANING

---

Now is the time when the wise housewife opens wide window and door and wields the broom to clean house from cellar to garret, ridding it of the accumulated rubbish of the long winter months.

Now is the time when the careful person looks about for some reliable spring medicine to cleanse the system and awaken the sluggish organs to new life and activity. Owing to more or less confinement during the winter, the blood becomes thick and sluggish, the liver torpid, the pores clogged up, and serious complications often follow. We all know that a sound healthy body largely depends on the condition of the blood. If the life sap be fresh, pure and healthy, a satisfactory condition of both mind and body is assured.

It is as necessary for you to cleanse your system as it is for the housewife to cleanse her home; and it is equally as necessary for you to use a harmless medicine as it is for her to use a good broom instead of burning down the house to get rid of the dirt. In using the many so-called "Blood Purges," largely made up of mineral poisons, or such ingredients as mercury, iodine and calomel, you destroy the system as effectually as could be done with fire.

As a reliable spring medicine, a true blood cleanser and a tonic, the old, honest herb remedy, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, has stood the test of a century. It purifies and cleanses, stimulates the sluggish circulation and strengthens the entire system. It is pleasant to take, prompt in action and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

## ELD. J. I. JUDY WRITES.

Emden, Ill., Nov. 21, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I am not out of the **Blood Vitalizer** but will soon send in a new order. I think it is one of the best medicines ever offered to the people. I have always spoken its praise wherever there has been occasion. I shall always keep it on hand for those who call for it.

Yours respectfully,

Box 95.

Eld. J. I. Judy.

## A SAVER OF DOCTOR BILLS.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1906.

Dr. P. Fahrney & Sons., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find my order for another dozen bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum**. We use a good deal of the **Blood Vitalizer** in our own house and find it a great help and saver of doctor's bills. When anyone feels a little bad they look for the **Blood Vitalizer** bottle and then all is well again. One cannot praise your medicine too much.

Respectfully yours,

R. F. D. No. 4, Box 65.

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## THE DEMAND DOES NOT CEASE.

Milford, Nebr., March 28, 1906.

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Dan. B. Boshart.

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Ft. Wayne, Ind., March 12, 1906.

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Dear Sirs:—I send you herewith another order for the **Blood Vitalizer**. I find a ready demand for the remedy. I have one customer on whom the **Blood Vitalizer** has worked wonders. It is a great advertisement for the medicine. She had doctored for years without benefit.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. John Koch.

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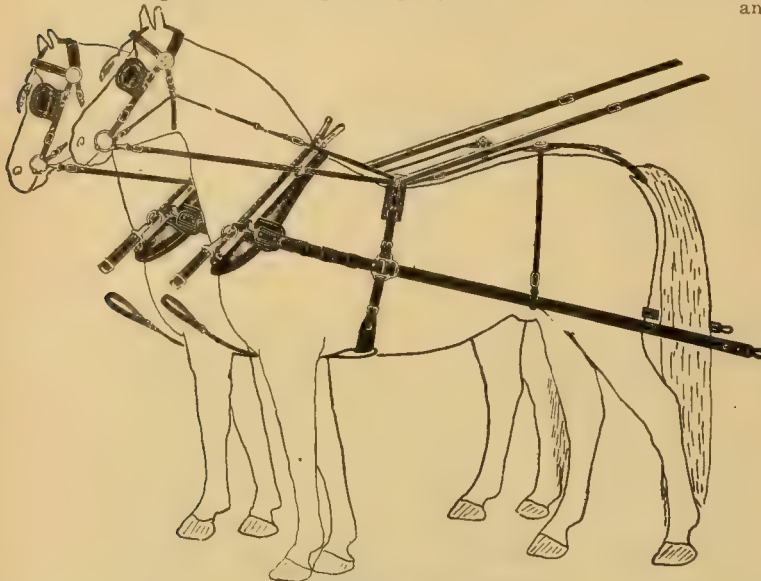
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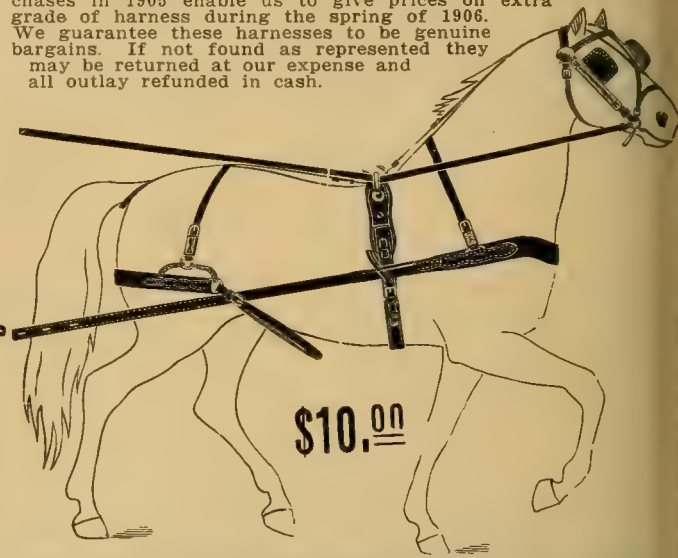
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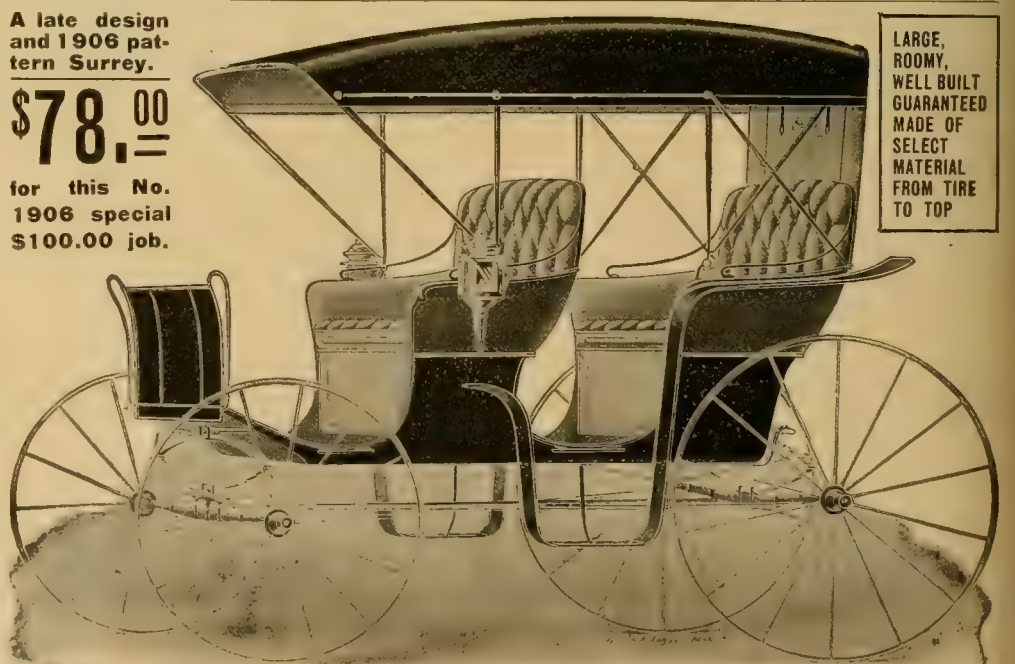
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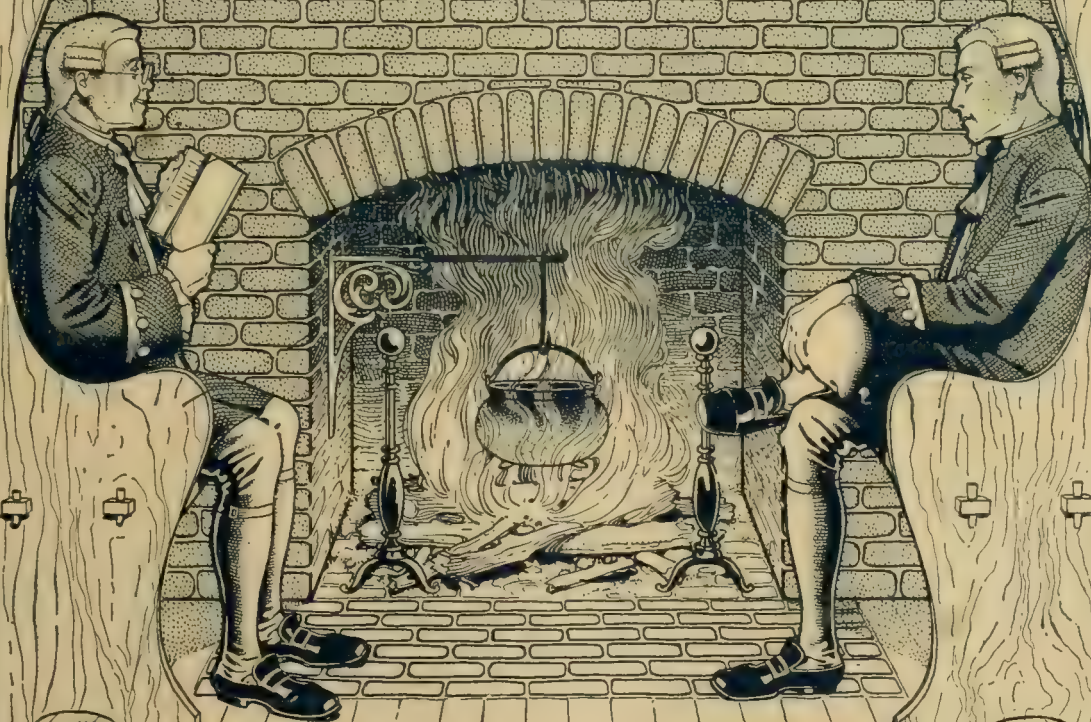
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THE RESCUE OF JOHN TYROL.—Ida M. Helm.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTER.—Dora Shank.

DOWN THE TRAIL OF THE GRAND CANON  
OF ARIZONA.—C. M. Wenger.



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VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

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Will be Near the Entrance of the  
Grounds During the

## Annual Meeting at Springfield, Illinois

The Brethren and others are invited to arrange to meet their friends at our office during the meeting.

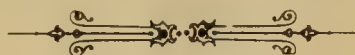
## The Oregon Short Line Railroad

will be represented by our General Immigration Agent, S. Bock, who will be pleased to give information to the Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers, the advantages and propositions offered at

**IDAHO FALLS, TWIN FALLS, BOISE, NAMPA,  
CALDWELL, PARMA, PAYETTE, WEISER**

**And Other Points Along the Line**

Call and see Eld. J. U. G. Stiverson, of Weiser, and Eld. J. C. Neher, of Nampa, who will be at our office and will be pleased to tell about the country and its products and also tell about the success and future prospects of the Brethren's Colonies in Southern Idaho.



## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

**From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
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General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY,  
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Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MAY 15, 1906.

No. 20.

## WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Oh, weary, faltering, sinking soul,  
Despondent and depressed,  
Though thou mayest long to reach the goal  
Where weary are at rest.  
Canst thou the hand of fate control?  
Mayhap as ages slowly roll,  
Whatever is, is best.

The crimoid with his fellows died  
And unseen sunk to rest  
Beneath the ocean's restless tide,  
Fulfilling God's behest.  
Their forms were scattered far and wide,  
To each man in his hour of pride—  
Whatever is, is best.

Thou mayest a stranger be to fame,  
With heaven let it rest,—  
Thou may'st not gain a mighty name,  
And yet be doubly blest.  
Thy birthright as a man proclaim.  
Come good, come ill, be thou the same—  
Whatever is, is best.

Illinois.



## SALT AND PEPPER,

RILLA ARNOLD.

*Discontent is the cause of many failures.*



*Hospitality is the twin sister of Charity.*



*Envy is a poison whose antidote is love.*



*The average American would be discontented in heaven.*



*The road to failure is paved with lost opportunities.*



*Pecks of trouble are often hidden in a pint of whiskey.*



*Simplicity in living is fast becoming one of the lost arts.*

*As the frost paints the autumn leaves so sorrow beautifies some characters.*



*Hope is a bright star guiding the lost and weary through the dark nights.*



*He who overcomes is great but he who endures is greater.*



*If you would climb the ladder of success, first learn to stand alone.*



*Many young people are anxious to cultivate their talents, but few are willing to consecrate them.*



*He who knows himself and his weaknesses will not be led astray by flattery.*



*An optimist always sees the sun behind the cloud, a pessimist sees the cloud behind the sun.*



*Some people are so busy seeing perfection in themselves that they cannot see it in others.*



*If you would have people listen to your speaking, speak your own thoughts; let some one else use quotations.*



*The chameleon may have tact, but it sadly lacks brains; so with the people who change color to please the people with whom they happen to be.*



*Many people would be as strong, useful trees in the warm sheltered valleys, but longing to be on the mountain top they become chilled by the cold winds of criticism and crushed by the pressure of competition and pass their lives as dwarfed and worthless shrubs.*

Milford, Ind.



the cottage door to see if her mamma would come out of it. Then she would remember where Aunt Sally had told her her mother was, and she would play on until she was tired and then toddle off to the shanties.

One evening all the miners had gathered for supper. Mr. Turner asked Aunt Sally where Nan was, for she was always foremost in his mind.

"Well, I declar," said Aunt Sally, "I have been so busy a-gettin' de supper I nebber noticed that she wasn't in."

Mr. Turner called and called, but he received no answer. Where could she be? Aunt Sally hunted all around the shanties, but no Nan. Mr. Turner at once started out to find her; he told Aunt Sally if he did not return within an hour she was to send some of the miners out to help find her.

The hour passed by, but Nan was not found. Some of the miners had become attached to little Nan and they hurried out to help find her. They hunted every nook and corner, every hill and valley, for quite a distance around the shanties. It was half past twelve o'clock and still she had not been found. At last a low whistle drew the attention of Mr. Turner and a few of the miners. They ran toward it and at last came upon one of the miners, kneeling by little Nan. She was fast asleep, clasping a bunch of withered flowers.

How she sleepeth, having drunken  
Weary childhood's mandragore!  
From her pretty eyes have sunken  
Pleasures to make room for more;  
Sleeping near the withered nosegay  
She had pulled the day before.

Her father picked her up gently. She opened her eyes, smiled at him, and fell fast asleep again. They were all glad and thankful that they found Nan. When Mr. Turner came into the shanty, bearing little Nan in his arms, Aunt Sally wept for joy.

"This will larn me a lesson," she said, "I'll always keep de darlin' near me after dis."

As years passed by, Nan became quite a help to Aunt Sally. She was Aunt Sally's helper and papa's joy. She could now go to the village to the store, and she often went on little errands for the miners.

It was December; the clouds hung heavy and black; it looked as though there might be a heavy snow-storm.

"Indeed, Nan, yo has to go to de village store; I hates to send yo, but hurry back. I doan like to see dem heavy clouds. I believe dere is goin' to be a storm. Hurry back an' help me wid de supper. Well, I declar if it ain't a-snowin' now; be off with yo, Nan, and doan yo be long," said Aunt Sally.

"I will hurry just as fast as I can, don't worry; I'll try and be back before the snow gets so deep," answered Nan. She threw a kiss at Aunt Sally and sped over the hills towards the village.

If Aunt Sally would have but known what was to follow she would have clasped her in her arms and bade her stay, but she knew it not. On, on, sped Nan over the hills. The snow was falling thicker and faster, she had no time to waste. When she opened the store door to go out the clerk said, "Miss, don't you think you had better stay awhile, you will never find your way up to the mines, for the snow is blinding and it is real dark."

"No, thank you," said Nan, "I must be going. I promised Aunt Sally to be back before the snow gets so deep and you know the longer I stay the deeper it will get."

She hurried out of the village. It was very hard walking and she could hardly see her way for the blinding snow. On, on, she went through the snow, the wind howled and swept around her. She could now see the lights of the shanties a distance ahead. She knew there would be no danger now of getting lost. She thought of the warm fireside and the cup of tea Aunt Sally would have waiting for her when she would return.

Click! went something at Nan's feet, she could not take another step, her foot was fast. What could it be? At last she remembered of hearing one of the miners say they had set a trap down in the swamp. She tried to free herself, but she could not; the trap was chained to a pole and she would not be able to break the chain. She was growing cold.

"Oh! I may freeze before I am found," said she to herself. "Oh, to think I can see the lights and cannot get one inch nearer." Her foot began to pain her so badly she could stand it no longer. She looked towards the cabin lights, breathed a prayer and sank down in the snow.

Meanwhile there was a great confusion at the cabin. What kept Nan so late in this awful storm? Mr. Turner and some of the miners took lanterns and shovels and hurried out in the blinding snow, heedless of it and the cold, only thinking of Nan and her safety. Mr. Turner had hurried on ahead towards the village, going the way he thought she went. He could not trace her for the snow had long since covered her tracks. He went to the store, but it was closed. He knelt down and prayed that the Lord would direct him to Nan. On through the snow he went. He stumbled over something; he held the lantern closer; there was a little red mitten sticking out of the snow. He pushed the snow away and there lay his own little Nan frozen to death in sight of the cabin lights. He sank down beside her.

The other miners had given up the hunt and found their way back to the cabin.

"Doan yo find her? I just believe I will go ma-self; mebbey de Lawd will direct me to her. Oh, my Nan! My Nan!" cried Aunt Sally.

"Oh, Aunt Sally, you cannot find her this awful night. Mr. Turner has not returned yet; maybe he will bring her. If he does not we will start out tomorrow. Maybe she stopped at one of the houses in the village," said one of the miners.

Mr. Turner did not return that night. When morning came the storm had somewhat abated. The miners started out again; they went in companies. It would not have been safe to have gone singly. A group went to the swamp. They saw a shovel handle sticking out of the snow; they shoveled around it and

there lay Nan and her father side by side frozen to death. They carried them to the cabin. Aunt Sally could hardly stand it, she was almost frantic. No more would she feel the gentle caresses, hear the little footsteps. No more would Nan bring her flowers or talk to her when she was tired. A sadder funeral than that of Nan and her father had never been held in the little village church. They laid them by the side of Mrs. Turner. They had entered in through the gates of the city to meet her and their Savior.

*Quarryville, Pa.*

## Down the Trail of the Grand Canon of Arizona

C. M. Wenger



POETS have vainly tried to portray the sublime grandeur of this overwhelming natural formation of God's handiwork, and photographers have snatched glimpses from its silent and most picturesque points, yet from them all only a vague idea is obtained.

It was a beautiful April morning just at the break of day when our train which bore us from Williams, a station sixty-one miles distant on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad, halted at the platform near the small depot right in a grove of tall native pines only a short distance from the hotel and cañon. All seemed eager to get to the rim of the cañon precisely at sunrise, so no time was lost in ascending along the board walk and up the numerous steps to the hotel, in front of which a very favorable view of the cañon could be obtained. As we stood there awe-stricken and in utter silence gazing into this enormous chasm with its tender hazy brightness and picturesque appearance, our whole being became overwhelmed with amazement and wonder. The mind and eye both became dazed in an effort to realize the wonderful panorama now spread out before us. This enormous aperture designated the Grand Cañon is two hundred and sixty-seven miles in length, thirteen miles in width and for nine miles of its length averages one mile in depth. After breakfasting at Cameron's Hotel, preparations were made for descending the trail.

The trail stock, consisting of horses and mules of about equal proportion, was brought out, and after a very scanty grooming, saddles were securely strapped on and our party, consisting of three ladies and four gentlemen, each began to select a steed. The ladies were furnished divided skirts and duck hats. All being mounted and stirrups properly adjusted, with the guide in the lead, we pass out through the gate single file into Bright Angel trail, and at once begin the descent. This trail, which is only of sufficient width for one well-accustomed horse

or mule to traverse at a time, is built zigzag shape along the outer edge of the mountain walls and at places is most uncomfortably steep in grade. The turns seem to always come at the edge of a precipice, and as the beast makes the turn into the path below, his head will extend over the precipice, looking into a chasm hundreds of feet deep, while on the other side rise perpendicular walls which at one point extend fourteen hundred feet above the trail. The trail is seven miles long and drops over 4,000 feet from the rim of the cañon to the bottom, and requires four hours to make the descent. Twenty-five hundred feet down near a spring of pure water is located Indian Camp Hotel and also a number of tents for the use of those who may wish to spend a night down the cañon. Some tourists are content to only reach this point, but our party continued on to the river, dropping nearly two thousand feet more in the descent. This portion of the trail is cut mainly over solid rock and much of it is devoid of any earth or soil, and should the beast carrying you slip or make the least misstep both would be hurled to instant destruction, but the steady, cautious step of these well-trying servants somewhat inspires one with confidence and you go on oblivious of impending danger.

One portion of the trail in particular which is extremely hazardous and is termed the Corkscrew gives one ample opportunity to get rid of all his surplus nerve which may up to this time have accumulated. From the Corkscrew to the river our trail followed the bed of a small creek whose waters struggling through the angular course it had to pursue seemed to beckon us to follow right on. The scenery grows grander as we approach the river. The diversified hues of the different strata of rock and stone found all along is here displayed with a lavish prominence.

The gorge becomes narrow as the traveler approaches the river, possibly less than one hundred feet in width, and the immense perpendicular walls rising higher and higher, with the sun pouring lazily



through the narrow aperture, give to the scene a peculiar touch, and one becomes filled with an anxious feeling and desires to be back again to the point from which he had that morning started. The river was a raging torrent at this time, dashing and splashing over the rocks with a fury bespeaking vengeance to anything coming within its grasp. After a short rest beside the little brook that had so faithfully guided us to this spot where its pure crystal waters were lost in the turbulent and muddy Colorado, we started on the return trip, retracing almost identically every foot of the trail so recently gone over. Stopping at Indian Camp Hotel long enough, we did justice to the dinner that had previously been ordered for our party. We reached the rim at 5 P. M. in safety, and as we dismounted we were greeted by those of our friends who from choice had remained on top and were anxiously awaiting our return.

The jaded condition of each one, from the effects of the day's severe physical exertion, was apparent to all and needed no announcement from us. Although having assumed some degree of boldness during the day, yet underneath it all there was a concealed feeling of anxiety and fear and all breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness to know that we were again on natural and more sure footing.

Thus ended a day of most wonderful and rare experience, and one not likely soon to be repeated. But no one has seen the cañon properly until they have descended to its innermost depths and viewed from close angle all of its beauty and grandeur.

*South Bend, Ind.*



#### THE SWISS RULE THEMSELVES.

Therefore the Matter of Their Own Political Hierarchy Concerns Them but Slightly.

In a highly interesting installment of "Soldiers of the Common Good," in the April *Everybody's*, Charles Edward Russell writes:

"And another strange thing: in Switzerland they have no idea that they are essentially idiots and must have great men and superior and divinely gifted intellects to rule them and tell them what to do about their affairs. They do not think much of 'ruling' in Switzerland, nor much of the idea of divinely gifted intellects. All are great men in Switzerland, and one is as great and as divinely gifted as another. To the Swiss mind the great men are those that do something in science or literature, like Agassiz or de Saussure; but they have no particular fancy to be 'ruled' by anybody, however great. You will find many an intelligent Swiss that cannot tell you the name of the President of Switzerland. He knows the name of the President of the United States, always, but he does not know who is at the head of his own

country. Not because the interest he takes in his political affairs is small, for it is, very great; but because who may be President of Switzerland is not important. Whoever he is, he amounts to nothing, he effects nothing, he 'rules' nothing. The only rulers of Switzerland are the Swiss people.

"The next reason why the Swiss fare well is that their public school system is probably the best in the world, and with them public school education is practically compulsory. You can send your child to a private school (in some cantons) if you insist upon so doing, but the face of the government and the force of public opinion are sternly against the practice. In the canton of Solothurn private schools are absolutely forbidden. In other cantons a private school pupil must secure a formal permit from the local authorities, and in some cantons he must pay a charge to the public funds. The idea is that the public schools are good enough for all, that rich and poor are to meet there on even terms, that the public school is the nursery of democracy and patriotism; above all, that democracy is the lifeblood and strength and very soul of the republic, and the republic is Switzerland and without the republic Switzerland is nothing. Private schools for Swiss children are few in number, and such as exist are under the strict supervision of the state. Education is a serious matter in Switzerland; there is no escape from it. A parent must send his children to school or go himself to jail. They kept a Seventh-Day Adventist in jail for two years because he refused to let his child attend school on Saturdays. As it then seemed likely he would spend the rest of his life in a cell, he surrendered.

"Whether we like or dislike the admission, we shall confess, if we know them intimately, that the Swiss fare exceedingly well. In Switzerland are no trusts, no criminal conspiracies of capital, no 'Systems,' no Standard Oil Companies, no advancing and swelling money autocracies to corrupt the courts and seize the government, no special enactments for favored speculators, no purchased elections, no political bosses, no crooked Congressmen, no greasy Senators elected by the railroad companies, no public officers maintained by thieving corporations, no Aldriches, no Depews, no Platts, no Forakers, no persons that in the least resemble this precious crew. In Switzerland is no gang of public plunderers operating under the shield of the government, no theft of the public lands, no exchange of campaign subscriptions for government favors, no John D. Rockefeller, no H. H. Rogers, no Ogden Armour, no Pierpont Morgan—on a great scale or a small is none of these nor likely to be. Finally, in Switzerland is no menace that the country's resources will be absorbed by a few individuals, no tremendous threat of the accumulative power of great fortunes. It is no wonder that the Swiss comes home."

## EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES IN THE CARIBBEES.

To us the lands and countries about the Caribbean Sea are of the greatest interest and importance. Our people will be locating there with more and increasing frequency, and all the while the ties of international cooperation will become stronger. That eruptive and seismic disasters have afflicted places in those regions will not deter us very much, for one has abundant faith that it is not going to happen to him, and a good many of our people are locating directly in range of the volcanoes, happy and prospering along with the natives.

The region is not so very far away. A few days on the steamer and one is in the tropics. That bit of yellow seaweed picked up at the shore last summer because it was different from the others was probably brought by the Gulf Stream from the Caribbean regions and carried to our shores by a southerly wind. Surely it is not a far-away country that we are considering, and it is very beautiful,—sunshine and flowers; green savannas and towering mountains; torrential rivers; clear splashing brooks and deep blue seas. Why should one think of earthquakes? My own experiences with them have happily been free from scenes of death; yet the coming of an earthquake is so sudden, so wildly terrible, that the stoutest hearts must quail. Even wild animals shrink with fear, and one is always filled with dread bordering on terror. It is all so sudden. A sense of some unknown fear pervades all nature, as if the spirit of the world had caught its breath and held all life an instant in suspense, while sounds seem to beset one's nerves rather than to assault the ears. Then comes a reeling, sickening, staggering motion, and fear, and human cryings out, and then quivering silence for the space of a breath, followed perhaps by crushing destruction, or, it may be, by a sound like a great sighing, and the earth settles back, that the pulsations of nature may begin again in harmony. Then excited people find their voices, bewildered faces gleam with intelligence, and every one is talking, comparing experiences, wondering what it was, where it had come from, and how it had gone away. Such have been my experiences with earthquakes in the Caribbean regions.—*From "Volcanoes and Earthquakes in the Caribbean Regions," by Francis C. Nicholas, Ph. D., in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for April.*



## THE NEW CATECHISM.

WHAT is the chief law-breaker of the land?

The barroom.

Where are the schemes hatched which promote civic corruption?

In the barroom.

Where does the midnight assassin go to prepare for his murderous work?

To the barroom.

Where do the police go in search of the skulking thief or murderer?

To the barroom.

What lays its hands upon political parties and dictates who shall be nominated and elected?

The barroom.

What impoverishes the industrious workman and fills him with the spirit of discontent?

The barroom.

What takes the bread from the mouths of starving children?

The barroom.

What clothes with rags women raised in refinement and affluence?

The barroom.

What despoils young manhood and sends it reeling and staggering down the street?

The barroom.

What crowds our prisons to their utmost limit?

The barroom.

What peoples almshouses and insane asylums with pitiable objects?

The barroom.

What destroys the respectability and influence of men and sends them reeling to the drunkard's grave and to a drunkard's hell?

The barroom.

What destroys more homes and causes more family trouble than anything else?

The barroom.

What is the greatest enemy of the church, the nation, and the home?

The barroom.

What is the greatest hindrance to every reform?

The barroom.

Can both the church and the barroom prosper in the same territory?

No.

Can a man, knowing the awful work of the barroom, be a Christian and sign barroom petitions, rent property for barroom purposes, or vote for men committed to, and in favor of, the liquor traffic?

This question we leave for each reader to answer for himself. In the light of experience and constant failure along other lines, does not electoral action present the commonsense method of destroying the barroom?—*The Kane County Leader.*



THE cost of saving a child is only five per cent of the cost of arresting and punishing criminals.—*Mrs. Wm. Kreider, Shannon, Ill.*



### SALT.

[A talk given before the student body by Miss Hetrick, teacher of schoolroom number two, in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.]

SALT is composed of sixty parts of chlorine and forty parts of sodium. Sodium is of a gray color, and is found floating on the surface of water. It has a rapidity of its own and after dancing very rapidly, it turns into a blue flame and disappears.

Chlorine is an element of the air that may be compressed into a liquid, but on exposure immediately goes into the atmosphere. It is of much use in the purification of sick rooms and hospitals, but in its atmosphere alone, if it had such an existence, no one could live.

Salt brine contains many ingredients. Different localities contain more or less of the different ingredients. Chlorine of calcium makes the brine taste vilely, while chloride magnesium gives it a bitter taste. Iron and gypsum are among the first precipitants of the brine. Mono Lake has an abundance of soda. No fish live in these waters, but there is a kind of larvæ collected by the natives. The larvæ is dried and forms a winter food.

Salt, lime and marl are all of similar composition. They are used for purification and fertilization. All are said to have been in some old sea bottom. If found in heights, that portion of land is said to have been upheaved.

Salt is a mineral, obtained from three sources: rock salt, spring salt and that by the evaporation of sea water.

Rock salt, when it is pure, is of a light green color and may be blasted. In Norway it is made into beautiful rings, necklaces and snuff boxes, which are sold.

The eastern farmers buy bricks for the cattle. These bricks are put in the field. Where salt is more abundant, immense chunks are used, as they are free for cartage.

In Canada and Kentucky we find salt licks. These are places where some salt brine has welled over the field forming a salt marsh. This is a favorite resort for cattle and deer. Hunters often lurk in the path, feeling sure of their game. Speculators sometimes buy these salt marshes in hope of finding mines. After digging they often find themselves cheated, as salt was sprinkled over the top, like the time of the California gold find. Sodom and Gomorrah are said to be buried in salt, as Pompeii was in ashes. The Dead Sea is  $47\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and ten miles wide. Its specific gravity is 1.16. The sea is becoming smaller and more dense. Ships would float easily on its surface as wind scarcely raises a wave. Birds cannot live here on account of sulphurous odors. It is a good place to learn to swim as there is little pos-

sibility of drowning. A pillar in the Jebel Range, not far away, is pointed out as Lot's wife.

The Caspian Sea is 63 per cent, Mediterranean Sea 3 per cent, Atlantic Ocean  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, while the Dead Sea is  $22\frac{1}{2}$  per cent salt.

"Ye have not been salted," was an expression used in the Romans' time. The Romans washed their children's skins with salt water, hoping to harden them and make them able to endure easily.

At Pt. Clear, La., there is a salt bed one thousand feet in thickness. It is under a stratum of sandstone, which certainly is a sediment of the sea. Invalids resort to this place, as the salt water and salt air are very invigorating.

Wich originally meant mine, hence we have Norwich, Nantwich and Droitwich.

By far the most valuable mines are found in the old world. Wielizka and Cracow are the most noted. On visiting Wielizka we are met by guides in black. Instead of saying, "Good morning," they greet us with a welfare for our souls. They give us a black cap with a candle on it. Going into the mine is like going down a toboggan slide or sliding down a banister. Soon we reach the steps, which are hewn of salt. All around the mine is supported by pillars of salt and miners are busy working the salt.

Here and there are bell-shaped shafts with ladders in them, on which miners ascend and descend. The upper world is here repeated. There are five hundred miles of streets in the mine, and if travelers lose their lights they often die on the streets. The houses are carved out of salt. Many people are born and die without seeing daylight.

We are rowed across a quiet lake in a crazy punt or boat. On the other side is the famous chapel of St. Anthony. This is a lovely salt carving and is dedicated to the wife of one of Poland's early kings. Poland was divided among Austria, Prussia and Russia. This portion belongs to Austria. The queen was away when she heard of her people in want. Some saint requested her to throw a valuable ring into a well. Some time afterward a man brought what he thought was a precious mineral to the king. The mineral proved to be salt and the queen's ring was found in it.

St. Anthony was a hermit who sold his all for the poor and lived in seclusion, hence the name, St. Anthony.

On the visit of imperial families the reception hall is beautifully illuminated and presents a fine appearance on account of the glittering of the salt.

The Kentucky salt springs were discovered by two boys who went fishing. They took a bottle of milk with them and after it was empty filled it with water.

To be "worth your salt" originated in Africa where a man was said to be rich when he ate salt with his food. A child here sucks rock salt like a stick of

candy. The poor people were diseased on account of the lack of salt and physicians prescribed it in medicine before missionaries came. In some places salt blocks are made and used for money. On the Guinea coast a handful of salt buys two slaves, and parents often sell their children for salt. There are large salt plains or deserts, El Tibbah and Abyssinia leading. Travelers take water with them. Only the camels and animals and plants that can go a long time without water are found here. The wind is hot and rises to great heights before there is rain—mirages often fool these wayfarers. The sailor, too, sees, as Coleridge says in his *Ancient Mariner*, "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Scurvy among the "salts" or sailors was traced to too much use of salted meats and foods. Since the modern methods of preserving and the acid's use there is little scurvy. One experimenter claims that cattle can't live without salt, as his experiment showed. His cattle lost their hair, their eyes became dull and they died. This is contradicted by another experimenter who claims that the former cattle were educated to the use of salt and that when deprived of it they died. He says he raised a nice herd that never knew salt. I think animals get salt in some way and if only through vegetables and grasses, as minerals may enter the animal kingdom by going through the vegetable kingdom.

Even clayeaters do not live on clay alone.

At Salton, Cal., there is a salt plain twenty-eight feet below sea level. The Indians and Japanese do the work. One party goes ahead plowing up the salt. Another party follows, and hoes the dirty salt back into the water, while others put it on cones to dry. After this it is taken to the Salton mills, where it is hoisted into breakers and after going through the mills is ready for sale. There are said to be 300,000 acres in California for salt industry.

In Coahuila, Mexico, seven hundred tons are sometimes harvested in a day. There are steam plows on the plain and many Indians work ten hours a day in a temperature ranging from 120 to 140 degrees. The sun shining on the salt often gives them sore eyes. Their water is brackish.

By forcing water into a salt mine salt brine is procured for factories. The pressure which takes the water down returns it saturated with salt. Salt is found seven hundred feet under ground usually, while lime, being one of the first precipitants, is found 1,200 feet underground. The brine is placed over flues in pans of about 135 by 14 feet. The water is evaporated and the steam passes off through openings in the roof. Running coils through pans is the most modern method.

The pans warp and workmen find considerable bother in getting rid of stalagmites and stalactites. The salt particles in the air have cured workmen of

bronchial and catarrhal troubles in a short time. Slow boiling gives us coarse salt and quick boiling table salt. The earliest way of getting salt was by throwing the brine on burning wood and there gathering the salt.

Salt grains on the outside of butter show that the water has evaporated from the butter and left the salt.

The production of the United States yearly is about 10,000,000 barrels of salt, worth \$5,000,000. Four-tenths come from Michigan, one-tenth from Kansas and four-tenths from New York. In New York the Utica works employ about five hundred men.

Salt water is a good tooth wash.

At one time criminals had to eat bread without salt for punishment.

We get about two ounces of salt each week in bread alone. The gastric juice needs salt for the digestion of albuminoids.

The salt water is denser at the equator than at the poles and affects currents to a certain extent.

Salt may be used as brine or dry for preserving corn, fish and vegetables.

It is used, too, for curing hides, and with saltpeter and sugar for preserving meat.

In Africa and Russia it is the symbol of friendship—people make salt treaties by eating together. In "Forty Thieves" the thief would not eat supper with the intended victim for fear of eating salt.

So early as the time of Leonard Davincu the spilling of salt was a bad omen. Thirteen at the Lord's supper gave us the saying that thirteen is an unlucky number. Judas is represented as upsetting the salt dish while Peter holds the money bag. If some of the salt be thrown into the fire the quarrel is burnt out.

The Chinese have a sacred festival at which they throw salt into the fire and regard its crackling sound as a good omen.

Elisha purified the water of Jericho with salt and the Greeks always used it for their offerings. Some churches use it to-day in the baptismal waters.

The Zunis took with them enough of provision for warfare to last until their return. A bag of salt was hung in the cliff home as a souvenir.

Lablanc, a Frenchman, found out how to make soda, caustic, concentrated lye, etc., by the use of salt, but he died poor and in distress because of heavy duty on salt. In India salt tax ranks third, coming next to opium. Soap cannot be made without salt. The specific gravity of the fat being less than brine causes soap to float. Sometimes factories add soap to brine to change the salt grain.

Salt need not be white chemically.

Saltpeter was used to make glass by sailors in Arabia for the first time. Their boat was stranded and they wished to boil coffee. They could find no stones to build an oven, so they brought saltpeter



blocks from the vessel. When the fire was out they found the clear substance glass.

It was made by the union of saltpeter and sand. Saltpeter is used in making matches and gunpowder.

Much salt is found in the lava that is emitted from volcanoes.

On Whit Sunday Eton students collected money for their school by taxing travelers and giving them a pinch of salt.

On the Canary Islands glasswort, saltwort and the ice plant are grown. From the ashes of these plants soda was formerly extracted. Glasswort is eaten as a salad.

A handful of salt in warm water is good for a foot-bath when we have colds.

It is used to brighten carpet when sweeping.

When thrown on fire it will give us the right coals for broiling steaks.

Salt put in the wash water causes colors liable to fade to be retained.

Discriminately used for peach and fruit tree roots salt proves a grower.

The sodium silicate glaze is put on some pottery by throwing salt into the fire. The union of soda in salt and silica in the atmosphere forms the glass.

If put in paint or whitewash it will cause them to stick well.

Salt is often used to take blemishes from dishes.

Smelling salts contain cloves and oil of lavender.

A very little girl says she can bridle her horse by putting salt on the ground.

A schoolboy said B. C. meant "Bout Correct," and I think it is B. C. that salt ranks with coal, ahead of the diamond.

Most of you will find this true when you want a good cook on your farms, or go to raise fine cattle or sheep.



#### THE INDUSTRY IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

SINCE most of our readers are either farmers or have lived on a farm, and know something about binder twine, rope, etc., no doubt all would be interested in the industry of Sisal hemp, which is a product of the Bahama Islands.

The plant is obtained from the *Agave Itxli* of Yucatan, and closely resembles the manila hemp of the Philippines, both in the plant and in the marketed goods. It is like many other plants; climatic conditions have much to do with its appearance and growth. It belongs to the same species of plant as that of our well-known century-plant, of the order of *Amaryllidaceæ*, which are stemless plants, or nearly so, of slow growth and large. When four or five years old the plant yields a dense cluster of rigid, dark-green fleshy leaves, shooting forth from around a common center like the pineapple. The leaves are from six to

eight feet long and one to five inches wide. At the base, where they are cut from the stalk, they are thicker than a man's hand, running from this to a point so fine and hard that it could be used as a dagger. When the plant remains uncut for too long a time, just like the century-plant, a huge flower stalk perhaps eighteen feet high shoots forth rapidly from its center, at the top of which the bloom appears, then dies after perfecting its fruit.

A full-grown Sisal plant sends forth from sixty to eighty great large leaves, the average number procured from each plant annually being over forty. It takes a man with a great deal of muscle to separate the leaves from the plant, which is done with a large knife. Ripe leaves may be cut from two and a half year-old plants, although the length of time required for maturity differs in different localities. The plant is of such a nature that one cutting does not exhaust it, but it may be stripped annually, or even more frequently, for twenty years; then when it shows signs of age it may be supplanted by a sucker. These are quite numerous around the mature plants; but in a climate where the Sisal hemp is the principal industry the cultivator does not allow these suckers to remain long with the mother plant, as they sap the life of the parent, but they are preserved for re-planting.

In some of the West India islands fields containing as many as 500 acres are devoted to the cultivation of this plant. Experienced growers use about six hundred and fifty plants to the acre, in rows eleven feet by six feet distant from each other, which leaves enough room for the laborer to get at the plants without being wounded by the terrible spurs.

To be successful in this enterprise requires unceasing activity and care. There is no cultivation where system and perseverance are more necessary to success. Great care must be taken not to drop seeds, as they germinate very quickly and will produce little spears enough to destroy a hundred plants. If the leaves are crowded they are worthless.

The hardness of the Sisal is something wonderful. It grows best on lands which seem good for nothing else. If the soil is too rich it induces fatness and loss of fiber, which is the powerful and valuable product; and of course if the ground is too poor the plant grows dwarfed; the soil must be neither too wet nor too dry.

When the harvest time comes the leaves are cut, the sharp points removed with a maul and knife, and each leaf is divided longitudinally. The thick ends are then crushed and fed into a rapidly revolving cylinder, something similar to the way cane is crushed in our common cane mills, except that the leaf is carried through the cylinder only half its length, after which it is drawn out, leaving a refuse, or bagasse, as it is called. The strip is then reversed

and the operation repeated, leaving a long white "switch" of fiber. The fiber is then washed in salt water, which gives better results than if fresh water is used, after which it is hung in a drying house, or in the sun, until perfectly dry, when the material is ready for baling and shipment.—*Gleaned from American Agriculturist.*



### THE AMERICAN BOY.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy, work, as a rule, means study. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and very hard. At his lessons, in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place for the sake of the effect upon his own character of settling down to learn. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference to studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course as a boy grows older, it is a good thing if he can shape his study in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not he must put his whole heart into it. I do not believe in mischief making in school hours, or in any kind of animal spirits that makes poor scholars; and believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play out of school, will not find any need for horse play in school. While they study, they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage: "Work while you work; and play while you play."

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous.

But there is urgent need that he should practice decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for a boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation or is untruthful or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him.

The boy can become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy but just a plain, good boy. I do not mean that he must love only negative virtues. I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good" in the largest sense should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave and manly. The best boys I know are good at their studies or their business, fearless, stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel a hearty contempt for the coward, and even a more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys or tortures animals.—*Theodore Roosevelt, in The Glenwood Boy.*

### THE READING HABIT IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

AUSTRALASIA is in a peculiar position so far as her literature is concerned. Owing to the fact that English is the language spoken, the reading public can obtain its supplies from three quite independent and distinct sources,—from Great Britain, from the United States, and from local sources. The result is that Australians are the greatest readers on the face of the globe, and New Zealanders are even more so. Periodicals and other publications are untaxed, and the copyright laws are little understood and less enforced, so that on a typical Australian bookstall the most cosmopolitan conglomeration of literature imaginable can be seen.

Australia, being so far from the rest of the English-speaking world, has to rely upon local effort for her daily and weekly publications. In this field Australians have shown that they can bring out newspapers which can bear a most favorable comparison with similar publications either in Great Britain or America. The same may be said of the weeklies. It is in magazines and books that the torrent of outside literature has been too great to allow of much local production.

The inhabitants of Australia number only 4,000,000. Had these been scattered over the huge continent, almost as large as the United States, no daily paper of any size could have existed. It happens, however,—unfortunately, perhaps, for Australia,—that more than one-quarter of the people live in two large cities, and a large portion of the remainder in four or five large towns. The daily paper, therefore, has almost as large a constituency as any published for the teeming millions of America and Great Britain.—*From "What the People Read in Australasia," by Henry Stead, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for April.*



### SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

MR. ANDRU CARNAGY has bestowed a little money for the expenses of a Simplified Spelling Board, an association of scholars that will try to use and popularize simpler and more phonetic forms of spelling certain words. The omission of silent letters is the main present work of the simplifiers. Thus: "cigaret," "coquet," "deth," "welth," "infinitiv," "definit," "thru," "wisht." International copyright stands in the way of any sudden changes and makes American spelling conform with English in many books and some magazines. Domestic spelling, however, can go as it pleases, to a certain extent. Magazines, newspapers, printers, publishers can give their customers and clients as much or as little "simplified" spelling—observe and be thankful that the simplifiers are not seeking to "reform" spelling—as



their public will stand; and the public is essentially conservative and will not stand a great deal. Those of us who have mastered or partially mastered the present system at great expense may not take kindly to attempts to change it; but individual feeling and even associated efforts like those of the simplifiers do not count for much at any time. Spelling is always changing as the language is, as pronunciation is. Almost imperceptibly new forms conquer. And it is as futile to object to them as it was to object to "mob" or "reliable." We open at random North's translation of Plutarch (1579) and find: "Although from the beginning of their youthe they dyd use to weare longe heares, yet were they never so careful to combe and brushe their heades as when they should to the battell." Doubtless every superfluous letter that time has cut off was as precious once in the proof-reader's eyes as the final "me" in "programme" is to good old hunker spellers now.—"*With the Procession,*" in *Everybody's Magazine for May*.



#### TEN RULES THAT LEAD TO SUCCESS, FOR AN EMPLOYEE.

1. Take as much interest in your employer's business as if it were your own.
2. Do not expect to get all you can and give nothing. Do a little more work than is demanded.
3. Be prompt. Show that you have an interest in your work above the desire for an extra half hour in bed in the morning. You can't come down a half hour late every morning and impress your employer with the idea that you are a wide-awake, active man or woman with an interest in your work.
4. Do your work well to-day—you won't have to do any of it over again to-morrow.
5. Be cheerful and willing. A sullen countenance is not pleasant to look upon by either an employer or a customer. Remember your pulling power with a customer is one of your assets. The reverse will be your loss. Be courteous. Do not thrust your own troubles and inharmony upon those around you. It is a poor investment.
6. Be conscientious. Don't take too much interest in ball games, theatres, parties, etc., or you may find that you have not much time left to give to your work. Don't have a relative die too often. Funerals sometimes grow monotonous to an employer during the baseball season or on matinee afternoons.
7. Do not make the same mistake twice.
8. Do not let your thoughts be always wool-gathering if you expect to earn an increase of salary on pay day.
9. Do not shirk your work and be always thinking of the money side of the proposition. Give good value for the money you receive and you will be sure to succeed.

10. Put yourself in your employer's place and figure out what kind of an employé *you* would hire to get the most out of your business. Then set yourself to try to be that employé.

There is no short easy road to success, but it is well worth traveling.—*Printers' Ink*.



#### THE ABSENCE OF JAMAICA GINGER.

JAMAICANS are apparently Jacks of all Trades. Hungry for the big wages of Panama, school-teachers, barbers, shoemakers, store clerks have flocked to the Isthmus to find employment as masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and painters indifferently. They are wasteful; they are stupid; they are possessed with an unutterable hatred of exertion other than conversation, preferably on religious or ethical topics. Here are some more statistics from my friend the foreman of the painters: Hospital 54 is a building about forty feet square; the amount of white lead required for the paint to be applied to it would be, here in the States, about 75 pounds; it was necessary to use 250 pounds of white lead on the job; none of it was stolen; none was carried away; that white lead and all the other wasted materials which were mixed with it are chargeable to the Jamaica negro's inefficiency. Yet the canal must be built with Jamaican labor, in the main. Some workmen are being brought from Galicia in Spain; some have been imported from Martinique; a few, very few, have come down from the United States.—"*Making Good at Panama,*" in *Everybody's Magazine for May*.



#### BED PREVENTS SEASICKNESS.

MANY devices and preventives have been recommended to those who have suffered from seasickness, but few have proved successful. It has remained for Walter Whitehouse to hit upon a scheme whereby the dread attack may be warded off. His preventive is a swinging bed, so arranged that no matter how the ship pitches and rolls the occupant of this unique bunk lies in a position which remains parallel with the horizon.

As seasickness is attributed to the unaccustomed position into which the digestive organs are thrown by the movement of the ship, the continual change of equilibrium, the principle of the novel "cure" is an avoidance of this change in the simplest way possible.

Mr. Whitehouse's invention is being used with success on the steamers that ply between Dover and Calais. The roughness of the sea here offers the best test possible of the merits of the swinging bunk.



THERE are probably as many disappointments in love among the married as among the unmarried.

## THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

ARMAND FALLIERES went through the local schools with no credit and was sent up to Paris to study law. A year of jolly idleness in the Latin Quarter failed to get him through his examinations and he went back to the south. A few years later he was admitted to the bar at Toulouse; but the old father predicted: "He will never amount to anything." A few local cases in which he pleaded showed that he had a kind of eloquence, and the politicians took him up. From the fall of the Second Empire he went steadily up in the republican hierarchy: Mayor of Nérac, deputy, minister, senator, his advance was uninterrupted; when Monsieur Loubet became president, he succeeded to the presidency of the Senate. His entrance to the Elysée was the logical conclusion of a career which has not been without a kind of plain usefulness. This good-natured, corpulent old man, with love for a good dinner and the wine of Loupillon, with his Gascon stories and loud-roaring laughter, is a type of much that is good in French public life. That kind of man never runs the risk of getting himself burned as a martyr or hated as a reformer; and his concessions to political necessity are not liable to be of a bad sort. He brings into politics the same friendly give-and-take that makes him beloved by his neighbors. Down in Gascony, Monsieur Fallières lives in Loupillon, the house built by his father. There, dressed like a peasant, he comes and goes among his vines. His door is always open, his table always set. It is a large and patriarchal life. A dozen or a score of his neighbors may come casually to the midday meal. There is always room. And the repasts are always ample: two or three meats, a roast turkey, Gascon pies and cakes, the wine from his vineyard. It is life raised to the *n*th power of simple enjoyment, broad in comfort and good-fellowship. In Paris he lives in much the same way. For the last seven years he has inhabited the Luxembourg, by right of his presidency of the Senate. Any morning of all these years you might have met him in the streets, for he combats his obesity by long walks. At eight o'clock it has been his custom to set out from the Luxembourg, an umbrella under his arm, an old felt hat on his head, his antique "polka-dot" scarf floating under his chin; at a smart little pace he marched away to the Arc de Triomphe or the Parc Montsouris and back again—weighing quite as much as ever and with an appetite that promised more weight.—*Vance Thompson, in Everybody's Magazine for May.*



FEDERATION OF LABOR lecturers get forty dollars a week. Verily, it is more profitable to work with the jaws than with the arms.



LET sincerity prompt all your words and deeds.

## Read this to the Little Ones

## BESSIE'S TRAMP.

GREAT flakes of snow were falling softly to the ground. Bessie stood watching them from the window. She was alone in the kitchen. Mamma had gone upstairs to make the beds, and the pretty rag doll lay neglected on the floor. Suddenly Bessie heard a sound at the back door.

Bessie was surprised but not frightened. "Come in, if you please," she said sweetly.

The old man walked in and sat down by the fire. Bessie sat down opposite him on her little stool. She waited for the old man to speak, but he did not.

Finally she said, "Please, sir, are you a tramp?" The old man smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I've tramped away from the village this morning."

"Oh," cried Bessie, "then you are tired! Are you hungry too?"

"A little," said the tramp.

Bessie's heart was filled with pity. She went to the pantry and brought out bread, doughnuts, meat, and a piece of pie.

"Please eat some breakfast," she said solemnly.

The old man's eyes twinkled. He sat down to the table. Bessie looked on in surprise. "He is so hungry, poor, poor man!" she said softly.

Presently mamma's step was heard. She opened the door and stood still. "Why, Bessie!" she exclaimed.

Bessie ran to her, saying, "Please, mamma, he is very poor, and was cold and hungry."

The old man turned around. And then, what do you think? Mamma went right up and kissed him.

Bessie looked very sober. She didn't think it was quite right to kiss a tramp.

"Won't you kiss me, too?" asked the tramp. Bessie shook her head. Mamma laughed. So did the old man.

"Well, will you now, Bessie?" and the lame old man stood very straight, threw off his hood, and took off his green spectacles.

"Grandpa, grandpa!" cried Bessie, running right into the old man's arms. She kissed him ever so many more times than mamma did.

She was surprised, but was very happy to find that the old tramp was really her own dear grandpa.—*Our Little Ones.*



ONE sneers at curls when one has no more hair; one slanders apples when one has no more teeth.—*Atlanta Constitution.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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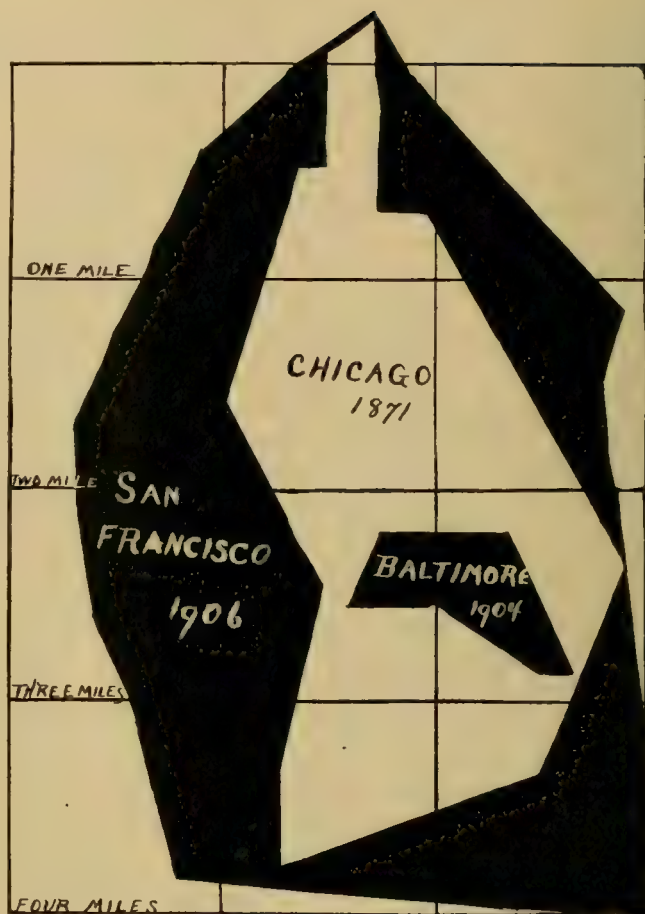
## THREE GREAT DISASTERS.

THE accompanying digram represents, comparatively, three great disasters which have befallen our large cities in the last few years. The diagram has nothing whatever to do with the size of the various cities. It has only to do with the comparison of the burned districts of the three cities. The entire outline in black represents the burned district of San Francisco; the white inside of that represents the burned district of Chicago in the fire of 1871, and the little black figure in the center represents the territory devastated by the conflagration of Baltimore two years ago. While the length north and south of the Chicago and San Francisco fire is nearly the same, yet the width of the San Francisco fire is much greater.

By the use of an illustration like this it is much easier for the readers to grasp a comparative distinction than any detailed description that might be given.

There may be many reasons why the late fire should reach such dimensions. Some probability of which would be that the earthquake destroyed the water mains so that the fire companies were helpless from the beginning to check the flames. In Chicago the battle was the flames themselves; in San Francisco there was nothing with which to fight the fire except the explosives, and while this does some good, yet it is not as effective as is water.

A person not having read of the Chicago fire, would, to-day, never guess that the city had been practically destroyed once in that manner, so it will be with San Francisco; in a short time the visitor will be unable to trace the path of the unquenchable foe. The modern facilities for building will soon repair the ravages made. But no power on earth will ever be able to restore the lives that have been lost, and tie up the wounded hearts and rebuild the many happy homes that have been lost to society. These losses are sustained forever.



One large firm is rushing orders ahead for a five-million-dollar plant. Thousands of others have planned reconstruction on a large scale. There will be work for all and ten thousand new workers. One large concern has contracted for twenty new large stores in San Francisco. Think of a new city of steel. This gives opportunity for widening and straightening streets. It will no doubt lead American cities and will be known as the model city.



## THE LOVE OF MONEY.

A GREAT many proverbs have been written about the "root of all evil," and from the ancient writers in the Sacred Book to the proverb writers of our own day, many good things have been said which are instructive and true, and yet in spite of all this it is hard to realize to what extremity the love of money will drive an individual.

We have in this country organizations of men who keep a record of the announcements in all public gatherings of the day, and representatives of these organizations visit the State fairs, county fairs, conventions of all sorts and kinds, where crowds of people are likely to assemble. And upon notice of any great disaster numbers of these people are sure to assemble almost before the officers of the law get there, and begin their despicable work.

The late fire at San Francisco furnishes many illustrations of the foregoing facts. Men have risked their lives at other times in the blowing up of safes, the entering of houses and the rifling of men's pockets in a crowd, but it requires more than an ordinary amount of skill and hardness of heart to rob the bodies of the dead, even though it be after nightfall; but in this particular instance, men would dare to face the line of guards stationed there by the law, and not only rifle the pockets of the dead, but cut off their fingers and ears to obtain valuable jewelry; wade into the burning embers of somebody's home and try to recover the silverware; crawl into the basement of a toppling structure and obtain treasures which they knew to be at such places, and at the very time must have known that they were taking their very lives in their own hands when they did it. Many of these people saw their comrades shot down by the soldiers for having committed these depredations, and yet it had no effect, whatever, upon their behavior.

We think when we hang a man by the arm of the law that it has a tendency to stop crime. The people who are thoroughly wrapped up with the love of money care little for threats of the law, even when it pertains to their lives. There are men who, probably, would not run their hands into the pockets of a dead person to secure money, but who would charge a dollar for a loaf of bread to a starving man because they have the opportunity. This kind of a thief has a principle very like the other ghoul, and yet society would hardly consider him as such.

These people in San Francisco who tried to make their fortune from the misfortune of others is but another phase of the great sin of graft that we have in our midst to-day. While it is true that not a conflagration nor a cyclone, an earthquake nor a flood, has destroyed our whole country at once, yet there are personal misfortunes here and there which do make paupers out of the rich men sometimes, and it is these kings of graft who take advantage of such things and enrich their coffers. Indeed it is truly astounding what men will do for the love of money!



#### WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

It is said that a certain mining king of South Africa, by the name of Alfred Beit, is richer than Rockefeller. Almost half of the mines of South Africa belong to him, including the wealthy Kimberly diamond mines. An aggregate of his wealth can hardly be estimated. But the people who claim to know think that it would reach one billion. His yearly income is \$52,500,000, which is more than a million a week, or bringing it to a more tangible form, it means more than one hundred dollars a minute.

Now granting these estimates and statements to be true, what do you suppose a man could do with that

sort of an income? When you stop to think that this is simply the income on his capital and not the capital itself, it is truly appalling. A man could scarcely think fast enough to spend one hundred dollars a minute, if he could be using all of his time for that purpose, but when you consider that some of his time is required in which to sleep and eat, it reduces his time for thought of his fortune quite a good deal. Of course an enormous amount of this money must be spent in taxes and for the payment of salaries of men who look after the details of the different businesses his money is operating. Yet perhaps the majority of men in possession of this kind of a fortune would do like Barney Barnatto, who drowned himself in the sea because he could not spend his income.

But what would you do, were you to suddenly come into possession of that fortune? This will furnish you material for a day dream. Sit down and plan what you would do; not that you ever need to hope to become the possessor of such a fortune, but after you have your plan all dreamed out, then study the plan and see what you can discover in it, whether it would be full of selfish ideas or whether it would be characterized with business ideas, or whether real charity and philanthropy would pervade the whole plan. This is a very good way to get a photograph of your soul. Money is quite a basis from which to reckon a good many things, since the love of it is the root of all evil. It serves a good purpose as a sieve through which we may grade our souls sometimes.

The next time you have a few idle moments throw your head back on the chair cushion, shut your eyes and dream this out.



#### RESERVE FUND.

DON'T tell all you know. Don't give away all you have. Keep a little for yourself. Don't work all the time for others. Don't spend all your energy at once. You need a reserve fund. What account would a bank be to a community without a reserve fund? How can a mill run with no water behind the dam? Engineers like a greater head of steam than is actually required to pull the train. They have learned that a reserve fund is a good thing to have in time of special need. When you are taxed to your limit all the time you have no chance to embrace an opportunity to help a neighbor when one is given. No time for enjoyment of life. No place for mistakes or accidents. No resource for relief in case of stringency. Nerves cost too much to be used at that high tension all the time.



IN Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoes in the chimney-place ready for gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

FARMERS who have fruit trees to spray should not fail to read Hilton's article in the Home Department of this issue. It contains some very valuable information in regard to the protection of fruit-bearing trees.

RECENTLY Prof. W. R. Hart, of Nebraska, gave an address, in an educational meeting, on the study of agriculture in the public schools. He was so emphatic in his delivery that not a few people are giving the matter more serious thought. He claims that such a course would afford the best possible material for mental discipline. Not only is the farm life and its occupations full of material to cultivate the power of observation, but it is all connected with the life of the student. What knowledge the country child has is certain and vivid. In such a course of training the child deals with realities instead of with symbols and abstractions.

WE call special attention to the reading of the article entitled "Salt," which appears in this issue. It has a distinctive use, and the readers will do well to give the article a second reading.

THE difficulty between Great Britain and Turkey has caused the British government to order a large body of troops to Egypt, in defense of the disputed boundary line. The cause of the conflict is that both countries were planning to run railroads to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern arm of the Red Sea. The British terminus was to be Taba, but the Turkish claims on the Sinai Peninsula, at the head of the Red Sea, extended far beyond the city of Taba. The Turkish troops have been informed to withdraw and thus bring about a settlement.

THE various independent telephone companies of Indiana have combined, agreeing upon a union of their resources, under the name of the Telephone Company of Indiana, with \$5,000,000 stock and \$5,000,000 bonds.

WHEN the Cherokee Indians were removed from the eastern States to Indian Territory, sixty-eight years ago, the Court of Claims then decided that the government should be responsible for this cost, which was \$4,000,000. In a recent meeting the Supreme

Court affirmed that decision, and the Cherokees are to get the amount claimed. At the time referred to the expenses were charged to the treaty fund, but the original decision is likely to be carried out in full.

IT is somewhat amusing to the public to read the decision of Superintendent Maxwell, of the New York public schools. He has instructed all teachers to see to it that the pupils carry their books on the right side on the even days of the month and on the left side on the odd days of the month, both in going to and from school, and that the number of books shall be reduced to the minimum. He claims that this is a means of avoiding one cause of spinal curvature. However ridiculous this rule may seem to the public, there is good, sound logic in it. Carrying things on one side may become a habit and, of course, may be abused, thus bringing about serious results.

IT is now being announced that Thomas W. Lawson has resumed his campaign against the Rockefeller-Morgan clique of financiers, known as the "System," by predicting a panic in Steel Trust stocks, which immediately affected the prices. Lawson incidentally announced that he was ready to expose the "Crime of the Steel Trust," whereby \$250,000,000 of real property was turned into a \$1,500,000,000 "license to rob the American people annually of \$140,000,000."

AT a recent meeting of the Catholics, Jews and Protestants of New York a movement was endorsed to so arrange the public school program as to leave a part of Wednesday afternoons free for religious instruction. It has been decided that the children be allowed to leave school at that time and go to their respective churches for systematic study. This ought to put every so-called religious man and woman to thinking, and see if this is not a needed platform on which members of all churches can stand. Do away with the idea of cramming the brain and starving the soul.

IT was announced Monday by Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that he had removed the \$25,000,000 limit to the funds he would advance to national banks, dollar for dollar, on gold imports. Hereafter, national banks, by announcing an intention to import gold

and depositing collateral in the Subtreasury may withdraw a like amount from the National Treasury. This action tends to establish the new rule as a settled policy.

It has been stated by Collector Traeger, of Chicago, that high license reduces the number of saloons. He estimates a shortage of five hundred saloons since the beginning of the first year under the high license. There ought to be more high license declared.

IN the State of New Jersey the Roads Commissioner, Hutchinson, is considering the proposition of furnishing the State with asphalt roads, which will not cost more than is now paid for the macadamized. The proposed asphalt is somewhat different from that which is used on city streets; it will include broken stones, instead of the dirt now used. This will doubtless make a hard surface, absolutely free from dust. It is estimated that such a road can be built for \$8,000 a mile, and that no repairs will be needed in ten years.

A NEW system of transit has been perfected by Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, which will revolutionize travel in large cities and across the country. It is possible that the working model will operate the car at a speed of four hundred miles an hour. The car will run on an overhead track and shoes will be used instead of wheels, magnets aiding to overcome the friction.

THE Waltham Watch Company, with \$12,000,000 capital stock, has been organized to take the place of the American Waltham Watch Company, which was capitalized at \$4,000,000. The plant is to be enlarged, which will probably cost a million, and will demand the employment of about six thousand persons.

ON May 9 the Annual Meeting of the National Christian Association met at the Moody Bible Institute and rendered a very entertaining and instructive program. Eld. I. N. H. Beahm, of Elizabethtown, Pa., delivered an excellent evening address on the subject, "The Glory of the Lodge and the Glory of the Church."

A DISPATCH says the Sultan of Turkey is critically ill.

EARTHQUAKE shocks are still occasionally felt along the western sea coast.

BANKRUPTCY proceedings have been commenced against John Alexander Dowie. The case has been taken to Belvidere, this State.

A TORNADO swept over a portion of Montague and Clay counties, Texas. Great damage was done and several persons injured.

Two hundred Italians and Poles were recently excluded by New York immigration inspectors in one day.

MESSRS. TORREY AND ALEXANDER recently closed a three months' revival in the city of Philadelphia. Secretary Cass announced that the number of converts was nearly 7,000, although the number who had already asked to unite with some church was a little under 4,000. Of course Dr. Torrey was very much pleased with the statement, and felt that he had quickened the religious pulse of the city. This is undoubtedly a good work, so far as it goes, but the reader is inclined to wonder whether these acknowledged conversions are so deep and permanent that, as God grants them grace, they will take up the cross and follow him. What such a conversion would mean to the world! May God's creatures not only say they want to be Christians, but that they *will* be Christians.

E. H. HARRIMAN returned from Oakland to New York at a record-breaking speed, covering the distance in seventy-one hours and twenty-seven minutes.

THE President delivered an impressive address at Annapolis, Md., at the interment of the remains of John Paul Jones.

Six companies of the Missouri National Guard have been on duty at Springfield since the lynching in that town. They have now been ordered home. Three hundred blacks have left the town since the disturbance. Had this outrage happened in some foreign country the American war vessels would be swarming around some foreign port like flies over a carcass, but as long as it is at home it is all right. It is queer how some parents allow their own children to fight, but don't want the neighbor's children to impose upon them.

THE Russian Douma, which is the name for the parliament of Russia, assembled May 9. The action of this body will be watched by the world with intense interest. The result of a century of struggle between the throne and the people is nearing a crisis. It has been just one hundred years since the Russian people began to ask the throne for a parliament, and it seems that the disc of their sun is just peeping over the horizon. The people have fought with nihilism, torch and bomb. Autocracy has replied with the knout, the rope and with exile.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### LIFE.

SELECTED BY TENNIE BOWMAN.

We are each of us making patchwork  
All of us old and young;  
And the pieces are all provided,  
And sent to us one by one.  
And when they come to us folded  
And we don't know how to turn,  
We must just give up puzzling  
And look to heaven and learn.

Sometimes our work seems useless,  
And with sighs of discontent,  
We wish that something greater  
For our life-work had been sent;  
But there's one who watches our labor,  
With earnest, tender care,  
And when we are trying to please him,  
He makes it wondrous fair.

He will examine our stitches,  
When the hour of trial shall come,  
And he will look to the motive  
That helped us to take each one;  
And he judges us very kindly  
And allows for the falling tear,  
That kept us at times from seeing,  
How to thread our needles clear.

You will see that all your pieces  
Were cut and prepared for you—  
The light and the dark together,  
With judgment unerring and true.  
And the work that looked the darkest  
Now seems the brightest and best;  
That your eyes are no more weary  
And have entered the heavenly rest.

Jonesboro, Tennessee.



### OUR LEFT-OUT NEIGHBORS.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

#### Number Four.



COULDN'T you get Mary Johnson? She's the best one I know to take care of a sick person. She's an awful good cook, too; an' she's as neat as a pin. I'd rather have her than any of the young girls around here if I was sick. She can be depended on, an' she's good to the children."

"Where does she live?"

"Well she generally has a place, because she's such a good worker, and so quiet, an' well behaved,—minds her own business, an' never talks back; but

when she ain't employed, she has a little one-roomed shack down by the river, that she calls home. Got it real cheap, an' paid for it on time in easy payments. She haint got much in it, but a table, an' a bed, an' an old stove that someone threw away. She keeps a cat for company they say, an' when she's gone, the Widder White keeps it for her. I should think the widder'd have enough to keep, with her three children, and plain sewin' scarce as it is. But Mary's good to her, too. Often goes over and helps her out with her washin', when she's to home. The widder ain't strong and Mary's a beautiful washer."

"Well I must have a girl, and a capable, experienced woman like you say she is, ought to do my work easily. The twins and Gracie have the measels and the baby is teething, but a good strong woman can do the work for one family. I'm glad she's a good washer."

So poor Mary was employed, and faithfully she discharged her duties as general servant. When her work was done she could sit a few minutes in her little attic bedroom, or remain in the kitchen. She was never invited in the parlor. She was only the servant. When the children all got well, and started to school again, Mary looked after their clothes, combed their hair, and prepared their lunches. Their mother told her neighbors that she was a treasure. No young girl would think of doing the many little things which Mary's deft and willing hands could perform. Yet they paid only the usual small wages. Often they had company which made extra work for Mary, and she did it uncomplainingly, but when the guests were gone (they were not her guests—no, she never had company), Mary dragged wearily up the narrow back stairs to her little room, and a few hot tears fell upon her poor tired hands, as she sat on a broken chair, without even a cat to love and reciprocate her hearty affection by a gentle purring.

The woman she worked for never scolded; even the children were polite, but none of them cared for her. They had their friends, their favorite horses, their dogs, and one another. They went where they felt like going, while she did all the work. She had no one and went nowhere.

Once there was a bright and happy side to Mary's life. She, too, had home and friends and gladness. But all this had been changed. Once she had stood a happy bride, in the little church, "back home," and received the smiling greeting of youthful friends. Later, she had sung sweet lullabies to her own pretty

children while they clung to her and called her "Sweet Mama." An accident carried her husband away; and diphtheria, her children. Mary was left alone.

As her husband had been only a wage earner, she soon found it necessary to earn her own living. Unable to bear the loneliness of her bereavement in solitude, she went out to service. But the homes of her employers, were not always homes to her. Gentle, refined, of pleasing manner and good disposition, she would have graced the parlor of any home, and have rewarded a human friendship many fold. But they never thought of taking her into their social circle.

When Sunday came the family went religiously to church, unless the weather was inclement, or the young folks had company. They rode in their carriage, and often there was a half-empty seat, because Mama didn't care to take the children. Mary could take care of them. Or, if Mama did not care to go, she would let Mary off. Then there was a whole empty seat. But Mary was never asked to occupy it. She walked.

But down at the river settlement she had her few friends. Poor lame Willie James longed for her to come home, so she could visit him, and bring him a cookie, or sweet cracker, or a toy of some kind which she had made. Mary could make such beautiful animals out of cotton flannel. Shut-in Lizzie missed her, too, for when Mary was at home, she often called on Lizzie and brought her some new idea in fancy work, some pretty flower, picked along the river bank, or some pleasant bit of news. Then there was poor old Grandma Dickson, who lived alone with her rheumatism and cane; and many an evening Mary spent with her. The Widdow Marlow who went out washing, and had only twelve-year-old Margie to leave at home with the children, always felt secure when Mary was in her little domicile next door, for the children were ever welcome in her humble home, and she kept a kindly watch over them.

There are many Marys in this lonely, selfish world. Can we not find one to love a little, and win a share in the Lord's final, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these"?

*Collbran, Colo.*



#### FRUIT SPRAYING FOR THE FARMER.

[The following is clipped from the *Prairie Farmer*, believing it to be a very helpful guide to successful fruit raising. The Inglenook farmers who will use this plan judiciously will save many times the subscription price of their paper.—Ed.]

IN the two preceding papers on spraying fruit trees for the farmer I have covered the purpose of spraying and the making and mixing of the insecticides in a way that any farmer will have no difficulty in compounding any or all of them. In this article it is my

purpose to present to the readers of *The Prairie Farmer* a spraying calendar which will be a simple guide to them in spraying at the proper time and repeating the spraying at times when it will likely do the most good. The calendar is so divided that the apple, pear, peach, plum, cherry, quince, and gooseberry and currants are treated separately as follows:

##### Sprays for the Apple.

When the apple is affected with San Jose scale, scab and codling moth observe the following:

First application.—Lime-sulphur wash in early spring before the buds begin to swell. Not necessary if San Jose scale is not present.

Second application.—Bordeaux and arsenic after blossom buds appear but before they open. Very important.

Third application.—Bordeaux and arsenic after the petals have fallen, while the young apple is still erect. Do not make this application until the stamens spread apart sufficiently to allow the poison to be held.

Fourth application.—Bordeaux and arsenic ten days or two weeks after third application. Sooner if the weather has been very rainy.

Fifth application.—A fifth application of Bordeaux and arsenic in case of the apple late in July or early in August holds the second brood of codling moth in check. For winter or late fall apples.

##### Sprays for the Pear.

When the pear is affected with San Jose scale, pear scab, leaf blight, codling moth, leaf slug, observe the following:

First application.—For San Jose scale use the lime-sulphur wash as for apples.

Second application.—Use Bordeaux and arsenic as blossom buds appear, but before blossoms open.

Third application.—Use Bordeaux and arsenic two or three weeks after preceding application.

Fourth application.—If the weather is rainy it will be found advantageous to repeat the Bordeaux and arsenic until fruit is full grown at intervals of two or three weeks. (For the slug of the leaves, dry slaked lime as soon as the slugs appear and whenever they appear. Best to apply when there is dew.)

##### Sprays for the Peach.

When the peach is affected with San Jose scale, leaf curl, brown rot, observe the following:

First application.—Lime-sulphur before the buds swell in the spring. If scale is not present Bordeaux is used instead at the same time.

Second application.—Bordeaux (one-half strength) after fruit is set, for brown rot.

##### Sprays for the Plum.

When the plum is affected with San Jose scale, curculio, leaf spots, shot hole fungus, brown rot:



First application.—Lime-sulphur as for peach if scale is present. Use Bordeaux if no scale insects infect trees.

Second application.—Bordeaux and arsenic after fruit is set.

Third application.—Bordeaux two or three weeks after No. 2.

#### Sprays for the Cherry.

When the cherry is affected with curculio, rot, leaf fungi, observe the following:

First application.—Bordeaux before blossoms open.

Second application.—Bordeaux and arsenic after fruit is set.

Third application.—Bordeaux when fruit is about one-half grown.

#### Sprays for the Quince.

When the quince is affected with codling moth, leaf spots, rust, observe the following:

Application.—Spray throughout season as for apples.

#### Sprays for Gooseberry and Currant.

When gooseberries and currants are affected with currant worms, mildew, observe the following:

First application.—Just before blossoming use Bordeaux and arsenic.

Second application.—If currant worm appears after first spraying use hellebore. If mildew appears on leaves while fruit is ripening or at times when Bordeaux injures its appearance use potassium sulphide solution.

Third application.—After fruit is picked an application of Bordeaux will help to prevent foliage from dropping prematurely. Important to have foliage remain on through entire season to develop the buds for the succeeding crop.

The above arrangement of sprays together with the periods when they are to be applied for certain troubles, are arranged with due regard to the best and most reliable methods that have as yet been developed by science of practical application. For details relative to the proper mixing of the various sprays named we can do no better than to refer our readers to *The Prairie Farmer* of February 1, where full explanation of the remedies suggested in this calendar are given.

Berrien Co., Mich.

C. H. HILTON.



#### COOLING HOUSES IN SUMMER.

FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D., advocates cooling houses during the hot weather exactly as we warm houses during cold weather. He thinks this is practicable, and should be begun at once. Several large buildings are cooled in this manner. A refrigerator, properly located in the basement, with ventilators circulating the air through the whole building, would effectually lower the temperature several degrees, to the great

comfort of the inmates. The House of Representatives, at Washington, is already cooled in this manner. Several hotels and opera houses in this country are likewise provided.

We are not quite sure, however, whether artificial refrigeration can be conducted, except on a very large scale, without doing more harm than good. Anything that prevents the continuous introduction of fresh air from the outside is worse than the hot air.

Yet every reasonable thing should be done to keep houses cool. The shade tree, which is so very much neglected by country people, should be encouraged. Many and many a time we have ridden through the country and noticed a house standing in the blazing hot sun, while a little way off were beautiful trees, furnishing ample shade, which no one enjoyed.

Awnings, that prevent the direct rays of the sun from falling upon the windows, are also an excellent device.

The practice of shutting up the house, windows and doors, to keep it cool during the heat of the day, is of doubtful benefit. To be sure, the house is kept cool in this way, but the air is vitiated and rendered nearly unfit for breathing purposes.

Ample shade about the house, and windows open, allowing the free circulation of air, especially if the windows are protected by awnings, are means within the reach of all, and probably the best that can be realized by the average person.

While it may give temporary comfort to have the air inside the house several degrees lower than the outside temperature, yet the difference in temperature between the two places is liable to work greater harm than to allow the house to remain warmer. People cannot entirely avoid going outdoors. To spend several hours in a cool room, and then go out immediately into the hot, stifling air, has more risk to health in it than if the temperature of the room had been nearer like the temperature of the outside.

We object to overheated rooms in the winter on the same grounds that we would object to artificially cooled houses in the summer. It puts upon the human body a severe strain to maintain the body at an equal temperature, when there is so great a difference between the temperature inside and outside of the house. This should be thought of always when cooling or heating a house is attempted.—*Medical Talk*.



#### HOW TO BURN SULPHUR.

As the house-cleaning season closes in upon us, it is well not to forget that sulphur, burned in a room, not only disinfects, but also kills any insect housed therein. The lump sulphur, or the powdered, or the sulphur candles may be burned, as one wishes, but the candles are the more expensive, and the least trouble. All silver and steel, books and papers, should be taken

out of the room, and house plants will not stand the fumes. It is best to have the room entirely empty, but the wooden furniture, and the bedding may be left in it, the bedding scattered, spread and hung about so that the fumes may enter the folds freely. The room should be closed tightly, and remain so at least twelve hours—twenty-four would be better, and then freely aired before being used. By this means, any insect hiding in the walls, or about the bedsteads, will be reached by the poisonous fumes and killed. There are other things that might answer, but sulphur is the safest, and wonderfully effective. The closets should be emptied, and a candle set inside, lighted, and the closet closed tightly, the wardrobe and bed linens and quilts meantime put out on the line to thoroughly air and "sun." Remember that right now is the time to wage the most effective war against the insect pests, killing them before they have time to deposit more eggs.



ROUTINE is a blessed thing when something happens to reduce the moral driving power which keeps us going, the courage, purpose and good cheer that

gives life's present joy as well as meaning. It is good in moments of depression or weariness that there is a path marked out ahead each day which men follow. Because it is there; that there is time which custom has set for them to get up, to eat, to work, to rest, to read, go to bed again. They move along the grooves of habit and get all the benefit of their inheritance and their experience. The general may quit the field for a time if he chooses; the army has its marching plan and knows what is expected of it.—*Exchange*.



IN the neighborhood of the town of Malcolm, in Australia, there is a gold mine which has been worked for several years by one single family, consisting of father and mother, two girls and six boys. The net profits of this mine amounted last year to \$75,000.



THE skin of the whale is from two inches to two feet thick, and the skin of a large specimen weighs thirty tons. The rhinoceros is the thickest-skinned quadruped, with a hide so tough as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket.

## The Rural Sanctum

"Is it advisable when possible for girls to become trained nurses, not from a professional standpoint, but for domestic and missionary purposes?"

CATHARINE M'WHORTER, D. O.

Dear Friend:—

You wrote me concerning your daughter Martha, asking the above question.

Martha is such a beautiful character and always trying in her own home to do something for Jesus, but her opportunities are limited, living as you do, out in the country, so far from the city, and surrounded by people who are financially in good circumstances. Yes, and your neighbors are also Christian people and, when a member of one family is ill, all the other neighbors are willing to neglect their work and lend a helping hand to those in need. But Martha feels she is not needed at home or in the neighborhood, but desires to go to the city, where she may have opportunity to, in some way, do more and better work for Jesus. She is a tireless worker in both Sunday school and Christian Workers' meetings. Her spiritual training in the home has not at all been neglected.

You have given her a high as well as common school education and, as it is her desire to become a trained nurse for domestic and missionary purposes,

I could not conscientiously give advice contrary to her wishes.

Martha's sweet disposition and smiling face would do wonders toward healing those who are sick, both physically and spiritually, and, after taking a course of study to prepare herself to care for the sick, well, really, I am unable to estimate her value.

There are many points on both the bright and dark side of a nurse's life, but the bright side is so much the greater it is not worth while mentioning the other side. If she can relieve the sick they learn to love her and once she has gained their love and confidence for herself it will not be hard for her to point them toward a higher and a better life.

Chicago, Ill.



CARRIE MYERS.

I HAVE studied this question and I think it is not advisable for a girl to become a trained nurse for domestic purposes only, no more than it would be advisable for a man to become a physician for the same purpose only. The work in training takes too



long and is too hard for the good it will do her in her domestic life.

But for missionary purposes it is advisable. How many times have we heard people speak of the lovely disposition of the nurse and how they have gained their love and confidence, and in missionary work how much that love and confidence is needed and how much good one can do if she is able to administer to the sick. Often the gentle touch and the cheerful disposition that is cultivated and trained in a nurse that loves her work (and she must love it to become a successful nurse), is often worth more than medicine. The nurse that nurses only for the money that she is earning is no true nurse.

*Mexico, Ind.*

DR. S. B. MILLER.

I AM heartily in sympathy with the sentiment frequently expressed in the INGLENOOK, that every girl should equip herself for some line of self-support before settling down to married life. One of the avenues open for her, and for which she is especially fitted, is that of nursing. She may never use it as a means of livelihood, but the knowledge and training secured in the preparation of the work will make any girl a better wife, mother, neighbor or companion in the home.

Not all girls are properly constituted for such a course. The hours are often long and the labor exhausting. A nurse sees so much suffering and sorrow as to make her despondent in life, unless she be of a naturally hopeful, cheerful disposition.

Professionally, we classify nurses into at least two classes, the experienced nurse and the trained nurse. The experienced nurse is one who by natural fitness or forced environment has become qualified by experience to truthfully say she is experienced in nursing. The trained nurse is one who has taken a course in training at some reputable hospital or training school. Experienced nurses receive in this city from \$7 to \$10 a week, while the trained nurse can and does command from \$15 to \$25 per week.

A course of training here requires three years' constant time in service. The girl must be between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and have a common school education. She must enroll, and then wait her turn for admission to the hospital. The first two months are probationary, and if at the end of that time the work is agreeable, and she is satisfied to continue, she enters upon the work proper.

Room, board, and washing is furnished free for the entire course. The first six months she receives no remuneration; the next twelve months she receives five dollars per month; the next twelve, seven dollars per month, and the last six months, ten dollars per month. The wages received will approximately clothe

her and purchase books and other articles necessary for her to have.

The training includes text-books, lectures, and experience in obstetrics, fevers, acute and chronic cases, and all kinds of surgical operations. Upon graduation she receives a diploma showing the course of training and thus recommending her to the confidence of the public.

Like all vocations of life, the individual's personalities, her ability to make herself agreeable, and suit herself to the various environments of her work are the essentials of success in her public practice.

*Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*



#### VISITING NURSES AND THEIR WORK.

IN every densely populated city in the United States there may now be seen going about at almost any hour of the day or night, in the worst weather and in the darkest and most squalid streets, numbers of earnest-faced, capable-looking young women wearing plain dark uniforms,—usually consisting of long, loose cloaks and small bonnets, with short veils,—and carrying plain black leather bags. They are almost as familiar figures in the poorer quarters as the Salvation Army lassies, and they are accorded an even greater degree of respect. Streets that are dangerous to other people are perfectly safe to them. Doors that are closed to everyone else are opened quickly to their knock. Wherever there is sickness or suffering they are always welcome, and wherever there is sickness or suffering they are always found.

These are the visiting nurses,—trained specialists who give the best part of their lives to carrying expert care to the sick poor in their own homes, to instructing them in the laws of hygiene and sanitation, and to rooting out and destroying the unwholesome conditions which cause the spread of disease. Although they have been in existence a comparatively short time, they have already become an almost indispensable factor in the hygiene of the large city.

Their function is threefold. They are at once nurses, teachers, and inspectors. Into the homes of the poor they bring the definite knowledge and the trained skill which the high-salaried nurse in private practice brings into the homes of the rich; but, as visiting nurses, it is not enough that they should use their skill and training for their patients alone. Much of what they know they must teach to the other members of the family, and, without presuming upon the confidence reposed in them as nurses, they must see and report to the authorities every unwholesome condition that may become a menace to public health.

Their work is both social and personal; their duty is to the community as well as to the individual. Since the beginning of the tuberculosis crusade they have done more to check the advance of the White Plague

than any other one force. Since they have been given a chance to carry their work into the schools they have materially reduced the spread of contagious disease, while retaining in the class-room hundreds of children who would otherwise be deprived of their right to free education. They have been of inestimable service to health boards in discovering and reporting unsanitary conditions which are hidden from even the trained eyes of the regular inspector because he has not their facilities for daily observation.

The services which the nurses perform for their patients are almost without limitation. Unlike most other specialists, they do whatever is to be done. They wash and dress the children, scrub the floors, wash the dishes, and buy and cook the meals. Wherever there is great squalor, they supply proper beds and bedding and clean clothing. Wherever there is want, they procure the aid of the organized charities. In cases of need for glasses, artificial limbs, crutches, or invalid chairs, they find some means of supplying them.

To avoid the appearance of giving charity, they make a practice of asking for a nominal fee whenever it entails no actual hardship. In return, they maintain with their patients the same standards of etiquette and ethics which exist between the high-salaried nurse and her wealthy employer. The visiting nurse is perhaps more free from the dangers of "automatic charity" than any other humanitarian worker. As a server of the community rather than the individual her work expands from the narrow limits of private charity into the broad lines of public service.

Visiting nursing has, in fact, become a part of the municipal business. In every city where the nurse has begun her work in her private capacity as nurse, and then as nurse instructor, supported by private subscription, the health boards have shown their appreciation of her value in preventing and eradicating disease by taking her in as a regular part of their official machinery. The health department of New York City supports fifty nurses to visit the children of the public schools, seven to visit and instruct tuberculosis patients, and two to look after persons afflicted with other contagious diseases. Bellevue Hospital and its allied institutions support one nurse each in connection with their outdoor work against tuberculosis, and the members of the various visiting nursing organizations are urged by the health department to wear its badge and to help enforce its regulations. In every other city where visiting nursing is carried on some part of the administration of the health ordinances is given into the nurses' hands. In San Francisco, visiting nurses are empowered to serve papers for violations of the sanitary regulations. In Chicago, the members of the Visiting Nurse Association have just been made probation officers of the Juvenile Court in order that a watch be kept over the

physical condition as well as the moral welfare of its wards.

These progressive measures were not due primarily to the sagacity and insight of the public officials, however. The initiative came wholly from the nurses themselves. In some instances, they have even met with opposition. The same Visiting Nurse Association in Chicago whose members have been made officers of a court has only now, after two years of unavailing effort, succeeded in securing permission of the school board to place one nurse in the public schools to experiment with the line of work which is done in New York by a trained staff of fifty.—*From "The Visiting Nurse as a Social Force," by Frances Maule Björkman, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for April.*



### BEWARE OF SATAN.

NORA KINGERY.

SATAN was a bad angel that God sent from heaven for disobeying him. He sees everything we do. If he sees we are good and happy and well pleased, he will try to persuade us to do wrong and make us wicked. He is wicked and unhappy himself, and he wants every one else to be like him.

We cannot even escape while he sleeps. But if we are faithful and true to God, and want to be his children, we will never let Satan tempt us to do wrong. We should not do as Satan wishes us to do, for the Bible says all who have wicked hearts will be sent away to be punished.

Although it sometimes takes trouble to turn our hearts to God, it would be much better to have Jesus as our guide while on earth and be taken to his heavenly home than to obey Satan and in the hereafter live in punishment.

We should not yield to the temptation of Satan, but be faithful to Jesus, be prepared to be one among his flock.

*Bringham, Ind.*



A MINE of cobalt ore on the Montreal river, near Haileybury, Canada, has recently been purchased by representatives of Thomas A. Edison, and it is believed that the cobalt is the key to Edison's new electric storage battery. Cobalt is somewhat similar to nickel, and has been used for producing the blue tints in certain porcelains. But it is not known in just what way Edison has employed this metal.



THE man who is a day ahead of his work is worth double the man who is going to do two days' work tomorrow.



# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

## Christyern Science.

My ma's a christyern scierntist, she haint no use atall,  
Fer any other kind ov christyern, be they big er small.  
She sez that pain is errer and there's nothin' real but joy  
And she is only sperrit and I'm sperrit's little boy.  
And she gits off a lot ov talk that sometimes makes me sick.

"Deny it." That's just what she sez, I do and I get licked.

Ma does some awful funny stunts when we get next to pain,

Then she "denys" an' "demernstrates" and "holds thorts" with her brain;

Fer preachers ner fer doctors she aint got no use atall,  
Fer she's got wise that they all tell lies and only God is all.

But I dunno, if pain aint real, what I git wolloped for,  
And why she's allus got poor Pa a-lookin' fer my gore.  
She can't see blood when folks gits hurt, but it just takes one glance

And she gets wise when I've got dirt an' grease upon my pants.

Ma sez you don't see what you see, ner don't feel what you feel,

She sez it's plain es it can be that nothin's reely real.  
But she charged me fer the dish I broke, an' made me earn the cash,

Now, how, if matter isn't real, could ma hear that dish smash?

Ma she puts up an awful bluff, an' Pa don't answer back,  
She's simply down on everything, she gives 'em all a whack;

I had some ice right in my hand, an' down her back it fell,  
If Ma's a sperrit, Hully Gee! some sperrits they can yell!

There's some things I would like to ask, but 'taint no use to care,

If I'm just sperrit's little boy that don't live anywhere,  
If I am just my parents' thort, if I aint here atall,  
How does Ma know just where to spank when only God is all?

I've found out one thing for myself, whatever spiel she gives,

It hurts a sperrit just as hard to hit him where he lives.  
This bein' sperrit's little boy I can't see thro' one bit,  
Why, if there's nothin' real but joy, there's blisters where I sit!

—Journal Osteopathy.

## Boy's Composition on Water.

Boys' compositions, if original, are almost always unique. This one on water, is typical:

"Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear her father's rubber boots to get onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish when you eat too much. There are a good many kinds of water in the world rain water, soda water, holy water and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he pulled it out it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to the fire and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except 'the flood.'"

## Its Thrilling Effect.

The great organ pealed forth.

The leader of the choir waved his baton with great energy, his head and his whole body assisting in keeping time and giving expression to the noble anthem. And the choir sang, in full chorus:

"Aw maw O waw maw raw yaw jaw;

Woe yo baw ho raw law aw waw.

Law jaw O baw maw raw,

Yo haw hee aw baw jaw O baw

Woe haw daw maw aw daw raw aw,

Baw waw shaw law O maw!"

The congregation had some difficulty in understanding the words, but the music was grand, and it sounded like worship.—C. W. T.

## New School Reader.

"Now, Johnny, what is a legislature?"

"Please, mum, but it is a body of men surrounded by the gas and other trusts, and individual members are sometimes offered as high as \$2,000 for their votes."

"For what purpose does a legislature assemble?"

"To make laws with holes in 'em and give taxpayers an idea that there is something doing."

"Of what does a legislature consist?"

"Of a senate, a house, a lobby, a dozen lawyers, about \$50,000 in cash and lots of gab."

"What is congress?"

"A larger body of men selected by the railroads and trusts and surrounded by more temptations than a legislature."

"How is it formed?"

"Of a senate, a house, unlimited boodle and more or less prerogatives."

"What is a prerogative?"

"Stealing government land, whacking up with rings, selling inside information to speculators and heading off committees appointed to investigate the beef trust and the railroads."

"Correct, Johnny. You look pale and tired and you may now take your seat."—Exchange.

## Ambition.

Now, this is my ambition;

I'll say it, frank and blunt—

A nice long row of figures

With a dollar mark in front.

—Washington Star.

Men are never so much on trial as when they stand face to face with necessity; the weak fight it and fall; the wise accept it as a servant.—Lew Wallace.

Words are things, and a small drop of ink

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

—Lord Byron.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XX.

"Wise men change their minds; fools never do," said Sile to himself, as old Tige was helping him to take Bess and the heifers out to the pasture one morning. "When I first came to the Butte Valley, Tiger, I could have killed you with good grace. I thought you were my enemy; but you have proven a friend to me. Since I married your mistress and we now have a home of our own, you are perfectly welcome to live with us. Yes, I've changed my mind, and I don't see how I could hardly do without you, Tige; and when I'm gone all day at work I want you to protect Lucile, for some tramps might come along like they did once before, when Mrs. Smith was hanging out the clothes."

While Sile was thus talking to him, Tige pricked up his fox ears and wagged his stub tail, and finally put his fore paws squarely on Sile's breast and grinned that grin which is so full of meaning, which only a dog is able to express.

Sile backed up to the rail fence, stood there and watched the heifers mow down the tender grass, and, taking out his big jack knife, began to shave off a smooth place on one of the big pine rails. He took from the pocket of his overalls a stub leadpencil about two inches long, and, using that smooth place on the rail for a tablet he began to figure thus: "Let's see, what was it Massie said about those cattle which came out of the Butte Valley a week or so ago, I mean that bunch that was driven over to Montague? I believe he said there were two hundred and forty head of three-year-olds. David Plum and Christ Rowland, of Lanark, Ill., who happened to be there at Montague at the time, estimated that the cattle would weigh twelve hundred pounds apiece, and they are pretty good judges of cattle too. The stock buyer told me that he paid \$3.50 per cwt. Now as I figure this the gross price was \$10,080. Will Praether told me that those cattle cost \$18 a head, to make them what they are at the time of sale; and he said he was sure that that covered everything. Then eighteen times two hundred and forty would be \$4,320. Now by subtracting I find that the net gain on that bunch of cattle was \$5,760. That isn't so bad. What work did it take to raise those cattle? They found their own grass, found their own water, and all the attention they needed was to have alfalfa hay thrown out to them for five or six weeks in January and February.

"That isn't all that buyer purchased that day. Accompanying those cattle were four carloads of horses

which averaged about \$150 a head. There were sixty-five head of them and it doesn't take a philosopher to figure that they brought \$9,750. Allowing that they cost twenty dollars a head to raise them, he still would have a net gain of \$6,750. Now by adding this to the net gain on the cattle he would have in round numbers a net gain of \$12,500. Of course I haven't said anything about the alfalfa, timothy and clover which a man could raise at the same time; it requires no great amount of labor to attend to cattle unless they are dairy cattle. I think with the start that Lucile and I have in the cattle business, you'll see us turning out a herd like that one of these days. If I can make \$12,000 in the next three years, that's better than I could do back in Miami Valley in ten times that length of time, with the chance I had.

"I have a big notion to try the hog business, I believe that will go well with the cattle business, and they will just simply get fat on this alfalfa and these beets. I might just as well go into it right while I am at it, and when that trainload of people comes out next summer they can see what a start I've got in this short a time, therefore it will be no experiment with them."

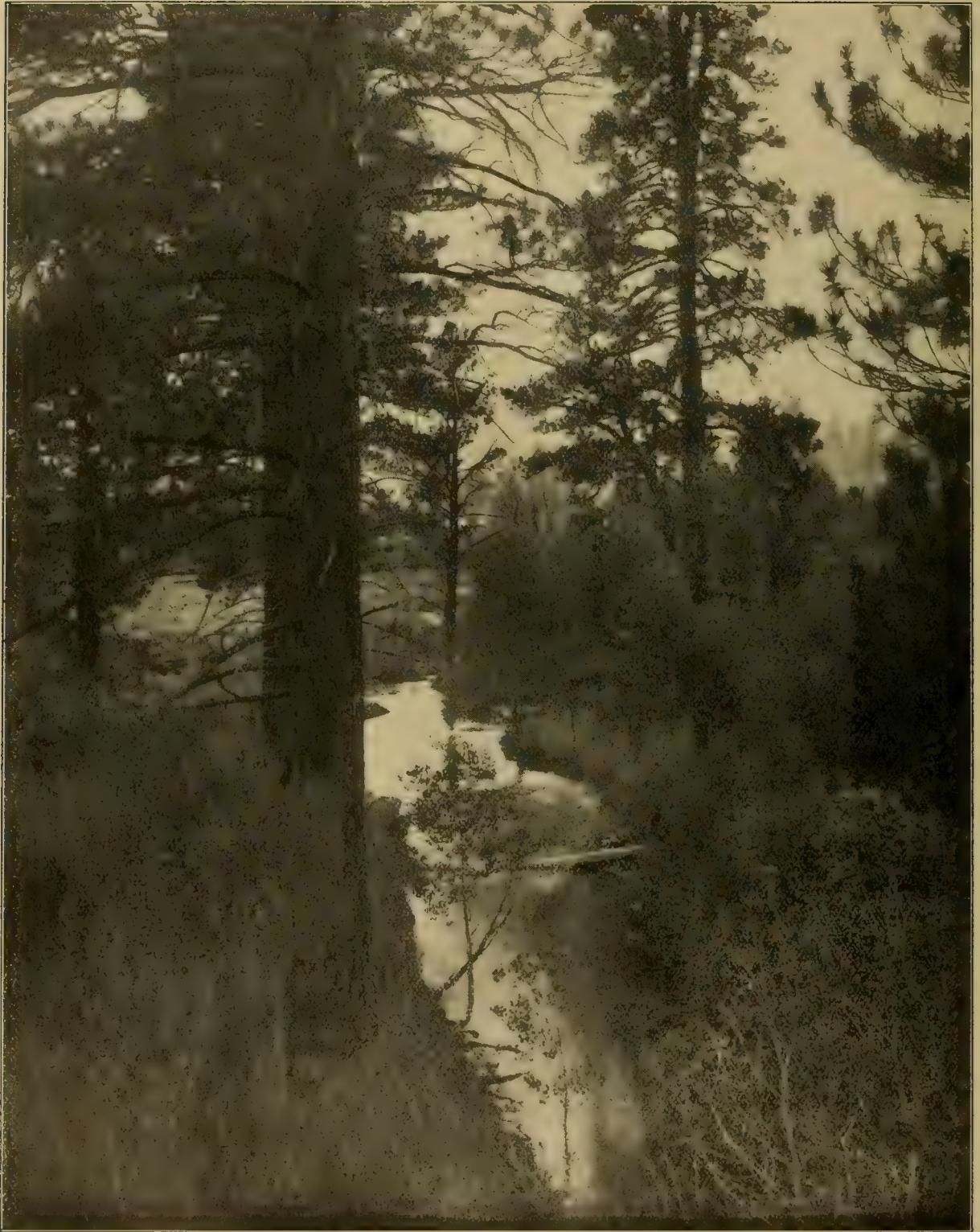
Just as Sile had the whole top of the rail covered with figures I spoke; he'd never have noticed me had it not been that Tige noticed me and barked. He began to explain to me what all those figures meant, and I told him I thought he hadn't better count his chickens before they were hatched, to which he replied, "The chickens that I've been figuring on have already been hatched, and sold over at Montague. I was simply figuring by analogy that what has been done can be done again, and with the natural resources of the Butte Valley, all a man has to do is to mind his P's and Q's and results are bound to come." I saw that he was figuring all right and so I assented to what he said. Besides, I remember when Massie's party was up here, the latter part of December, that there were hundreds and hundreds of cattle taken off the range, which must have yielded an awful profit to somebody.

Of course the people in this valley have always been at a disadvantage on account of getting their live stock from the range to the station, but the new railroad, which will be in the valley before Annual Meeting time, will settle that question; and they have already driven out the last herd that will have to be driven out. When the next crop of live stock leaves Butte Valley no doubt it will leave via the new railroad.

(To be continued.)

(See next page.)





Butte Creek, Carrying Water from the Eternal Snows of Mt. Shasta with Which to Irrigate Butte Valley.

# BEYOND HUMAN HELP

was the conclusion they arrived at. The doctors had done their best and failed. It was not a verdict, however, that was calculated to inspire a feeling of good cheer in the hearts of those around her. Mr. Frank Loskot, 943 Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Ill., tells a vivid story of his mother's sufferings and her ultimate recovery through the medium of a plain household remedy. He says: "My mother was in a terrible condition. Her ailment seemed to be a peculiar one. The doctors gave it various names, but she suffered greatly with pains in her stomach. We had three doctors attending her, without benefit. At times the pains would seize her so that we thought surely her end was at hand. Finally the doctors declared that she was beyond human help, and that there was not a spark of hope for her. Everything else having failed, we decided to try the BLOOD VITALIZER, of which we had heard so much. I obtained some of this remedy and commenced giving it regularly, according to directions. It was not long before we noticed its good effect. She continued to use it, and inside of a month our dear mother was so much better that she was able to be up a little. After a while, she was entirely well and has remained so ever since. Her ailment has never returned. We are very grateful for what the BLOOD VITALIZER accomplished."

When all else has failed, try DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. But why wait till then? The first bottle will convince the most skeptical that it is possessed of exceptional merit in the treatment of blood and constitutional disorders.

## SAYS IT'S WONDERFUL.

Anniston, Ala., Feb. 20, 1906.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I want to tell you about your wonderful **Blood Vitalizer** and what it has done for me. I have had nervous dyspepsia and indigestion for seven or eight years and found no relief until I commenced to use your **Blood Vitalizer**. It cured me completely and I want to get the agency for such a wonderful medicine. You had an agent here but he has now moved away. Please send me terms and full particulars regarding the agency.

Yours truly,

Cor. Brown Ave. & 15th St.

G. T. Lane.

## A SYSTEM BUILDER.

Nappanee, Ind., Dec. 26, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Although you have not received an order for medicine or heard from me for three or four years, I still appreciate and value your remedies, especially the **Blood Vitalizer**, which did me so much good.

When I commenced to take the **Blood Vitalizer** I was terribly run down and weighed only one hundred and nineteen pounds. After I had taken three bottles my health returned and now I weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds.

Yours very truly,

R. R. No. 1.

Emma Bollman.

# Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

is known as a plain household remedy. It comes in a plain bottle encased in a plain carton, but there is the element of cure in every bottle. No one is so low with disease but what this remedy gives hope, and no one so well but what it will still do good.

Do not ask for the BLOOD VITALIZER in drugstores. It is not a drugstore medicine, but is supplied direct to the people through local agents appointed in every community. Should you know of no agent in your neighborhood, write at once to the sole proprietors,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue  
CHICAGO, ILL.**



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We now have for sale in the great wheat belt of southern Kansas 2,000 acres of first class farm land, 600 acres of which is in growing wheat. The land can be subdivided into eight or ten fine farms. There are two sets of farm buildings. Price of land, \$15 per acre, one-half cash, balance to suit.

We consider this a good opportunity for one to ten families locating as neighbors. We have similar opportunities in other localities.

**A. C. BRUBAKER, Manager.**

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**Our New Sunday  
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**For Sunday Schools and Chris-  
tian Workers' Meetings**

**EDITED BY**

**PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER**

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Published in round and shaped notes. Shaped notes sent unless otherwise specified in order. Address,

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A home for a motherless boy aged 11. Will contract to have him remain till of age. Address

**P. O. Box 401, Lanark, Ill.**

**Very Low Rates to Boston, Mass.,**

Via the North-Western Line, for tickets to be sold June 2, 3 and 4, with favorable return limits, on account of American Medical Association Meeting. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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This cook book has become so popular that we were compelled to get out another edition.

We are printing it on much better paper this time and are binding it in our own bindery, insuring a much better book than previous edition.

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents  
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PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.

# THE LAST WEST

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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last," is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

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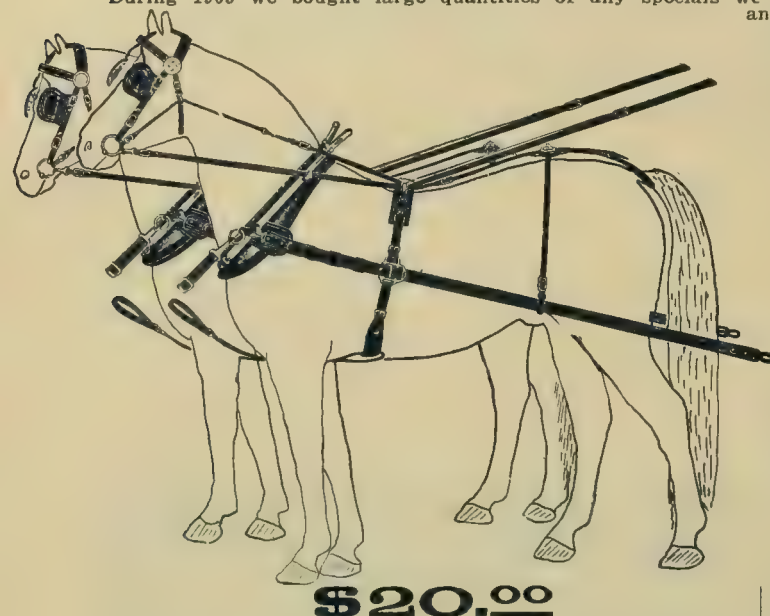
DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

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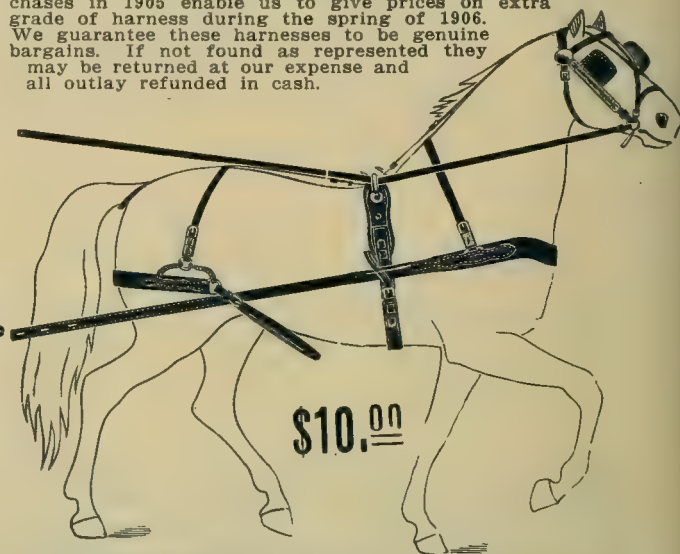
# A. B., D. & Co's INGLENOOK SPECIALS!

We are now on the sixth floor of our new building. There has been a constant advance in the price of leather. During 1905 we bought large quantities of any specials we could, expecting to stock up when we moved to our new place, and since leather has constantly advanced, our early purchases in 1905 enable us to give prices on extra grade of harness during the spring of 1906. We guarantee these harnesses to be genuine bargains. If not found as represented they may be returned at our expense and all outlay refunded in cash.



**\$20.00**

**1906 Team Harness.** Made of good, solid, heavy stock and guaranteed sewed for service. Every part is thoroughly well made and guaranteed not to rip. NOTE.—We are furnishing a special shaped hip strap, 1-inch back strap with cruppers to buckle. We offer you the very best value that can be bought for the money. It is the cheapest to buy when service is considered. This harness is adapted to use all through the Central, Western and Eastern States. The bridles have sensible blinds, round winker stays, ¾-inch cheeks and adjustable round reins. Has black clipped double ironed hames and 1½-inch, 6-foot tugs, doubled and stitched. Champion trace buckles. (Note change in back band.) We furnish a turtle back band with hook and terrets, harness leather, top well shaped, hair stuffed, and thoroughly made in every respect. (Breeching can be quickly attached to hip straps above the trace carriers and with the side straps to the martingale. (See "extra" below.) Martingales are 1½-inch. Breast straps 1½-inch, with slides and snaps. Lines are 18 feet long and 1-inch, with snaps. Trimmings, XC plate. Fits 1400-lb. horses. Weight, about 65 lbs. Regular price for this Harness, .....\$22.00 Our Inglenook Price to advertise and guaranteed to please, for even .....\$20.00



**\$10.00**

**1906 Single Driving Strap Harness** different from others. Special wide saddle and pad with long patent leather housings. Heavy traces, wide lines, and splendid workmanship make this one of the most desirable sets of harness ever offered at such a low price. The long housing of patent leather on the saddle adds greatly to the fine appearance. Every part is given an excellent finish.

**Exceptionally Well Made.**

Bridle, ¾-inch box loop cheeks, fine patent leather blinds nicely stitched, round winker stays, three-buckle flat over-check with noseband. Breast Collar made of good, heavy, clear trace stock, curved and has box loops for neck strap. Traces, 1¼-inch and single straps, made of select oak tanned trace leather. Saddle 3-inch "Strap" style. Wide patent leather jockeys with three rows stitching. Extra long patent leather housing as illustrated. Swinging bearers, 1-inch, raised, double and stitched. Belly-Band, 1½-inch "Griffith" style, double stitched. Breeching, heavy single strap with scalloped points, three-ring stay. Hip strap, ¾-inch, Side straps, ¾-inch. Turnback, scalloped, ¾-inch with round crupper dock sewed on. Lines, 1-inch throughout, made of select stock with spring billets. Hitch Strap, ¾-inch. Trimming, nickel, or, if preferred, imitation rubber. Fits 900 to 1,250-pound horse. Weight, boxed, about 30 pounds. Regular price, .....\$13.00 Our Price to advertise and please you, .....\$10.00 We can't be undersold on this harness.

**Wheels**—¾ or 1 inch tread, 38-44 inches high, Sarvan patent, Steel Tire.

**Gear**—Wood Spring Bar or Bailey Hangers when ordered, 4 and 5 leaf easy riding Springs, long distance Collinge Collar, Arch or Drop Axle, Drop Axle regular, Arch Axle when ordered, Axle Caps glued to Axles and polished smooth, Full Bottom circle Fifth Wheel with King Bolt, selected Hickory Reaches and ironed full length.

**Track**—Standard track, 4 feet 8 inch regular, Wide track, 5 feet 2 inch when ordered.

**Painting**—Body, Black, with very fine line of striping. Gear, Green or Carmine, neatly striped.

**Body**—Nicely proportioned, full length Rocker Plates.

**Trimming**—Green or Blue Cloth or Whipcord, Springs in Cushions and Backs, full length Carpet, Leather Dash, oil-burning Lamps, square bend Fenders.

**Top**—Rubber Extension, Rubber Side Curtains.

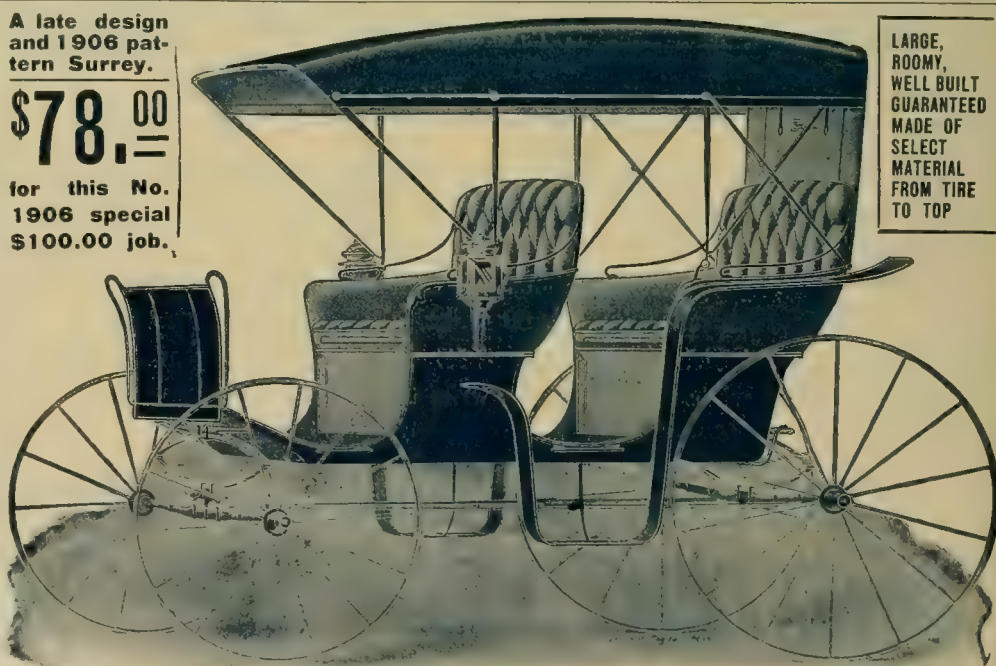
**Shafts**—Selected Hickory, Leather trimmed.

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**A late design and 1906 pattern Surrey.**

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# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

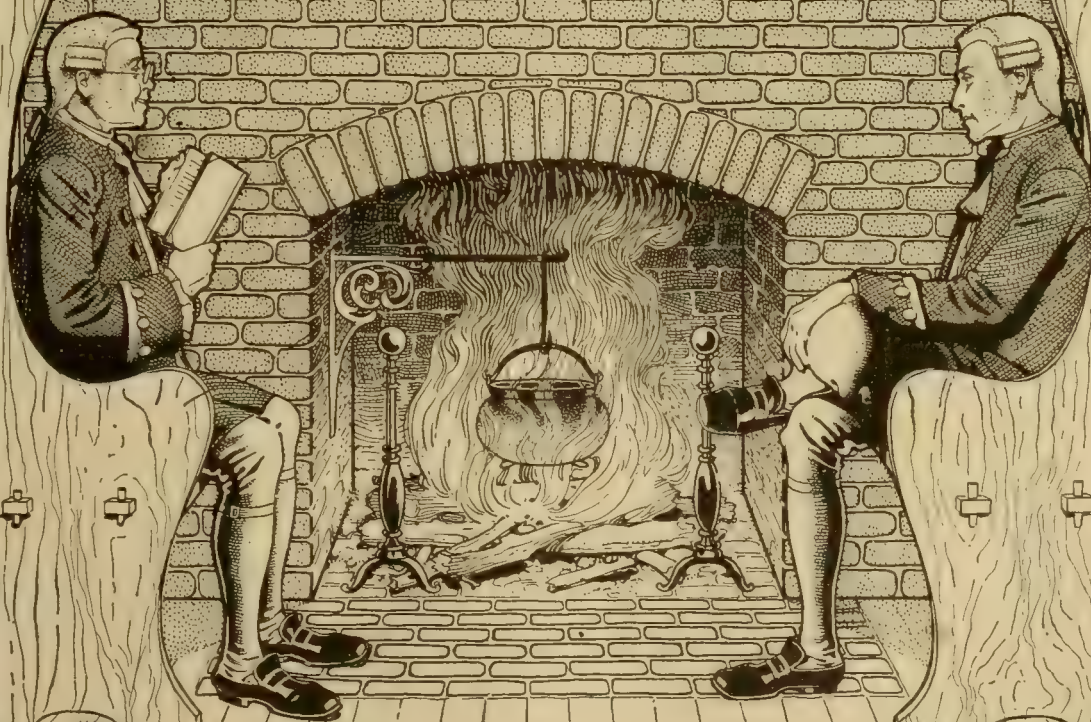
## SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

MOUNT LOWE.—A. W. Vaniman.

MRS. MONNOT'S HIRED GIRL.—Grace Long-  
necker.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.—Ma  
Belle Murray.

THE LIFE INSURANCE SYMPOSIUM.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

May 22, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No 21. Vol. VIII



THE  
Union Pacific Railroad  
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Entrance of Grounds

During

ANNUAL  
MEETING

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1236 Sangamon Ave.



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SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

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SOUTH PLATTE  
VALLEY.

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE  
ERECTED IN 1906.

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

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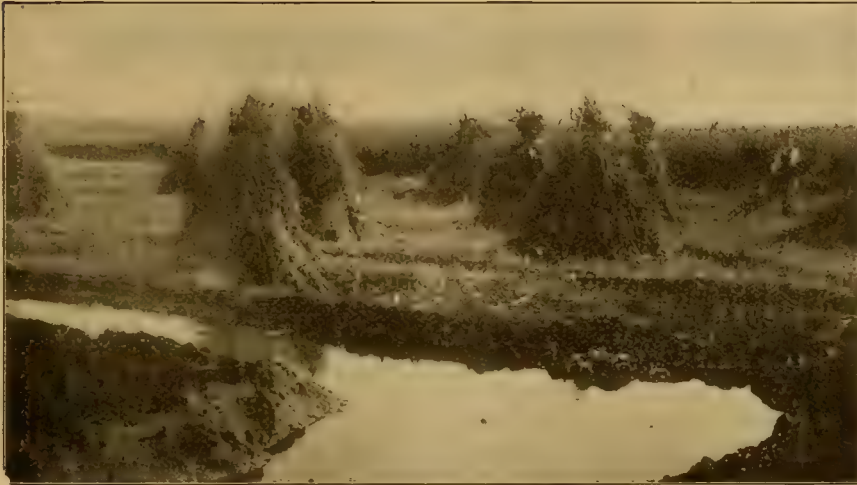
Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,  
COLONIZATION AGENT

Union Pacific Railroad

Omaha, Neb.

# Trafficking at Annual Meeting



Some very timely things have been said in the columns of the Gospel Messenger on the above subject and the Brethren in New Mexico agree that the true purpose of our Annual Meetings is religious and not commercial. Now, if the Lord will, New Mexico will be represented at the coming conference at Springfield, Ill. Bro. C. C. Hoyt, of Lake Arthur, and Bro. M. M. Brunk, of Dexter, hope to be there. Elder C. H. Brown, James M. Neff, W. B. Mikesell and Chas. Miller may also be there from New Mexico and there is to be

## An Excursion from Springfield to New Mexico

But these Brethren are not going to Springfield to "work up" this excursion—it's already "worked up." They are not even going there to persuade you to join the excursion. They want you to have decided upon that before you start to Springfield, hence this announcement. The fare will be very low—only \$23.00 for a round trip of about 2,300 miles. There will be through tourist car service. It will be the right time to see the country, quite a number have already arranged to go, and you will miss it if you do not join them.

For further information, write Bro. Hoyt or Bro. Brunk, at address given above, or drop them a postal at the Conference Post Office as soon as you get located at Springfield and tell them when and where to meet you.



**SPECIAL TRAIN TO THE**  
**Annual Meeting at Springfield**  
**Will Leave Chicago via the**  
**WABASH RAILROAD**  
**Friday, June 1st, at 11:30 P. M.**

For accommodation of our many friends among the Brethren, the **WABASH** will run a Special Train of Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free) and Coaches with high-backed seats, from Chicago to Springfield, running direct to the State Fair Grounds, where the meeting will be held. The Special will arrive at the Fair Grounds at 6:30 Saturday morning.

This train will be very convenient for German Baptists residing in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. Special Chair Cars will be placed at Goshen, Ind., to leave there via the Lake Shore, Friday, June 1, at 5:41 P. M., Elkhart, 6 P. M. and South Bend at 6:32 P. M. These cars will reach Chicago at 9 P. M. and at once will be transferred to Wabash Station and taken to Springfield in the Special Train.

Those living on the Detroit line of the Wabash can use train No. 13, due in Chicago at 9:30 P. M. Evening trains into Chicago on the Erie, Baltimore & Ohio, Nickel Plate, and other lines also make nice connection with the Special Train.

The rate is One Lowest, First-Class Fare, plus \$1.00, for the round trip. Your home agent is authorized to ticket you through on this basis. In buying your ticket, please ask to be routed from Chicago via the Wabash.

Bear in mind that the Wabash will land you directly at the Fair Grounds. For further information write to

**R. S. GREENWOOD,**  
 Mich. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

**J. HALDERMAN,**  
 Trav. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

**F. H. TRISTRAM,**  
 Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.  
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By **DR. M. G. BRUMBAUGH.**

This book has been sold by the thousands, yet there is a demand for same because it gives the most authentic history of the Brethren of any yet published. It is profusely illustrated and is printed on good paper. Bound in cloth, \$2.00; half morocco, \$2.50; full morocco, \$3.00.  
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All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package.

Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

**VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,**  
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 OF THIS HOUSE, THE UNSEEN  
 HOST AT EVERY MEAL, THE  
 SILENT LISTENER TO EVERY  
 CONVERSATION

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It is printed in three colors; red, green and white. The text is printed on the red and green in large silver letters and on the white in gold letters.

It is very attractive and printed on heavy cardboard. Size, 10x11 inches. Price per copy 25 cents, per dozen, prepaid, \$2.50.

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**Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.**

All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

**R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.**



**A STOCK AND DIE** at a price within the reach of the farmer. Write at once for terms to agents.

**LARIMER MFG. CO., Elgin, Ill.**

## THE FULL REPORT OF ANNUAL MEETING!

We expect to publish a full report of the Annual Meeting to be held at Springfield, Illinois, June 4-7.

This report will contain the full account of the Sunday-school, Educational and Missionary meetings, which will be held on Monday, June 4. Then it will contain the entire proceedings of the General Conference. There are many live topics to come before the meeting this year that will be discussed quite thoroughly, pro and con, by some of our most able Brethren. Every member will be interested in these topics and will want to know the points in favor of and against the numerous queries to be discussed.

### All Would Enjoy

hearing these discussions, but only a small per cent of the members of our great Brotherhood will be permitted to do so.

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and you can have the whole meeting at your own door.

### Order Now.

We are ready to receive advance orders now and will mail the reports the week following the Conference.

Send on your order at once, or hand it to our local agent.

Price, 25 cents.

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To whom it may concern:

I had a lump the size of a walnut in my left breast for over a year. It gave me a great deal of annoyance from sharp pains darting in and around it. Having seen the development of cancer in other people, I knew the nature of my trouble, and knew also that I had grounds for alarm.

In the hope that I might be mistaken I consulted different physicians but all agreed that it was malignant and advised that it be cut out. I had a horror of such treatment as I had seen the most disastrous results from it, so I could not consent to an operation.

I heard of Drs. Rinehart & Co., and resolved to see what they could do for me. They assured me that it could be removed by their painless method. I concluded that if it was a painless treatment that it certainly could not make me any worse. I took a thorough course of the local and constitutional treatment and I am happy to say the lump has entirely disappeared and there has never been another pain in my breast. The treatment gave me no pain and the skin was not even broken.

I hope this may be of some benefit to someone whose misfortune it is to be afflicted in a like manner.

Very truly,

Sarah Miller.

Waupakong, Ind.

Anyone can have their free book on cancer by addressing

DRS. RINEHART & CO.,  
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An Eye Opener.

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Send us the names at once and we will forward to your address a copy of the booklet. You will be pleased with it.

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**Brawntaws** restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

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**Brawntaws** are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

**Brawntaws** are not a pre-digested food, but a food digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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Style C.

**Style B.**—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

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**For One Bonnet** we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1¼ to 2¼ yds. Ribbon, ¾ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1¼ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.25, depending on quality.



1st—Length over head.  
2d—Width across back of neck.  
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In order to accommodate many Christian Workers' Societies who have just recently organized we have published another edition of outline booklets.

It contains a full-page outline on each topic for the first six months of 1906. More than eleven thousand of them are now being used.

Price, single copy, .....4c  
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE  
NOOK.



# THE OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD OFFICE

Will be Near the Entrance of the  
Grounds During the

## Annual Meeting at Springfield, Illinois

The Brethren and others are invited to arrange to meet their friends at our office during the meeting.

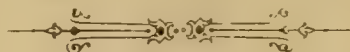
## The Oregon Short Line Railroad

will be represented by our General Immigration Agent, S. Bock, who will be pleased to give information to the Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers, the advantages and propositions offered at

**IDAHO FALLS, TWIN FALLS, BOISE, NAMPA,  
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**And Other Points Along the Line**

Call and see Eld. J. U. G. Stiverson, of Weiser, and Eld. J. C. Neher, of Nampa, who will be at our office and will be pleased to tell about the country and its products and also tell about the success and future prospects of the Brethren's Colonies in Southern Idaho.



## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

**From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
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S. BOCK,  
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Dayton, Ohio.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MAY 22, 1906.

No. 21.

## HEAVEN'S SUNBEAMS.

MARY C. STONER.

A SILENT glance, a parting kiss  
May cheer a lonely life,  
A hand to help, a heart to love  
May banish pain and strife;  
A little prayer, a whispered prayer  
Sent up to God's great ear,  
May bring the joy of heav'n to earth,  
May dry the mourner's tear.

An angry word, a scornful look  
May break a loving heart;  
A smile not giv'n, the word unsaid  
May bring a stinging smart.  
The little flower, the little love,  
You meant to once have giv'n,  
May starve the heart that longs for aid,  
May lose a soul for heav'n.

A kindly word, a kindly way  
May heal a broken heart,  
A loving smile, a word of cheer  
May make some woe depart.  
A little flower, a loving deed  
Unto a brother giv'n,  
May change a life of bitter woe,  
May save a soul for heav'n.

North Manchester, Ind.

## SNAPSHOTS.

Weep, ye who are at ease in Zion.

Truth is the highest thing than man can keep.

Trust in God is the surest armor any man ever put on.

Educate with a view to success and deserve it by honest efforts.

No man ever has occasion to take antifat for an obese pocketbook.

No man can ever get right until he tells God that he has been wrong.

*He who wastes minutes wonders what becomes of the hours.*

*Dull jokes are serious affairs, for they are no laughing matter.*

*The cloak of religion is transparent when used by the sinner as a disguise.*

*Aim high, but be content with the thought that the world can get along without you.*

*The man with the least money can usually see the best places to make an investment.*

*As "faith is the foundation of things hoped for," so common sense is the backbone.*

*By touching childhood you touch manhood and womanhood at its most sensitive point.*

*When you don't know what to preach about, say something about God's love for sinners.*

*When a man gets too busy to pray it will not be long until the devil will have a bridle on him.*

*We know men who never do good with their right hands for fear their left hands will find it out.*

*Perhaps all men cannot be successful, but every man ought to make up his mind that he will deserve to be.*

*The strong man avoids temptation; the weak man flirts with it to prove that he can withstand it—and then fails.*

*It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end!*



# THE LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION

## A Symposium

I. J. ROSENBERGER.  
A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

JESSE D. MOHLER.  
H. M. BARWICK.

[Note.—Since the above question is an open one before the world and opinions differ so widely, it is considered well occasionally to have a lesson on the subject. We have chosen writers who are writing their own convictions on the matter. We are printing the MSS. largely as it comes to us, and, without any of them knowing what the other has written until they see it in print; hence each writer stands personally responsible for the statements made, whether they be for or against or whether they can be proven to be false or true. Read, reflect, apply the truths gathered from the discussion.—Ed.]

### LIFE INSURANCE WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING.

I. J. ROSENBERGER.

PROPOSITION 1. *Much of the gain of life insurance is obtained in an unrighteous way.*

There are three righteous methods of getting money,—earning, gift and inheritance. There are three unrighteous methods of getting money,—theft, false pretense and lottery. A man I knew took a policy of \$3,000, paid two premiums and died. His heirs got the \$3,000, but how? It was not earned, no gift, nor inheritance.

Let us look on the other line. They did not steal it, nor was it false pretense, but was by lottery. Life insurance, like a lottery, is uncertain; you take your chances. This lottery phase is the lurking sin in life insurance, and it is the power behind the throne; for not a single policy would be taken out on either side of the great ocean if it were not possible to get a large amount of some one else's money by paying a little of your own.

A man, then not in health, took out a policy equal to his indebtedness, that in the event of his death his home would be saved. How plain! His policy was an unlucky number, a bad ticket. Besides, he did not contemplate giving equivalent for amount promised. This chancing shows the gambling in the business. Should you or I wish to leave a treasure for our heirs obtained in this way? If so, I warrant you'll find "your gold and silver cankered" in that final great day.

PROPOSITION 2. *The methods of life insurance make unlimited fraud possible.*

Shameful frauds are being shown in leading companies in New York. The State Commissioner at Denver showed me similar frauds on his books. They were brought into court, but went scot-free. Insurance companies have large profits, pay agents well. An eastern company offered \$500 and a gold watch to agents whose annual business would reach a certain sum.

An agent approached a friend of mine thus: "I'm

short in business to get premiums." He wrote my friend a policy for \$10,000. Fifty-five per cent of cash premium was due the agent, the forty-five per cent he drew from his pocket, sent that and the policy to the company. My friend gave his note for cash premium, which, as understood, soon fell back into his hands and the policy lapsed. The agent, of course, got his \$500 and the gold watch. There is not another business in the land in which such gigantic frauds are possible as life insurance. Our President in his last message calls these "the kind of honesty necessary to evade the clutches of the law." I call it the kind of *fraud* that evades the clutches of the law.

PROPOSITION 3. *The business methods of life insurance are objectionable.*

A list lies before me of 1,720 companies that failed. The number now is 2,378. I copied from the Insurance Commissioner's books at Denver the report of one company: "Policies written in 1903 are 5,618; policies lapsed in 1903 are 5,095." I have the admission of an agent, whose company in one year issued policies aggregating \$200,000,000. The same year the amount of their lapses was \$250,000,000. The explanation was, "It was a bad year."

Surely such business methods are objectionable. Some issue policies by which you become stockholders, share dividends, have voice in elections, etc. How plausible! How inviting! But let us stop and look. You vote by proxy. The officers vote in whom they choose, with salaries and office expenditures to suit their tastes, leaving the little helpless stockholders scattered in the woods, to receive just what they feel to send back on the line. To me this is not only objectionable business methods, but it is fraud, legalized, and, of course, all safely out of the clutches of the law.

PROPOSITION 4. *Life insurance is an incentive to crime.*

A recent Denver daily had the following: "Killed his Brother for Insurance." Such atrocious crimes have been committed scores of times, all over this land. It is not wise, no, a misfortune, to have a moneyed interest in the death of another.

Proposition 5. *Life insurance increases the distress of the poor.*

The long list of lapses is nearly all of the poor. The rich do not allow their investments to lapse. John Wanamaker, it is said, has sixty-two policies, aggregating \$2,000,000. This vast amount will doubtless all safely return to his coffers. The pressing need to-day among our poor is not more money so much as it is to learn to care for and properly invest their money. When the poor closely pay out all their income neither they nor their children learn to handle money. Again, large sums seldom profit the poor. It is better by far to learn to handle and economize rather than to wait till you get sick, or die, to secure your savings.

Proposition 6. *The church is a life insurance, a mutual aid society of the highest and purest brand.* Psal. 37: 25; Acts 6: 28; Rom. 15: 26; 1 Cor. 16: 1; Gal. 1: 10.

To organize another by the side of the church, in my judgment, would be a daring species of robbing God, which would be a serious problem to meet in that coming day.

Proposition 7. *It is futile to justify life insurance because of property insurance.*

True, there are points of analogy between them; there are points similar between an ox and a bear, a lamb and a lion, the manner of Christ's coming and a thief; but the points similar are no proof of right. The facts are, while there is a property insurance on business principles, there is no life insurance in any sense that man can devise.

Covington, Ohio.



## LIFE INSURANCE.—WHERE ARE WE?

A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

FIRST, let us see just what the attitude of Annual Meeting is upon this question. The decision against it is the mere statement, "We think there is quite a difference (between life and property insurance), since we do not think it right to put a money value upon human life, while we may on property." Now this statement, and the subsequent decision strengthening it, brings the question upon this *one point*, and *no other*, namely, *that it is wrong to place a value on human life*. No other phase of the question ought to be discussed, but how little is this one vital point ever touched upon by those opposed to life insurance. Even those who pride themselves on being thoroughly in harmony with the Annual Meeting decisions admit that they recognize the necessity of providing for the death contingency, but they say they cannot find a company which transacts business on a fair basis. They are like the class of people who know it is a good thing to serve Christ, but as they cannot find a

church that carries out his teachings just according to their ideas they won't accept him.

The writer insists that we, as a church, must decide this question according to our decision. If the church is to act as censor on the investments of her members, why strain at a gnat and swallow a camel? We have doors wide open for the oppression of the widow and orphan through mortgage sales, all kinds of stock companies, etc., and yet close a legitimate avenue of help to the deserving. We may say that we do not uphold these things, nevertheless this is the outcome. It is the condition of affairs as they exist, and we are responsible for it.

Hardly anyone will take the position to-day that human life does not have a value. Such values are recognized in every court of the world, and it is hardly necessary to say anything further in support of the proposition. If it is wrong to place a value on human life, why is it that one man receives more money for his services than another? In the industrial world life values are recognized in this way and no ado is made over the matter. We allow the farmer to insure the lives of his pigs, horses and cattle, but deny the workingman the privilege of protecting his wife and little ones against the hand of want. Which has the greater value—a man or live stock?

In differentiating between life and fire insurance a man occupies the position of trying to blow hot and cold with the same breath at the same time. There is no difference in the business principles involved,—if any, it is in favor of life insurance as the more substantial. The life-insurance companies know almost to a penny what their losses will be each year, while the fire companies cannot know. That fire insurance is conducted on a speculative basis is evidenced by the great concern manifested after large conflagrations—such as the Baltimore and San Francisco fires—as to whether or not different companies can meet their losses. Any reputable old line life-insurance company could pay off in full every policyholder to-morrow. Now which has the greater element of gambling in it?

Listen to these words of the United States Supreme Court regarding the status of a life-insurance policy: "The making of such a contract is a mere incident of commerce, and in this respect there is no difference whatever between insurance by fire and insurance against the perils of the sea, and, we add, or against the uncertainty of man's mortality." This statement was made by men of ripe judicial experience and certainly ought to be conclusive in so far as the status of life and property insurance is concerned.

Much may be made of the recent scandals in the life-insurance business by those opposed to it. Here again we see the misapplication and unfairness of the critics. During the same time as great corruption was exposed against men in the banking business, in governmental offices, and in industrial circles, and yet we



have heard no arguments against these latter. Why this discrimination? *Is it not that we see just as we want to see?*

In a nutshell what has happened in the insurance business is simply this: A few of the large companies sold what are known as "deferred dividend" or "semi-tontine" policies, which provide that the holder should participate in the dividends of the company, but only if he lived out the term of his policy. The man who died before his policy expired received the face of his policy, but no more. This brought into the treasury of such a company vast sums of dividend money that need not be distributed for quite a term of years, and some of it would never be called for. The temptation proved too great for those holding it in trust, with the results as are known.

This form of policy is universally condemned by

the best insurance men. Reputable companies discontinued its sale long ago and some States forbade it by law. Yet there are those who will take what insurance men say against this form of policy and apply it to all life insurance indiscriminately. Is this fair? It is about as fair as it would be for the writer to go into a congregation, pick out the weakest member and hold him up as a sample of the Christianity existing in that congregation.

No writer yet has given adequate scriptural authority for a distinction between life and fire insurance so far as principle is concerned. Arguments against life insurance generally consist of exaggerated statements concerning lapses, the "gambling" feature, etc., which distortions mislead only those not acquainted with the facts in the case.

*Elgin, Ill.*

## Mount Lowe

A. W. Vaniman



PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, has the reputation of being the most beautiful city for its size in the world. It probably has the largest per cent of beautiful homes of any other city one will find. It is, however, only a place of some over 20,000.

It is the home of a number of millionaires, and Orange Grove avenue is the street where a large number of these persons live. In all parts of the city are seen beautifully-kept green lawns and wide-spreading palm trees, as well as flowers along the borders of the walks, and all these are seen the year round, so that it is not difficult to understand that it is a resort for people from all parts of the United States and even from foreign countries. While these things mentioned are a combination of which one never tires, when one looks to the north seemingly only a mile or a little over one sees the beautiful San Gabriel range of mountains rising in their grandeur, majesty and beauty. These mountains are peaks between five and seven thousand feet high, for the most part, although at quite a distance eastward one sees the top of "Old Baldy" looming up to a height sufficient to furnish perpetual snow on its top. Wherever one goes in this part of Southern California one sees this sentinel lifting up his hoary head, and although he may be seventy-five miles distant he seems to be only a few miles away.

Directly north of Pasadena and seemingly in gunshot is a mountain that is as well known to California tourists as Pike's Peak to Colorado visitors. It does not begin to compare with Pike's Peak in height, but is nevertheless a noted mountain, and the trip is an interesting one. Several electric cars daily leave Los

Angeles marked Mt. Lowe. The cars all pass through Pasadena, where passengers can go aboard. The elevation of Pasadena is something like one thousand feet above Los Angeles, and the distance is about ten miles. The track gradually rises as one proceeds to the mountains. The first stop is at Rubio Canon, where the elevation is 2,200 feet. Here one is entirely surrounded with mountains except the pass where the railroad comes in. The traveler here changes from an electric car to a car drawn by cable. There are two of these cars, one at each end of the cable, and as one car goes up the other descends. At the half way point there is a switch which allows the cars to pass each other automatically. The motive power for this cable is electricity driving the machinery at the top of the incline, which has a length of over three thousand feet. In passing this three thousand feet it rises 1,400 feet, so one can see that the grade is rather steep, rising nearly fifty feet in every hundred. The cable drawing the cars is said to be tested to a strain of one hundred tons, but that the load is never to exceed five tons. Under each car is another cable, not attached to it, but so arranged that in case any accident should occur to the other cable, clutches would grab the cable and hold the car, so that there is practically no chance for an accident. The elevation at the top of the incline is 3,500 feet, and here we reach what is called Echo Mountain. From this point the view of the valley is grand beyond description. The beautiful valleys and cities and villages lie at your feet, with the orange groves in their livery of green all stretching out into the distance. Off to the west and south the blue Pacific is in sight, and on a clear day Catalina Island, where

people study the bottom of the sea in glass-bottomed boats, rises out of the blue waters. Here on Echo Mountain is an observatory, and a great searchlight that was at the World's Fair. A fire which occurred here in December last did considerable damage and destroyed several buildings, and their foundations, black and charred, show the ravages of the fiery element.

Here the passenger changes to a trolley line, and travels five miles farther. In traveling these five miles there are 127 curves and twenty bridges. The grade is not steep but the view is magnificent, as the car winds around the mountain side. At one place there are nine tracks in sight at one time. The railroad is laid on a broad shelf cut down along the side of the mountain, and a very interesting sight to a student of nature is to see how the roots of the trees have grown between the rocks and forced them apart. It is a grand study to contemplate the silent forces that are operating there amid the rocks. Here at different

places one sees how the mountains decay and crumble back to dust. Here one can see the operation of the forces that have in ages past washed the crumbled mountains down into the valleys and caused them to fill up until they were fit for the growth of vegetation, and the support of animal life. Here one is impressed with the thought that the term "everlasting hills" is only a relative term as compared with eternity. After a ride of five miles on the trolley one reaches Alpine Tavern, a hotel built in Swiss style, where the hungry traveler can feed the physical man if he so chooses. We have now reached the altitude of 5,000, nearly one mile; about the same as Denver, Colorado. From here to the top of the mountain there is a trail, where one can either walk up or go on horseback. The trail is about three miles, and the elevation at the top is 6,100 feet, thus making a climb of 1,100 feet in height. The trip gives one an opportunity to study the engineering achievements of man, and the wonders of the mighty works of the Creator.

*Pasadena, Cal.*

## Mrs. Monnot's Hired Girl

Grace Longanecker



HY Jerrold Monnot always lived in the city when his ancestors and even his brothers were farmers, his friends could not understand; but his wife always preferred fashionable society and emphatically said that it must be so. Miriam and Carl were their only children. Carl was seven, and Miriam was of the age when she thought she knew twice as much as mother—but was much mistaken—and as she was endowed with wealth and beauty, she had a fine opinion of herself.

But what is wealth and beauty compared to a sweet disposition and a cultured mind? Strange, indeed, that Miriam was so dull, but she just craved to quit school and her mother interceded with father and said "she knew enough." So all Miriam did that was anything like work was to study the *Delineator*.

Because Mrs. Monnot considered it a disgrace to work she always kept servant girls in her home if she could. Genevieve Hudson had lived in the country, but as her father and mother had departed this life, she was thrown upon her own resources. Understanding that Mrs. Monnot gave good wages she decided to work for her.

Even if Genevieve was poor, she had a wealth of knowledge and an attractive, winsome manner, inherited from her mother. She always improved her time and her parents sacrificed much to have her go through college, which work she completed at the age of eighteen.

"What a sight!" said Miriam to her mother, when Genevieve was spied coming up the long stone walk. "Why, I wouldn't wear her dress if you paid me; but, mamma, just look, a picture in her face, is she not? I wish I had her hair and figure."

No wonder Miriam was filled with jealousy, for Genevieve had an ideal form and abundant, golden, fluffy hair. Her brow, too, signified intelligence, but Miriam did not notice that.

Miriam evaded meeting Genevieve for the present, but Mrs. Monnot greeted her warmly and assigned to her her work, etc. Genevieve went at once to prepare dinner, for it was not early, and her mistress had already informed her that they meant to be punctual.

Carl and Jerrold enjoyed much their dinner, after having eaten cold victuals for several days. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Monnot's last hired girl left suddenly. Carl had been playing and had a ravenous appetite.

"Oh, girl, but you make good mashed potatoes," said he to Genevieve.

"Thank you," said Genevieve, "but I suppose you are only hungry."

"Carl," snapped Mrs. Monnot, "eat and keep quiet."

Mr. Monnot was at this time on the level with his wife and could not have any respect but for fashion and wealth. He did not seem to notice Genevieve or speak to her. Genevieve noticed all this but said nothing. She was just thinking of the many reproofs she had already received from Mrs. Monnot. One she



meditated upon: "You cannot eat with me. You may eat in the kitchen."

"Well, my lady," sighed Genevieve to herself, "I believe I can eat better anyway out there; at least until I have had a lesson or two." But she sweetly consented and her mistress had no trouble in obtaining her obedience.

Genevieve kept at her work day after day, cheerfully singing and everything was peaceful until Sunday when she and Mrs. Monnot had some words as to whether or not Genevieve could be allowed to go to church.

"Mrs. Monnot," said Genevieve, "I am going to church to-day."

"My girls never get to go to church," said Mrs. Monnot.

"I will not work for a woman who will not allow me to go to church," said Genevieve, decidedly.

"Very well," said Mrs. Monnot, noticing Genevieve's look when she last spoke, "but hurry back to get dinner."

Genevieve plodded along thinking and wondering, until she came to the door of the church she had decided upon attending. She entered and was seated. As it was a disagreeable day only a few were present at services. The minister, Mr. Thomas Ling, announced congregational singing, as so few were present. Genevieve had an unusual voice and knowledge of vocal music, and it seemed as if all depended upon her after the minister had started the tune.

"Oh, dear," thought Genevieve, "how out of place I am. Why did I sing at all?"

But the young minister felt how this strange girl had inspired him and the services in general, and was at once attached to her. Some other power seemed to draw his mind to her—was it her beauty, her intelligence?

Mr. Ling always greeted newcomers and it was not unusual when he greeted Genevieve, introduced himself and welcomed her back. When Genevieve returned home, she found the Monnots lazily trying to shake off their forenoon nap.

As usual Genevieve's dinner was appetizing. After dinner, as Mrs. Monnot had said Genevieve could spend the afternoon—three hours—as she pleased, she decided to take a walk and as opportunity presented itself to distribute helpful leaves and words among the needy.

"Whoa! Whoa! Help!" rang in Genevieve's ear. Looking around quickly she beheld a child trampled upon by horses, the team of a half-drunken driver. Quickly she snatched him, she hardly knew how, from under the horses' feet. On sped the driver.

"Dear little man, are you hurt?" asked Genevieve. No answer, for he was unconscious and his face was covered with blood.

"Who is this boy and what shall I do?" thought Genevieve.

Just then several pedestrians happened along, among them being Mr. Ling, who at once recognized Genevieve, and said, "Well, Miss Hudson, was it you who saved that boy?"

"Saved?" said Genevieve. "Look at his bleeding wounds and apparently lifeless form."

"We will find his home and attend to him," chimed several in the crowd.

Weak from the strain, Genevieve started home. The ambulance hastened the child home, for Mr. Ling seemed to think he was no other than Carl Monnot, one of his parishioner's children.

When after one hour Genevieve reached her destination she was overwhelmed with sorrow and gladness to find that Carl Monnot was surrounded by doctors and the other members of the family.

"Oh, Carl, could it have been you? Oh, dear," wailed Genevieve.

"Gen Hudson, such a shouting! Why do you care? See to yourself," thoughtlessly exclaimed Mrs. Monnot.

After a few days, when Carl was nearly recovered, Mrs. Monnot chanced to hear that it was Genevieve who rescued him. She did not inquire or thank her, for Genevieve was only her hired girl. But Carl heard, too, this news and many were the words of thankfulness, and from henceforth, as before, Carl and Genevieve were fast friends.

During this trying time Miriam kept much to her room, pretending to be much affected by this misfortune. Never once did she offer aid to Genevieve, who had much more work than usual.

One night, after the family was all well once more, Miriam's gentleman friend No. 3 called to see her.

She expected one of her beaux and was in her room. Carl was left to entertain until she arrived, and, as Miriam needed the most part of two hours to arrange her hair, dress and complexion, he had ample time to perform his tricks and pranks.

"Say, Mr. Jones, what do you like about my sister, anyway? She can't even fry pancakes," said Carl.

Deeming it a pertinent question and thinking it unnecessary to answer the youngster, Jones simply thought, "I know how to get rich quick."

"Where is your mother, my boy?" said he to Carl.

"She's helping sister to flour herself, I guess. Say, Mr. Jones, I'll bet you couldn't dress like my sister without help. I tried it once and gave it up before I succeeded. I suppose sister will soon be in. I must go out in the kitchen and see what my chum's doing. But, Mr. Jones, you ain't sister's only fellow. I thought I would just tell you so you would know it. Maybe one of the others might come."

Miriam now entered and greeted Mr. Jones very cordially. Mr. Jones tried to be his best and flattered

Miriam more than usual. "Well," he silently said, "I must hurry if I get the bargain when she has so many suitors."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years have passed and Miriam Jones is not in her mother's home. Now she must battle the wars of life and reap what she has sown. The once fine-dressed Jones now demonstrates to Miriam, his wife, that the clothes do not make the man any more than "the feathers make the bird." Miriam has long since felt that the seemingly smooth tongue of her husband now wounds and pierces as a two-edged sword. He has squandered nearly all that her father will ever give her, and gambles and steals as he craves to satisfy his thirst. Poor Miriam, how we pity her, but—too late.

"Give sorrow words: The grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

She has learned in her school of suffering the value of a good and noble life. Often she reflects how she cherished the thought that no one commanded quite

the respect that she did. Even yet her real nature sometimes presents itself and she sheds tears of hatred to think of Genevieve, her mother's servant.

Genevieve Ling, in company with her husband, Thomas Ling, often calls at Miriam's destitute home to offer their gifts of love. Her *ladyship* receives them reluctantly, as her heart beats heavily.

Genevieve and Tom always were missionaries at heart, and great is the good accomplished by their united effort. They have long since ceased to wonder at the thrill of awakening each felt when they first met so strangely in a strange church. Mrs. Ling yet, as ever, feels her unworthiness, and often says, "If we do all those things which are commanded us, we are unprofitable servants."

All girls who work in her kitchen are made better by her influence, and many consider it a paradise on earth. Mr. Ling has an idea, too, that his home is a "heaven on earth," even if its mistress was once a "hired girl."

Hartville, Ohio.

## A Little Child Shall Lead Them

Ma Belle Murray



HE rain was driving in sheets from the east, and the wind howling dismal prophesies of a severe storm, as the train one disagreeable March night stopped at the small village of Wayside. A young man descended from the passenger coach, carrying a suitcase in one hand and, from appearance, a roll of blankets in his other arm. His handsome young face wore a sad expression as he lifted his eyes, evidently in search of a hotel or rooming house. Seeing none, he wandered disconsolately down the street. After a short walk he espied a house with "Board and Rooms" painted on the street light in front. With a sigh of relief he ascended the steps and rang the bell, which was answered by a buxom negro servant.

"Good evenin', suh," said old Aunt Becky.

"Have you any rooms, aunty?" said the stranger.

"Yes, suh, we has, but wait till I call the missus."

Mrs. Livingstone came at once and with a cordial smile invited the young man into the sitting room. The room was engaged, and upon request the occupant was at once shown to it by Aunt Becky.

"Lemme carry the blankets, suh," she said.

"No, I thank you, they are not burdensome," he replied. Then with a smile from the old negress, and a hearty "Good night," Curtis Lyonell, the new station operator, was left to himself. Ah! no; carefully unwrapping the apparent bundle, his longing eyes beheld a precious, sleeping baby. She had been

asleep, but the sudden glare of the light in her eyes awakened her. Before him on the bed he gazed admiringly at the laughing baby girl with golden brown curls, soft blue eyes and sweet little mouth. Ah! the sight of her brought pictures of the cherished dead wife, and he seemed unconscious of his surroundings until the little dear gurgled, "A-goo!"

"Precious," he said, "you are my only joy. What would I ever do without you? O my God!" he said, "why have I been brought to this?" Then covering baby Doris with kisses he put her to bed. She seemed to understand that she was without a mother and made no trouble whatever.

Long after baby Doris was fast asleep the broken-hearted father sat by the stand-table in meditation. These thoughts came to him:

"Oh, why did I oppose my darling Bessie in her religion? Perhaps she might be here instead of in the cold grave had I done my duty. I never believed in religion before, but now it comes forcibly to me that there is a God. I know he has taken my love to teach me that man proposes and God disposes. I proposed to shatter her faith in him, but he has seen fit to take her to be of use in his kingdom—if not in this world, in the kingdom of heaven. Yes, thank God, I believe! I believe to the extent that I will read the precious Book that she used to read."

Rising from the chair, he went to the suitcase and brought out a well-worn Bible that had belonged to his dead wife. Opening it, the first words on the fly



leaf were these, "Presented to Bessie Nicholls by your Supt., D. P. Newkirk, for regular attendance and memorizing of Scripture Texts."

Tears fell from his eyes as he thought again, "Had I opposed her while I courted her, perhaps she might have refused my hand and have been a useful, living woman to-day. But, ah! no, I said nothing until I had won her, and then I made her life miserable by opposition. Yes, I know, I have cast my bread on troubled waters, and it has returned troubles to me many fold." Then reading a number of chapters, he resolved secretly to lead a better life; and breathing his first prayer, he crept into bed. "Poor little motherless child," he said, "I will live a better life, and we'll meet mamma in heaven." Sleep overpowered him and ended a sorrowful night.

Next morning the winter sun streamed pleasantly into the room and the warm rays fell on the sleeping father's face, awakening him. He arose hastily and dressed himself and baby Doris. He descended the stairs to await the summons to breakfast in the sitting room, and opening a small Testament which lay on the writing table he read, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Just then an excitable, petulant, ill-tempered female with a vinegar expression on her visage, entered. Upon seeing Doris she hastily retreated, giving a backward glance to be certain that she had really seen a child.

Ole Mis' Gadabout,—for this was she,—had long since declared her hatred for children, and utterly refused to stay any place where children were admitted. She hastened to find Mrs. Livingstone, who was busy helping Aunt Becky with breakfast. Unceremoniously she began in her high-pitched voice: "Fer heaven's sake, I never hearn tell the like, Mis' Livin'stun. I thought yer posertively dis'lowed chillurn in yer house. I'll not stay a minit' longer where kids are 'lowed."

"Wait a moment, I don't apprehend," said the kindly Mrs. Livingstone. "What do you mean by saying children are in my house? You are certainly mistaken," said the motherly woman.

"Wall, thet new feller thet came las' night has got a baby in the sitting room with him," shrieked Ole Mis' Gadabout. "I guess I know a kid when I see it."

Mrs. Livingstone found that the statement was true about there being a child with the new boarder, Mr. Curtis Lyonell. She explained to him that it was against the rule to admit children into the house, as some of her best boarders objected to having them around on account of their noise.

The smiling Doris crowed in her papa's arms. "It's very unfortunate for me," replied the pensive father. "It had never occurred to me that any one could object to an innocent, motherless babe. Last night I had hoped that I might be able to remunerate

you for caring for her during the day while I am at the station. However, if this is your custom, I will seek another place to stay."

In answer Mrs. Livingstone said, "Eat your breakfast, and I'll take care of Doris for you until you find another place."

The fact of the matter was that Mrs. Livingstone was fairly aching to squeeze the dear baby in her motherly arms.

In the meantime Ole Mis' Gadabout utterly refused to eat her breakfast, and seizing her sunbonnet violently tied it under her chin and sought to relieve her mind by telling it to her friend, Ole Mis' Sour-Grapes, who lived a few blocks away.

"Sister," she began, "I'm at my wits' end. Mrs. Livin'stun has a *kid* in the house. You know I have allus hated 'em. I do declar' I don't see what she kin mean by harborin' sech a skallywag as that feller seems. Fer all she knows he may be a kidnapper, or some other kind of a vagey-band."

"Well," said Ole Mis' Sour-Grapes, who was not so long-tongued as her friend, "he may be a nice feller; you ought always to give any one with whom you are not acquainted the benefit of a doubt. Don't be too harsh, sister, don't you remember that the minister said last Sunday that 'charity thinketh no evil'?"

"I may be wrong," said Ole Mis' Gadabout, "but my nerves are so weak that I can't stand chillern no way. I s'pose it'll be bawlin' all night, so's no one can sleep. If it does I'll give him sech a jawin' as he's not hed since he's ben borned."

She had been so much engaged in talking that she had not noticed that the clock pointed to noon. Upon invitation she remained to dinner. Her anger seemed appeased concerning the child, and her topic of conversation drifted to her neighbors. Not one of them escaped a "tongue lashing" for some reason or other. Strange to say, but Ole Mis' Gadabout claimed to be a Christian, good and true. In fact her deceased husband was a leading deacon in the church, and consequently she was a deaconess, though not an exemplary one.

Upon returning home in the evening she saw Mrs. Livingstone sitting by the large front window rocking Doris. She further learned, at the close of the week, that baby Doris had become a permanent member of the Livingstone household. The extreme, nervous, irritable Ole Mis' Gadabout declared her room vacant. Prof. Grumbler, a petulant old bachelor, declared on the spot that he would not remain over night to be annoyed by a fretful child.

When Ole Mis' Gadabout had wept and accused Mrs. Livingstone of having no consideration for her feelings, and could avail nothing, she decided to stay. Prof. Grumbler gave a similar decision when his protests were not considered.

As days wore on, Ole Mis' Gadabout was found in her room more, her trips to Ole Mis' Sour-Grapes' home became less frequent—and well it was, for while there she incessantly gossiped about her brethren and sisters, and since she did not go, her "sins of the tongue" diminished. She often stopped a moment at Doris's perambulator to look at her, if no one were watching. One day she was actually found cuddling the baby and had even forgotten about her nerves. The funny speeches of Doris interested her wonderfully. Even Prof. Grumbler was seen one day on the front walk, pushing the perambulator with Doris in it.

Old Aunt Becky had watched Prof. Grumbler and Ole Mis' Gadabout as they began to notice Doris more and more. One day she came rushing into the house exclaiming, "Law me, Mis' Livin'stun, that terrible child hater, Ole Mis' Gadabout, was axually playin' with baby Doris in her room this mawnin'; and jes' now, I done seen 'Fessor Grum'ler a wheelin' her in her go-cart on the front walk. I don' know that suthin' drefful is gwine to happen, as shore as I'se a-livin'! Jes' you mine what I tells you. Why, 'tain't ben a month sence both of them critters done tole me they'se gwine to leave on 'count that chile bein' here. I say agen, that thar's suthin' gwine to 'cur."

"Never mind, Becky, nothing will happen," said Mrs. Livingstone. "I am glad that something has changed their irritable dispositions. Have you never read in the Bible how 'a little child shall lead them'?"

"Yessum, I hev," said Becky, "but I nevah knowed what thet meant befoah; 'deed I didn't," said the honest old soul. "Law me, thet Doris is a reg'lar witch, that's what she is, for she can change the vilest sin-nahs with devilish ways to show thimselves gen'le as lambs. It seems as though thet chile wants everybody to be as good as her and her daddy. I think she'd make a good mishernary to send to Greenland's icy mountains," exclaimed Becky, having no idea where Greenland's icy mountains were.

Years passed and each evening since Doris could remember she had sat on the little stool at her father's feet, listening attentively as he read the Old, Old Story. Quite often she interested her papa by telling the story of the Sunday-school lesson to him. These happy evenings soon passed, and when Doris was seven she was placed in a Christian school for girls,

The sad parting of parent and child was a hard one for both of them.

Years passed, and at sixteen Doris was ready to graduate with highest honors. The party that came from Wayside to attend the commencement exercises was proud as well as happy. Proud because of Doris's success, and happy because they thought she would be with them again. But not so; she told them that her one wish was to become a missionary to China. Her father objected at first, but after a long talk with his daughter he agreed to join her. Father and daughter spent four years more in preparation for their noble work. At last they were ready to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a fine June morning. At an early hour the steamer *Deutschland* was to start from New York to Hamburg, *en route* to China. The deck was crowded with passengers and their friends, who were bidding them good-bye. There were girls who were going abroad to study music, boys who were going to study art and sculpture in Rome; some going on pleasure and some on business. Bright faces beamed everywhere. But the one group on board of especial notice consisted of Mr. Lyonell, Doris, Prof. and Mrs. Grumbler (formerly Ole Mis' Gadabout), Mrs. Livingstone, and a great number of Violet's friends, who had come to say good-bye before they set sail. Mrs. Livingstone would cry and laugh in the same breath. Mrs. Grumbler thanked Doris for being the means of "taming a shrew," and thus causing her to become Mrs. Prof. Grumbler.

The signal was given for those on board who were not passengers to leave the steamer.

"Good-bye," shouted Doris, "I wish I were triplets, then I could be at Wayside, in college and in China."

They all laughed. There was much shouting and waving of handkerchiefs as the steamer moved slowly to sea. Doris's friends stood straining their eyes for the last glimpse of the dear face that had so brightened their lives.

"Three cheers for Doris!" they shouted. "Long may she live to do good!" they added.

The lonely party in Mrs. Livingstone's sitting room still talked of Doris. "Surely, a little child has led us all," she said. "Never again will I refuse children admittance to my home."

2522 Stevens Ave., Parsons, Kans.





# The Rescue of John Tyrol

Ida M. Helm

## Chapter II.



NO matter how deep man may have sunk in sin there are times when his inmost soul calls for something higher, something better than fleeting earthly toys, times when he would fain be free from the slavery of sin and dwelling in the freedom of the Gospel of Christ. At such times if he will open his heart to God and earnestly lay hold of his promises he shall receive a rich reward, for Jesus says, "He that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

John Tyrol realized that the time had come when he must decide either for the right or wrong and that on his decision his future lifework and his eternal destiny hinged. While his decision was trembling in the balance a little white dove lit on a shrub bush close to the stump on which he was sitting, and looking up toward its Creator it cooed as if pleading with him to decide for the right. A pang of self-conviction smote his heart and as he bowed his head he saw a beautiful, pure white lily lifting its lovely face as if to welcome him to a life of purity, and again the tears began to fall as he thought, "All nature is pure and lovely and my soul is dyed scarlet with sin." Then these beautiful lines of the poet came uncalled to his mind:

"The promise is written  
In bright letters that glow:  
Though thy sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."

He sank on his knees and from his remorseful heart all the pent-up anguish of years spent in sin gushed forth and at last when he arose from his knees he had decided for the right and as he started onward the fast-setting sun told him that he must find a resting place for the night. While he was trying to think what was best for him to do a large, well-kept farmhouse came into view. Cheered and comforted by his new decision to stand for the right he walked courageously up the path and his light knock on the door

was answered by a sweet-faced woman whose kind and gentle manner tended to dispel every fear. At his solicitation for a night's lodging and his offer to pay for it by working she called her husband, who when he heard his offer replied that as the busy season was just beginning and farm hands were scarce his offer would be gladly accepted. And he added, "Perhaps you would hire for a week and if at the end of that time we suit each other we might decide on a bargain for the rest of the season."

John's heart leaped for gladness and it was with difficulty that he concealed his emotion as he accepted the offer. When the farmer said that his name was Benjamin Wells and asked what his name might be, his courage forsook him for a moment, but he remembered his decision to stand for the right, and quickly recovering his courage he looked straight into Mr. Wells' face and said, "John Tyrol."

Benjamin Wells was surprised. He was a true Christian man and he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the discouraged, the erring, the downtrodden and the fallen ones. After he had a long talk with the homeless man he renewed his offer and promised that all the assistance that might lay in his power he would give to help him regain his lost honor.

Thus John Tyrol the ex-convict found a home and true friends, and as he lay on his soft bed in a cheering room that night and thought of the destitute room and the lonely bed that he had occupied in the prison the night before, all the dreadful past seemed to roll from his heart like a dreadful nightmare from a person just awakened from a horrible dream, and he said, "'Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.' I can yet make life a success, for I *will* be truthful and diligent and

"The tissue of the life to be,  
We weave with colors all our own;  
And in the field of destiny,  
We reap as we have sown."

Ashland, Ohio.

(To be continued.)

## Uncle Sam's Money Factory

THE United States government now prints its own paper money and postage stamps. There was a time, years ago, when Uncle Sam gave to private firms the contracts for doing this important work, but of late years the republic has been making its own currency and stamps and bonds in a great building at Washington known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and which is a branch of the Treasury Depart-

ment which has charge of distributing this new-made money to the people.

The huge brick building which has come to be known as Uncle Sam's "money factory" has cost, with the machinery which it contains, considerably more than a million dollars and gives employment to more than three thousand people. It may interest our feminine readers to learn that considerably more than

one-half of the whole number of employés are women and in most of the occupations of money making they perform the tasks more quickly, more deftly and more satisfactorily than men.

At the novel print shop under the shadow of the famous Washington Monument on the banks of the Potomac river Uncle Sam not only strikes off all the paper money and postage stamps which are used daily in every nook and corner of our land, but he also prints similar articles for the people of the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the nation's other new possessions. Moreover, our citizens at home and over seas are making the money fly so rapidly and writing so many letters that the manufactory at the national capital has to be in operation both day and night in order to supply the demand.

Of the army of three thousand men and women who prepare paper money for your pocketbook and mine, only about thirteen hundred are engaged in the actual printing of the precious products. The others, as will be explained later, occupy their time in counting the new found wealth and in other kindred occupations. The printing of the money and postage stamps is all done in one immense room, known as the "bee hive," into which are crowded more than four hundred separate printing presses, all in operation at once and making a clatter louder than that of any threshing machine.

The printing presses on which our money is printed might prove a sore disappointment to a person who expected to see some new and up-to-date invention. Instead of the mass of whirring rolls and cogs which make up the latest century printing press, we find an old-fashioned hand-press that looks very much like the first printing machine ever invented and which was produced in Italy centuries ago. There are two reasons why Uncle Sam uses these old-time machines. In the first place it enables him to give employment to a vastly greater number of people than would be possible were the new-fangled labor-saving presses employed, and in the second place it is claimed that where delicate designs are to be printed as in the case of stamps and money the hand-press gives much better results than the high speed machines operated by steam.

Two persons are required to operate each of these odd printing presses. On one side of the press, which is no wider than a kitchen table, stands a man known as the plate-printer, while opposite him is a young woman who acts as a helper. The girl removes from the press each successive piece of paper as it is stamped and substitutes a fresh, clean sheet. The man inks the printing surface by means of a hand roller and gives a few quick turns of a monster wheel which furnishes the pressure necessary to stamp the paper with Uncle Sam's promise to pay.

The plate printers, who in time become very expert,

are not given regular salaries but are paid by the piece, which makes it to the interest of each employé to print as many sheets as possible. An experienced printer will print considerably more than one thousand sheets in a working day of eight hours, and thus a day's work represents a large sum of money for each sheet of paper holds four notes—one dollar, five dollar, ten dollar or \$100 bills as the case may be—or else four hundred postage or revenue stamps.

Just here it should be explained that all the printing is done on a peculiar kind of paper. Uncle Sam does not make this paper, although he furnishes part of the material for it in the form of worn-out paper money. The paper is manufactured at a closely-guarded mill in Massachusetts, the proprietor of which alone possesses the secret of putting into each sheet of paper the lines or bands of colored silk which form the best safeguard against counterfeit bills. The government is this paper manufacturer's only customer for this kind of paper. Indeed, Uncle Sam will not permit him to sell it to anybody else nor even to manufacture any greater quantity of the precious material than is needed to fill the orders received from the Treasury Department.

Our readers will understand that the actual printing of the bills as above described is by no means the first step in the creation of Miss Columbia's legal tender. There is no end of preparations to be made ere things are in readiness for the printing. First of all, a design has to be determined upon for each new style of greenback and for each new variety of postage stamps. In order that the officials may see how the new products will look when completed artists are first employed to paint water color pictures of the proposed new pieces of currency just as your architect offers a pen and ink drawing to give you an idea of how your new house or barn will look when it is finished. When a design is found to be satisfactory it is turned over to the engravers who prepare the plates or dies from which the printing is done.

These engravers are experts and some of them receive as much as \$20 per day. Their work is very much the same as that of the man who engraves your visiting cards save that it is vastly more skilled. No one engraver attempts to cut the complete design for a new bank note. Instead, the work is divided among a number of these workers with edged tools, each of which is master in his own particular line. One is an adept at lettering, another does nothing but engrave portraits of prominent men such as appear on all our money, and so it is through the entire group of workers, each of which has a hand in the undertaking.

In the case of money or postage stamps the printing is not done from the original engraved plate as it would be in the case of an engraved wedding invitation. There are two reasons for this. First is the fact that the engraved plate, although as hard as a



diamond, would wear down after one hundred thousand bills had been struck off, causing delay while a new plate was being prepared with a possibility that even then the new plate would not be exactly like the old. Second, is the circumstance that Uncle Sam often wishes to have a dozen or a hundred presses printing the same kind of bills at one time and of course any such doubling up would be impossible if there were only a single plate to print from. Because of these conditions all the printing of postage stamps and money is done from copies or duplicates of the original plate, all of which are molded from it with great care.

As has been said, less than half of the men and women who are employed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are engaged in the actual printing of the money or stamps. The others occupy their time in a variety of ways. For instance, a large force of women is engaged in operating the machines which gum the backs of the postage stamps. The machines do so much of the work that the operators scarcely need soil their fingers, but they have to keep a watchful eye to see that the gum does not get too thick or too thin, that none of the sheets become entangled in the machinery or other mishap occur. The government spends nearly fifty dollars a day for the gum for our postage stamps. It is prepared in monster 100-gallon kettles in the basement of the printery.

There is another branch of the work of preparing postage stamps which engages the attention of a large force of employes—all women. This is found in the operation of machines armed with countless needles which punch the tiny holes that divide the individual stamps. The margin between the stamps is so very narrow that great care is necessary in order that the lines of pinholes shall be perfectly even. One woman employé of the Bureau devotes her entire time to operating a machine that places the numbers 1 to 1,000,000,000 on the currency consecutively as it is fed through the apparatus.

The examination of the sheets of newly-printed money and postage stamps is no small task. If the examiners find the slightest flaw—maybe a blot or a blemish so small that the untrained eye would not notice it—the entire sheet must be thrown out. The counting of the products of this money factory is another time-consuming task, and, like the examining, it is done wholly by women. Every piece of currency is counted more than fifty times during its brief existence at the Bureau and indeed this repeated handling robs it of so much of its crispness that it is necessary, ere the notes are put in circulation, to treat them to a bath of alum and glue to restore the crackly freshness.

Uncle Sam takes the greatest precautions at his money factory to protect himself from loss through the carelessness or dishonesty of employes. Not only

must each printer return the plate which he has been using to the vault at the close of the day's work, but he must also account for every piece of paper which has been issued to him during the day, no matter whether he printed upon the paper or not. If any sheet of paper is missing the printer must make good the loss, according to the denomination of the bills he has been printing. Thus if a man who has been printing \$50 notes loses or destroys a sheet capable of holding four bills the sum of \$200 will be deducted from his salary.

Or if a sheet of money or stamps has disappeared in the counting or examining room or some other division where the responsibility cannot be fixed upon one person but must be divided among many, all the various workers in that section of the institution are held prisoners until the missing securities are found. On one occasion a large number of employes were detained from late afternoon until two o'clock the next morning hunting for a recreant sheet of greenbacks which was finally located in a funnel into which it had been blown by the breeze created by an electric fan.

The visitor to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has an opportunity to see what becomes of the nation's worn-out paper money, and just here it may be explained that it is because Uncle Sam in the interest of health and cleanliness believes in frequently replacing old money with new that the government money factory is ever working overtime. In days gone by it was the custom to burn all the worn-out money sent back to Washington but now there is followed the better scheme of chopping the retired currency into an unrecognizable mass of pulp by a sort of sausage-cutting machine and using this pulp in the manufacture of paper which in due course is made into new money. —*Waldon Fawcett, in Woman's Magazine.*



#### ECONOMY IN READING.

It has been said that when Abraham Lincoln once secured the attention of the public men noticed that he seldom made a public speech or wrote a state paper without quoting from or illustrating it with the Bible. An investigation into the nature of his library reveals the fact that he had access to only a few good books. Like many another, the memory of whose lives and deeds is ever fresh in the minds of the American people, he passed the days of his youth with less than a dozen volumes. A small library, indeed, for one who was destined to become the leader of his age! But just such books as the Bible, Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, and Plutarch's Lives, have not only made men great but have made the same men well read.

To-day there is no scarcity of reading matter. "Of

the making of many books there is no end " was never truer than now. The amount of printed matter streaming from the press and finding its way to all classes is enormous and ever on the increase. And, as is so often the case elsewhere, the increase in quantity means a decrease in quality—speaking generally. This is the one feature of the present status of the book question that is not leading to the best results. With much to choose from, some judgment must be exercised if the reader is to select such material as will be best suited to his needs.

On this subject, a question at once presents itself to the careful student. Some whose time is not especially valuable do not and need not give the matter much thought, but the judicious student, in nearly every instance, finds a careful time economy necessary. The proper choice of outside reading becomes to him a problem which he cannot afford to dispose of lightly.

Its solution must necessarily be different for each individual, and, at most, only a few general principles can be laid down that are applicable to all. Of these it might be here stated that one cannot make a very serious mistake by spending some time with the great masters of the English language. Shakespeare, Homer, and Milton were good enough to enter into the fibre of the greatest constitutional lawyer the United States has yet produced. There are, no doubt, strong and lasting works being written to-day, but it is always a good plan to let some one else read a new book first.

It is safe to say that deeper reading than is being done by many to-day would produce greater and better results. It is well enough to be broadly read. The one who has time to keep abreast with the choice works of late fiction is fortunate, and has just reason to feel happy. But it is better still to be able to say that one has mastered at least a few time-tried works, and, if I were driven to the choice of alternative, I would rather have Spencer's *First Principles* or the *Book of Proverbs* become a part of myself than to have read all the works of Dixon, Connor and Churchill.—*L. S. Shively, in College Campus.*



#### THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AND WHAT IT IS DOING.

THE only business operated by the United States government to-day—and that by explicit provision of the national constitution—is the post office. In the number of persons employed, moreover, this is the largest business concern in the country. Just how vast are its operations and how almost marvelous has been its growth may be seen in the development of the New York Post Office since the first year of Washington's presidency. The average receipts of the New York office for just a little over half a day, during

1905, exceeded the entire receipts of the national post office during the year 1789. The gross revenue of this metropolitan office for the fiscal year ending June 30, last, exceeded by a good margin the combined receipts of Alabama, Mississippi, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Indian Territory, Maine, Louisiana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, and Wyoming. It exceeded by more than one and a half millions of dollars the combined postal revenues of Boston, San Francisco, St. Louis, Buffalo, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati.

New York did a larger postal business in that year than the whole State of Illinois, including Chicago; than Pennsylvania, including Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; than Massachusetts, including Boston.

Station O, one of the thirty-seven branches of the New York office, has a greater gross revenue than the post office at Buffalo or Milwaukee; the receipts at Station P exceeded those of Milwaukee by about fifteen thousand dollars; while the business transacted at four other branch stations is greater than the business of the post offices in many of the large cities of the country. The territory covered by the New York Post Office embraces only the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. The postal needs of other parts of the greater city are served by independent post offices, ranging in importance from Brooklyn, with its annual revenue of two millions, to Bayside, N. Y., with a revenue of a little over two thousand. The gross revenues of the post offices in the greater city aggregate \$18,537,776.98.—*From "The New York Post Office: Its Achievement and Its Needs," by Louis E. Van Norman, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.*



#### AFRICA PRODUCING HER OWN OIL.

AMERICAN oil, which has monopolized the South African market for a long period, has a competitor in the product of wells in Sumatra. Most of the product of these wells, landed at Lourenco Marques, goes to the Transvaal interior.

The new oil fields of Inhambane are being steadily exploited, and the indications are that large and paying quantities will develop. At present eight companies are actively drilling upon their various claims, which cover an area of about seventy-five miles. As a consequence Inhambane has quite a boom.



THE new harness which the Khedive of Egypt ordered in England some months ago is the most costly ever made for four horses. It is valued at \$10,000.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations.

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## THE RUN OF THE MINE.



INCIDENTALLY, the other day, we heard a business man talking to a coal dealer over the telephone. He was pricing the different kinds of coal to be used in the different departments of his building. In naming the different kinds of coal he expected to use, he mentioned one kind called "The Run of the Mine." This name had a peculiar ring of interest to the listener, and after the conversation was closed, curiosity forced itself upon us so strongly that we made inquiry as to the definite meaning of the term. He explained that it was the coal which came from the mine just as the miners had produced it, without being sifted, screened or graded, and that every grade of coal, as a matter of course, was included in "The Run of the Mine" in its natural proportions.

This brought new thoughts to the surface concerning the people of the world. How similar are the things upon the earth to the things underneath the earth. Nature has been very impartial in her distribution of resources. She has also been very kind to us in the distribution of talent, wisdom and fortune. It is a well-known fact that when the coal is once graded some classes of coal bring a much higher price than others, and as for the screenings, they bring almost nothing, and would be hardly worth the mining if they were not found in quantities where a higher grade was mixed with them.

This principle is too apparent in life to need comment. As we place the human family on the basis of "The Run of the Mine" we find that every nationality, every political party, every society, every church and every climate has it within their borders; thus the different grades of people are promiscuously thrown together to fulfill their mission in life, whatever it may be. If the better classes of people were separated from the others and placed in one country

by themselves, it would almost render them useless, and leave the rest helpless. They would practically have nothing upon which to spend their energy and talent. There must be a vacuum into which to empty the energy of the better classes of people, whether it be financially, educationally, or in the way of charity. The people who would be left after the better classes would be taken away would be in a pitiful condition.

In a certain sense no one of these classes of people is more helpful to the world than the other. In this sense each has its mission to fill. There are, however, very few avenues of life where all classes of people can be used promiscuously; our professions and vocations in life naturally separate the people into their proper spheres. Not only that, but their natural propensities tend to do so. A few people select a profession from a matter of choice, but more select from a matter of necessity. Among all classes we find a great many who are not making the most out of their mission in life. Sometimes it is due to the fact that they will not give themselves over to be used as they should do, and it sometimes occurs because the world does not know of their usefulness. No mineral or metal is worth anything to the world until it is brought from the mine. It is just as helpless and useless and worthless as the dirt that surrounds it, so long as it is not brought into utility.

The wealth of coal lies in its unit of heat; the wealth of metal in its unit of service, perhaps; the wealth of men should always be remunerated according to their ability measured by the standard of the unit of service. It seems that the whole world rejoices when, among the debris of dirt and the "Run of the Mine" is found a gem far beyond the average in value.

Not long since a diamond was found in South Africa, weighing 3,030 carats and worth more than five millions of dollars. This is the largest diamond in the world. Although it possesses more real commercial value than any other stone in the world, yet it has been lying there for centuries, valueless because it could not be utilized; it had not found its place. No matter how valuable a thing is it is of no use until it is in the right place.

History says it has not been so many years since the Old Dominion threw away that portion of her territory lying west of the mountains, because it was deemed worthless and was simply a piece of property on which the States had to lose money rather than gain. But some genius began to sink shafts which caused a few railroads to penetrate her forests and puncture her rock ribs, and to-day her coal-fields, oil-fields, gas deposits and timber resources can purchase the mother State a half dozen times, and have money left. Hidden treasures are often sold remarkably cheap. Many a boy has been turned out into the

street, as an outcast, who has a giant intellect, but the world did not know of it.

During the countless ages of the past, Niagara River has been rushing over the great precipice at nearly the same rate as at the present, and yet the people could really find no real utility in it, except as a pleasure resort and the beautiful picture it presented; but some one of recent years happened to think there was a wonderful amount of power going to waste, and to-day its wonderful energy is being harnessed and turned into commercial benefits. If the entire wealth of energy could be utilized, perhaps every State in the United States could be illumined by it.

The great canopy above us, which we have reason to believe is a vast ethereal ocean of infinite space, heretofore seemingly useless, now seems to be just the very thing for Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy, as well as for aerial navigation of the future.

These hidden gems, like all others, had to be brought into the field of utility before any value was attached to them. Where the ancient mariners applied the paddles of the rustic canoe, and the mermaids sang their enchanting songs to the seafaring men, the billows washed the sands of the limitless oceans for ages; the briny waters of the deep were supposed to have been useless, except as a scavenger of the earth and as a home for aquatic animals, but the progressive thought of these centuries is now able to harness the power of the gigantic waves on the bosom of the deep and compel them to help move the world. Her waters have been distilled and the commercial gold brought therefrom in paying quantities.

Professor Hilprecht, of Philadelphia, through the agency of scientific investigation, with a pickax and shovel, has brought to light thousands of Chaldean tablets, which, for thirty centuries, have been hidden treasures in the valley of the Euphrates, but have been selected from the "Run of the Mine" and are now invaluable testimony in evidence of the truth of God's Word.

In the obscurity of a rail pile in Hardin county, Kentucky, among the mountains, was concealed a hidden treasure for years, but an old log cabin, a huge fireplace, a few grammar lessons, a pious mother and a determined effort brought from the "Run of the Mine" to the stage of action, at the crucial moment, an emancipator of a nation of slaves.

In a pile of shavings, under a work-bench, played an innocent, curly-headed, blue-eyed boy who, in spite of derision, opposition and persecution; in spite of Romans, Jews and Greeks; in spite of the cross, the grave and hell, redeemed the world at the cost of his life.

Who knows but that in the "Run of the Mine" of our INGLENOOK family there may be gems of great price that we know not of. Some of these have already been brought to the surface and have been

turned into usefulness. Some real nuggets of pure gold have been placed on the pages of our magazine from the youthful minds of our contributors. And while their names have not yet been heralded from pole to pole and from ocean to ocean, their hearts have been touched with the finger of Higher Life, and their efforts show a greater determination to better their fellows.

Among our girls we may or may not find an Elizabeth Staunton, a Clara Barton or an Evangeline Booth. The boys may or may not furnish us a Greeley, a Grant or a Demosthenes, but it is yet possible that a greater than any of these may be found.

In conclusion, if any of the readers of the INGLENOOK have found, while they have been digging and searching for valuable things, some of the gems that we need, let them make it known, and in this way become a real benefactor. Some of the best essays that have appeared in the INGLENOOK have been sent in by some one who found the essay in the hands of another. You see people may have these talents, possessing real merit, and yet either not know it or else are too modest to let it be known. That is why we need and solicit your help to bring the matter properly before the family.

Let us all take hold of the great sifter and help search from the "Run of the Mine" these latent talents that lie within their power that are not doing the most possible good for the world.



MICHAEL ANGELO once painted a magnificent fresco on the dome of a cathedral. But the dome was so high that the painting could be observed only with personal discomfort, so people paid but little attention to it. Finally some one conceived the idea of placing a large mirror beneath the dome so that it would reflect the rays from the ceiling. Now the artist's handiwork was greatly admired by all visitors. What the mirror did for the painting, the Bible does for God. It brings him nearer to us, and gives us clearer views of his character, and enables us to enter into closer fellowship with him. Again, in the person of our Savior, we see just what the Father is, how full of love and compassion, and how forbearing and forgiving he is.



Most people are familiar with the late John J. Ingalls' classic on "Opportunity." Mr. Ingalls wrote:

Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore  
I answer not, and I return no more!



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE island of Formosa is likely to suffer a famine because of the recent earthquake. The disastrous effect upon the trade of the island will not be completely remedied perhaps for years to come. The vast destruction of property will unsettle the conditions of commerce. The energy of the trade largely depended upon the leading business men of the island, many of whom were killed, and the conditions of commerce will revive slowly. During the first half of 1905 the exports of the island amounted to \$5,785,000, while the imports amounted to \$6,667,000.

AUSTRIA is being reformed somewhat. Recently an electoral reform bill was passed, giving to all nationalities in the empire equal and complete representation. A political majority will now imply compromise and coöperation among the various nationalities. The bill will extend the suffrage to all males twenty years old who possess a residential qualification of one year. It provides for four hundred and fifty-five representatives. In certain districts, however, plural voting is to be introduced in order to safeguard the rights of the Polish landowners.

TRAFFIC is now being carried on by rail from the river Nile to the Red Sea. The construction of this road, which is greatly needed for the commercial development of the Egyptian Sudan, proved a very difficult task, the track running chiefly across a waterless desert. Connecting with the Nile railway, it has its Red Sea terminus at Sheik Borghut, a few miles north of Suakin. Since finding this road to be of so great importance other extensions of the Sudan railway system are proposed.

DR. G. STANLEY HALL, of Clark University, recently addressed a large audience at Boston on conditions in the Kongo Free State, stating that out of a population estimated at between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 there were 3,000,000 put to death yearly by the laws of King Leopold. The natives were killed off for various reasons, but many were flogged to death because of their inability to collect a sufficient amount of rubber.

AN example of modern engineering will soon be in existence at Coney Island. It is to be a structure

seven hundred feet high. Samuel M. Friede, of the Friede Globe Tower Company, is the inventor of the tower, which will be 500 feet in diameter and will contain a pedestal roof garden one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, including a restaurant, theatre, and roller skating rink; an aerial hippodrome, two hundred and fifty feet above the ground; a moving café and dance hall, three hundred feet up; a palm garden at four hundred feet, an observatory platform at five hundred feet, and still higher a branch of the weather bureau, including the largest revolving searchlight in the world. It is estimated that more than seven thousand tons of steel will be used in the structure, which is to be fireproof, and the cost of which is placed at \$975,500. This island is the place where all the world goes during the summer, every season revealing some new wonder, and this new project will astonish the world.

FOR some time now the newspapers of St. Petersburg made features of numerous letters and articles in denunciation of the treatment Maxim Gorky has received in the United States, some of them stigmatizing Americans as Pharisees and fat swine and denouncing them for their hypocritical adherence to conventionalities. The Russian criticism is not a fair statement of the position held by Christianized America.

A NEW smoke-cleaning device has been adopted by the street railway operating plant of Portland, Oregon, for the purpose of separating the smoke and cinders. A large steel fan is used, the draught of which forces the smoke through a steel-plate flue into a vertical cylinder thirty-two feet in diameter, with a cone-shaped hopper at the bottom for receiving the cinders. The smoke emerges through an aperture at the top, and, of course, the cinders being heavier naturally sink to the bottom, and from the hopper they are conveyed back to the furnaces to be completely burned.

IN the white marble hall of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg recently the elected members of the first National Assembly, or Douma, of Russia, under the new dispensation, met Czar Nicholas face to face, in the presence of a glittering assemblage of court officials, diplomats and soldiers. The Czar had come from Peterhof to the capital for the purpose of in-

augurating with his own spoken word this first effort toward a representative parliament. It was the first time he had been in the Winter Palace since the fateful Sunday in January, 1905, when the approaching workmen were shot down in the streets, the event which was the first of a long series of strikes and revolts, which has forced from the autocracy the summoning of a *douma* and the granting of constitutional guarantees.

STATISTICS show that the best students are the ones who spend the least, that is, in money. In Yale college it is known that the members who have attained high scholarships have averaged \$731 a year for expenses, while the lowest scholarship members averaged \$1,244 a year. The average expense of the entire class during the four years is \$4,146. Twenty-four have earned all their expenses and ninety-five a part. This shows what a determination will do, and that it takes something more than money to obtain an education.

THE *Christian Register* (Unitarian) has published the address of Mme. Loyson before the International Congress of Monotheistic Religions, at Geneva, in which the statement is made that "Musselmans are Unitarian Christians, willingly confessing it; and they are more orthodox than Socinus or Channing." She says that they accept the Old and New Testaments and believe in the miraculous birth of Christ, but refuse to call him the Son of God, believing that as God is a pure spirit, he could not have a Son born of flesh. She characterizes Islam as "a unity with a short and unique creed—God and the judgment." All are laymen, as were Christ and his disciples.

A NEW system of school grading is being adopted in the schools of Germany. In a recent educational convention at Berlin the government was advised to establish two kinds of lyceums for girls, thus revolutionizing the system for girls, that they may attain to an equality with the boys. One is to be an eight-year course, corresponding to our high school, and the other a four-year supplementary course, preparatory to the university. There are twenty-one universities now, and the attendance of women this year is 1,907, greater than ever before.

CHANCELLOR DAY, of the Syracuse University, in a letter issued Monday bitterly criticised President Roosevelt for his oil trust message. The chancellor said there were two forms of anarchism, and that the policy of the President was the more dangerous of the two. He claims that anarchy of the Hearst variety does but little harm, because its cloven foot is instantly seen, but anarchy clothed with official author-

ity is covered and perilous. He said that the President had no right, constitutionally or morally, to attack corporate or private business by name. The President should be the first to recognize and respect the regular process of law. In conclusion, he says that it is an amazing blunder for congress and the people to see this overriding of sacred individual rights without protest.

CHIEF ENGINEER HENRY W. FISHER, of the Standard Underground Cable Company, of New York, claims to have succeeded in making real diamonds in an arc furnace, much larger than any of the artificial diamonds created by Moisson at Paris. Fisher's furnace is shaped something similar to the arc light, containing a temperature of 4,500 degrees of centigrade. A small quantity of soft iron and pulverized graphite, covered with charcoal, is placed in the furnace, insulated by asbestos and lined with magnetite. When the iron and graphite are fused the crucible is plunged into ice-cold water, and the contraction of the iron exerts a mighty pressure on the graphite, which instantly crystallizes into actual diamonds of very small size.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN has recently visited the city of Jerusalem, on his tour around the world, and while there addressed a special meeting held in the Tabernacle by the Christian Missionary Alliance. He talked seventy minutes on the life of Christ. Mr. Bryan expresses great astonishment at the small proportion of Christians in America and Europe not visiting the Bible lands. In this age of travel he thinks that more people ought to make it a point to visit the homeland of our dear Savior. Every minister of the Gospel, every Sunday-school worker ought to see what is to be seen there. They would love the Bible more and would realize a high per cent of interest on the money invested in the cost of the trip.

THE people of New Jersey have revolted against the present system of capital punishment (hanging), and have recently passed a bill, through the Senate, to abolish such punishment and substitute killing by electricity. This measure will take effect March 1, 1907. The government of that State will be at an expense to erect a special building where the executions shall be conducted, and who is responsible for this cumbersome expense? It is stealing the money away from where it rightfully belongs. That much money should go to the education and development of the young men and women of that State into higher and nobler characters.

THE salary of the Vice President of the Cuban Republic has been fixed at \$15,000 a year.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### AN EARLY DREAM.

D. D. THOMAS.

WAY back in the midst of childhood,  
 Like the light of an early morn,  
 There come those vivid pictures  
 Which have the crudest form.  
 There come my early visions  
 So near and yet how far,  
 When mind and heart were dawning  
 In the shadows of a bar.  
 How frightful where I feared them!  
 How peaceful where I cheered!  
 And every bent of fancy;  
 As willed the vision reared.  
 But oh, that dream of childhood  
 Where dawning sorrows mar,  
 Where coming death was pictured  
 By the shadow's passing bar.  
 The light it was so golden,  
 'Twas near the golden shore.  
 The bars of deepest darkness  
 Betokened darkness' core.  
 One said that death was passing  
 A loved and tender care.  
 I saw the shadows moving  
 Like the shadows of a bar.  
 They moved, I knew him dying  
 They ceased, I knew him dead.  
 I did not hear them crying  
 Nor see the tears they shed.  
 But 'twas a somber stillness,  
 That reckoned death not far.  
 And a loving tie was broken  
 By the shadow's passing bar.  
 Long years have passed since childhood;  
 Much grief has turned me gray;  
 Some joy has made me hopeful  
 And cheered me day by day.  
 At every turn the journey  
 Presents the funeral car,  
 And wounded love lies bleeding,  
 By the shadow's passing bar.

Harrod, Ohio.



### THE FARM BEAUTIFUL.

LULU C. MOHLER.

THE farmer who likes his vocation and is a man of ambition has a farm and a home that is his pride and a source of wealth to himself, and, incidentally, to his locality. He has rows of berries, nicely trimmed; his orchard is kept up and therefore pays him for his time and work. The grapes climb over

strong trellises and get a good share of attention, for as a feast to the eye they are a "joy forever," and they appeal to everyone in the soft autumn days, when the misty blush is over their purple clusters.

Our farmer keeps his fences in good repair, and by so doing his animals do not trouble his neighbors. No loose boards are lying around for something to walk over and get hurt on the nails. And one thing he never does—he never piles his rubbish along the public highway. It is gathered up and put somewhere that its presence does not spoil our view of a pretty spot. Perhaps in lack of a better place it is buried.

Fertilizer is used whenever needed, and the farm is kept "ship-shape." Farmers don't need thoroughbreds and the best of buildings to have a neat and valuable farm. It all depends on the man.

We so sadly need more beautiful and neater farm homes than one finds. We generally find women more ready to think of the beauty of the surroundings; then, to them we would say:

If your homes are not as beautiful as you would wish, you can transform them as much as your strength allows and your taste dictates.

How the children love the soft, beautiful grass! A lawn with a few shrubs and the closely-mown grass for the children to run riot in. Along some old building that has long been an eyesore plant a row of hollyhocks, then what a change. Morning-glories cover the homeliness of old buildings and other old-fashioned flowers add to the transformation.

A little spent for seeds, a nicely-kept lawn, old boards, barrels and tin cans gathered up and you will wonder why you are feeling so contented and happy; and will realize the farm is a glorious place to spend one's life.

The man who sees no beauty in a nicely-tended farm will admire your riot of flowers as much as you do, for we all have a passionate love for the beautiful, and by using a little tact you will see a change in his farming.

Lecton, Mo.



### "HOMECROFT."

#### The Making of a Word.

"A little croft we owned—a plot of corn,  
 A garden stored with peas, and mint and thyme,  
 And flowers for posies."—Wordsworth.

#### Build Homecrofts Before Battleships.

The citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his

hearthstone—while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted.—Henry W. Grady.

A NEW idea must have a word to express it. If no such word exists one must be made.

The individual home on the land, however small, that is intensely cultivated by its owner for the purpose of providing in part at least the food or the living for himself or his family, should have a word to designate it, clearly and distinctly, and to differentiate it from every other kind of home on the land. No other one thing is of so much importance to the future welfare and preservation of this nation, as the rooting of the great mass of our working people to the soil in individual homes of their own—the giving to every family of an anchorage on the land—no matter how small a piece it may be—provided it can be intensely cultivated by some member of the family as a source of food supply, or to contribute to the family living.

And it is, indeed, strange, when the idea of such a home is so clear in so many minds, and the creation of many millions of them is of such vast and far-reaching importance, that there is no one word in the language to clearly and unmistakably describe such a rural home.

To call it a rural home merely does not clearly describe it, nor does a suburban home convey the idea, because the country estate of a millionaire may be a rural home or a suburban home.

The idea is not expressed by calling it a farm, because a farm may include almost any area, large or small, from the acre of the market gardener to the thousands of acres of the "Bonanza Wheat Farms" of the West.

Neither does the word Homeacre, frequently used heretofore in this journal to express the idea, convey an accurate conception of it. Homeacre means, by its very term, a piece of land of a designated and specified area, which is a limitation that is unnecessary. The only right limitation of the idea is that the tract of land is cultivated, and cultivated by the owner or occupant, and not by hired labor, and that the main purpose of its cultivation is that it may contribute to the support of the owner or occupant and his family.

Furthermore, the one who cultivates the land must occupy it as a home. Otherwise the condition is not a fulfillment of the conception of such a home on the land.

It really matters not whether a home of this character is merely a house and lot, however small, provided the lot is cultivated, or a piece of land several acres in extent, provided it is no more than the owner or occupant can cultivate with his own labor.

In other words, it must be such a home as comes within what Emerson had in mind when he wrote:

"I believe in a spade and an acre of good ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, seems to me a universal working man. He solves the problem of life, not for one but for all men of sound body."

And must conform to the principle laid down by Ruskin in these words:

"But since we live in an epoch of change and too, probably, of revolution, and thoughts which are not to be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged to affirm the one principle which can and in the end will close all epochs of revolution—that each man shall possess the ground he can use, and no more."

The English language has in the past had no word to express this great idea with all its stupendous possibilities of influence on the national life and citizenship.

So we have made a new word to express the idea, and the word is HOMECROFT.

It is a word that combines all the comprehensive meaning of the word home, with the addition of a "croft" as a part of the home.

A "croft" is defined by the Century Dictionary to be

"A very small farm: applied especially to the small farms of the western coast and islands of Scotland."

The occupant of such a farm was a crofter, defined as follows:

"Crofter: One who occupies or cultivates a croft; specifically, a small farmer on the western coast and islands of Scotland. The Scotch crofter is a small land-tenant, whose holding is not large enough to be called a farm or to support him by tillage."

The crofter of Scotland was almost invariably a tenant.

Let it be understood that although the homecrofter may be for a time a tenant, that it is only for a time, and that the whole homecroft movement is designed to encourage and promote the ownership of his croft by every homecrofter.

The efforts that have been made in the past to promote a movement "back to the land" have not met with much success, because the idea has usually been to transplant city workers to country homes, and there make farmers of them, so that they would get their living solely by the cultivation of the soil.

This is drawing too hard and fast a line between city and country. Give the city worker a home in the suburbs, where he can have a garden and a poultry yard, and where his children can have sunshine and fresh air without stint, and you have largely done away with the terrible evils that are cursing the denizens of the congested quarters of our great cities: physical degeneracy, tuberculosis, and social, moral,



and political dangers too numerous to be enumerated.

To every man oppressed by such an environment, we say:

#### Be a Homecrofter!

Get your wife and babies out of the tenements and out of the savagely deteriorating environment of crowded city streets into God's fresh air and sunshine and plant them in a homecroft, where the noble sentiment, expressed by Henry W. Grady, and carved on his monument and quoted at the beginning of this article, may recur to your mind as fitting your life any evening of the year.

In the June number of the *Talisman* plans that are now being formulated will be laid before its readers that will have a far-reaching effect on the advancement of the homecroft movement.—*Geo. H. Maxwell, in Maxwell's Talisman.*



#### THE MAN AT THE PLOW.

JUST a thought in recognition of a fellow who seldom gets into the newspapers. He doesn't make much news. He knows mighty little about the "city ways" of making money. He has a fine liking for clean financial methods and a hearty scorn for all that is crooked. Perhaps it is his manner of living that makes him want to be honest.

Let that man see a problem play, one of those things that serve to satisfy the jaded appetites of metropolitan people, and you'll find a splash of red on his tanned cheek and he will wonder how it is possible for women to be present.

Tell him about bribery and stock jobbing and franchise stealing, and a few of the thousand forms of gouging the public, and you will bar his faith in the natural goodness of humanity.

Just now this type of good American citizen is following a plow. It is hard work. It puts a big ache in the back and callous on the hands. It destroys the complexion. It calls for brown overalls and perspiration. The man is happy in his work. He whistles as he trudges along in the furrow. He clucks to his horses and finds joy in the freedom of his life. He doesn't go into raptures over green fields and singing brooks and songs of birds. They are a part of his environment. They are routine, but he loves them just the same.

He has an enormous burden on his broad shoulders. He feeds the world. He is the brother of life itself. He toils long hours. His primary object in working is his own welfare.

But he feeds the world. He makes existence possible. He is the head of the procession in which are marching the doctor, the lawyer, the banker, the idler. He is the fountainhead of wealth and prosperity. He is the creditor of humanity.

It is well to remember with gratefulness this man in overalls, who follows the plow and whistles as the brown earth reveals its richness and prepares to bring forth the fruits of the field.—*Louisville Herald.*



#### WHICH?

WHICH is of the most value, a good conscience void of offense before God and man, or streets built of blood-money and watered with widow's tears?

Which is of the most value, character, virtue, and salvation from all the vice, crime, and misery consequent to a saloon, or saloons, and a criminal record that brings the blush of shame to all good citizens, this plus the money that the town will get for license?

Which is the worse, a stranded town or a stranded soul?

Which is best, the regime of peace and soberness, happiness and holiness and less revenue, or life under the regime of saloons with all their crimes, moral, civic, and social, and the revenue that they will bring?

Which is safest, a Rachel, a mother weeping for her children, comfortless over their wrecked lives, or these weeping mothers and wrecked lives plus the revenue that the saloons will bring?

Which is safest, the career that will prevent the possible wrecking of your own son, or to vote for the thing that has wrecked its millions, from which your darling boy is not immune?

Which is noblest, the vote that will seek to throw a mantle of protection around your family and that of your neighbor, or to vote to license the evil that must succeed by the lives that it wrecks?

Which is bravest, the stand for truth and right, salvation and safety to all, or a pusillanimous indifference that will "hands off" because some one may be in the evil business that has been an occasional patron of yours in the past?

Which is the most profitable, to gain this whole world and lose your own soul, or to lose the world and save your soul?—*Pacific Issue.*



#### USES OF RHUBARB.

OUR first "fruit" of the garden is rhubarb. The majority of the people do not appreciate it at its full worth. Early in the season a few stalks are used for pies and the remainder allowed to go to waste, when it might be a common article of diet all the year round. For the spring and summer season it can be made into a variety of pies and puddings, and for the winter season it may be preserved in the form of jam, jelly, butter, and canned, either alone, or in combination with other fruits. One of the objections given to the plentiful use of rhubarb is the amount of sugar called for to make it sweet enough; but it's worth the cost.

**Rhubarb Pie.**—Line a pie tin with rich paste; mix half a cupful of nice white sugar and one heaping tablespoonful of flour together, and spread over the bottom of the crust; cut the tender stalks of rhubarb into small pieces without peeling, and fill into the crust; over this sprinkle a cupful of white sugar and put on the top crust. Bake in a slow oven, so the juice will not boil over. The rhubarb may be slightly stewed, sweetened, the grated rind and juice of a lemon added and the beaten yolks of two eggs stirred into it, baked in an under crust and a nice meringue spread over the top.

**Rhubarb Pudding.**—Butter well thin slices of stale bread; put a layer of finely-cut rhubarb (not cooked) in a baking dish, sprinkle lightly with sugar, cover with slices of bread (crumbs may be used), another layer of fruit, sugar and bread, until the dish is full, with a layer of bread crumbs on top. Pour over this one cupful of water, cover with a plate, and bake in the oven for half an hour. Serve hot or cold, with sugar and cream, or nice sauce. While baking, it is essential that the steam should not escape, as this must cook the rhubarb.

Rhubarb should not be cooked in tin, as it is very acid. Agateware, porcelain-lined, or earthenware should always be used.—*Selected.*



#### THE COSTLY CONSCIENCE OF A TRAMP.

In a letter recently published in a daily newspaper a rich man deplored the fact that his conscience stung

him because of the moral taint upon the fortune he will leave to his children, despite the legitimacy of the business methods whereby he acquired it; but he intimated no intention of easing his conscience by means of some sort of restitution. Contrasting strongly with this letter is one recently received by C. C. Clark, general passenger agent of the Big Four Railroad, from a converted hobo, who says he wants to pay for rides which he stole on the bumpers of freight cars. He gives the following details:

"I rode on freight trains from Indianapolis to St. Louis three times, St. Louis to Indianapolis three times, Marion to Indianapolis three times, Indianapolis to Marion three times, Alexander to Tipton one time, Urbana to Indianapolis two times, Indianapolis to Urbana two times, Danville to Indianapolis two times, Danville to Veedersburg two times. I am converted now and want to make things right as soon as I can."

It is a pity that this little romance of religion should be marred by the sordidness of strict business considerations, but Mr. Clark decided that he would have to request payment at regular passenger rates, not even suggesting that the penitent stealer of rides might settle by means of donations to religious and charitable objects, which would be appropriate restitution and would relieve the exaction of full fares on the day coaches for the risky rides on car bumpers, of its appearance of injustice.—*Searchlight.*



You will lose everything you try to keep God from having.—*E. P. Brown.*

## The Rural Sanctum

Resolved--That the bicycle has done more harm than good to humanity.

HARVEY LONG.

THE bicycle has been of more value than harm to the country for the following reasons: First, the boy likes machinery and this desire is somewhat fulfilled by the bicycle. He enjoys being able to mend a break or to take the machine to pieces and adjust its parts. This is a mechanical knowledge for him and a practical benefit. The care the bicycle needs to keep it in good condition is a lesson that will be of value to him later in life.

Second, the bicycle is a means of valuable exercise. Some people object to this, saying that it is too violent. But it need not be carried to excess any more than does any other form of exercise. Others may say that it is too hard work to ride a wheel. For those persons I would say that they may not be accus-

tomed to riding or that they lack a little necessary ambition. For a growing, ambitious boy this is no objection.

Third, the convenience of a wheel is another argument in its favor. With proper care you may always have them in traveling shape. It requires no more time to do this than it does to keep a horse and buggy in a serviceable condition. If you do occasionally get caught away from home by a shower or have a break it is no more than may happen when traveling with a rig. If one uses judgment these accidents may happen rarely.

Fourth, the bicycle is not expensive. It is natural that a young man should want some means of conveyance and in many cases it would be better if he were deprived of having a horse and buggy. Many



young men spend time and money caring for a horse when they have no actual need of it. To keep the wheel in good trim is no great task and not expensive. Last summer I rode my bicycle six hundred miles for which it cost me five cents for oil and five cents' worth of rubber cement to fix one puncture. What has resulted from the use of the bicycle, from a personal standpoint, has been of much more value than harm.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*

GRACE WAGONER.

It cannot always be determined at a glance whether a thing has done good or otherwise, to humanity, for oftentimes, "There is a way which seemeth right, but the end thereof is death."

We find this true in the problem before us. Hence before it can be accurately discussed, we should have in mind a rule from which we may judge its worth. Suffice it to say, humanity is bettered only by those things which promote pure thought, uplift society, and lead to the advancement of civilization.

Viewing the bicycle problem from this standpoint the affirmative side becomes so evident that it needs little proof. First, it has failed to elevate society; rather the contrary has been its influence. Woman, who was intended by the great Creator to be the purest and by nature the most gentle of all creation, has become one of its chief victims. She, by its use, has become masculine, not only in thought and deed, but even in apparel. Is it uplifting to see a woman in bloomers, or without, mount a bicycle? Is it charming to see her hump to the task of propelling? Is it not bordering on the vulgar to behold her twisting and struggling anatomy, striving to win the race from others similarly engaged? The manner of mounting, the manner of sitting thereon, and the action necessary in propelling, are all contrary to that pure spirit which builds up society. *They are not æsthetic.*

The rhymer gives us a striking picture of the woman mounted on this dumb, two-wheeled horse, viz.,

"She has large, loose trousers,  
No bothersome skirt,  
A manly cravat,  
A coat and a shirt,  
And her face becomes red,  
As she onward doth plow,  
As the hot perspiration  
Stands forth on her brow."

Do these things promote pure thought? Never, in either male or female. It may be advanced that it is better, by far, for the man than for the woman. That, in some degree, is true. Yet that assertion does not prove that its use by man alone is conducive to the best interest of civilization.

Again it may be argued that its presence and in-

genious mechanism alone are sufficient to prove the question negatively. Not so, however. They are in nowise a guarantee of the quality of civilization, but of the advance of civilization guaranteed, and our republican form of government. Many ingenious things are made or invented that do not better our civilization.

Secondly, the bicycle has not promoted the growth of "pure and undefiled religion." If it has failed here, it has failed altogether, for that which is detrimental to the cause of Christ is of but little good to anything else. How many people, male and female, have used it exclusively on the Lord's Day to attend the services of God's house, visit the sick, etc.? Very few, almost none, make such exclusive use of the wheel. No, to use the bicycle for necessary purposes only is the exception, not the rule. True, the bicycle is much in evidence on Sunday in favorable weather. For serving the Lord? Far from it. The park drives are a haunt. The country ways and highways must be traversed, Sunday ball games witnessed. Clandestine meetings are carried out, oftentimes to a shameful finish. Often members of the same family are scattered many miles in different directions, whereas they should occupy seats in the house of God. Boys who should be under the immediate oversight of parents manage to secure the use of wheels, run riot on the Lord's Day, neglect Sunday school and church services, get into bad company, run races to the overtaxing of their physical powers, often get sick, but never fail to be in a far worse state spiritually than when that blessed Sunday morning dawned.

Here is a great evil that would not be wrought were it not for the advantages of travel afforded by the bicycle. If it were confined strictly to necessary uses it might in some degree be said to contribute to advance civilization. But even then it would be a very poor horse on which to ride civilization to a higher plane.

*Pyrmont, Ind.*

O. D. BUCK.

FROM my experience and observation I am inclined to take the negative side of this question.

First, because bicycle riding is a pleasurable and healthful exercise. Although it is not considered as much of a sport as it was when the bicycle was not so common, yet many people, and especially children, derive a great deal of pleasure and profit in this manner.

Second, it's a great convenience. To the laboring men, especially in the cities, whose work is quite a distance from their residence, the bicycle is a great means of convenience, shortening the time consumed in going to and from work, thus giving them more leisure time which they greatly need. To the student,

also, who desires to take a short trip occasionally it is a much appreciated convenience.

Third, it's a cheap means of travel. To the poorer classes who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, the financial part is quite a consideration. A bicycle can be purchased for less than half the price of a good horse, and the horse is liable to become sick and die while the bicycle wears out by use. The horse needs to be fed, even when not used, while the wheel requires only a little oil and occasional repairs.

Fourth, it's an independent way of travel. Many who travel, even extensively, choose this way, as they can stop when and where they desire, and are not compelled to travel by time tables or wait on street car, hack or donkey.

It is true the bicycle is of more utility and benefit in some places than others, and there are some hindrances to its use; also some harm and suffering are caused by its use, yet in taking a general view of the subject, I feel confident it has done more good for humanity than harm.

*Franklin Grove, Ill.*



#### STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

THERE are few, if any, in the great arena of action but have had to battle in some way with the ups and

downs of life. All has not been sunshine; but often shadows deep and dark have intercepted their pathway.

Strength is always the result of struggle; hence if we would gain strength in any department of labor, the greater the difficulties to attain the desired end, the greater the victories we will have achieved, and the greater will be the enjoyment after having passed through the conflicts.

Our greatest men and women that ever lived attained their greatness by hard, untiring labor. Had they given up at the first obstacle that met them, the world would have missed their lives of usefulness, but by overcoming and struggling bravely they ascended step by step, the scale of greatness. Others started in the chase with perhaps greater talents and better opportunities, who were left far in the rear. Why? Because they lacked self-reliance and perseverance, and when the struggles came were overcome. As the storms of winter make the oak of the forest strong and hardy, so the trials and struggles of life develop the strength of men and women and bring out the powers that are in them.

*Newburg, Pa.*



WON'T some scientist earn undying fame by inventing some means of communicating the lockjaw and then introducing it into Congress?

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

#### SIDEWALK MONEY.

"The license pays the sidewalk bills,"

So runs a sage report.

"It keeps our shoes from getting wet  
By walking in the dirt.

"It grades our streets and lights our town,  
And quite keeps up the city;  
That any one should raise a howl  
Is an eternal pity."

And yet it always makes me squirm  
For some cause or another,  
To feel that I am stepping on  
The heart of some poor mother.

It surely is extravagant  
To make a road for carts  
Of young men's brains and parents' hopes  
And lovers' trusting hearts.

I'd rather walk in mud knee-deep  
And feel the way I should,  
Than give my vote to pave the town  
With other people's blood.

—Rev. E. Fenn Lyman.

#### Seven Ages of Graft.

All the world is graft,

And all men and women merely grafters.

They have their sure things and their bunco games,

And one man in his time works many grafts,

His bluffs being seven ages. At the first the infant

Conning his dad until he walks the floor;

And then the whining schoolboy, poring o'er his book,

Jollyng his teacher into marking him

A goodly grade. And then the lover,

Making each maiden think that she

Is but the only one. And then the soldier,

Full of strange words and bearded like a pard,

Seeking the bubble reputation,

Even in the magazines. And then the justice,

Handing out the bull con to the bench

And jollyng the jury till it thinks

He knows it all. The sixth age shifts

To lean and slippered pantaloons,

With spectacles on nose—his is a graft!

For he is then the Old Inhabitant

And all must hear him talk. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange, eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,

Sans graft, sans pull, sans cinch, sans everything.



## Punctuate This Stanza Correctly.

The following is a correct statement, though as it reads one would doubt this fact. See if you can punctuate it so that it reads correctly, but do not change a line or word:

Every lady in this land  
Has twenty nails upon each hand  
Five and twenty on hands and feet  
Which is true beyond deceit.



An Illinois man who was arrested for beating his wife testified that the Lord filled his soul with sunshine and commanded him to chastise his spouse; but it is evident that the judge was of the opinion that some bartender filled his tank with moonshine, for he was sent to the rock pile for sixty days.—Mirror.



## Volcano Graphically Drawn.

A school-teacher was trying to make a class understand what a volcano is like. In reviewing the lesson she drew upon the blackboard her own conception of a flaming mountain, using colored crayons with extraordinary effect.

"What is it?" she asked. The scholars shook their puzzled heads.

"What does it look like?" she pursued.

"It looks like hell, ma'am," returned a small boy soberly.



## Laugh.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone!  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air—  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.  
Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go.  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all.  
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



Comfort one another  
With the hand-clasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## The Philosopher.

There's the queerest old fellow lives over the hill;  
I see him whenever I go to the mill,  
Sitting there on a stone at the foot of the lane,  
With his eyes far away and his chin on his cane,  
And I often have thought I would like to find out  
What it was the old fellow was thinking about.

So when, one autumn morning, I happened that way,  
I took off my hat and bade him good-day.  
He looked up into my face with the funniest smile;  
And he said, as if reading my wish all the while,  
"If you'll wait just a moment, my man, you shall hear  
What it is I've been thinking of, many a year.

"I have noticed," said he, "with no little surprise,  
That we men, for the most part, are blessed with two  
eyes

And only one mouth—but I think, without doubt,  
I at length have been able to puzzle it out.  
We are given our two eyes to see all we can,  
And one mouth to say little about it, my man.

"I've been wondering, too, for a great many years,  
Why it is that a man was possessed of two ears  
And still only one mouth, and I think I now see  
Very clearly indeed, what the reason must be.  
We are given two ears to hear all we can,  
And one mouth to say little about it, my man.

"Furthermore, I have roamed in a great many lands,  
And have found, as a rule, that men have just two  
hands,

Yet always one mouth—but I'm sure that of late  
I have worked it all out, and the reason can state.  
We are given our two hands to work all we can,  
And one mouth to say little about it, my man.

"In fine it is clear that each man whom we meet,  
Always has, with one mouth, twice that number of  
feet,

From which so much meaning, at least, I unravel,  
That I'd better stop talking and get up and travel."  
And so saying, the old fellow hobbled away,  
And I never have seen him again to this day.

—Selected.



Lady (at back door): "Well, what is it?"

Hobo: "Please, ma'am, I feels one uv me periodical fits comin' on."

Lady: "My goodness! I hope you won't have it here!"

Hobo: "Dat's jist wot I wants ter see youse erbout. Fer de small sum uv a dime I'll go somewhere else an' have it, ma'am."—Chicago News.



The hen that cackles loudest  
Doesn't lay the largest eggs;  
The mule that kicks the hardest  
Hasn't got the neatest legs;  
The waves that toss the wildest  
Are not of the deepest sea;  
The fruit that is the sweetest  
Isn't on the tallest tree;  
The dog, whose bark is fiercest  
Doesn't always know the most;  
And the man that is the bravest  
Isn't always on the boast.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XXI.

SILE and I have a job now that I don't know whether we want or not. The fact is, we want it and we don't. Mr. Massie wants us to get a carload of stuff from the Butte Valley to take to Springfield, Ill., to be there on exhibit at the Annual Conference. Of course Jack and Alek are to help, but the reason I didn't want the job it's something I never did before and it will take a good deal of running around to get things in shape. The reason we do want to do it is, because we want the people to see for themselves what kind of products the Butte Valley is capable of producing, and to further demonstrate what fine homes may be had by simply developing them.

I went up to Sile's last night and found him and Lucile sitting by the kitchen table figuring over some of their future plans. Tige met me at the door, but he has learned to know me now and we have no trouble. It is queer how he left home and moved up there, but you can't get him to leave Lucile any more than you can get Sile to leave her. But as I was going to say, I sprung this question on them of getting an exhibit ready for the Annual Meeting,—that is, the amount of stuff that we want to take and the kind of stuff and where to get it and how to get it. Of course, as Sile says, the very best products that the valley produces we will not be able to show, that's the fine cattle. It wouldn't be wise to undertake a

ity of that product here. Southern Oregon, you know, is considered to be one of the best apple countries in the world and this one is just like it.

Another thing that will be pleasing to the eyes of a great many of the Brethren who live back East will be some lumber that we can get up on the mountain at the sawmill. I am going to have a plank sawed out of a cedar tree, about five feet broad and twelve or sixteen feet long and one just like that out of a fir tree, also of a pine tree, and, probably a sugar pine as well; I think I will have them dressed so as to show the grain of the wood and what sort of a finish this lumber will take, and how easy it will be for a man, or a set of men, to erect a log cabin out of this fine timber, and then finish it with that kind of finishing lumber. Of course this kind of inside material would be rather expensive back East, and the neighbors would want to take a man to the insane hospital who would be doing that kind of tricks; but lumber that is retailed there for fifty and sixty dollars a thousand can be bought here at the mills for eight or ten dollars per thousand; so you see it is not a matter of extravagance but simply using the natural advantages that are here to make a beautiful and cozy home.

There will be no trouble in obtaining any amount of alfalfa and timothy, baled and unbaled; the people will be surprised to see timothy hay nearly as long as a man, with a certified check attached to it that that timothy averaged five tons to the acre. Sometimes I think it would be a good thing to bale up some of our natural grass here in the valley to show the kind of grass upon which our range cattle get fat. This will be something new to the people in the East.

After all is said and done the fact remains, as I have said before that the Butte Valley cannot be seen except one makes a visit there. The reason why a carload of exhibits will not show the valley in its proper light is this: The very best things that are native are stationary and cannot be moved, for example, the beautiful blue sky, the fresh mountain air, the crystal waters, the abundant supply of mountain trout and bass, the delightful climate, the telephone service, the electric light service, and many other things that make life and home a pleasure and yet samples cannot be made of them.

I have referred before to some photographs that will be there to look at along with the exhibits, and you know that the camera will not exaggerate, but tells the story as it sees it.

(To be continued.)



Freight Train with Tourist Sleepers in Rear.

shipment of those; so to begin with, the best will be left behind. But I thought that we would better make out a list of vegetables, such as potatoes, radishes, mangoes, sugar beets, pumpkins, squashes, turnips, etc. Then it will be possible for us to get some of the canned fruit that is yet in stock in the cellars of some of these ranchers around here, such as canned strawberries, cherries, etc.

Above all I want to give a good collection of the different varieties of apples that are raised in the valley, so that the people may know the superior qual-



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# A Little Girl's Letter

---

"I HAVE grown like everything since mamma gave me the BLOOD VITALIZER," is the quaint expression used by little Theresa Syll, who lives away out in Nevada, in a letter which she personally wrote to the proprietor of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. It seems that even the little ones realize when a remedy possesses merit and does them good. One cannot read her little epistle without wanting to say, "Bless her heart," it breathes such a spirit of child-like innocence and frankness.

## HER LETTER.

GARDNERVILLE, NEVADA, FEB. 27.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

*Dear Sir:*—I am going to write to you myself and tell you what your medicine has done for me. It has saved my life and I thank God for it. I was sick all the time ever since I was a little baby. I had such weak and sore eyes that I was nearly blind. I could not see anything without glasses, but now I can read, write, sew, crochet, and do anything without them. I do not need them any more. Mamma commenced giving me your medicine two years ago this March. We used nine bottles before I got well. I had been sick since I was a baby and I was so awful small that people used to think I was only eight years old when I was twelve. I have grown like everything since mamma gave me the BLOOD VITALIZER. I am now fourteen and as strong and well as anyone can be.

Yours truly,

THERESA SYLL.

## HER MOTHER WRITES.

GARDNERVILLE, NEVADA, FEB. 27.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

*Dear Sir:*—Two years ago I gave your BLOOD

VITALIZER a trial and the results far exceeded my highest expectations. I had a daughter twelve years old, who was ailing from top to toe. What was the matter with her no doctor nor mortal man seemed able to know. We have been in America six years, and both here and in Germany we consulted eminent physicians, but all in vain. She seemed to have a severe constitutional disease. She also got sore eyes. We consulted a renowned oculist, who treated her for over a year, but her eyes failed to get any better. During that time we purchased seven pairs of spectacles for her. As soon as she got out of bed in the morning, she was obliged to put on her glasses in order to see anything. Many a time I have prayed to our dear Lord to take her, as I could not bear to see her sufferings. In the midst of my distress I received a copy of your paper, the *Surprise*. I said to her father: "We have tried everything else, let us make a trial of this remedy, too." We wrote to you in regard to the BLOOD VITALIZER, and you referred us to your local agent, of whom we received the medicine. We used nine bottles, but what a miracle it produced! She is now as lively as a cricket, attends school, does not have to wear glasses, and has grown over eight inches during the last year. Every one who saw her a few years ago and sees her now is surprised at the remarkable change. All this is due to your BLOOD VITALIZER. I recommend your medicine to everybody whenever I have an opportunity. If you desire you may publish this, so that others may learn of the miraculous effect of your medicine.

Yours very respectfully,

MRS. MATILDA SYLL.

P. S.—My daughter is going to write to you herself.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is good for the littlest one as well as grandpa. Not only is it good for grown-up folks, but there is safety for the children in having a supply of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER always on hand. It corrects their small ailments, clears out youthful humors and eczema, makes strong, sturdy bodies. It is the perfect home remedy for all ages. It purifies the blood—insures a vigorous and healthy circulation. It regulates the stomach and bowels, livens the liver and gives the kidneys proper action.

Don't ask at the drug stores for this medicine. They cannot secure it. The rule has always been to deal directly with the consumer only or through local agents and thereby avoid attempts to substitute spurious or inferior articles. For further particulars, address,

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Railway lines generally in all parts of the country have announced rates of one fare and a third from all points within one hundred miles of Springfield, and one fare plus \$1.00 from all points in all parts of the country over one hundred miles distant from Springfield. From Central Traffic Association territory and Western Passenger Association territory, covering largely the sale of tickets from all points in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Ontario, South Dakota and Wisconsin, excursion tickets will be sold June 1st to 4th inclusive. They will be made good for continuous going passage to Springfield, commencing on the date of their sale, and for return passage to and including June 15, but may be extended to and including June 30th, 1906, by deposit of the returning coupons with the Joint Agent of the railway lines on the Fair Grounds, on payment of 50 cents.

Members of the National Missionary Committee and Advance Delegates will be permitted to buy excursion tickets on May 29th to 31st inclusive on presentation and surrender of certificate of identification to the selling agent.

From outlying States in trunk line and New England territory in the east, from the extreme outlying southern, western and northwestern States, the dates of sale and limits of tickets will vary slightly to facilitate the transportation of all delegates and visitors in ample time to attend the opening conferences.

For further, more complete and detailed information, and illustrated folder advertising matter, apply to your home agent, or address Geo. J. Charlton, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, Chicago, Ill. See that your tickets read via Chicago & Alton R. R.

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Great Kentucky Celebration at Louisville  
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The Chicago & North-Western Railway announces that low rates will be made, effective June 11 to 13, with convenient and liberal return limits, on account of the "Home-coming of Kentuckians" celebration which is to be held at Louisville June 13 to 17.

It is expected that a large number of ex-Kentuckians will make this the occasion of a visit to their native soil. Anticipating a representative assemblage of such from all parts of the United States, the people of Louisville are making great preparations to entertain them with true Southern warmth. The program for the occasion is understood to be interesting and varied. Ask your ticket agent for full particulars.

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For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three years' residence.

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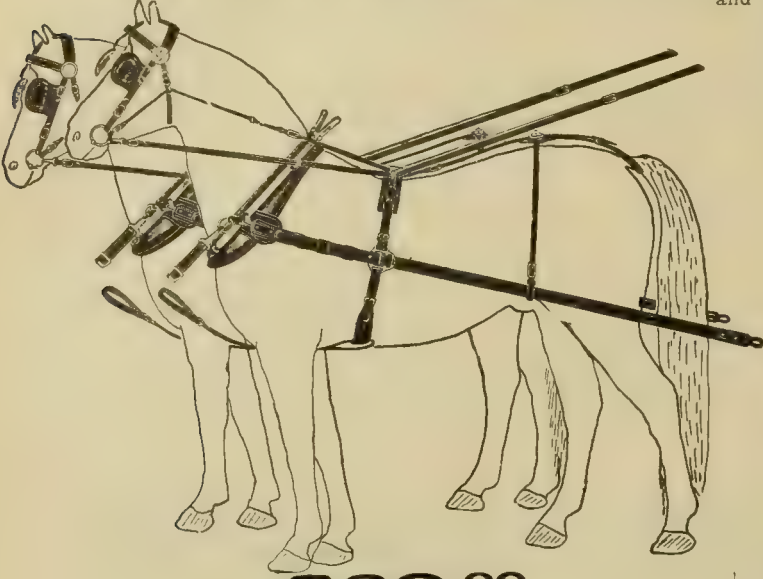
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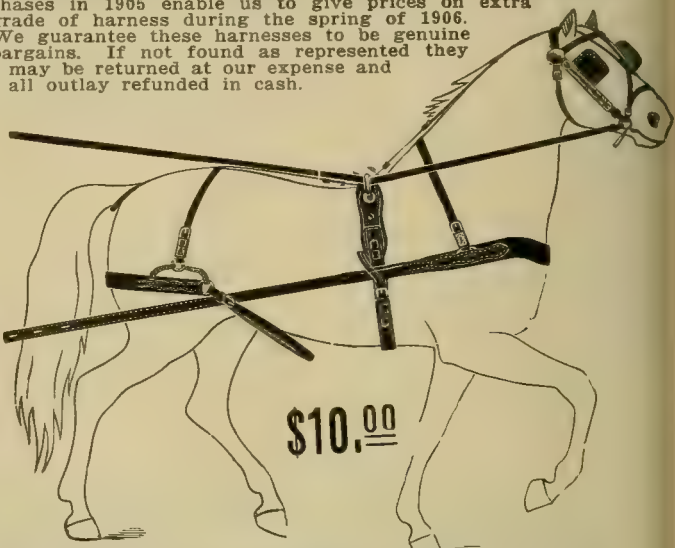


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**\$20.00**



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**1906 Team Harness.** Made of good, solid, heavy stock and guaranteed sewed for service. Every part is thoroughly well made and guaranteed not to rip. NOTE.—We are furnishing a special shaped hip strap, 1-inch back strap with cruppers to buckle. We offer you the very best value that can be bought for the money. It is the cheapest to buy when service is considered. This harness is adapted to use all through the Central, Western and Eastern States. The bridles have sensible blinds, round winker stays, ¾-inch cheeks and adjustable round reins. Has black clipped double ironed hames and 1½-inch, 6-foot tugs, doubled and stitched. Champion trace buckles. (Note change in back band.) We furnish a turtle back band with hook and terrets, harness leather, top well shaped, hair stuffed, and thoroughly made in every respect. (Breeching can be quickly attached to hip straps above the trace carriers and with the side straps to the martingale. (See "extra" below.) Martingales are 1½-inch. Breast straps 1½-inch, with slides and snaps. Lines are 18 feet long and 1-inch, with snaps. Trimmings, XC plate. Fits 1400-lb. horses. Weight, about 65 lbs. Regular price for this Harness, .....\$22.00 Our Inglenook Price to advertise and guaranteed to please, for even .....\$20.00

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**Exceptionally Well Made.**

**Bridle,** ¾-inch box loop cheeks, fine patent leather blinds nicely stitched, round winker stays, three-buckle flat over-check with noseband. **Breast Collar** made of good, heavy, clear trace stock, curved and has box loops for neck strap. **Traces,** 1½-inch and single straps, made of select oak tanned trace leather. **Saddle** 3-inch "Strap" style. Wide patent leather jockeys with three rows stitching. Extra long patent leather housing as illustrated. **Belly-Band,** 1½-inch "Griffith" style, double stitched. **Breeching,** heavy single strap with scalloped points, three-ring stay. **Hip strap,** ¾-inch, **Side straps,** ¾-inch. **Turnback,** scalloped, ¾-inch with round crupper dock sewed on. **Lines,** 1-inch throughout, made of select stock with spring billets. **Hitch Strap,** ¾-inch. **Trimming,** nickel, or, if preferred, imitation rubber. Fits 900 to 1,250-pound horse. **Weight,** boxed, about 30 pounds. Regular price, .....\$13.00 Our Price to advertise and please you, .....\$10.00 We can't be undersold on this harness.

**Wheels**—¾ or 1 inch tread, 38-44 inches high, Sarvan patent, Steel Tire. **Gear**—Wood Spring Bar or Bailey Hangers when ordered, 4 and 5 leaf easy riding Springs, long distance Collinge Collar, Arch or Drop Axle, Drop Axle regular, Arch Axle when ordered, Axle Caps glued to Axles and polished smooth, Full Bottom circle Fifth Wheel with King Bolt, selected Hickory Reaches and ironed full length.

**Track**—Standard track, 4 feet 8 inch regular, Wide track, 5 feet 2 inch when ordered.

**Painting**—Body, Black, with very fine line of striping. Gear, Green or Carmine, neatly striped.

**Body**—Nicely proportioned, full length Rocker Plates.

**Trimming**—Green or Blue Cloth or Whipcord, Springs in Cushions and Backs, full length Carpet, Leather Dash, oil-burning Lamps, square bend Fenders.

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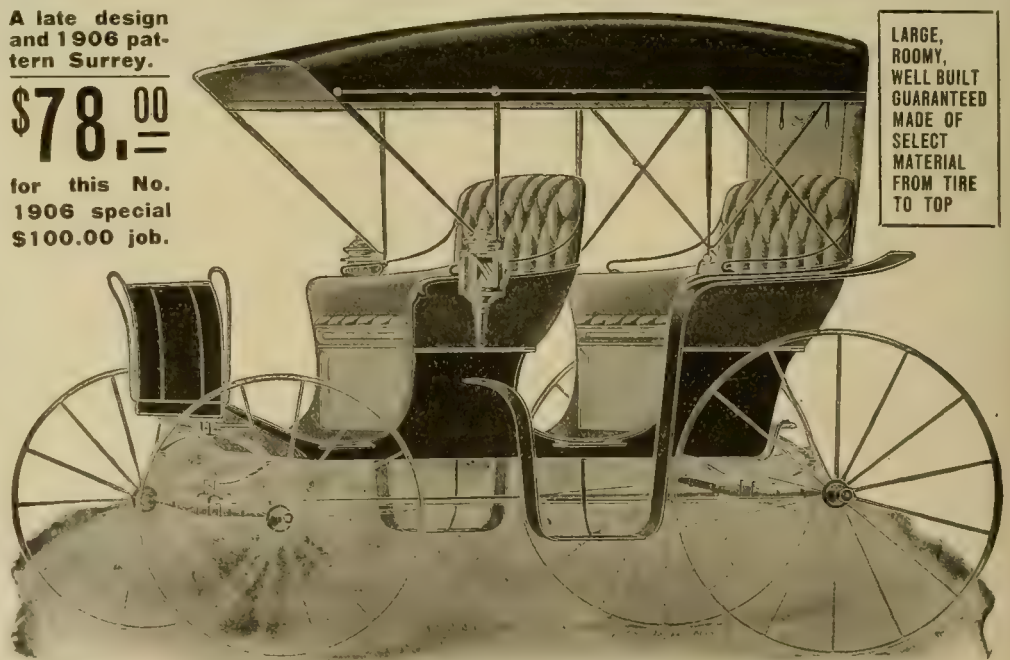
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**A late design and 1906 pattern Surrey.**

**\$78.00**

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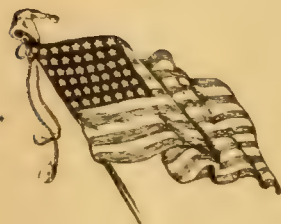
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Price complete with shafts and 1-inch guaranteed rubber tires, ..\$91.00  
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Extra for pole in place of shafts, ..... 1.80  
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**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,**  
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# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY ARE PASSING AWAY

MARTIN H. MILLER

The boys in blue and the boys in gray,  
One by one are passing away  
To the other side of the Stream of Time.  
No more to hear the bugle's call,  
No more to see loved comrades fall,  
In that land of peace and pleasant clime.

No more they'll tent on the old camp  
ground;  
No more they'll hear the battle sound  
On the other side the River of Life.  
No more in battle array to meet;  
No more the tread of weary feet  
In that land where there is no war and strife.

The North and the South no longer we know  
No more to each, the other a foe;  
United in heart, united in hand.  
This is the dawn of a better day;  
We'll honor alike the blue and the gray,  
As side by side in the Union we stand.

When all have passed to the other side,  
Still it shall be our country's pride  
To honor alike the blue and the gray,  
Knowing that when again they shall meet  
It will be in union complete,  
Known no more as the blue and the gray.

Laton, Cal.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS



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MEETING

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(To Sterling Colorado.)

South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

First and Third Tuesdays  
Every Month

Proportionate rates from all points East.

You can

STOP OFF

North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

YOU HAD BETTER RAISE  
SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from \$30.00 to \$40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre.

THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE  
SOUTH PLATTE  
VALLEY.

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE  
ERECTED IN 1906.

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We consider this a good opportunity for one to ten families locating as neighbors. We have similar opportunities in other localities.

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## SPECIAL TRAIN TO THE Annual Meeting at Springfield

Will Leave Chicago via the

## WABASH RAILROAD

Friday, June 1st, at 11:30 P. M.

For accommodation of our many friends among the Brethren, the WABASH will run a Special Train of Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free) and Coaches with high-backed seats, from Chicago to Springfield, running direct to the State Fair Grounds, where the meeting will be held. The Special will arrive at the Fair Grounds at 6:30 Saturday morning.

This train will be very convenient for German Baptists residing in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. Special Chair Cars will be placed at Goshen, Ind., to leave there via the Lake Shore, Friday, June 1, at 5:41 P. M., Elkhart, 6 P. M. and South Bend at 6:32 P. M. These cars will reach Chicago at 9 P. M. and at once will be transferred to Wabash Station and taken to Springfield in the Special Train.

Those living on the Detroit line of the Wabash can use train No. 13, due in Chicago at 9:30 P. M. Evening trains into Chicago on the Erie, Baltimore & Ohio, Nickel Plate, and other lines also make nice connection with the Special Train.

The rate is One Lowest, First-Class Fare, plus \$1.00, for the round trip. Your home agent is authorized to ticket you through on this basis. In buying your ticket, please ask to be routed from Chicago via the Wabash.

Bear in mind that the Wabash will land you directly at the Fair Grounds.

For further information write to

R. S. GREENWOOD,  
Mich. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

J. HALDERMAN,  
Trav. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

F. H. TRISTRAM,  
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.  
97 Adams St., Chicago.



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Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE  
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We cure you of chewing and smoking  
for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly  
harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford,  
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The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package.

Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

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We have an equipment equal to the best, in the book-binding line and can give you good and prompt service.

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## THE FULL REPORT OF ANNUAL MEETING!

We expect to publish a full report of the Annual Meeting to be held at Springfield, Illinois, June 4-7.

This report will contain the full account of the Sunday-school, Educational and Missionary meetings, which will be held on Monday, June 4. Then it will contain the entire proceedings of the General Conference. There are many live topics to come before the meeting this year that will be discussed quite thoroughly, pro and con, by some of our most able Brethren. Every member will be interested in these topics and will want to know the points in favor of and against the numerous queries to be discussed.

### All Would Enjoy

hearing these discussions, but only a small per cent of the members of our great Brotherhood will be permitted to do so.

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and you can have the whole meeting at your own door.

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Now is a good time to begin your subscription. If you are not now a subscriber to the **Gospel Messenger**, let us send you a sample copy.

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## CENTRAL KANSAS FARMS FOR SALE

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**N. P. J. SONDERGARD,**  
 17-13 Ramona, Marion County, Kas.

### CANCER OF THE BREAST.

To whom it may concern:

I had a lump the size of a walnut in my left breast for over a year. It gave me a great deal of annoyance from sharp pains darting in and around it. Having seen the development of cancer in other people, I knew the nature of my trouble, and knew also that I had grounds for alarm.

In the hope that I might be mistaken I consulted different physicians but all agreed that it was malignant and advised that it be cut out. I had a horror of such treatment as I had seen the most disastrous results from it, so I could not consent to an operation.

I heard of Drs. Rinehart & Co., and resolved to see what they could do for me. They assured me that it could be removed by their painless method. I concluded that if it was a painless treatment that it certainly could not make me any worse. I took a thorough course of the local and constitutional treatment and I am happy to say the lump has entirely disappeared and there has never been another pain in my breast. The treatment gave me no pain and the skin was not even broken.

I hope this may be of some benefit to someone whose misfortune it is to be afflicted in a like manner.

Very truly,

**Sarah Miller.**

Waupakong, Ind.

Anyone can have their free book on cancer by addressing

**DRS. RINEHART & CO.,**  
 20t5 Kokomo, Ind.

## CANTON COLLEGE SUMMER SCHOOL

JUNE 19 TO AUGUST 20.

A School for Teachers and those preparing to teach.

\$30 pays for tuition, board, light and furnished room for eight weeks.

For further information address

**E. S. YOUNG, - - Canton, Ohio.**

### Very Low Rates to Boston, Mass.,

Via the North-Western Line, for tickets to be sold June 2, 3 and 4, with favorable return limits, on account of American Medical Association Meeting. Apply to agents, Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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**Aid Digestion. Restore Strength**

**Brawntaws** restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

**Brawntaws** are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

**Brawntaws** will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

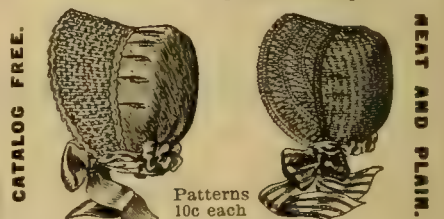
**Brawntaws** are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

**Brawntaws** are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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**SEND TO-DAY** for catalog showing samples of Bonnet Materials, and six different shapes.



**Style B.**—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

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**For One Bonnet** we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2 1/2 yds. Wire, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yds. Ribbon, 1/2 yd. Chiffon Lining, 1 1/2 yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.25, depending on quality.

1st—Length over head.  
 2d—Width across back of neck.  
 3d—Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet guarantee satisfaction. We

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,**  
 Dept. JR CHICAGO, ILL.

## REAL ESTATE

We kindly solicit all readers of the Inglenook who are interested in real estate to write or call upon us.

We are located 27 miles southwest of Springfield, Ill., on the Chicago & Alton and C. B. & Q. railroads and an Inter-urban line.

The Old Folks' and Orphans' Home of the Southern District of Illinois is located only a short distance from the city limits of Girard.

We have on our list town property, suburban homes, small and large farms, merchandise and western land.

We have a large Brethren church within three miles of Girard and also one in Girard, known as the Pleasant Hill church.

We will be pleased to show you our property whether you buy or not.

**BECHTOLD & BRUBAKER,**  
 Girard, Illinois.

## OFFICIAL RAILROAD ANNOUNCEMENT

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"THE ONLY WAY"

To Springfield, Illinois

FOR THE

## Annual Meeting German Baptist Brethren

The short line; the greatest number of trains; the most satisfactory route from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Peoria Union Stations. The Chicago & Alton forms a part of the shortest and most direct route to Springfield, Illinois, from all the more important German Baptist settlements in different parts of the country. It is the only railroad line with a terminus at Springfield, Illinois, which is in a position to land its passengers at the State Fair Grounds. Union Stations at Chicago, Bloomington, Peoria, St. Louis and Kansas City provide against tedious delays by transfer across these cities enroute from connecting railway lines.

### Ticketing Arrangements

Railway lines generally in all parts of the country have announced rates of one fare and a third from all points within one hundred miles of Springfield, and one fare plus \$1.00 from all points in all parts of the country over one hundred miles distant from Springfield. From Central Traffic Association territory and Western Passenger Association territory, covering largely the sale of tickets from all points in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Ontario, South Dakota and Wisconsin, excursion tickets will be sold June 1st to 4th inclusive. They will be made good for continuous going passage to Springfield, commencing on the date of their sale, and for return passage to and including June 15, but may be extended to and including June 30th, 1906, by deposit of the returning coupons with the Joint Agent of the railway lines on the Fair Grounds, on payment of 50 cents.

Members of the National Missionary Committee and Advance Delegates will be permitted to buy excursion tickets on May 29th to 31st inclusive on presentation and surrender of certificate of identification to the selling agent.

From outlying States in trunk line and New England territory in the east, from the extreme outlying southern, western and northwestern States, the dates of sale and limits of tickets will vary slightly to facilitate the transportation of all delegates and visitors in ample time to attend the opening conferences.

For further, more complete and detailed information, and illustrated folder advertising matter, apply to your home agent, or address Geo. J. Charlton, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, Chicago, Ill. See that your tickets read via Chicago & Alton R. R.

### MILLER AND SOMMER DEBATE

This most interesting and able discussion between Robert H. Miller, of the Brethren church, and Daniel Sommer, of the Christian church, which was placed in book form some years ago, has been read with profit by many.

We have just a few copies left and are offering them at a very low price. The book contains 533 pages, is well bound in cloth and formerly sold at \$1.50. We will now furnish them so long as they last for only....38 cents.

Postage, 17 cents.

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NOOK.

## "Our Young People"

All of our live, energetic Sunday schools are now using this paper for the intermediate and young people's classes. It is a wonderful help to stimulate and encourage the young people. From the scores of unsolicited testimonials that we have received we feel safe in saying that it is one of the best young people's papers published. Considering the fact that it is especially arranged and adapted for our Sunday schools and young people in general, and that no time, labor or expense is being spared to make it the very best, we think it the duty of every Sunday school which is not now using this paper to give it a thorough trial. The chances for leading the young minds in the right direction are all in its favor. Nothing to lose, but much to be gained by using "Our Young People." Ask for sample copies. They are free.

Price, per single subscription, 60 cents per year.

Price, in clubs of 5 or more to one address, 40 cents per year.

Price, in clubs of 5 or more to one address per quarter, 10 cents per copy.

Address,

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### HOME-COMING OF KENTUCKIANS.

Low Rates via the North-Western  
Great Kentucky Celebration  
at Louisville  
in June.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway announces that low rates will be made, effective June 11 to 13, with convenient and liberal return limits, on account of the "Home-coming of Kentuckians" celebration which is to be held at Louisville June 13 to 17.

It is expected that a large number of ex-Kentuckians will make this the occasion of a visit to their native soil. Anticipating a representative assemblage of such from all parts of the United States, the people of Louisville are making great preparations to entertain them with true Southern warmth. The program for the occasion is understood to be interesting and varied. Ask your ticket agent for full particulars.

### LOW RATES TO TWIN CITIES.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul  
Railway.

One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip to St. Paul and Minneapolis and return. Tickets on sale May 28, 29, 30, 31, inclusive. Final return limit June 9. Extension to July 15 on payment of \$2.00 fee. For further information see nearest ticket agent or write to-day to F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.



# THE OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD OFFICE

Will be Near the Entrance of the  
Grounds During the

## Annual Meeting at Springfield, Illinois

The Brethren and others are invited to arrange to meet their friends at our office during the meeting.

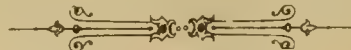
## The Oregon Short Line Railroad

will be represented by our General Immigration Agent, S. Bock, who will be pleased to give information to the Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers, the advantages and propositions offered at

**IDAHO FALLS, TWIN FALLS, BOISE, NAMPA,  
CALDWELL, PARMA, PAYETTE, WEISER**

**And Other Points Along the Line**

Call and see Eld. J. U. G. Stiverson, of Weiser, and Eld. J. C. Neher, of Nampa, who will be at our office and will be pleased to tell about the country and its products and also tell about the success and future prospects of the Brethren's Colonies in Southern Idaho.



## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

**From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
Oregon Short Line Railroad**

S. BOCK,  
General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. & T. A., -O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

MAY 29, 1906.

No. 22.

## INDEPENDENCE.

WALTON F. STOVER.

**B**EHOLD from England's darkened shore,  
Beyond Atlantic's awful roar,  
A ray of hope from out the West—  
A star to guide the world's oppressed.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans  
Must needs remove to foreign lands,  
And though they know not what's to be,  
Their mission is sweet Liberty.

They sail, and lo! they reach a clime  
Where, though 'tis winter, bright sunshine  
Pours down and melts untrodden snow,  
And warms the hearts of those below.

Five generations come and go,—  
The new world that was all aglow.  
With freedom and with happiness  
Now finds its mission profitless.

For colonists can have no seat  
In Parliament, nor can they treat  
With equals, yet they tribute pay  
To keep the soldiery away.

This is, my friends, the reason why  
Our colors float against the sky,  
And so the flag our fathers bore  
Through shine of sun and shades of war.

The spirit born at Bunker Hill,  
Unchanged to-day, is with us still,  
While Saratoga buried deep  
The Western Empire so complete.

Linton, Indiana.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Our debt, heaven met,—mercy.*



*The heart softens as it ripens into perfection.*



*We can only have mercy by giving it to others.*



*No one stands less high for stooping to raise the fallen.*

*Kindness, withheld, is cruelty.*



*Melancholy must seize the body to scourge the mind.*



*It doesn't take good eyes to see the worst side of any case.*



*When truth slips a cog for us we are badly in need of repair.*



*Deprivation teaches us the worth of many an ignored blessing.*



*Before the curtain is where character acts—behind it, where it lives.*



*Mercy should not embolden sin,—it only dwells among the clean.*



*Politeness goes far, but not far enough, unless accompanied by Charity.*



*Our happiness, a flower, blooms more as bloom is given from its store.*



*Intolerance does not become imperfection and perfection doesn't possess it.*



*They who love good Opportunity should never meet her without embracing her.*



*Modesty is a veil through which the face of Excellence herself is more attractive.*



*To be good when misconstrued is more meritorious than when receiving full credit for pay.*



*The miser does not die any happier than others, even though he does live poor to die rich.*



*The lack of charity which we must sometimes deplore in others we may always supply in ourselves.  
Flora, Ind.*



# THE LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION

## A Symposium

I. J. ROSENBERGER.  
A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

JESSE D. MOHLER.  
H. M. BARWICK.

[Note.—Since the above question is an open one before the world and opinions differ so widely, it is considered well occasionally to have a lesson on the subject. We have chosen writers who are writing their own convictions on the matter. We are printing the MSS. largely as it comes to us, and, without any of them knowing what the other has written until they see it in print; hence each writer stands personally responsible for the statements made, whether they be for or against or whether they can be proven to be false or true. Read, reflect, apply the truths gathered from the discussion.—Ed.]

JESSE D. MOHLER.

THERE seems to be a disposition to seek favor for life insurance by claiming it to be worthy of a place with property insurance which has been accepted by our Brotherhood for a good many years. The writer has had too much experience in mutual insurance of property, and has been brought into too close connection with men in the life insurance business, to be able to see any justice in the comparison. From start to finish the purpose, the methods of business, and principles followed are widely different; but for want of space we give but a few of the differences.

Property insurance is granted only on property actually accumulated and having a specific money value. Life insurance proposes to pay a sum of money in event of loss of life on which you cannot set a money value, and which is not accumulated. The one insures against a specific loss of value in actual property, but the other cannot possibly insure against any loss of life.

In the one the actual cash value of property or the cost of replacing the property, is the basis for consideration; in the other the basis for consideration is, "How much do you want to carry?" in determining the amount of your policy. Only a small per cent of buildings are ever burned; and those who have property insured, but have no losses, help bear the misfortune of others. Every man who carries a life-insurance policy will die sooner or later, and each man must pay an amount that will return himself the amount of his own policy, or some one will not get his payment when his time comes, or some will get much more than their share and others will suffer as much loss without help, which constitutes much of the actual experience.

Property insurance places every possible barrier against committing crime for insurance, but life insurance has often been an incentive to some to the worst of crimes. It always has been so and we believe it will continue to have that same tendency to destroy the most sacred regard for the value of human life, and frequently becomes an inducement to most serious crimes. Thus, while the one insures against

loss, the other cannot do so; but has frequently induced the most serious of losses, losses of life and of the souls of men and women.

Life insurance is one of the most expensive lines of business, outside of dissipation. Those it proposes to benefit must pay such benefit and additional commissions, fees and salaries that are out of all proportion to the incomes of most of the beneficiaries. Investigation of the reports of the largest and the most economical companies fails to find a company that transacts business for as low as twelve and one-half per cent of its income. Some companies run as high as fifty per cent, and it is claimed on good authority that the average cost is about twenty-five per cent of the income. Our figures come from one of the manuals used by life-insurance agents, and from reports made by companies.

The deficiency of one's payments on his own policy, and the cost above income from money paid, must be made up by some one, and we contend again that those who give up the race furnish a large part of this amount. When the writer's deduction given in INGLENOOK of Sept. 19 and Oct. 3, 1905, were so strongly criticised, we referred the matter to one who had recently retired from the presidency of one of our western companies. In a personal letter dated Oct. 17, he replied: "I will say, however, that with an experience in life insurance of more than twenty years, that fully fifty per cent lapse the first year. The lapse rate decreasing each year thereafter, when quite likely seventy per cent of the business may have lapsed in ten years." As every lapsed policy leaves more or less with the company as clear gain, we cannot see where some of the shortages are made up.

A report made of the Equitable, on April 15, shows that, owing to recent developments, 27,385 policies for \$10,000 or under, had lapsed, while only one policy for \$250,000 was allowed to lapse. Of the volume of lapsed policies in the Equitable, eighty-four per cent were for \$3,000 or less. This shows that in the "shake-out" it is the small policyholder, or the poorer classes, who give up their savings to add to the bank account of those already wealthy ones.

In the supplying of deficiencies to one who receives so many unearned dollars at the clear loss of others perhaps much more in need than the one who gains, is a barrier that should prevent Christians from taking any part in the matter. We do not hesitate to again class the whole business as it is commonly conducted as a "gamble" even though it be objectionable to some. The idea was first given the writer by life-insurance advocates, and he has in his possession plenty of life-insurance literature accusing the other companies of "gambling," running "lotteries," and other severe terms, to warrant him in the expressions.

The sin is condoned by the claim that all classes of business, even farming, take chances in order to profit. We admit that as a fact, but remind our readers that those chances are taken on account of either direct or indirect faith in our fellow-man and in the continuance of the blessings that we have learned to expect from God. Such chances tend to inspire and enoble, and have the best possible sanction. Life insurance owes its existence to the opposite, lack of faith in our fellow-man and in God's providence. The most desirable classes of business add to the wealth and comfort of mankind, but life insurance adds nothing. It is totally unnecessary to the true child of God, and is one of the great hindrances to dependence upon him, and to the best development of our own capabilities. May we learn to leave it alone and depend on one who gives assurance of life, without cost and without chance or regrets.

Warrensburg, Mo.

H. M. BARWICK.

Just as every new form of business has its initial backsets, so life insurance had hers because of:

1. Incomplete statistics on the death rate.
2. Being worked on the assessment plan.
3. Lack of experience.
4. No state laws to regulate the business.

The failures attending such hazardous conditions have caused many people to discredit the entire business, although the dangers have been supplanted by state guardianship, perfect statistics, and long experience; but above all these safeguards stands *mathematical accuracy*.

Scientists and governments have been compiling statistics on the death rate for one hundred and fifty years, until now it is a well known and an unchangeable fact that 10,000 persons at the age of 29 will live a total of 650,000 years, or an average of 65 years each. Now it is easy to compute how much each person must pay annually to be entitled to \$1,000 or \$10,000 at the end of their remaining thirty-six years. This is all of life insurance in a nutshell and no other business is conducted with such precision and unerring certainty.

We shall now note and disprove, or else duplicate in other legitimate trades some of the false charges brought against life insurance.

1. Inequality, because some die soon and pay little, while others live long and pay much. Well, a family that is early robbed of its support ought to be paid the most. That is equitable. But if inequality were sufficient to discredit a business then every tribune of justice in the world would have to quit, for inequality follows human limitations and no compact of men or ideas can be free from it. Our system of taxation well illustrates this fact. A man worth \$3,000 is taxed on about sixty per cent of his property, while the man worth \$20,000,000 is seldom taxed on more than ten per cent of his wealth. Yet taxation is a good thing, although some persons are fleeced while others are enriched by the same process.

2. Chance. But there is no chancing about life insurance proper. There are neither chance offers nor chance prices. Just as sure as 10,000 persons at the age of twenty-nine live a total of 650,000 years so sure must they pay \$7,085,000 for \$1,000 of insurance each. But fire insurance *is* a game of chance, for *only one building in five hundred ever burns*, while *every man must die*. So that to buy a fire-insurance policy is to take one of five hundred chances that you will get your money back; but if *your* building does not burn you lose.

3. Overcharging. Life insurance is divided into protective and investment insurance. In the latter form the premium is high, but the cash settlement offered is proportionately high, so that equity governs either form. In protective insurance 10,000 persons at age 29 must pay \$7,085,000 and in settlement they receive this all back and in addition thereto \$2,915,000 interest. Not much room for overcharging or robbery about such a settlement as that!

4. The claim that the profits of the business accrue from lapsed policies. The fact is that only twelve per cent of policies lapse, although many of the contracts run for thirty years and more, while none run for less than ten. This twelve per cent failure is just the same as failures in marriage, church membership and banking, while the per cent of failures in the mercantile world is ninety.

5. Extortion. Under the assessment plan if you quit paying before death you lost everything, but not so now, for after three payments in the regular life companies (lodge insurance is a different form altogether) the insured can quit paying and get value received in any of half a dozen options which he consented to when the contract was made.

Now what does this comparative analysis reveal? This much, that when life insurance is compared with the leading standard either in the social, religious or commercial world, that is, marriage, church and bank-



ing, it does not stand second but equal in point of success, while it is far in advance of many other legitimate trades. Statistics will prove that there are a thousand dollars lost in bank failures to where life insurance loses one. Post office scandals, railroad frauds and public works furnish another thousand cases of crime to where life insurance furnishes one, although the insurance companies handle forty per cent more money than the banks do and nearly as much as banks and railroads combined.

A word now as to its moral worth. The right for neighbors or a compact of men to help and protect each other in their daily vocations is unquestioned. Even those who denounce life insurance as wrong avail themselves of its benefits, for no one ever heard of a mortgagee who refused the insurance money with which the widow paid the claim against an insolvent estate.

Men organize to protect crops, markets, home and health. All of this and nine-tenths of every day's work and plans center in *provision for the family*. On this basis we all meet. Nor is providing for the family

one of the smaller duties, for the Bible rebukes the negligent man in scathing terms. Now if the Bible makes it such a sacred duty for a man to provide while he lives who can say that it is not his sacred duty to provide something for their support in case of his death? If God directs special attention to "the fatherless and widows" it would seem Godlike for a husband to protect them with all his power.

Besides the safety, economy and protection of the business, its virtues are equally as prominent, but space forbids their enumeration. The tens of thousands of happy homes that have been saved by insurance money are a witness not easily overthrown.

To close with, let us add that life insurance is not a question of morals, or of faith in God and his church. It is simply acting on the principle that what a man knows he can do to help his family to an honorable end it is his sacred duty to do. This is not a passive question but a positive duty which a sane man can not afford to neglect nor a Christian man defer.

McPherson, Kans.

## The Rescue of John Tyrol

Ida M. Helm

### Chapter Three.



HE next morning John awoke from a refreshing sleep just as the first rays of the rising sun were brightening the eastern sky. He arose and dressed himself; then he committed himself to the care of his Maker and went out with a hopeful heart to meet the duties of the new day. The grass was sparkling with dewdrops, birds were flitting from one branch to another of the trees and caroling to each other, and the air was filled with the odor of new-mown hay. As he went about doing his morning work he felt the necessity of being faithful to the responsibilities of life as they would come to him, no matter how humble they might be and if temptations to do wrong came to him to emphatically say No.

When the breakfast bell called the laborers to an appetizing meal in which rich cream, butter, eggs, fruit and various delicacies were plentifully provided, and as he thought of the coarse meals that were served in the prison, from his grateful heart there ascended to his Creator a fervent silent prayer of thanksgiving.

All the week he labored diligently and hopefully and with a firm determination to be true to his employer and himself.

When Sunday morning came it was with inward joy, mingled with secret dread, that he prepared to go to church with his new-found friends; dread of

meeting with an assembly of men and women that had always been honest and free citizens and joy that he might again meet with a little band of Christians in a country church and worship God as he used to do before the evil days of his misspent life began.

The minister's text that day was, "I go to prepare a place for you." He said that the beauty and glory of the dwelling place that would be prepared for each person in the glory world depended on the amount and the kind of material that we send over from our present lives to the great Architect. Wherever our treasure is there will our heart be and if this world's goods is our chief concern we are not laying up treasures in heaven. He said the first thing for us to do is to believe, repent and be baptized, then be obedient to all of God's commands and ordinances and our foundation will be laid on the true rock Christ Jesus. Then if we wish to have erected a beautiful structure over there we must yield our lives entirely to the Lord of glory that he may use us in chiseling out the priceless gems with which he would adorn our mansion in heaven. If we give little we shall receive little. To-day is the time to begin to build for eternity. "On the great clock of time there is but one word—now."

Then while they were singing these beautiful lines,

"Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Who'll be the next his cross to bear?  
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;  
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?"

the strange man arose and thus said, "I will begin to-day to build for eternity on the true Rock."

There was rejoicing not only among that little band of devoted members but there was joy among the angels in heaven because a lost child had returned to his heavenly Father.

After the sacred rite had been performed that initiated him into the kingdom of God's Son; as he like Jesus "came up out of the water," a silver-haired man came forward and requested that the new member and the minister be allowed to go with him to his stopping place. He said he had only arrived in the neighborhood the evening before and it was necessary that he return to his home that evening and as the young man's name was John Tyrol he had news to tell him. John looked at the old man a moment, then gave an exclamation of surprise; it was his father, from whom he had parted in grief and despair ten years before. Now grief was turned to joy and the repentant son sobbed out his sorrow and his joy on his father's breast, while tears of happiness and forgiveness streamed from the old man's eyes as he said, "This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and now he is found."

When Mr. Tyrol started for his home it had been decided that on the next Saturday John should return to his old home for a visit where his dear old mother and kind-hearted sister Esther had been longing and praying for his return and a glad welcome would be given him.

As the days passed and opportunities came to John Tyrol he proved to the world that for him old things had passed away and that he was truly a new man. Often when the day's work was done he would sit on the rustic seat under the maple tree with the three little Wells children around him, and while the crickets were chirping and the whip-poor-wills were singing he would tell them the sad story of how he had disobeyed his parents, been deceived by bad boys, drank wine and played cards and how he had fallen from honesty and in disgrace and despair he had been taken to the penitentiary. There ten of the best years of his life were worse than wasted, while honest Benny Wells who always had a positive "No, sir-ee" for every person that asked him to drink wine or play cards was enjoying the beautiful things that God created and making for himself and his loved ones a pleasant, comfortable home and winning for himself a true character and the reputation of being an honest man, which is "rather to be chosen than great riches." And he would always say, "Children, never, never take the first glass of strong drink; then you will be sure to never take the second, and never play your first game of cards; it is one of the best ways to lose all your money. And, boys, never vote for licensed whiskey, if you do you will be partakers with the saloon-keeper in the evils that are wrought by whiskey. Remember how your father did when he was a little boy and always when asked to do wrong say, 'No, SIR-EE!'"

*Ashland, Ohio.*

## A Queer Ghost

Bertha Danner

TOM and his sister Nell rented three small rooms in a house in Rag Alley, in a large manufacturing city. Tom was only fifteen years' old, but he was a very good brother. He worked in a mill and supported himself and sister, a frail girl who kept house for him. Nell was sick and the doctor said Tom should take her to the country for a few weeks. Tom was at his wits' end, for he had only fifteen dollars and he knew this would not pay board in the country long for himself and sister. He knew the mill boss would give him a month off, for it was in July and work was dull. He sat studying and pulling his brown locks, a thing he always did when he was perplexed.

There was a tap at the door and Jane, their little neighbor, came in. She was a bright little girl liked by both brother and sister, and when Nell was not feeling well she often helped her with her work. She knew about the doctor's orders and said she had good news for them. "What is it?" they both cried. She

said, "I heard to-day from a friend, out in the country about six miles from the city, that there is a house for rent and it is awfully cheap, only they say it is haunted."

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Tom. "I would like to tackle a good ghost. Tell us about it, please." Jane told them that a man was murdered in the house and in the room where he was murdered a voice could be heard to say, "He done it, he done it," just as plain.

This pleased Tom and he said he would see about it on the morrow. He jumped up and shouted, "Hur-ray! I will work for the farmer. My, but we will have a jolly time. You must come out and visit us, Jane." Jane said she did not like ghosts and asked Nell if she wasn't afraid. "No, I am not afraid if Tom isn't," replied Nell.

Early next morning Tom was up and caught a ride out in the country. He found the owner of the house and he agreed to let Tom have it for a month



at the small sum of three dollars. Tom returned to the city very happy and declared it was the loveliest spot he ever saw. He said Mr. Brown, the owner of the house, said they could use the furniture in the house, so all they would take was the oil stove to cook with, and Nell's big chair, and some old dishes. Tom could not help but give another big hurrah.

"Did you see the ghost?" asked Nell.

"No, I did not; I was awfully disappointed, but I did not see his majesty," replied Tom.

Mr. Brown called the next morning with his horse and wagon and took them out into the country to their new home. They had a delightful ride and in a short time they reached the house. They were busy the remainder of the day fixing up. When evening came and they had eaten their supper on the lawn they felt very happy and Nell said she felt better already. "It is such a lovely spot," said she, "all this green grass and wild flowers; I can hardly realize that I am here."

They used only three rooms. One upstairs for Tom's bedroom and one downstairs for Nell's and the other was their sitting room. They did their cooking out of doors, and it was so warm that they ate their meals on the lawn.

A neighbor came along in the evening and asked them how long they were going to stay. "Only a month," replied Tom.

The man shook his head, "That's longer'n most of 'em stay. Maybe you have not heard of the ghost."

"Yes, we have, but we are not afraid," replied Tom.

"Well, good even'n'," and he was gone.

"My, but he makes me feel shaky," sighed Nell. Tom only laughed and began to prepare for the night.

When he had locked the doors his heart beat more quickly than usual, and the halls seemed so gloomy.

Though the long summer day had hardly come to a close, he and Nell were very tired, so Nell went to her room and he went upstairs, whistling and trying to make as much noise as possible so that Nell would not feel alone. He threw himself down on his cot determined to sleep, but he felt a little nervous. No sooner had he settled himself to go to sleep than the trees outside began to shake and he could hear the low murmur of many voices. Tom pinched himself. He thought he was dreaming. No, he was willing to take an oath that he could hear people talking, and they were in the room. Tom's heart was pounding like a sledge hammer and his eyes were as large as the moon. He could distinguish the historic words, "He done it, he done it," from many voices. He had a notion to run downstairs and seize Nell and go to Mr. Brown's and beg for shelter. But then he did not like to do that. If it was only something he could fight. He tried to rise, but his legs shook under him, and he could hardly get into his clothes. Lighting his candle, he went down to Nell's room. She was

sleeping and he thought it a pity to wake her. He shaded the light of the candle from her eyes and sat down. He saw his face in the looking-glass and saw how pale he was. He tried to rub his cheeks to make them look more natural. After a while he decided to spend the rest of the night in their sitting room. He put up the hammock and lay down, and in a short time he was asleep. He did not awake till the sun was shining in the room. He decided not to tell Nell about his last night's experience. Nell soon came out looking as fresh as a June rose. "Isn't this delightful? Aren't we the luckiest people going, Tom?" she said in her most pleasant voice.

"Y-e-s," replied Tom, slowly.

"Didn't you sleep well?" she asked.

"O, certainly, when I got used to it."

So they proceeded with their breakfast and Tom was more determined not to tell Nell about the noise he had heard last night.

"I'll make up your bed this morning," said Nell.

"No, no! Just you rest here under this tree in your hammock," replied Tom. After awhile he walked across the lawn and he said to himself, "I will make my bed when I get a moment's time. 'I wonder if my ears are right,' he thought. 'I certainly heard voices.'" He was musing this way when a neighbor passed by and asked him how he liked the place.

"Very well," replied Tom.

"Then it isn't haunted?"

"My sister and I are haunting it now," answered Tom, "and expect to haunt it several days more."

He called himself a coward and was more determined to stay than ever. He went up to Nell and she said, "O Tom, I feel so restful and sleepy," and she pointed to the top of the house where the bees were going in and out. "They must have a nest inside the attic."

Tom shaded his eyes and looked up at them and said, "They make honey while the sun shines."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and gave a yell and bounded up the stairs. In a few minutes he appeared at the window laughing like a boy gone crazy with joy.

Nell fell out of the hammock in the excitement and called, "What is the matter?"

"I have found the ghost; come up here quick," he called in a loud voice. When she appeared in the room he told her to listen. "Can you hear a voice?" said he.

"Yes, it does sound like voices," replied Nell, and Tom said, "One fellow is hoarse and says, 'You done it, you done it.'"

"O Tom, those are bees."

"Yes, they are in the daytime, but they are the finest ghosts at night you ever heard of."

"Oh, and they are the ghosts! Goody, goody!"

shouted Nell. "Now we will not care who calls us haunted."

In a few minutes Tom was in the attic exploring it. In a few minutes more he appeared all covered with dust and cobwebs, licking some honey from his fingers. Tom said he was going over to Mr. Brown's and tell him and they would get the honey.

Mr. Brown came and he said, "What fools folks are! I could not have rented this place for love or money all on account of bees." When Mr. Brown came out of the attic he was pleased very much and told Tom there were a hundred pounds of honey and he might have it all to take to the market. He further

said he would get twenty cents a pound for it. "Hurrah!" and up went Tom's hat. Nell thanked him very much and said, "Now we will be out of debt."

Tom and Nell danced around for joy and they said they would send for Jane right away. So the wagon that took the honey to market brought Jane back. Tom declared that it carried sweetness both ways. Such happy days followed and Tom often helped Mr. Brown in the hay field.

They stayed six weeks and then went home brown and strong, and declared that they had grown very fond of the old house that was really haunted.

*Union Bridge, Md.*

## A Sunbeam and an Iceberg

Eulalia E. Foss (aged 13)



ISABEL KING was ten and her little brother Jesse six years old when their kind mamma died. Their papa had been sick a long time and was not yet strong enough to earn money for their support. Their Uncle Albert and Aunt Charlotte Ford lived in a large, beautiful house in the city; they had one daughter, Elsie, who was twelve years old. They took the two motherless children from their plain but happy country home to live with them in their beautiful, luxurious city home.

Elsie's parents had given her many nice presents, one of which was an illustrated Bible, but she scarcely ever looked at the pictures or read the sweet stories it contained. She had a beautiful face, lovely hair and a graceful figure, but she was vain, proud and selfish; all she thought of was fine clothes and her own pleasures.

Isabel did not have as fair a complexion as did her cousin, but she had a kind, loving heart and she never envied Elsie her fine clothes or good looks. With her sweet, unselfish manners Isabel soon won the affection of both her aunt and uncle. One day Mr. and Mrs. Ford went into the country to visit. They took Jesse along with them and they told Elsie she might invite her girl friends to come and spend the day with her and Isabel. Mr. Ford put up a swing on the large porch and Mrs. Ford prepared a nice, tempting dinner and put it on the table for them. Then she went to give Isabel and Elsie each a good-bye kiss and she found Elsie standing by the window pouting. She put her hand lovingly on her shoulder and said, "What is the matter, dear?"

Elsie answered very crossly, "Take Isabel along; I don't want her here. She will wear that old white dress and she is so countrified, I will be ashamed of her."

Her mamma looked grieved and said, "Isabel is a

little lady and you must treat her as you would if she were your own sister; her dress is quite pretty and you have nothing to be ashamed of. Put your white dress on, too." Then Mr. and Mrs. Ford stepped into the carriage and drove away.

Elsie immediately assumed her most dignified air and went to the 'phone and called up one after another of her friends and invited them to her party. Then without looking at Isabel who was just starting to put on her white, starched dress, she ran hastily upstairs and put on her pink silk dress and white sash.

Soon her friends began to arrive, all arrayed in beautiful dresses and Elsie flitted among them like a gay butterfly and all the forenoon she treated Isabel so unkindly that the other girls began to tease her and the homesick little girl stole away upstairs and with tears streaming down her cheeks she got her mother's picture and her Bible and sat down and read about Jesus raising Lazarus to life, and she said to herself, "My mamma was a true Christian and she will live again some day and I will be happy then, for I mean to do what Jesus wants me to do in this life."

When evening came the girls started home, each one carrying a happy but selfish heart and they never once thought of the sorrowful girl, the smallest one of them all, upstairs softly crying.

Soon Aunt Charlotte came home and when she went upstairs she found Isabel on her knees by her bed. As she went into the room Isabel looked up and said, "Oh, Auntie, Elsie wouldn't let me swing at all and the girls made fun of my nice white dress. I liked it so much because it's the last dress mamma made for me and it makes me feel so sad." Her aunt got her shopping bag and gave Isabel a nice story book that she had bought at the store as they were returning home.



"Thank you, Auntie," said Isabel, "you are very kind to me."

Then Aunt Charlotte and Isabel went down to supper. And when they came into the dining room they both looked so sad that Elsie wished she had not been so unkind. for she knew that Isabel had told her mamma everything and she would be punished in some way and she dreaded the punishment.

After supper Mr. and Mrs. Ford went into the parlor and closed the door, Jesse went to bed, and Julia, the hired girl, began washing the dishes. Of the two girls sitting by the stove Isabel was the happier for she was thinking of the sweet story she had read in the afternoon and she knew that in heaven all tears will be wiped away, and it was a comfort to have kind Uncle Albert and Aunt Charlotte at home again. Elsie was looking very cross and wondering what her punishment would be. When uncle and auntie came out of the parlor they both kissed Isabel and told her she was a good girl. Then Uncle Albert said, "Girls, it is your bedtime." Isabel lit the lamp and started cheerfully up the stairs, but Elsie waited, expecting to be kissed. That was the way Mr. and Mrs. Ford said, "You have been a good girl to-day," but this time they both said, "No, not to-night, Elsie."

Elsie turned and went sulkily to bed, slamming the door behind her. The next morning Isabel came down stairs looking refreshed and happy, with her face washed and smiling and her hair combed, and she had a clean apron on. She had made up her mind to not think anything more about Elsie's unkindness the day before, but to be kind and helpful to Elsie and everybody else. Her Uncle Albert said, "Our little sunbeam always brings cheerfulness with her."

When Elsie came downstairs she did not look near as nice as Isabel. She had neither washed her face nor combed her hair and she had a dirty apron on. She only tried to look nice and neat when they had company. Her papa told her she must wash and comb before she could come to the table and it took her so long that all the rest were through eating before Elsie came and she had to eat her breakfast all by herself. Mrs. Ford gave Isabel a dollar and told her to go to the store and buy a sixty-cent basket of grapes and she told her she might have the money that would be left to do with as she pleased.

As Isabel went singing down the street Mrs. Ford called Elsie from the library and said, "Elsie, you talk so much about using good manners and it is very rude manners with which you treat Isabel; she is a polite, kind girl, one whom all really good girls would be glad to call their friend. If you will promise to treat her as you should hereafter your papa and I

will both forgive you and—why, here is Isabel already. Isabel, come here; will you forgive Elsie for treating you so unkindly?"

"Oh, Auntie, I *have* forgiven her, I have too many good things to think about to waste time thinking about that," replied Isabel.

Then Elsie feigned sorrow and said, "I am sorry I was so unkind and I will never be so again."

But she went right on with her selfishness, pride and rude manners, but she was always careful that her mother should not find it out. Isabel never told on Elsie, but she went right on with her loving, unselfish ways doing good to all people.

One day Isabel heard some one talking with her Aunt Charlotte in the yard and she went to the door; it was her papa and he said, "Isabel, I am quite well and strong again. Go and get your own and Jesse's clothes ready and I will take you home to live with me."

Isabel was sorry to leave her Uncle Albert and Aunt Charlotte and she felt sorry that Elsie was such a selfish, unlovely girl, but she was glad to be again with her own dear papa. Soon they were on their way home and how happy the children were when they saw their pleasant country home once again. When they went in the house a sweet-faced woman met them and she greeted each one with a kiss of welcome. They were glad when their papa told them that the kind lady was their new mamma.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five years passed away and Isabel, ever kind and unselfish, studied her Bible, kept her mind filled with good and beautiful thoughts and her hands with useful and loving deeds. She had grown tall and beautiful and everybody loved her. Elsie, proud, selfish and insolent, chilling as an iceberg, wondered why the people never called her pretty any more and why they were always praising Isabel, and she could not understand why she had so few friends and she once had so many.

Ah, she had not learned the secret that one's thoughts and actions affect the features and her once beautiful face now wore such a sour, peevish look and her manner was so repelling that people would rather keep at a distance from her.

"You never can tell what your thoughts will do  
In bringing you hate or love;  
For the thoughts are things, and their airy wings  
Are swifter than carrier doves.  
They follow the law of the universe—  
Each thing must create its kind:  
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back  
Whatever went out from your mind."

Ashland, Ohio.

## “Buy Your Own Cherries”

It was about three o'clock one hot Saturday afternoon in July when John Lewis, the carpenter, laid down his hammer, put his hand in his pocket and drew out “just the price of a pint,” as he said to himself; so he resolved to go across to the “Golden Eagle.” Just as he opened the bar door, what should he see on the counter but a plate of ripe cherries, the sight of which so made John's mouth water that he put out his hand to take a few.

“You touch them if you dare, sir!” cried the landlady.

John was startled, but before he could reply, she added, “The idea of taking such liberties! I should like to know what you're thinking about!”

“Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to wet my whistle.”

“You had better not try it,” she replied.

“Why not? You won't mind my having a few, will you?” said John, thinking she was only joking.

“No, sir, not one. I have just bought them as a treat for my children; besides, they are very dear.”

“Well, just let me try one.”

“No, not one; go and buy your own cherries.”

“Well, I was just going to have a pint of your best,” replied John, “but I'll take your advice and buy some cherries,” and he walked out of the shop.

The landlady in a moment saw her mistake, and called John to come back.

“Well, I've done it now,” she said, taking up the plate of cherries. “What a stupid I was not to let him have just a few! He is too good a customer to lose. I must look out for him when he comes to pay his score and coax him over again.”

While she was planning he was far down the street, looking out where fruit was sold. As soon as he saw some cherries, he called out:

“Here, mister, let me have three pen'orth of those cherries, will you?”

When he put one of the cherries to his mouth its sweetness brought back the sour words of the landlady. As he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to repeat the landlady's words, “Buy your own cherries.”

“Yes, that I will,” said John to himself, “if this is the way you serve a fellow; after spending many a pound to begrudge even a paltry cherry!”

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him.

“Ah, yes,” said he, “I've bought them too long for her and her children; I'll take care of number one for the future. I shall then not only be able to buy my own cherries, but many other sweet things beside.”

At length the bell rang for leaving off work. John

went to receive his wages and went back to his bench, and stood with the money in his hand, hesitating.

“Well, what shall I do?” at length he said to himself. “If I knew how much I owed I'd send it; but, never mind, I'll go and pay her off, and have done with her.”

When he entered the public house, the moment she caught sight of him she put on her best smiles and said, in the most pleasant way she could:

“I am so glad to see you, John. We've just tapped a barrel of our best.” Drawing a glass she added, “I wish your opinion of it.”

“No, thank you, I don't want any,” said John. “I've come to pay my score. How much is it?”

“What's your hurry? Come, take a glass!”

“No, not a drop,” said John. “I want to be off.”

“Well, will you have a glass of something short?”

“No, nor long either. Will you let me know how much I owe you?” said John, getting impatient. “Or I'll go without settling.”

“Ah, I see now that I've put my foot in it and offended you,” said the landlady. “Come, do let us be friends once more.”

“Not a draw will I take here or anywhere else, if I know it!”

“But,” said the landlady, “I don't like to quarrel, especially with you, and as for the cherries, why, I was only joking, for I've kept them on purpose for you,” fetching them out of the parlor. “See, here they are.”

“No, thank you,” said John with a smile. “I took your advice and went and bought some.”

“I don't like,” said the landlady, as she took up the money, “to change this without your tasting something. What will you take?”

“Nothing, I say again,” said John. Taking up his change he walked out.

“Well, I have made a nice mess of it this time!” thought the landlady. “If I ever get caught again losing my temper it will not be over such a good customer. If it had been one of those noisy fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit; but a nice, quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses regularly, and pays up so well every week! But I'll look out, and lay traps to catch him before long.”

He then hurried home, and reached it, much to his wife's surprise, long before his usual time.

John took his tea almost in silence, which was so unusual that Mary was on the point of asking him what was the matter, when taking out some money he threw it in her lap, saying, “I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary?”

“Yes,” said Mary, and she would have added, “and I shall be glad to go soon,” but she had learnt



that she must not say too much on Saturday night, so she went to put on her bonnet and shawl. On looking at the money she was surprised to find three or four shillings more than usual.

Being a thrifty body who knew how to lay out money well, she visited the shops and bought the things they would want during the week, adding a few comforts which the extra shillings enabled her to buy.

Mary thought John quiet and dull, and once ventured to ask him kindly whether he was well. As he said he was all right, she did not venture to question him any more about it, thinking it best to wait. John, not liking to return home sooner than usual on Monday night, went to a temperance meeting. When another meeting was announced for the next evening he decided to go, and from what the speaker said he signed the pledge.

On the next Saturday, when John got his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him. Looking at the sovereign and a half, he said, "It is many a long day since I could say both belonged to me, and I'll take good care I don't part with you until I get plenty out of you."

Again he started off home. Mary felt once or twice on the point of saying how pleased she was, but checked herself lest he might, when giving her the money, stop some for what she thought the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his tea he said, "Well, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose. There's your money," throwing it in her lap.

She felt as if her heart was ready to sink as she took the money in her hand. "Ah," she thought, "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week;" but thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window. "Can it be possible?" she thought, "a sovereign and a half!" as she asked, "Is this all for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you'll try and spend it well."

"I hope you haven't done anything wrong to get it, John," said Mary with tears in her eyes.

"No, my lass," said John, "I have done wrong long enough, and I am now going to try and do right."

"But—" said Mary.

"Never mind any more questions now," said John; "get your bonnet and shawl and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need telling a second time to get ready. Bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the children, and be sure and mind the house, they went out together to market.

On the road John told her all, and asked her to

forgive him for the past, and help him to do better. Mary listened with trembling yet joyful interest.

The butcher when he saw them, ceased saying, "What will you buy?" for, thought he, "They won't want much. A small joint that everybody else leaves." So he turned his back towards them.

He was soon aroused by hearing John's voice: "I say, what's this leg of mutton a pound?"

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher. But quick as thought he said, "Eightpence to you!"

"Take it down and see what it weighs."

"Yes," said the butcher, thinking to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will settle you, I know."

"It weighs just eight pounds and comes to five shillings and fourpence." "Now you are done," thought the butcher.

"I'll have it," said John. "Here, Mary, give him the money," seeing the butcher look rather doubtfully at them both.

Mary laid the sovereign on the block as carefully as if she were afraid of rubbing the gold off.

The butcher thought all this care was part of a plan to deceive him, and that the money was bad. He bounced it upon the block to test it. But by its ring he knew it was right; his face changed its expression and his voice its tone, as he asked, with great politeness:

"Can I send it home for you, sir? Is there any other article?" while the change rested between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir. Let me see, you live at No. 20 Broad street."

"Yes," said John, as they went out of the shop.

Each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and, of course, showed an extra amount of civility.

While they were going from shop to shop the children at home were talking about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together!"

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether anybody that father knows has died and left him some money?"

A sharp rap roused them. Sally opened the door. There stood a butcher's boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there's no one of that name living here."

"It's strange!" said the boy. "I was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes, this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Who does live here then?" asked the boy.

"My father and mother and me," replied Sally.

"And what's your father's name?"

"They call him Jack Lewis."

"Well, that's him—Mister and Jack is all the same," said the boy. "Come, here's a leg of mutton for you."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally, "we never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "for it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for I'll take it in, but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," replied Sally.

"Oh, it'll be all right," said the boy.

"My word!" said Tommy, "isn't it a whopper? Only fancy if it was our'n, wouldn't we have a tuck-in at dinner?"

Another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. "Shall I bring the leg of mutton?"

But on opening the door it was the baker's boy, with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right, here's these loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" asked Sally.

"Yes," said the boy. "Come, make haste."

"Well, I'll take 'em in, seeing as how they are paid for, but we never have such big loaves as them come to our house, and you'll have to fetch 'em back again; there's some mistake, I'm sure."

"There, that's all fudge!" said the boy and off he went.

"My word! Ain't them busters?" said Tommy. "Only fancy if they was ours wouldn't we make a hole in 'em soon?"

Again he started off with a dance, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," said Tommy, "I'll bring 'em to the door."

But upon the door being opened, there was another lad with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee, etc. Again the same question was asked. But Sally decided to take in all that was paid for, telling each they mustn't be surprised if they had to fetch them back.

Other articles from different shops arrived until the table began to be full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally. "Suppose a policeman was to come, what would we do?"

"I wonder," asked Tommy, "whether father or mother's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly; you would be still if we were sent to prison."

While they were talking they heard the voices of

their father and mother, and were told that the things on the table were for the coming week.

When on the Sunday afternoon they were seated around the table and mother brought out a plate of nice, rosy cherries, was it any wonder that Mary's heart was full of emotion? Indeed she could not help drawing close to John, while the children were making earrings of the cherries, and, putting her arms around his neck, she kissed him, while tears of real joy trickled down her cheeks as she softly said, "John, if you only will continue to buy your own cherries we may be happy yet."

And so it was, for in a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, then for himself. —J. W. Kirton, in *Dial of Progress*.



#### KEEPS UP INTEREST IN HIS LOST HAIR.

"PLEASE write and tell me how the scalp which old Black Thunder, the Sioux chief, tore off my head forty years ago is getting along," was the annual reminder received by the curator of the Omaha Public Library museum that William Thompson, of Kingston, England, still lives to tell a true story of adventure in America such as very few men ever have lived to tell. A tuft of hair that once was part of Thompson's natural head covering has been for twenty or thirty years one of the curiosities in the collection there.

Thompson was a telegraph lineman in the early days of the Union Pacific, and one day in the fall of 1866 he was sent out with three others to repair a break somewhere west of Kearney, Nebr. At that time Indians were frequent in that part of the country, and Thompson found them troublesome.

He was at work at the top of a pole, and his companions were working at a point farther along, when suddenly there was a rifle shot, followed by a war-whoop. The startled lineman saw in one moment his fellow-workmen making their escape on the hand-car which had brought them to the scene of their labor, and a dozen redskins grouped about the foot of the pole.

"Paleface, come down," said their leader; but Thompson had no inclination to imitate Davy Crockett's coon. Promptly a bullet brought him to the ground. He had received only a glancing wound in the head, and had the good sense to feign death. The big Indian jumped on him, ran a knife around his scalplock, and with a yell pulled the scalp clean off.

"It felt like a piece of red-hot iron placed against my head," Thompson said later in describing the experience, "but I had sense enough and fortitude enough to keep still. I managed to get a good look at that Indian, and saw him hang my scalp to his belt."

Thompson, whose wound in the head had fooled the savages, possessed the grit to keep them fooled,



and at the same time to see some of their subsequent actions. He saw them pile obstructions on the track, wreck a freight train, kill the trainmen, and make themselves gloriously drunk. They fired the train and held a war dance by the light of the flames. During the dance he noticed that Black Thunder, who, as he learned some time later, was the Indian who scalped him, dropped the scalp and was unaware of the loss.

When the Indians went away Thompson secured the trophy, crept through the tall grass in a circle until he struck the railroad again and hit the homeward trail for all he was worth. Toward daylight he met a train loaded with soldiers hastening to the scene from Omaha. His injuries then received prompt surgical attention, with the result that he recovered completely, except for the loss of his hair. He went back to England, his native country, a little later, taking his scalp with him, but eventually he sent the strange memento to the Omaha Public Library as a relic of the pioneer days.—*Searchlight*.



#### WHAT THE SALOON KEEPER CAN AND WILL DO.

[Here is something that every saloon keeper can sign, probably without doing injustice to either his conscience or reputation. It says just what he is doing, and everybody knows it. The man who votes for license, be he saint or sinner, is helping the saloon keeper put into operation what is herein designated. It is a good thing to have printed and hand to everybody.—Ed.]

WISHING to get a living without hard work, I have leased commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's Block, corner of Ruin Street and Perdition Lane (next door to the undertaker's), where I shall continue my business of manufacturing drunkards, paupers, lunatics, beggars, criminals, and "dead-beats," for sober and industrious people to support.

Backed up by the law, I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, of painful diseases, disgraceful quarrels, of riots and of murders. My liquors are warranted to rob some of life, many of reason, most of property, and all of true peace, to make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans.

I shall cause mothers to forget their infants, children to grow up in ignorance, young women to lose their priceless purity, young men to become loafers, swearers, gamblers, skeptics, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort."

Lady customers supplied with beer as good as the best "home-brewed, which will not intoxicate" them, but only make them slovenly, lazy, coarse and quarrelsome. Boys and girls are the raw material out of which I make drunkards, etc. Parents may help in this good work by always sending their children to buy the beer. On two hours' notice I agree to put husbands in condition to reel home, break the furniture,

beat their wives, and kick their children out of doors; I shall also fit mechanics to spoil their work, be discharged and become tramps.

If one of the regular customers should be trying to reform, I will, for a few pennies, take pleasure in inducing him again to take just one glass and start again on the road to hell. The money which he has been wasting in bread and books for his children will buy luxuries for me. And when his money is gone I will persuade him to run in debt, and then collect the bill by attaching his wages.

Orders promptly filled for fevers, scrofula, consumption or delirium tremens. In short, I help to bring upon all my customers, in this world, debt, disgrace, diseases, despair and death; and in the next world, the death that never dies.

Having closed my ears to God's warning voice (Hab. 2: 12-15; Psa. 9: 16, 17; Rom. 2: 9); having made a league with hell and sold myself to the devil, and having paid for my license, I have a right to bring all of the above evils upon my friends, for the sake of gain.

Some have suggested that I display outside the door assorted specimens of my art—but that would blockade the street. A fine assortment of my manufactured wrecks may be seen inside, or at the station house every morning, in the poorhouse, in the asylums, in the prisons and on the gallows.—*Selected*.



#### A PARAPHRASE ON FIRST CORINTHIANS.

1. And though I speak with the tongues of Wooley, and of Gough, against strong drink, and cast not a temperance vote, I am become as a sounding brass or a bag of wind.

2. And though I have the ability to prophesy the awful results of drink, and though I have all knowledge of its fearful consequences and such abominable things, and cast not a temperance vote, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow much of my goods to help burning temperance resolutions, and cast not a temperance vote, I am nothing.

4. A temperance vote suffereth not policy of any kind; a temperance vote compromiseth not; a temperance vote exalteth not mammon, and by its brewer is not puffed up.

5. A temperance voter doth not behave himself selfishly; seeketh his country's good; is not switched off by minor questions and thinketh rightly on election day.

6. A temperance vote rejoiceth not the politician, but maketh glad the truth.

7. A temperance voter hasteneth prohibition, believeth in prohibition, hopeth for prohibition and prayeth for prohibition.

8. The temperance question never faileth, but whether there be money questions they shall fail, whether there be silver issues, they shall cease, whether there be tariff agitation, it shall vanish away.

9. When I was younger I spoke only for party, I understood only party, but when I became a voter, I put away vanity and voted for prohibition.

10. For now many see through a beer glass darkly, but at that day the true issue will confront them face to face; now they know party, but then they shall know what they should have known, even principle.

11. And now abideth temperance speeches, temperance resolutions, and temperance votes, these three, but the greatest of these is temperance votes.—*Wayne Stahl*.



#### THE GULLS OF GREAT SALT LAKE.

STUDENTS in ornithology the country over are interested in the bird life peculiar to Great Salt Lake. When the Mormon pioneers, led by Brigham Young, arrived at Salt Lake valley in 1847 they found the sea-gulls in possession, and it was the gulls that swooped down on the grasshoppers and saved the first crops from destruction and the Latter Day Saints from starvation a few months later. Hence it is that the sea-gull is a sacred bird in Utah. The Mormons prayed fervently for succor in their trouble and in answer to their petitions the sea-gulls came and gorged on the insects and did not cease until the plague vanished. To-day whenever the farmer turns a furrow within fifteen or twenty miles of the lake there will be the gulls looking for worms until it seems as though the man and team must tread on the more venturesome. They even invade the suburbs of Salt Lake City in search of provender, and depraved indeed would be the boy who stalked them with his flipper. The sea-gull in Utah is immune. How they originally came to take up their abode upon Great Salt Lake has been subject for many an animated debate on the part of Utahans. Great Salt Lake is about 880 miles distant from the Pacific Ocean, while the Sierra Nevada mountains and the grim American desert intervene. One thing is certain; they were the original settlers and they were probably in Utah when the big saline sea was an arm of the ocean.—*George R. Carpenter, in Sunset Magazine for September.*



#### THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP OF THE HIMALAYAS.

THE principal beast of burden in the inner ranges of the Himalayas is the mountain sheep, which will carry each from seventeen to twenty-five pounds of baggage and live entirely on the herbage by the wayside. A small flock of them accompanied a recent expedition of a famous Indian explorer for more than a thousand miles, being at the finish none the worse for

the journey. It is common in the Himalayas to load sheep high up in the mountains with borax and then drive them down to the plains, where they are shorn of their wool and return laden with grain or salt. They stand the severe cold of the higher ranges of Tibet better than the yak or mountain cow, and are indeed indispensable to the primitive needs of transit of the dwellers there. The Young-husband expedition has provided a knowledge of the animal which the world lacked before, and it shows up as a beast of high merit with an all-around utility not easy to surpass.—*Boston Transcript.*



#### ABOUT THE ALPHABET.

THE Sanscrit alphabet had forty-four letters.

The letter J is a modern sprout out of the letter I.

The Roman letters, represented by the plainest of our capitals, were used until the latter part of the sixth century.

The German alphabet, as now employed, is a modification of the Caroline, or the style introduced by Charlemagne.

In the Latin alphabet as modified from the Greeks the third letter, C, was pronounced as G, like the Greek Gamma.

While the cuneiform characters did not properly represent an alphabet, they were a singularly close approximation to it.

The demotic style of Egyptian writing, which bore a close resemblance to an alphabetical form, was in use from the seventh century B. C. to about 200 A. D.

The Hebrew name of N is Nun, an eel, and the earliest forms of this character bear a quite recognizable resemblance to the animal they once represented.

It is said that the Russian alphabet was the invention of Cyril, who, for the use of the Slavic tribes north of the Black Sea, made a modification of the Greek alphabet.

It is a surprising fact that the Ethiopians who inhabited Abyssinia and probably also the Soudan, had an alphabet of their own a thousand years before Europeans began to write.

The letter Y was formerly called the Samian letter. It was used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the narrow path of virtue, which, if deviated from, the further the lines extended, the wider the breach.



HERAT, in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times have its walls been laid in ruins, and fifty-seven times have they been built.



THE project of building a railroad through Alaska has caused quite a spirited fight among capitalists.



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## BLANKS.



PERHAPS nothing furnishes so good an idea of nothing as a blank, and yet nothing furnishes so good a place upon which to put something as a blank. Upon the basis that everything is useful and has its mission in the world, the blank should be counted as a very useful thing.

When a child is brought into the world no word expresses the condition of the child-mind perhaps better than the word "blank." Little ideas have germinated and if carefully cared for and developed they become great ones, in fact, until they are established as fundamental principles of life and character.

Blanks are in great demand by those who care to transcribe thoughts of others temporarily so that they may be used later on. The printed page would be a very inconvenient sort of manuscript tablet, so the blank page is preferred.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you that of the two pages the blank one is the more important. On the printed page you are sure to have the thoughts of others, while on the blank page, though it is possible to have the thoughts of others, one is supposed to enter his own thoughts. It is the original things that count; it is in the things we think that we live. We may imitate and copy, but our real selves are the things we make. Therefore one of the most useful things in this world is the blank that surrounds us; when we begin to occupy that space and the use we make of it, the development, the fillings-in, is what we have accomplished in life. The life that is really blank in the end is the life whose work has been written on a printed page; whose doings and sayings are what has been copied of other men's sayings and doings. In other words the thing that was blank in the beginning and has been made a full, readable page by the real development of the soul of a man, is a success. The life which has been continually transcribed and a compilation of imitations—one upon another—until

the whole thing becomes illegible and indescribable,—this life is a failure.



## RURAL ROUTES.

PERHAPS no one thing has been of such great benefit in recent years to the average American farmer as the introduction of the rural mail routes by the government. For a great many years in the large cities the mail has been carried to the people by government officers, thus offering a luxury to the residents of the cities, which was not enjoyed by the man in the rural districts.

The rural route has done much to equalize things along this line, and this great system is rapidly spreading over the country so that in the majority of cases the farmer can receive the news of the day at some period during the day. This has been an expensive project to the government. They knew before it was tried that it would not pay expenses, and they did not expect it to at first, but of course the object is to accommodate the public and not to make money out of the scheme. The people, of course, will have to be educated to the use of this convenience as well as every other one.

When the system of railroads was introduced the people did not dream of this utility, and only of late years has it been harnessed up to do the different kinds of work that it was able to do.

The same thing may be said of the telephone and other modern conveniences. When the people once learn to take advantage of the postal service, and when our legislature gives us parcel post rates, the same as already exist in foreign countries, the rural route will then pay for itself and return a handsome profit to the government. It is a shame that the peculiarities of our postal law would enable one to send a package to Berlin, Germany, and back to a neighboring town cheaper than the same package could be sent from one town to another in this country.

But the American people will not stand for this sort of arrangement very long, and in the near future we may expect additional accommodations from the postal service. There might be an international postage stamp issued, which would be appreciated by the majority of nations. The fact is, it is almost essentially necessary to a perfect mail service. The way matters are at present one cannot send return postage to an individual in a foreign country, because he could not use the postage with which to return his mail.

These additional advantages brought to our doors by the government ought to inspire the farmer to encourage better roads in the rural districts, which would make possible such additional comforts. In neighborhoods where the roads are very bad it is hardly possible to get the consent of the government officers to send a route that way.

## PAVING.

DID you ever watch a man or a set of men paving the streets? This kind of work is like every other kind in one way, and that is, it must be thoroughly understood in order to perform it satisfactorily. The old roadbed of the street must be thoroughly gone over, obstacles removed, high places and low places equalized, and the whole street brought up to the specifications of the civil engineer, who has carefully arranged the grade according to the lay of the ground and the fill of the drainage. After these things have been done the foundation must be made for the new roadbed. A heavy roller, which is a self-propeller, is run over it almost countless numbers of times, to insure that not a soft place appears where the paving can sink. Then gravel and sand are next placed and packed with a heavy roller.

When a street is thus prepared for paving with stones it does not require so much skill to lay the paving with bricks, flags or stones as one might suppose. When the preparation has been made by one perfectly proficient to do it the final touches of the work seem to be easy.

There is a great lesson in this. In paving the pathway of life, if one has begun at the bottom and cleaned the rubbish away, and put nothing in the foundation but genuine material and sees that it is thoroughly worked through as he goes, when he comes to a place in life where the final capstones, or paving stones, are to be laid, the struggle is not so great. The cost of failures in life, financially, educationally, religiously and otherwise, come from the fact that the new paving stones are often laid on the old rubbish and debris that has gathered in the alleys and streets for centuries. We often undertake to build our characters upon the lives of others that have gone before, using the rubbish just as we come to it.

Many a man has tried to imitate Napoleon, Demosthenes, or some other man. It is all right to use the paving stones that have been tried and which the people know are all right, but a reckless mixture of all kinds of material is not a good thing on which to build character, and would also make a very poor foundation for a street.

In the main thoroughfares of our cities when great holes are seen to wear into the streets, the street-workmen dig up the paving stones and they usually find underneath decayed matter that was left there, which should have been taken away before the paving was put down. The thing that is learned once and is wrong, must be unlearned and discharged before it will really give room for a new and better lesson. When an old debt is contracted it must be first discharged before the real paving stones of financial success can be successfully laid.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

ON the first page of this issue is to be found a beautiful little poem by Mr. Stover, on the subject of Independence, referring to the same thought as is contained in this caption. Also on the front cover page is to be found a poem by Martin Miller, of California, entitled "The Passing of the Blue and the Gray." This, too, is a poem of more than ordinary merit. These two kindly remembrances of the noble men who so willingly gave their lives for their country.

No doubt great demonstrations all over this wide land of ours will be in evidence on the morrow. The government has set apart one day in which the nation mourns the loss of this great army of citizens. The people willingly pay respect to those who have helped to make our government and civilization possible, and, perhaps without any great degree of hero worship. However, there is just a little danger of such demonstrations leading to that end unless care is exercised. The human mind is so constituted that whenever one of our fellows performs some great act which brings a blessing to a great number of people that the same people, and those interested in them, in recognizing him to be more than an ordinary man, go a little too far and consider him as superhuman.

Only those who have passed through one or more of the great struggles of our country know anything about the cost of such an experience. The awful scenes that accompany such things have been described over and over; blood and tears have been shed; money and lives have been spent; debts have been contracted and great sorrow spread throughout the land. But again when we think of the results achieved nobody is able to say that the cost was too great, and yet we think, sometimes, the results might have been obtained in some other way. We now have convictions and not theories, so let us honor the dead. Remember the faithful men who stood behind the gun.

There is another class of men who should be honored more even than these. They are the men who preach and practice peace; men who avert war; men who turn the tide of public opinion in the direction of the "star of hope" and the "rainbow of peace." Men who have given their lives for the sake of peace,—on peace principles. Jesus Christ gave his life for the sake of peace and yet did not require the life of anyone else to gain it. Now he asks, in order to retain it, that men be willing to give their lives, but he does not license them to take the lives of others. It is a brave man who is not cowardly enough to use arms.



MEN, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done, and as soon as it is done wonder again that it was no sooner done.—*Ruskin*.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Remember that any new subscription, be it self-subscribed or donated, will receive the Inglenook to the end of this year for only 30 cents.

Three dimes will bring 30 issues of the magazine to a friend—only a cent apiece. Each paper has 24 pages of reading matter; each page 1,000 words; hence 24,000 words for one cent. Try it; it is a great investment. Remember the stranger with whom you lodge while at Springfield. Those who stay at home, think of some friend who needs it.

STATISTICS show that the commercial development of Italy is growing. It has been officially stated that the volume of traffic on the state railways from July 1, 1905, to Feb. 20, 1906, was \$42,400,000, an increase over the same period of the previous year of \$3,000,000.

SINCE the recent death of Professor Curie his famous wife, who shared with him the discovery of radium, has been appointed to his place as lecturer on physical science at the Sorbonne. France is about to promote her to a full professorship soon, which will be the first instance of a woman holding such an important position in France. This woman has talent that is not likely to remain dormant, and the world is to share it, especially the people of France.

TURKEY has finally yielded to England. The Sultan of Turkey ordered his forces to evacuate Tabah and all Egyptian territory, and he expressed a willingness to accept the majority of the conditions imposed by the British Government and to have a new agreement drawn up as to the frontier.

It is rumored that King Alfonso has made a wedding gift to Princess Ena of jewels valued at half a million dollars, including a gold crown studded with diamonds. It probably never occurred to the boy that nine-tenths of this, if not all, could have been used to educate or feed the illiterate and hungry of his kingdom, and do much more good for Spain than this lavish extravagance of nobility.

THE new Rockefeller Institution for Medical Research, recently dedicated at New York, is said to be

one of the best equipped organizations of its kind in the world. One feature in the building is that of filtering the air in the various rooms, laboratories, and also of the living quarters of the animals used. There are now twelve experimenters at work under the supervision of Dr. Simon Flexner. They can accommodate about twenty-four graduated students as physicians at one time. The operating suites are on the third and fourth floors, and some are even on the roof, while on a part of the roof most of the dogs and smaller animals are kept while under experiment. The institute was founded by John D. Rockefeller in 1901 for the purpose of advancing investigation of the science of medicine. It does not only give assistance within its own walls, but grants money to others engaged in medical research elsewhere. No institution, no organization, and not even an individual should be so selfish as not to assist and aid in the growth and development of humanity far and wide.

THE people of the Philippine Islands, irrespective of nationality, have been profoundly moved by the recent California disaster, and mean to show their sympathy by a very liberal contribution. Governor-General Ide extended his sympathies to Secretary Taft by cable, stating that in a few days he would forward a draft, representing a contribution by officers, private citizens and organizations, without distinction of nationalities, a great portion of it, too, coming from the Filipinos. The power of the Divine far excels that of man, and perhaps this is one means of drawing the different nationalities nearer together in peace and union.

SEVERAL employés on the Morgan Steamship Line, at New York, have recently been caught in a series of robberies of silk and woolen goods, amounting to as much as \$100,000 worth. Other lines have also probably suffered. Five men have been arrested.

VICE ADMIRAL KOUSMITCH, commandant of the port of St. Petersburg, was requested by his employés to give them part of the Russian Mayday for a labor demonstration, which the Admiral refused. This aroused the indignation of the employés, and one day last week the Admiral was assassinated by the hand of one of his workmen, who successfully

concealed his identity among the two thousand employés. This is sure to cause some more disturbance in Russia.

THE colored people are gradually advancing educationally. A new university for this race is to replace Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn., which was destroyed by fire in 1905. Twenty-seven acres of land have been purchased and New York architects are preparing plans for the buildings, work on which will begin within sixty days. The new institution is to be under the management of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the buildings are likely to cost about \$100,000.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY, NEVADA, boasts the most important discovery of cinnabar ore ever made in Nevada, and one which probably surpasses in richness anything of the kind previously found in America, outside of California. The strike has been kept secret until the last few days, giving the owners time to examine and develop the find thoroughly, and thus secure to themselves all of the ground that might cover the extensions of the deposit. The find is in Eldorado Cañon, Humboldt range.

PROSPECTS are good for large fruit shipments from California to the East during the season which has just opened. Fully 7,000 cars of green fruit and grapes will be sent East. This will mean between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000 to the California orchards. The cherry crop is splendid and shipments are going forward rapidly. The peach, pear and apple crops promise to be large, especially apples and pears.

THE main feature of the new tariff bill, passed by the present session of the Japanese parliament, indicates a protective policy. Only those things which Japan can use to advantage in manufacturing articles for the Oriental trade are on the free list. Tariff on manufactured articles is advanced. Flour, yarns, metals, machinery, jewelry, etc., are very high.

BISHOP McCABE has planned a religious revival of the Methodist church, but on account of his recent utterance, hostile to organized labor, the Chicago Federation of Labor has decided to boycott the revival. The labor leaders sent a circular letter to the Methodist ministers of Chicago, expressing their regret that organized labor could not join in the revival meetings, and asserted that the Book Concern, conducted by the Methodist church, refuses to pay union wages for union hours. It is the purpose of the Federation to make the boycott national and even international.

A FIFTY million-dollar loan of notes, issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and secured on the stock of the company, was promptly negotiated by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of New York, last week, all being taken by a number of large banking houses, the applications highly exceeding the amount. The notes were not offered to the general public. The proceeds are to be used in advancement of the many improvements which the company has under way. The Pennsylvania people have announced that they are to spend about \$40,000,000 on new equipments this year. They mean to serve their patronage well.

ON a bit of worm-eaten and time-worn vellum, found by Drs. Grenfall and Hart in the ruins of Oxyrhynchus, and which is now among the collection at Queen's College, Oxford, the archæologists have now traced unerringly about three hundred words in Greek characters, comprising part of a speech delivered by Christ in response to a rebuke administered by a Pharisee in the temple. The rebuke was for omitting some ceremony of ablution. Jesus asked what the Pharisee had done, and the latter described in detail the process of purification, of which there is no other known documentary record. After that comes an eloquent denunciation by Christ of a mere outward purification, saying that he and the disciples had been purified by the waters of life. There is also mention of a hitherto unknown part of the temple called the Hegneuterian, or place of purification.

PHILADELPHIA has been the victim of smallpox, and in order to prevent the spread of the disease, one of the densely-populated sections of the city was visited by a medical corps of fifty men, headed by Dr. Coplin, Director of the Department of Public Health, for the purpose of vaccinating all persons who had not before been inoculated. For about ten hours forty-five squares of the city were isolated from the remainder of the city, and during this time 20,000 were examined and 4,000 were vaccinated. The good mayor who has been so nobly cleaning out the city had better cage these quacks too.

IN a recent meeting of the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, it was decided, by vote of six to four, to report a bill to construct the Panama Canal at sea level. As argument in favor of the sea-level plan reference was made to the San Francisco earthquake. Reasons presented favoring the plan are that its construction would be less hazardous, it would be much safer and more convenient, it would take little, if any, longer, to construct, the maintenance would be simpler and more economical, and that it is the ideal type of canal.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### KISMET.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

(The Miser's Lament.)

**U**PBRAID me not, you cannot know  
The life that I have led,  
My hopes, my fears, my joys, my woe  
Are better far, unsaid.

Bid me not hope, you will but start  
A hope that is forlorn;  
Should you but touch my aching heart,  
'Twill be to press a thorn.

My hope is past, my life is dead  
As Aaron's barren rod;  
No task remains, but be arraigned  
Before the bar of God,

To answer for my life on earth,  
Exposed to wrong and sin,  
In me there is no good or worth—  
I have a failure been.

—From Pocahontas (Ill.), Press.



### WHAT A HORSE WOULD SAY.

PLEASE take off these close-fitting blinders and give me a chance to use my eyes like other folks. And then, here's this check-rein. It pulls my head away up in the air. It hurts my mouth. It sometimes gives me a throat disease. I can't see the road so well and am more likely to stumble.

I can't draw nearly so much as I could with my head down, and I can't draw so easily. A tight check-rein puts me in constant pain. Please to kindly take off this check-rein, or lengthen it out so that I can put my head down where I want to when I am going up hill.

And then we get old and feeble just as men do, and the older we grow, if we have worked faithfully, the more kindly we ought to be treated, and it isn't right when we have given you a lifetime of faithful service to sell us off in our old age for a small sum into the hands of hard masters.

Two men or boys the same size can't always do the same work—nor can two horses.

We ought to have shade in summer, warm stables and blankets in winter.

Our stomachs are small and we ought to be fed and watered often. And then, there's this matter of overloading.

If I generally draw kindly, but some day give out and stop, and tell you as plainly as I can that you

have put on too much load, it isn't right to go to beating and swearing at me.

It is much kinder and better to talk kindly and throw off part of the load or get another horse, or if the wheel is in a hole ask the people near to take hold and push.

We horses can't tell our feelings as you can. Sometimes we are dizzy—sometimes sick.

Sometimes the hostler drives us half the night, and then turns us out for a day's work next morning.

Sometimes he doesn't get up in time to give us our breakfast—sometimes he forgets to water us.

We are glad for a slice of bread, a piece of apple, and a dipper of water.

Always feed us from the palm of your hand so that we may not bite your fingers.

When you put us up in a strange stable never trust the hostler to give us the oats, but go out and see that he does it, and stand by us while we eat them, and see that he doesn't forget to water us.

Never put the bits into our mouths in cold weather until you have first warmed them, so that they won't take the skin off our tongues and make it painful to eat. You wouldn't like to have frosty iron bits put in your mouth on a cold day.

Always warm our bits in cold weather, and when from old age we can't chew, please take us to a horse doctor and have our teeth filed so that we can.

When you find our blankets blown off on a cold day please put them on again and tuck them under the harness.

Don't keep twitching the reins when you drive us. You wouldn't like to have anybody twitching the reins all the time if the bit were in your mouth.

Don't overdrive us, and then on the other hand don't let us stand in the stable all day without exercise.

Horses and dogs need exercise every day, and can't be well without it. You wouldn't like to be tied up in a stall all day and not permitted to go out.

Please to make it a rule that you will never ride in a carriage drawn by a horse with mutilated tail or a poor-looking horse, when you can possibly help it, and always look at the check-rein. Always select the carriage that has the best-looking horses, and tell the drivers why you do it.

Then when we get run down we should like to be sent off into the country to take a vacation and pick up.

If all boys and girls, every time they see a poor, miserable-looking horse, would simply say so the driver

could hear them, four words, "I pity that horse," it would be a great benefit to us.

But above all things, kindly remember that you can do us a world of good by simply talking to us kindly—telling us we are good fellows and all that.

All we horses and dogs and birds and all dumb animals know the tones of your voices, and we like to be talked to kindly just as well as you do.

You can make us very happy by only talking to us kindly.

And when it becomes necessary that we should die, don't let anybody try to kill us that don't know how, but send to our society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, that employs skillful men to kill horses and dogs and cats humanely, and let them send a man to kill us mercifully without foreknowledge and without pain.—*Geo. T. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals.*



### ,HIRING A TEACHER.

THE *Schoolman* has spent some little time in trying to decide what main qualifications it would insist upon as belonging to the person whom it would employ to take charge of a school under its control. Perhaps as a matter of choice—perhaps as a matter of necessity—a woman is to be employed. In the interest of the children:

First—We shall insist that she have that amount and kind of education which will be a reasonable guaranty that the pupils shall be well and properly taught, from the standpoint of studies pursued. Of course breadth and depth of scholarship would be desirable; but we would overlook some lack in this respect if we knew her to be a studious young woman, desirous of growth.

Second—We shall insist that she have a record showing her ability to govern wisely and firmly, yet kindly. Since we are to have the best school possible, and mean to pay a good salary, we should leave the teacher without experience to some school board that employs at the lowest possible figure.

Third—We shall insist that she be so neat in appearance and attractive in manner as to please her younger pupils. She need not be handsome—only a few of us are that—but she must be *good-looking*, which is better than mere beauty.

Fourth—We shall insist that she be so courteous of manner, so refined of speech, and so kindly of disposition as to warrant our faith in her ability and intention to inculcate—somewhat by precept, but chiefly by example—all the amenities and graces that do so much by way of smoothing the rough, uneven places in life's journey.

Fifth—We shall insist that she be able to find the bright, cheerful,—even the humorous side of things. If we can manage it so, we shall have a genuine,

hearty laugh at least once a day in our school; and we want our teacher to have the ability to guide and control—even to incite now and then—such necessary mirth.

Sixth—We shall insist that she be all that is positive and unequivocal in morals. We shall not expect any trouble in finding a teacher to meet this requirement.

We have specified our requirements. After having employed our teacher, we shall do our best to aid her to come up to our high expectations. If we find ourselves disappointed by and by, it is likely to be through her failure to meet requirement number four. She may become so interested in her work that she will unconsciously acquire the habit of talking in a high, shrill, rasping, irritating tone; or she may become so vexed and annoyed at willful misconduct that she will say impolite and discourteous things, and act in a fretful, impatient, impolite way.

But if for a whole year she comes up to our requirements we shall lose her. Some other school—with a railroad running lengthwise of the district—will offer her more than we can pay, but not more than she is worth as a teacher.—*The Interstate Schoolman.*



### VINELESS POTATOES.

SUCH truth is stranger than fiction. Marvelous machines, seeming in speed and accuracy to be imbued with life and intelligence, have supplanted old-time methods and added millions to our national wealth.

Everywhere on every hand the apparently visionary dream of yesterday proves true.

In no line of human endeavor has the progress of the present era been greater than in recent advancement made in better and more profitable methods of farming.

Truly the day when two blades of grass shall grow where only one grew before cannot be very far distant.

On April 23rd a representative of the *Badger and Farmers' Record* witnessed what promises to prove a most important improvement over present methods of raising potatoes, and judging from the results heretofore obtained and the demonstration made by the discoverer, Mr. W. D. Dorst, of Great Falls, Montana, the success of the new method is assured and ready for immediate use.

The raising of potatoes by Mr. Dorst's vineless method as seen by the writer is very simple. No soil is used and there is no special preparation necessary before planting.

The potatoes are raised in bins built outdoors and the planting took place as follows:

Into the bins Mr. Dorst placed a six inch layer of "bedding" which he had previously inoculated with



his "Potatine" and on top of this were laid regular white Ohio seed potatoes two feet apart each way.

Then another layer of the bedding was put in; more seed potatoes as before and so until the bin was filled.

One of the things that impressed the writer was the ease with which the planting was done.

It took less than three hours' time to plant the bin and the only tools used were a shovel to shovel the bedding in and a piece of board to level it off.

Mr. Dorst stated that this bin requiring three and one-half bushels of seed would produce from thirty-five to fifty bushels of potatoes.

Figuring upon the average production of field-grown potatoes it would appear that six bins like the one above would equal the production of one acre of land. Setting the cost of labor against this, which on the above basis would be about \$2 per bin or \$12 for six bins, shows that the new method is the most economical.

Mr. Dorst took the writer to the roof of the building in which he has his office and there opened several small boxes which had been planted for only ten days and uncovered seed potatoes growing.

A remarkable thing about this growth is the large number of new potatoes, and the fact that potatoes grown show over twenty new potatoes growing in a cluster around the seed. Although numbers of growing seed potatoes were uncovered, in no instance was there the slightest indication of vines. A point that Mr. Dorst makes for his method aside from the economy effected in labor necessary to grow potatoes is the fact that potatoes grown by his method being vineless there are no potato bugs.

After viewing this novel and surprising exhibit, Mr. Dorst showed the writer various clippings from newspapers giving details of past demonstrations, one of which from his home town stated that the editor of the paper together with many prominent citizens had seen potatoes planted and afterwards harvested by the vineless method in sixty days' time and stating also that the potatoes were rich, mealy and delicious.

Evidently Mr. Dorst may be justly classed among our foremost inventors, for, unless all signs fail, his method must revolutionize present expensive methods of raising potatoes in the field and add millions of dollars to the annual profit on the potato crop of the country.

Concerning his discovery Mr. Dorst says:

"There is nothing mysterious or wonderful about my method. It is founded on nature's laws. The 'bedding' you see in those bins can be made either of hay, straw, peat or several other waste materials. This only needs inoculating with my Potatine and the growth begins at once. The reason why the potatoes grow vineless is simply because they do not need a vine. By my method the four things potatoes need

are supplied plentifully and perfectly. You see the bedding supplies warmth and air and moisture and the Potatine the elements that make potatoes grow.

"Getting these things at once the moment the seed is planted, nature no longer needs to waste her energy growing a vine and so we not only get rid of it and also the potato bugs, but also get the strength that otherwise goes into the vine into the young potatoes, hence their vigorous growth and early maturity. That is about all there is to it so far as the scientific part of it is concerned.

"The practical money-making side of it lies in the fact that by growing the crop of potatoes in bins layer upon layer, the farmer's valuable land can be used for other things, because bins for growing by my method can be put up on odd places around the yard or on the poorest acre on the farm.

"Every sixty days you get a crop of potatoes, beginning from April 10th on through the season. The same bedding lasts always just by inoculating each time. All the work is done when the bin is planted, there is no plowing, no harrowing, no cultivating, and no potato bugs. In addition, there being no soil used in the bins, there are no grubs and no dry rot or other potato diseases."

Mr. Dorst says it took him six years to perfect his method and his Potatine to a commercial success, and slyly hints that his bald head is the result of the close, hard study he put into it.

Mr. Dorst comes from Great Falls, Montana, but has located at Pullman, Ill., from which point he is now beginning to interest the farmers of the country in his method.—*The Badger*.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### MAMMA'S PETS.

MAMMA THOMPSON had two pets. One was a little boy named Willie who was sent to live with his uncle when only about eight months old. His papa and mamma were both very sick of fever.

While at his uncle's Willie learned to take his own meals. His aunt would fill his bottle with milk, fasten on the rubber, and give it to him. There he would sit and tip his bottle higher and higher until the last drop was out.

When mamma got well enough to take care of Willie, Uncle Dave brought him home, and his own mamma did not know him.

The other pet was a pig which papa found almost dead and brought to the house. After being warmed by the fire and fed, the little fellow got well enough to run about the yard and garden.

It was white all over and every day Mamma Thompson washed it with soap-suds, and then with

indigo she would spot it on the sides and back. It learned to like to be washed as well as to eat its dinner. Do you want to know how it did that? I will tell you.

Mamma fixed a large bottle full of milk just as aunty used to do for Willie, and piggy took his meals in the same way. No, not that, for piggy had no hands to tip its bottle, so it had to be held.

One day mamma was in a hurry so she just laid the bottle of milk on a rock in the yard, and placed a brick on top of it to hold it, and left piggy to finish his own dinner.

Soon she heard a noise in the yard. She ran to the door and there—would you believe it?—there was Willie who had not forgotten how he used to do, pushing piggy away with one hand, and in the other holding his little sun-bonnet, lying flat on the grass sucking away at the bottle as though he had as much right there as piggy, stopping every now and then to cry if the other pig—is that right?—would try to get back what it thought it had been cheated out of.

Mamma could not help laughing and she felt like scolding too. Which ought she have done?

Willie is a man now, and when mamma tells him this story all he can say is, "I don't remember anything of it."—*Clem Irwin, in Home and School Visitor.*



#### APPLE SAUCE CAKE.

FLORA L. DOUGHTY.

CREAM together two cups sugar, one cup shortening. Add two salt spoons salt, one teaspoon cloves, two teaspoons cinnamon, a little nutmeg, two cups raisins seeded and cut up. Dissolve two teaspoons soda in a bit of warm water. Then stir it into two cups of apple sauce, letting it foam over the ingredients in the bowl. Beat all thoroughly and add four cups flour. Bake in loaf or in layers; if in layers fill with caramel frosting. Very rich, moist, delicious and cheap. No eggs, milk or water. Try it.

*Eldora, Iowa.*

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes!  
For instance, both a soul may lose,  
Both need a mate to be complete,  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need heeling, oft are sold,  
They both in time will turn to mold.

With shoes the last is first; with men  
The first shall be the last, and when  
The shoes wear out they're mended new;  
When men wear out they're men dead too!  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loth.

Both have their ties, and both incline,  
When polished in the world to shine,  
And both peg out. Now would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?

—Farm Machinery.



### A STREAK OF SUNSHINE.

LILLIAN WARNER.

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's armchair, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered grandma, cheerily; "I have read a little and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Roy, that I

have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, and her eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Nellie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "I would like to know where she gets all that brightness from then."

"I'll ask her," said Roy promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called: "Nellie, O Nellie! Come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Nellie," exclaimed the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Nellie. "You see, papa's been sick a long time and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arms around this little streak of sunshine.

"That's God's reason for things; they are because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

*Custer, Mich.*



## VIRTUE.

D. Z. ANGLE.

VIRTUE is that which maketh the true man or woman.

It is that which brings the innocent babe into the world blest by the Creator and welcomed by all.

It is the stepping-stone for the boy or girl to a great and joyous future.

It is the open door to the youthful feet on the road to position and influence.

It is the mainspring in the man or woman, which drives their hands around the dial of life to the meridian of success.

It is the stored energy, like the engine of commerce, to draw loads of thoughts and actions to situations where the careworn and sin-sick can receive temporal and spiritual life and vitality.

It is sadly lacking in cities, and not common enough in country.

It was an attribute which enabled our Savior to heal the woman, in the throng, who touched the hem of his garment.

It is not found in Hades but is complete in heaven.

It is that which makes home a sacred and holy place.

It is that which makes a nation a mighty people.

Without it the home will tremble and sink, the nation will weaken and die, its people and their substance absorbed by a more virtuous race. Their habitation even may become like Sodom and Gomorrah, a place of death and desolation unfit for the abode of man, an awful example of the visitation of a just and righteous God upon a sinful and ungodly people.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



## SHORT BIOGRAPHIES.—P. P. BLISS.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

PHILIP PAUL BLISS was born in Pennsylvania, July, 1835. He early developed a passion for music and would sit and listen with delight to his father singing, and very early sang with him. When about eighteen years of age he met Mr. J. G. Towner, father of Dr. D. B. Towner, of Chicago, Ill., of whom he received his first systematic instruction in music. About this same time he met Wm. Bradbury, then in the commencement of his life work as a composer of sacred music for children. How much this meeting had to do with the moulding of his future life, in the turning of his thoughts, almost unconsciously to himself, in the direction of a work similar to Mr. Bradbury's, we can never know.

About Christmas time, 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were on their way to Chicago, when the great Ashta-

bula, Ohio, disaster occurred, in which they both lost their lives. They shared mutually every providence. There is a melancholy satisfaction in the thought that this dire calamity did not part this most devoted couple. While teaching in Armstrong county, Pa., I had the pleasure of having among my pupils a niece of Mr. Bliss. This lady is gifted with musical ability and during the school of music did some very creditable solo work. She spoke of her uncle, not only as a musician, but as an honored citizen and valued friend.

The hymns of P. P. Bliss have always been very popular. We cannot help but desire a personal perfection as we hear him sweetly sing:

"More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome;  
More freedom from earth-strains, more longings for home;  
More fit for the kingdom, more used would I be;  
More blessed and holy, more, Savior, like thee."

Notice how quickly our hearts beat in sympathy for the salvation of a hesitating soul as we try to clinch the decision almost crystallizing into action through the power of his intense pleading:

"Almost persuaded, come, come to-day;  
Almost persuaded, turn not away:  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are ling'ring near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
O wand'rer, come."

Again, how eagerly expectant we, too, stand upon this islet of time, peering out into the great unfathomable ocean of omnipresent Omnipotence, watching and working for—

"All beauty bright and vernal,  
When Jesus comes;  
All glory grand, eternal,  
When Jesus comes,"—

Singing and praying,—

"Oh, let my lamp be burning,  
When Jesus comes:  
For him my soul be yearning,  
When Jesus comes."

He will come again! Blessed be his name! Rev. 1: 7; Matt. 25: 31; Luke 12: 37.

*East Akron, Ohio.*



## ASPIRATIONS.

LEONARD ROOT.

Who is it that has a sound mind that has no aspirations? Who is it that does not want to rise above his present state of efficiency? Few, if any, can be found in this deplorable condition. 'Tis only one of the many gifts of man, but by no means one of unimportance.

We all desire to attain some good position by which we can live in comfort; some that they may have the luxuries of life. Our desires or aspirations, then,

seem to be one of the many stepping-stones to ultimate success: It is also the force of nature that raises man from heathenism to a position where he desires more than nature of itself can afford him. Thus far have natural desires raised us, but fortunately they do not end here.

They cause us to realize that there is something more in life than a mere existence. We are not content with life without an object of devotion that will not yield to the corroding influences of time. We aspire to something still higher. We find it. 'Tis God the author of life itself; but having found so worthy an object for our devotions and worship, how many accept him with a full heart? It takes a sacrifice, doesn't it? Yes, old carnality is the cost. If we endure, eternal life becomes the reward of our sacrifice.

Vessels are sometimes brought up to the quay by means of a process called warping. A line is taken from the ship to the quay, one end being fastened to some object that will stand the strain to be placed on it, the other end fastened to a windlass, which is put in motion and thus the ship is gradually drawn toward the point where the line was fastened to the quay.

You are all familiar with the expression, "Set your stake high and work to it." Now let us set our stakes high in the scale of Christianity and begin to warp ourselves into a position where Christ and the church can use us for the advancement of the cause of our blessed Redeemer.

Forsake sin; cast off carnality and strive to reach the haven where the light still shines brightly on the pathway.

*Eudora, Kans.*



#### A PARODY ON A TOBACCO SEED.

SELECTED BY FRANK N. SARGENT.

THEN shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a grain of tobacco seed. Which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became

a great plant, and spread its leaves, rank and broad, so that vile worms formed a habitation thereon.

And it came to pass in course of time that the sons of men looked upon it and thought it was beautiful. To make them look big and manly, the lads put forth their hands and did chew thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily.

And it further came to pass that they who chewed it became weak and unmanly and said, We are enslaved and can't cease chewing it.

And the mouths of all who were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting. And did spit even in the ladies' parlors, and in the house of the Lord of hosts, and the saints of the most High were greatly plagued thereby.

And in the course of time it also came to pass that others snuffed it, and did sneeze with great and mighty sneezes, insomuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly.

And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did look very grand and calflike sucking it. And the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth. And the merchantman waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the most High defiled themselves. And even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it.

And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith and said, Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn your attention to change the wicked evil which has grown up in your midst in a gospel land. Turn now your fields into corn and wheat and put this evil thing far from you, and be separated and defile not yourselves any more. And God will bless you and cause the smiles of his countenance to shine upon you.

But with one accord they all exclaimed, We cannot cease from our chewing and snuffing and puffing. We are slaves to this evil plague, tobacco.

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Why it Froze.

A colored preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Breddern and sistern, I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle, an' I am gwine ter take as example of de chillern of Israel a-crossin' of de Red sea.

"Der wus Moşes on de bank of de sea," he said, "an' right behin' him wus de army of Pharaoh. An' all at once'st, breddern, de sea froze over ez solid es a rock, an' de chillern and Moses walked across."

In the congregation were some young negroes who had been at school, and whose orthodoxy had been slightly warped. One of them arose and said: "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause the geographies tell us that water doesn't freeze at the equator."

The old man hesitated a moment, and then replied, scornfully: "I just knowed one of you young niggers was gwine ter dispute de word of de Lawd. Young man, when de Red sea froze der warn't no geography, and der wasn't no equator."—New York Weekly.



### The Little Runaway.

The church was dim and silent  
 With the hush before the prayer,  
 Only the solemn trembling  
 Of the organ stirred the air.

Without, the sweet, still sunshine,  
 Within, the holy calm,  
 Where the priest and people waited  
 For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,  
 And a little baby girl,  
 Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling  
 In many a wavy curl,

With soft cheeks flushing hotly,  
 Sly glances downward thrown,  
 And small hands clasped before her,  
 Stood in the aisle alone;

Stood half-abashed, half-frightened,  
 Unknowing where to go,  
 While, like a wind-rocked flower,  
 Her form swayed to and fro;

And the changing color fluttered  
 In her troubled little face,  
 As from side to side she wavered  
 With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment,  
 What wonder that we smiled,  
 By such a strange, sweet picture  
 From holy thoughts beguiled?

Then up rose some one softly,  
 And many an eye grew dim,  
 As through the tender silence  
 He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing  
 The sermon and the prayer),  
 If, when, sometime, I enter  
 The "many mansions" fair,

And stand abashed and drooping  
 In the portal's golden glow,  
 Our God will send his angel  
 To show me where to go.

### The Glory of Iceland.

They say that Iceland has one policeman, no jail, no intoxicating liquor, domestic or imported, and not one illiterate past the age of ten. A poor country; and yet what country is richer in the riches that do not have wings and fly away?—"With the Procession," in Everybody's Magazine for May.

### It Was Guaranteed Strictly Fresh.

He: "Had an odd experience the other day. One morning my breakfast boiled egg had an inscription on it. It said: 'The finder may write to me,' signed, 'Mary Smith.'"

She: "What reply did you get?"

He: "The postmaster replied. He said that Miss Smith died of old age several years ago."

### Accounted For.

Mrs. M's patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said: "Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in Everybody's Magazine for May.

The great Baron Liebig said: "We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer."

Tom Lawson predicts that John D. Rockefeller will be wearing stripes in prison within a year. If this should happen the old man can never be subjected to the prison indignity of having his hair shingled.

### Be Kind to the Old Folks.

Don't forget the old folks,  
 Love them more and more,  
 As they with unshrinking feet  
 Near the shining shore.  
 Let your words be gentle,  
 Loving, soft, and low;  
 Let their last days be the best  
 They have known below.

Don't forget thy father,  
 With his failing sight,  
 With his locks once thick and brown,  
 Scanty now and white;  
 Though he may be childish,  
 Still do thou be kind;  
 Think of him as years ago,  
 With his master mind.

Don't forget dear mother,  
 With her furrowed brow,  
 Once as fair, and smooth, and white  
 As the fresh young snow.  
 Are her steps uncertain?  
 Is her hearing poor?  
 Guide her gently, till she stands  
 Safe at heaven's door.

—British Workman.

Twice are we born: once to the physical existence, and then in the period of awakening personality to the mystery of the soul.—November Ladies' Home Journal.

### Circumstantial Evidence.

Jack was making a visit to his grandparents, who owned a large dairy. He had been forbidden to touch the tempting-looking pans of rich cream. One day his grandmother caught him coming up from the cellar with a very suspicious white rim over his upper lip.

"Jack," she said severely, "I am afraid you have been disturbing my pans of cream."

"No, I haven't, Grandma, I just ran my tongue gently over the top."—April Lippincott's.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XXII.

Sile and I are excited again; Mr. J. P. Massie, who is the manager of the California Butte Valley Land Co., has been up here again and he says the prospects for a colony of Brethren here in this valley are very bright.

He says the exhibit will be somewhere at Annual Meeting and he will have an office there and will be pleased to meet any and all who want to inquire about Butte Valley. Well now you see those Brethren back east who will be there and see the timber we sent down there, and the potatoes, beets, hay, alfalfa, grain, etc., from here, will never rent land worth \$200 per acre when they can buy five acres here for that and better land at the same time.

Sile won't get to go and I don't suppose I will, but Mr. Massie will be there, and so will Bro. Geo. L. McDonough, and Mr. Massie's office will be right by the side of the Union Pacific R. R. office. Lucile has a fine bunch of photographs of this valley like these large ones in this pamphlet and I am going to persuade her to let Mr. Massie take them along; so step in and take a peep at them.

You see after the Annual Meeting is over and

just what kind of vegetables and grains can be raised in the Butte Valley, because specimens will be there to be seen; then all those samples of fine lumber of different kinds will be there for them to look at, and anyone who is inclined to the lumbering interests, will naturally tell his friends about the possibilities of that country.

Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa, together with States of the middle West, have furnished a great many trainloads of Brethren for the great Northwest and Southwest, as well as for the Pacific coast. There are yet several trainloads that can better their circumstances by making a change of location, for the different reasons we have told in other chapters. However, there are a lot of Brethren east of the Alleghany mountains who could simply make a fortune, and make it easy, if they could leave the old homesteads in the East and go West and take up some of this land that can be had for such a nominal price, and make for themselves some of the finest homes in this world.

Besides, this is not the highest aim in colonization. I want to quote a little I read in the *Gospel Messenger*, bearing date of Feb. 10, 1906, by Brother Early: "That immigration in colonies is the most effective plan of mission work is settled. It need not be argued; it is acknowledged by all. Its permanency, economy and use of every member in spreading and confirming the truth are seen at a glance. The things most wanting in the common method of mission work are those that recommend the colonization plan. The appearance of permanency is of first importance, and when money is scarce and workers are few every one must know the value of a system that makes the most of these. Certainly. That is the idea of colonization exactly. It is to relieve the congested parts of the body and to spread out over more territory for the sake of opportunity and usefulness. Many of the big old mother churches could each spare a colony of fifty members, or more, with a preacher or two and so many deacons, to go into unoccupied territory, and all be the better for it."

Who knows how soon a strong congregation could be built up in the Butte Valley! By a lot of Brethren moving in, in the beginning, the nucleus could be started at once. Following them, naturally, would be those who are not members, and the influence that a good church would exert cannot be estimated by man. It is only for the Lord to know how much good can be done in this way.

(To be continued.)



"Besides, it affords plenty of room in the daytime."

everybody has told their friends about what they saw at Springfield, from the Butte Valley, it is going to create one of the biggest movements that has been in this country for a long while. The people who go to the Annual Meeting will see, with their own eyes,



# ALL ABOARD

... FOR ...

## NEW MEXICO



That will be the call at Springfield after the close of the Annual Meeting, and you will feel "left" if you are not ready to get aboard with the train-load of folks that will be going to the land of sunshine, artesian wells, apples and alfalfa. Remember, the remarkably low rates of \$23.00 for the round trip from Springfield will be in force, the excursion will be personally conducted by brethren from New Mexico and there are many good reasons why you should see that land of opportunity **WITHOUT DELAY**. There is land there now offered at from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre that will bring \$100.00 in less than three years, if the past three years furnish any proper basis upon which to calculate. If you or any member of your family need a change of climate, you can't afford to wait. Come now, and while you are getting health, get a home at "ground-floor" prices. If you are interested in our efforts to establish strong colonies of Brethren in New Mexico for missionary purposes, join us and help the good cause along. We need you now. Don't forget how to write for any further information about New Mexico you may desire. Address C. C. Hoyt, Lake Arthur, N. M., or M. M. Brunk, Dexter, N. M., or either of them at Conference post office, Springfield, Ill., during the week of the Annual Meeting.

# The Essentials of Health

---

THOUSANDS of years ago man wondered and speculated on what life really was. Man is still speculating. The subject is almost as great a mystery to-day as it was then. Experiment and investigation have, however, demonstrated that the life principle lies in the vital fluid, but what this principle or life spark actually is, is still shrouded in darkness. We do not know, we cannot tell what it is, all we know is that it is there. All schools of medicine agree that the vital spark lies in the blood. This theory is also supported by Holy Writ as we read in Scripture "the blood is the life thereof." These facts being established, there are a few principles which will forever stand and if we keep these faithfully in mind in the treatment of disease we cannot go far astray.

Recognizing that the blood is the life, we must, in the first place, see to it that this vital fluid is kept pure and vigorous, if we are to enjoy good health. This is all-important. If our blood becomes weak or impure our whole system will suffer. We will lose in vitality, in strength. Our old-time appetite disappears. What we eat causes distress. We become sick. The weakest spot in our anatomy becomes affected first. It may be the stomach, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs or other vital organs. At the same time our lowered vitality makes it easy for us to contract any disease that may exist around us. We are in a sense in constant peril.

An impure condition of the blood will show itself in many different ways. We may have aches here and pains there—touches of rheumatism. Our skin may show outbreaks of impurities. All these symptoms require attention. Nature needs some assistance to throw off through the proper channels the poisonous or waste matter which has accumulated in the system and which is the cause of the trouble.

It has always been, and is to this day, a source of wonder to the public that diseases which have baffled the so-called highest scientific skill have yielded to the quiet influence of some plain household remedy like DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, and yet the secret of the whole business is that it struck at the root of the evil—the impurity in the blood.

## NO MEDICINE LIKE IT.

Lone Grove, Texas, Feb. 18, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The **Blood Vitalizer** which I ordered of you arrived in good time and order. It gives me pleasure to state that it is all that you recommend it to be and a great deal more. It has been a great blessing to me. I am sixty-four years old and was all broken down in health. Through God's blessing, I am a new man since using the **Blood Vitalizer**. There has never been any medicine like it. I could not walk when I sent for your medicine, but now I am well and in better health than I have been for twenty years. I shall ever feel grateful to you. May God bless you in your work. I gained nine pounds in twenty days and my case is the wonder of this country.

Yours very truly,

W. H. Bates.

## A MOTHER WRITES.

Port, Va., Jan. 22, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have been thinking about writing to you for a long time just to tell you how much your **Blood Vitalizer** did to my little boy. He had spasms right along for a period of fourteen months. The doctors were unable to do anything for it. Then I sent for the **Blood Vitalizer**. I commenced to give it to him and he began to improve right away. He did not have but one more spasm after he commenced taking the **Blood Vitalizer** and that is over two years ago. You can understand how thankful we are. All that have tried the **Blood Vitalizer** like it.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. L. F. Jacobs.

In case you should ever feel that DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER would be helpful to you or some of your loved ones, do not, we pray, make a dash for the drugstore. It is not to be had there and your inquiry will simply ruffle the druggists' feelings. He naturally dislikes to receive calls for something he has not got in stock and furthermore cannot get.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is supplied to the people direct through the medium of specially appointed agents, persons who are not interested in the sale of drugs and "traffic" goods. For further particulars address,

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2,400 acres to be sold on the eighth of June at auction and in small tracts,—see bills and samples at Santa Fe offices.

J. W. Wampler and B. M. McCue, of Garden City, will be on the grounds and have charge of the excursion. See them for rates and other information, and circulars. Be sure to take this excursion.

Call on or write

THE BELL LAND AND LOAN CO.,  
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A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for \$10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

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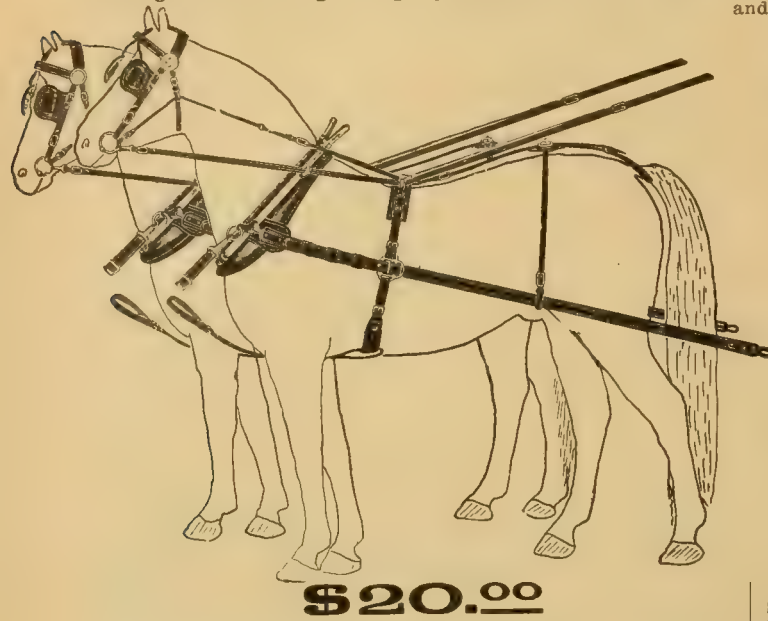
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Our Inglenook Price to advertise and guaranteed to please, for even .....\$20.00



**\$10.00**

**1906 Single Driving Strap Harness** different from others. Special wide saddle and pad with long patent leather housings. Heavy traces, wide lines, and splendid workmanship make this one of the most desirable sets of harness ever offered at such a low price. The long housing of patent leather on the saddle adds greatly to the fine appearance. Every part is given an excellent finish.

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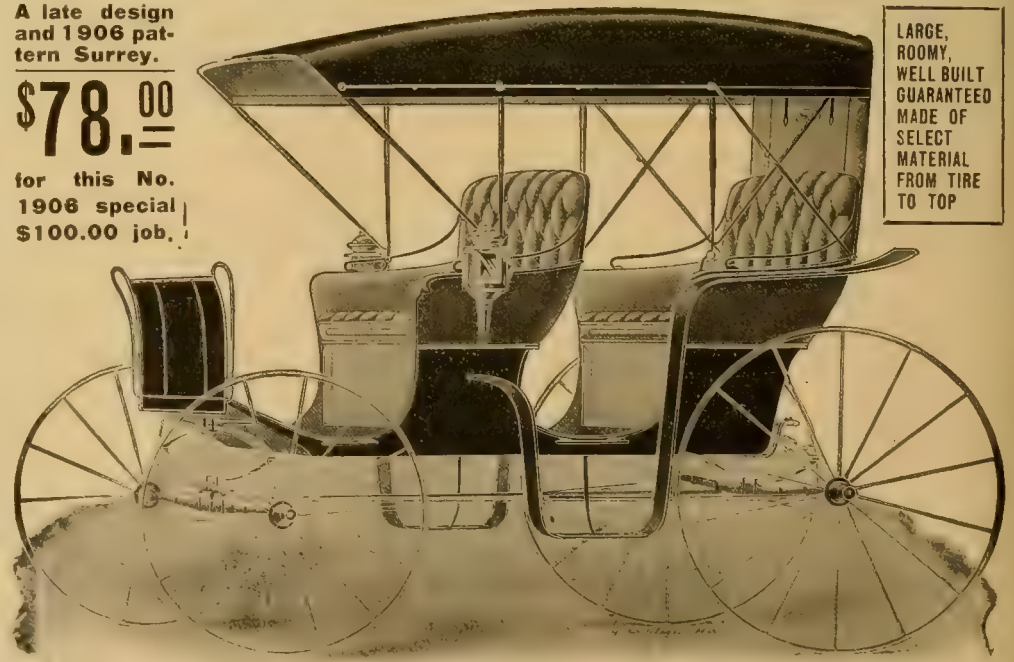
Bridle, ¾-inch box loop cheeks, fine patent leather blinds nicely stitched, round winker stays, three-buckle flat over-check with noseband. Breast Collar made of good, heavy, clear trace stock, curved and has box loops for neck strap. Traces, 1½-inch and single straps, made of select oak tanned trace leather. Saddle 3-inch "Strap" style. Wide patent leather jockeys with three rows stitching. Extra long patent leather housing as illustrated. Swinging bearers, 1-inch, raised, double and stitched. Belly-Band, 1½-inch "Griffith" style, double stitched. Breeching, heavy single strap with scalloped points, three-ring stay. Hip strap, ¾-inch, Side straps, ¾-inch. Turnback, scalloped, ¾-inch with round crupper dock sewed on. Lines, 1-inch throughout, made of select stock with spring billets. Hitch Strap, ¾-inch. Trimming, nickel, or, if preferred, imitation rubber. Fits 900 to 1,250-pound horse. Weight, boxed, about 30 pounds.  
Regular price, .....\$13.00  
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We can't be undersold on this harness.

**Wheels**—¾ or 1 inch tread, 38-44 inches high, Sarvan patent, Steel Tire.  
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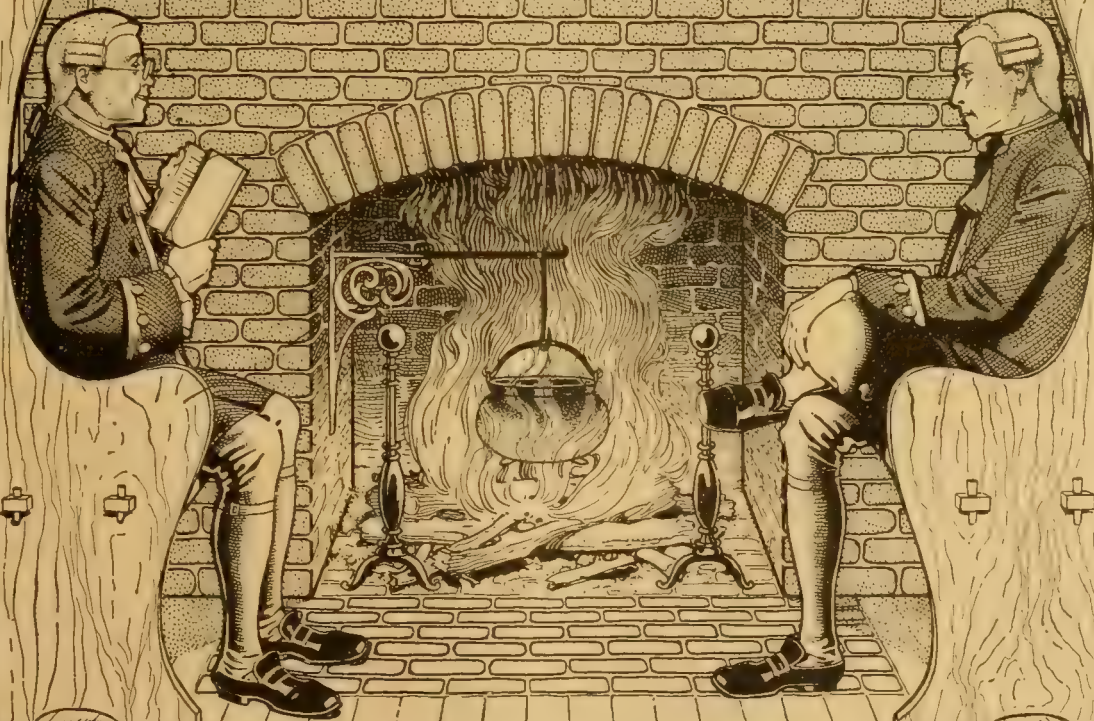
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IONE AND HER PET VIRTUE.—Mary I. Senseman.

POPULATING THE GREAT PLAINS.—Guy E. Mitchell.



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Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

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in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

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Port, Va., Jan. 22, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

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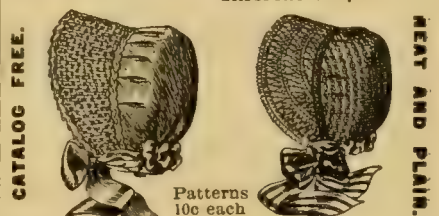
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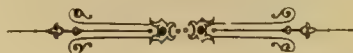
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JUNE 5, 1906.

No. 23.

## LET US TRUST THEE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

DEAR Father, let us ever trust  
Thy love to guide our souls aright,  
Then we need have no cause to fear,  
If we will follow in thy light.  
  
Thou wilt protect us through our trials,  
And thy sweet consolation lend:  
And when we place all trust in thee,  
We shall find blessings without end.

Moorestown, N. J.

## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Hatred gives us pain and leaves a stain.  
  
Charity doesn't grow cold until dead.  
  
Power is personally responsible to Mercy.  
  
Practice, only, can convert philosophy into wisdom.  
  
The keenest wit that is unkind is but depravity of mind.  
  
Woman's life does not even seem womanly when devoid of piety.  
  
The man who can hide behind the hypocrite must be rather small.  
  
Let us not think because our anger is burning that our light is shining.  
  
If you would keep life from being prosy put a glorious purpose in it.  
  
Love makes it a pleasure to minister to friends,—it carries its credentials only on errands of mercy to enemies.

*The brevity of life quickens its activity and strengthens its integrity.*

*There are no poets: men thus known but copy Nature's sweet psalms down.*

*We may not name ourselves, but we furnish the definition of our names.*

*Law-making bodies may be dignified,—the law-abiding are their country's pride.*

*We may do our best and still have an enemy, but, doing our best, we will not be an enemy.*

*How can those who know not God recognize him in nature any more than anywhere else?*

*It is impossible, not loving the members of the church personally, to love the church universal.*

*The more hearts are softened by our kindness the more lasting monuments to our kindness they become.*

*We do not know what course the future may take, but it cannot wrest us out of God's hands, and there we rest secure.*

*He who studies Nature interprets God's own handwriting, for she has not forged his name to her glorious apocalypse.*

*He who works but for the praise of man does not deserve it. He who works for the good of mankind will be honored by God himself.*

*It takes as large a nature to look over other people's excellencies as over their faults,—over their achievements as their failures. Anyone can reach this altitude, however, by stepping firmly upon envy and jealousy.*

Flora, Ind.



# Naggum and Drivem

Maggie M. Winesburg

## A True Story of Factory Life.



It was almost ten o'clock when a little dark-robed woman stopped in front of the preserving factory of Naggum, Son & Co., and after a moment of hesitation she tripped up the steps to the office door, and just as she placed her hand on the door knob it was opened from the inside and a sharp-visaged man stood before her. In a low, clear voice the woman asked if they needed any more girls, and was told in a short, curt tone to go around to the side door and upstairs; she could get work there.

With a half smile on her lips the woman turned away and mounted the gloomy stairway to the second floor. At the head of the stairs she stopped for a moment to survey the scene before her. A long, low room filled with all the noise and bustle common to a factory of this kind; and as she stepped inside of the door a young girl who was hurrying past with her hands full of glassware, paused to ask, "Do you want to see the boss?"

"Yes, if you please," was the reply.

"Come this way," said the girl, turning down the room between two long tables.

"There she is now, that big fat woman. Miss Sally, some one wants to see you," the girl called out, and then she turned back to her work, and the little woman stood face to face with the notorious boss of Naggum's factory.

It would be rather a difficult task to draw a true pen picture of Miss Sally Drivem, the forewoman and trusted ally of Naggum, Son & Co. She was a short, fat woman with a coarse, florid face and a loud masculine voice, and her figure made one think of a huge feather bed with a string tied around the middle of it.

In a low, clear voice the little woman said that she was seeking employment, and had been told at the office to apply upstairs.

"Do you want work for yourself or for some one else?" snapped Miss Drivem.

"For myself," was the reply.

"Can you come to work this afternoon?" was the next question, and on receiving an affirmative reply, Miss Drivem added: "Well, you can come on; we go to work at half past twelve."

At fifteen minutes past twelve the new girl was back at the factory and in the cloak room removing her hat and cloak; the blast of the whistle soon rang out and its last notes had not yet died away when Miss Sally Drivem was heard yelling, "Hurry up, hurry up, there, and get to work. Don't be standing around all day," while the girls were hurrying to their work as fast as they could.

The new girl was set to work with several other girls washing jelly glasses in a tub of warm water; and in a few moments a tall, pale-looking girl, with a book and pencil in her hand, came up to the new girl and asked her name.

"Lene Del-Nort," replied the girl, after a moment of hesitation, and Lene Del-Nort was the name enrolled among the employes of Naggum, Son & Co.

"Do you think you will like to work here?" asked one of the small girls.

"I can not tell yet," replied the new girl with a smile.

"It's a hard place to work, Miss Lene," continued the talkative little miss. "Miss Sally Drivem is an old tiger-cat, and Jim Naggum is worse than she is."

"What wages do you get here?" asked Lene.

"We small girls get only two dollars a week and the big girls get two and a half a week, and the girls that work upstairs get two seventy-five a week, but their work is awful sloppy, and they have to work overtime so much. Why, we have to work overtime pretty near every night. The whistle blows at half past five, but we 'most always have to work until six o'clock and sometimes seven and eight."

"Don't you get paid for overtime?" asked Lene.

"Yes, four cents an hour; they did pay eight, but Mr. Jim said it was too much, and now they pay only four cents. Oh, there he is now, the monster!"

"Who?" asked Lene, as a silence seemed to fall upon everything in the room and the girls bent more diligently to their tasks.

"Jim Naggum. He is standing over there by the pile of boxes; if he sees us talking he will dock us five cents," replied the other girl in a low whisper.

Lene looked in the direction indicated by the girl and saw a tall, spare man with a high, narrow forehead, high cheek bones, and a nose that resembled an eagle's beak. A straggling mustache half concealed his cruel-looking mouth, while the small, black eyes seemed trying to search every corner in the factory. He was dressed in a gray business suit, with a brown derby hat stuck on the back of his head. Such in appearance was Mr. James Naggum, called by the factory girls Mr. Jim, Old Jim Naggum and the factory devil; and truth compels me to say that if ever a boss deserved that title, James Naggum was that man.

Jim Naggum's eyes traveled all over the factory as if in search of something to find fault with. Suddenly his eyes fell on a small girl who was closing jelly glasses, and he seemed to think that she was not working fast enough, for he crossed the room with a swift, cat-like step, and shaking his long forefinger in the girl's face, screeched out, "Get to work, there,

or I'll dock you five cents." Then he turned away and went upstairs to the floor above.

As Jim Naggum disappeared from sight the girls all breathed a sigh of relief, and the small girl again whispered to Lene: "Oh, I am so glad he is gone; Miss Sally is bad enough, but he is a great deal worse than she is, for he is nagging at someone all of the time. Yes, and here she comes."

At that moment loud above the rattle of the machinery a loud, harsh voice was heard shouting, "Get to work there, you hussies. What are you standing around holding your hands for? We don't pay you to stand around and do nothing." And Miss Sally Drivem came down the long room on a duck-gallop, emphasizing her command by smacking her fat hands together.

Lene looked quickly in every direction to see who was idling, but could see no one. All seemed busy, but Sally Drivem seemed to think otherwise, for she rushed up on two small girls who were washing glasses at another tub, and catching each of them by the back of the neck she bumped their heads together, shouting, "I'll give you talking all the time; get to work now."

As the days passed by Lene Del-Nort found each day was but the repetition of the first day's experience. All day long Sally Drivem's loud voice could be heard berating some poor girl, or she would be heard shouting, "Get to work there; don't stand around holding your hands," which was a favorite expression, and meant to include all. Did she wish to reprimand only one girl she would stand at one end of the room and shout out the name of the culprit. And it seemed to be the delight of Jim Naggum's soul to hide behind boxes or pillars and watch the girls. Then woe betide the luckless one who paused for one moment in her work, for he would pounce out on the offenders and shriek at them in his high-keyed, shrill voice, causing the luckless offenders to almost drop whatever they held in their hands. The factory girls all declared that Jim Naggum had rubber soles on his shoes to keep them from making a noise when he walked.

The girls at the factory were as all factory girls are; some of them had to work to maintain themselves and help keep the family at home. Those girls were usually kind-hearted and willing to assist each other; while other girls, who worked there only to get money to dress themselves with, were not always pleasant to their companions, as if they were not all on the same footing.

Some of the girls treated Lene kindly, while others sneered at her plain clothing and made unkind remarks, to all of which Lene paid no attention, although she took note of everything that transpired, without seeming to do so.

After several days Lene was sent to the mustard

table to work there, and she soon formed the acquaintance of a dark, quiet girl named Bessie Cline, who was very kind to her and showed her how the work was done there.

One day the girls at the mustard table were hurried to fill an order that was needed without delay; after the order was filled, Lene, who had been standing on her feet all day, sat down to wipe some more glasses to fill with mustard; and it was with a sigh of relief that she leaned back against the table and stretched out her weary feet to rest them a moment, while her fingers were busy wiping glasses and setting them on the table.

At that moment Jim Naggum came noiselessly up the stairs and espied her, and the first indication Lene had of his presence was to hear his shrill voice shriek in her ear, "You had better lie down."

Lene glanced quickly up and her face flushed, but by no other sign did she give token of hearing his insulting words; but the look of scorn that leaped into her dark eyes meant no good will for Jim Naggum.

"Hain't he just awful, Miss Lene?" said Bessie. "That is the way he does all the time. I would not work here a single day if I had anything else to do, but I have to help make the living at home, and have to take his insulting words whether I like it or not."

"He will get punished for it some day," replied Lene, quietly.

"I only hope he will," returned Bessie, rather snappishly; "I only wish the glass companies that they get their glassware from knew just how they were cheated."

"How is that?" asked Lene, with sudden interest.

"Do you see that barrel of broken glass?" asked Bessie, pointing to a barrel under the mustard table, and as Lene nodded she continued, "Well, all of the broken glasses go into that barrel; it doesn't make any difference whether it's broken when it comes here, or whether we break it, it all goes into that barrel and is sent back to the glass house where they get the glasses from, and the glass company has to stand the loss, not Naggum. Hist! Here he comes again."

The next moment Jim Naggum stopped in front of the girls and barked out, "I want you girls to clean up around here, I expect some visitors here to-morrow, and I want everything nice and clean," and with these orders he passed on to the next room and gave the same orders there, then upstairs it was the same, and the poor, tired girls must scrub and clean tables, and rid up in general so that the visitors could not see how dirty the factory was at ordinary times.

About ten o'clock the next morning Jim Naggum came into the factory accompanied by four or five other men.

"There is Jim Naggum and his visitors now,"



whispered Bessie to Lene, "and several of them belong to the company."

"Who?" asked Lene, keeping her face turned away.

"Some of the company. Naggums don't own all of the factory, if they do run it," replied Bessie. "Look, Miss Lene, that old gentleman is Mr. St. John and there is Mr. Alstyne, too."

Bessie was talking to the air, for Lene caught up a carry-box, and darted out into the other room, and down the stairs as if her life depended on getting more glassware, and when she again returned the visitors were gone.

"What made you run away, Miss Lene? I don't believe those men would be as hateful as the Naggums. Mr. St. John is a nice-looking old man, and Mr. Alstyne seems quiet and gentlemanly."

"I know; I have seen them both," replied Lene, quietly, as she went on with her work.

The next day Lene was missing from her place, and for three days she did not appear until near quitting time on the third day, Saturday, Lene came quietly into the room.

Sally Drivem was standing over a couple of girls who were packing glasses into a box. She was in an ill humor, and her heavy, florid face looked coarser than ever, and as Lene approached her she turned savagely around.

"I have been sick, Miss Sally," said the girl, quietly. "Have you work for me yet?"

"No," fairly shouted Miss Sally, her coarse red face getting redder; "I don't have work for people that get sick. I have hired another girl in your place. I have no work for you now."

"All right," was the reply, and with a sparkle in her eyes Lene Del-Nort passed out of the factory of Naggum, Son & Co.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the comfortable home of Mr. St. John, the bachelor millionaire, the lights were glowing brilliantly, and seated near the cosy fire was Lene the factory girl, but it was a very little she looked like one that had to toil for a living, in her dainty silk attire. She was snuggled into a great easy chair with her dainty slippered feet on a footstool, while opposite her sat Mr. St. John with a half smile on his face.

"Well, my dear," Mr. St. John said, "I hope you are satisfied with your escapade, and I hope you have found that novelists are not to be relied upon in their stories of cruel employers and abused working girls."

"No, Uncle Ned, I am not satisfied," replied Lene

St. John, for that was her true name. "I am convinced that there is more truth than fiction in such stories, for men that pretend to be gentlemen brow-beat girls that must work for them."

Here the girl arose from her seat and crossing over to her uncle, she put her arms around his neck, saying earnestly, "Uncle Ned, are you not the largest stockholder in the firm of Naggum, Son & Co.?"

Mr. St. John smiled as he replied, "Well, my dear, I am not exactly a stockholder, but I have supported them heavily with the understanding I can withdraw when it pleases me to do so; but I am in no hurry to withdraw, for they are square men and treat their employes right and pay fair wages."

"Do they tell you that?" asked Lene, quickly.

"Why, yes, and I was in the factory only the other day, and James Naggum assured me that they had the shortest hours, and paid the best wages of any factory in the city; but why do you ask that question, Lene?"

"Because James Naggum is a perfect tyrant in the factory; he has lied to you about the good treatment and wages," replied the girl indignantly. "When I went on that escapade, as you call it, I went to Naggum's factory and went to work there and—oh, Uncle Ned, it's just horrible the way they treat the poor girls that work for them."

Then perched on her uncle's knee Lene gave him a vivid but true description of the life the girls in the factory led under the rule of Jim Naggum and Sally Drivem; and at its close Mr. St. John exclaimed, "Oh, the scoundrel! He is cheating all around; I did not think the Naggums were that kind of men. I will not uphold them in such a work as that. No, not a day longer than I can help; they can sink or swim, I will not aid them in that kind of work."

"That is right," exclaimed Leonia, as she gave her uncle a bear hug, "that is a good uncle; and then suppose we start a factory of our own?"

"We will see about that part later on," said her uncle, pinching her cheek.

Thus Leonia St. John's experience in the role of a workgirl lost Naggum the support of Mr. St. John. And when they failed another factory sprang up in their place, a factory where the employes were treated as if they were human beings; and Leonia has never regretted the days she spent in the factory of Naggum, Son & Co.

*Glen Easton, W. Va.*



# Ione and Her Pet Virtue

Mary I. Senseman



T was Ione Hapgood, of course, who had said it would be an interesting thing to do. It usually was Ione who started unique doings. And the characters she included in her plans, incited by the always-punctual novelty of the projects, readily accepted their respective roles. Sometimes the boys took part. This time it was among just the girls of the class.

They were to write their opinions of each other and interchange the notes. That had been done and they were all congregated on the second hallway stairs, comparing slips. It had been expected that the lists Ione made out would be the most unerring. The slips that young lady received very decidedly implied that interweaving judgment of her.

"So straightforward," Dora Conover had written.

"Sincerity," was the skeleton of Carol Anderson's rhythmical flourishes.

"She is so frank," was the admiring statement of admiring Dot Gordon.

"Penetrating and outspoken," big Rachel Marvin's terse phrase.

"Very unsophisticated," Maud Lambert's rather grudging admission.

Eva Burg, who always gave one a zigzag trip to follow her expressed ideas to the end, asserted, "Ione tells things plainly, and if they're about people they hurt sometimes. I don't know exactly why her statements do hurt, for, indeed, they are always true."

"She's nothing if not honest." That was what Pearl Immet had written.

When Ione and Dot Gordon had gone away from the stairs together Carol Anderson was in a touchy mood. She was sitting beside Pearl.

"Ione can't be altogether the nonentity you implied," said Carol.

Pearl shot the speaker a swift, surprised glance. She was a reserved, studious girl, sensitive and self-confident.

The seven lists Maud Lambert had received had but put her into the sulks. "Ione's twice as influential as you, Pearl."

"There's no better trait than honesty, surely. We oughtn't to pick flaws in Ione for having it." Eva Burg joined the refrain.

"She leads even you, Pearl, if it is only by means of honesty," was Dora Conover's contribution.

"Honesty's a pretty big possession, Pearl," said Rachel Marvin, patting the younger girl's shoulder.

Honesty, or at least one feature of it, candor, was pervading the entire group of six. Even Pearl was infused.

"You're all right, girls," she said, "and so am I. Ione is honest—in the superlative degree. There's so much of it that there's nothing of her."

The calm but earnest words called forth another volley.

"You're a pessimist."

"You're a cold-water pourer."

"You're disparaging."

"Don't criticise even good qualities."

"Ione didn't treat you so. She said you're 'unobtrusive.'"

The sound of Dot's giggle opportunely floated up from below, so Pearl thought it wise to dissolve the assemblage. She arose from her seat on the stairway and grasped Rachel Marvin's arm as she passed that young giantess.

Dora and Carol tripped away together, much intertwined as to arms, voluble as to low-voiced dialogue.

Eva Burg rather awkwardly proffered Maud Lambert her companionship, and they went into the study room together, each then, without comment, going to her own desk.

Pearl and Rachel had five minutes for conversation before the noon recess would end. They walked out into the front schoolyard.

"You were a little hard on Ione," Rachel said when they were well away from any chance hearer. She was a type of vigorous young womanhood and as clean and unbiased of thought as she was physically perfect. She had the greatest respect for the rarely-expressed opinions of the grave, self-possessed Pearl Immet. As for Pearl, Rachel was the only person, except her father, with whom she acquired anything like intimacy. The few minutes served to illustrate the quality of friendship.

"She is too honest. It has become a fault," said Pearl, taking up the thread of thought by responding to the other's implied question. "She is very popular, indeed, with us, but not influential. If her honesty were not so conspicuous our much-lauded Ione would be a very ordinary personage."

"I see the thing with your eyes now. My own were dazzled indoors, I guess. You are generally right on those things. Time will prove this one."

The two girls returned to the rear yard and there took their places in the line of boys and girls that was forming in readiness to march into the schoolhouse.

Time for proof of Pearl's statement was not long in coming. What made that time opportune depended on something that had taken place quite a while before the amusement introduced by Ione among her girl classmates.

There had been considerable stir throughout the



entire body of high school pupils and teachers. A clique of mutinous youngsters had some way been able to sumptuously feast one afternoon during school hours. They had effected their sly deed so skilfully that it had been weeks before even vague rumor had found its way to the ears of disciplinarians.

Once on the scent, those faithful stewards unremittingly "nosed" until they had possession of every convicting detail. Their best method of procedure in the investigation was questioning the pupils individually.

As the scores of boys and girls were ushered one by one before the stern old superintendent each was met by his first unvarying, unevadable demand, "Did you eat anything between three and four o'clock the afternoon of February sixth?"

Five culprits were revealed. Retribution was immediately forthcoming. It was light. The offenders had only to make abject apologies to the corps of teachers.

Ione Hapgood was the fifth penitent. She had not been one of the band of feasters, but it happened that she had eaten an apple about the same time, and inevitable, though frank, confession reposed her in the contrition class.

That fact aroused the condolences of Ione's sympathizers.

"I don't think she ought to have had to apologize for eating that apple. It had no connection with that bright frolic of the boys," Eva Burg said.

"Mr. Torry's requirement made it look that way. It virtually placed her in that verdant class," Dora Conover added.

"It wasn't one bit fair. Just because Ione couldn't help giving a truthful answer to that first question, she was implicated," Dot Gordon declared emphatically.

"As if Ione Hapgood *could* fib!" Maud Lambert's contribution.

"The idea!" chimed in Rachel Marvin.

"Mr. Torry took advantage of Ione's simple integrity," conclusively asserted Carol Anderson.

Such was the feeling generally throughout the student-body in regard to the most popular one among them.

Ione herself expressed the matter a little differently. "It was merely a coincidence that I ate the apple while the boys were lunching. But of course Mr. Torry could not take exception to my act, at that particular time."

To prevent any similar misdemeanor in future, the pupils were informed that eating during school hours would be punishable with suspension for a few days.

As stated above, time for the test of Ione was not long in coming. The utility of the circumstance as a test was consequent of the new order of discipline.

Jenny Carter was unquestionably the worst mud-dler in the school. Through negligence, forgetfulness, stupidity, or awkwardness, it was the rule of her days to do things incompletely or altogether wrong. So when she went out of the study room one afternoon at a quarter past two she wrote 3:10 on the exit-record slate. It was the day the girls discussed their "opinion" notes.

Five minutes later Ione Hapgood went up to the library and, with her habitual precision, recorded "2:20."

When the school marched downstairs at half past two for the last recess Dave Rolland slipped on something and landed in a bruised heap at the foot of the stairs. A mutilated banana skin clung to his shoe.

There was consternation. Somebody had disobeyed Superintendent Torry's rule!

Jenny Carter looked so distressed that Ione, who had been brought, by the consecutive curvings of the march, to a place directly by the frightened girl, thought she might faint; and, taking advantage of the confusion in the lines, with quick instinct drew her into a nearby cloakroom. Jenny sank down on the windowsill. She was trembling from terror.

"Oh! I did it," she stammered, "and I'll be punished. But—" she could be frank with this frank girl—"it isn't that I care for having eaten it, the banana wasn't mine. I stole it. I was hungry. Father came home this morning. We hadn't seen him for three weeks. He had won a great lot of money and he celebrated by drinking. He wouldn't let mother and us children be in the house. He said he was unpacking gifts for us. We'll see them to-night. They are beautiful, costly presents. At least, it is always so when father comes with hundreds of dollars more money. Then he is always so kind until the terrible gambling fever comes again. Mother doesn't know what to do. Father does not abuse us as drunkards commonly do. He thinks he is preparing a gay, welcome surprise in acting as he is to-day. The vice overpowers him."

Ione wondered at herself. Her customary impulse would have prompted her to say, "Jenny, that banana was mine. You are guilty of theft, but Mr. Torry will punish only for a very minor offense. I, too, have a right to demand reparation. I shall not, and you should feel grateful toward me."

But Ione did not want to say that. It seemed so petty in comparison with this girl's heart-sorrow. So she clasped Jenny's bejeweled, quivering fingers with her own strong ones and spoke soothingly: "Nobody need ever know that it was you who dropped that banana skin. You made a mistake in recording the hour when you left the room. I went out soon after; and I'll go now and change my time to correspond with what you wrote. My accuracy will be unquestioned, and my testimony on the slate will shield you. Now cheer up, for it's all right."

Ione left Jenny revived, and went to perform her self-imposed act of deception.

When she entered the study room Pearl Immet was at the dictionary stand, jotting notes. Pearl, usually self-contained and undemonstrative, gave Ione an eager look of understanding. It was cordially reciprocated, with a beckoning nod.

Ione linked one arm through Pearl's and, with her free hand, carefully erased the "2:20" from the suspended slate, as carefully replacing it with "3:15." Then the two walked away together.

"It is dishonesty," said Ione. "But I don't care."

"To the slate," finished Pearl. "It is trueness to Jenny Carter."

"Honest deeds are 'gems,'" said Ione, self-reprovingly.

"Lifeless," finished Pearl. "Truth is fruit—"

"Containing the germ of life, you mean?"

"Yes, and produced by the tree of love."

Jenny was standing by the hall lavatory. She looked at the two girls with shy, hungry eyes. They drew her between them, and together passed to the outdoors.

Superintendent Torry, from an upper balustrade, looked down upon the three erect heads. He went into the study room, and, going to the slate, erased from it the last two exit-records.

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*

## Ned, the Hero

Dora Shank

### Chapter I.



It was the year 1613, when our nation was yet young. The whites and Indians were intermingled. Small encampments of the Indians and settlements of the whites were scattered all over the country. The English being persecuted, many sought refuge in America. Among these was a family by the name of Williams. This family, with a number of others, landed in Virginia. The Williams family consisted of five, the father and mother and their three children, Ned, Tim and Gerty. Ned was twelve years old, Tim three, and Gerty one. After landing, they built rude loghouses along the edge of a forest. They had not been here long when they learned of a white settlement about two miles away called the Fernglen Settlement. They also learned of an Indian encampment in a lonely, secluded spot about half way between the two settlements. Mr. Williams often went to Fernglen to trade for provisions, etc., and in going he passed the Indian encampment.

One day he went over to the settlement, and whom did he meet but his cousin, Jack Williams? Mr. Williams had mourned him as being lost or dead, and it was certainly a surprise for him to find Jack, his companion from boyhood days.

"Well, Jack, how is this?" said Mr. Williams. "How is it that we meet here? I never expected to see you again; it is certainly providential."

"Well, Tom," said Jack, "come into the next room, for I dare not be seen by any of the Indians, and I will tell you all about it. When I left England I went as captain on a trading vessel. A great storm arose and our vessel was wrecked. I swam to a small island and slept one night without shelter, but when morning came I had made up my mind to construct a place of shelter. I set to work to build it of sticks,

leaves, mud and anything that could possibly be used for its construction that was within my reach, all the time watching and straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of a passing vessel. I began to feel hungry, but what could I eat? The thought of eating raw fish and crabs was not pleasant to me. I thought of my matchesafe which was full of matches. I set to work at once and caught some fish and built a fire and roasted them. I lived on roasted fish and crabs a month, when my supply of matches had run out.

"Four weeks had passed since I had come on the island. I was feeling quite fatigued. It seemed as though I could no longer eat the food I had been eating. One evening about sunset I saw appearing above the horizon the top of a vessel. How my heart leaped for joy! It came nearer and nearer. I could now see the whole of it, but, oh, it seemed so far away. I fastened my coat on a pole and swung it around, hoping someone on the vessel would see it and would come to my aid, but it seemed to be going farther away. Oh, Tom, I felt like swimming after it. I have wondered since if I would miss the 'Old Ship Zion' as I had missed that ship, but I hope not. I watched it until it had entirely faded from my view. To think I would have to stay on that island another night made my heart ache. I felt like bidding farewell to the dingy old island and the nasty-tasting fish and throw myself into the water, but I picked up courage to stay at least one more night. I hoped and prayed that the next day would bring me a deliverer.

"The next morning I awoke to the same old surroundings and to eat the same old rations—fish, fish, fish. I hated the sight of them. My watch had stopped and I had to guess the time, but I supposed it to be about three o'clock in the afternoon when I saw another vessel coming toward me. This time I did not feel so glad, but I watched it with almost sad, de-



spairing looks, fearing it would do as the first one had done. But to my surprise and joy it came nearer and nearer until I could see the people, but they appeared very small. I again fastened my coat on a pole and swung it around as I had done before. They must have seen it, for they were heading their vessel for my island. Indeed, Tom, I cannot tell you how I felt to think I could leave that island. I went on board; it was an English vessel bearing people seeking refuge. They said they knew not where they would land, but they wanted to land in America where they could have liberty and freedom. They gladly took me along after I told them of my experience on the island.

"After sailing a number of days and nights there arose the cry of 'Land ahead!' How glad and thankful we were to land on free soil. After landing we traveled on through forests and swamps until we formed a settlement about six miles away from here. The governor and I had become fast friends. We had not formed the settlement more than four months when the governor took sick and before his death he appointed me as his successor. A band of Indians encamped a few miles away; they often came to the settlement to trade. I suppose things did not go as they wished them to and they became very hostile. We could tell they were planning an attack, but we knew not when. I ordered my people to be on the lookout, for I feared an attack at any time.

"Well, the fatal hour came; it was about two o'clock one morning when we heard the war whoop of the Indians. I gave the alarm which we had planned as a signal of the approaching enemy. In a short time all of the settlers were up and armed. But, oh, Tom, those terrible Indians! I shall never forget it, they were so hostile towards me, I being the governor. After giving the alarm I walked back to my room and looked out of the window. Oh, the terrible sight! They were taking house by house, killing the men

who were armed and murdering their wives and children. I saw they could not be subdued, I knew I would have to flee for my safety. I ran hurriedly out of my cabin. As I ran it seemed as though I could hear them following me. I ran on and on until I almost fell from exhaustion. I sat down to rest awhile. The day was breaking and I feared to rest and again started to run. I saw the tops of houses. Tom, it reminded me of the time when on that lonely island I saw the top of the vessel that left me so far behind. But I knew the houses were stationary and would not pass from my view as the vessel had done.

"Although very, very tired the sight of those houses caused me to run the faster. When I reached them the people were up and going about their morning duties. I stopped at a house and inquired if they would take me in, telling them I was trying to escape from the Indians, and being the governor I feared they would try to find me. They were at once willing to take me in. And this is the very house and the same settlement. I have been here about six months, but I must keep myself hidden, for the Indians of the encampment which you passed on your way here are the same ones that attacked the settlement. I had run around the Indian encampment to this settlement," said Jack, ending his story.

"Well, Jack, yours is a long, long story. I hope your hardships are ended, my boy," said Mr. Williams.

"But I fear more, Tom, if the Indians find me out," said Jack.

"I am very glad I found you, my boy. I must be going; how the time does fly! I have been here five hours. I fear they will be uneasy about me at home. Come over, Jack, to our settlement; I am sure you will receive a hearty welcome," continued Mr. Williams, and started homeward, very glad to have found his old friend and companion.

*Quarryville, Pa.*

(To be continued.)

## Populating the Great Plains

Guy Elliott Mitchell



THE very mention of home building in western Kansas and Nebraska will call up painful recollections to-day in more than one household in New England. The disastrous attempt of years back to inhabit and farm these semi-desert prairies lends much interest to the first government irrigation works to be located in the Great Plains region—the Garden City project. Contracts will be let in May and the work will doubtless be completed in time for irrigation in the spring of 1907.

Unusual interest attaches to this project not alone

because it is the first which involves pumping from underground sources but because it is believed that its successful operation will usher in a new era for the Great Plains. The importance of this project is more fully realized when it is remembered that the division of the United States known as the Great Plains comprises 700,000 square miles or over one quarter of the total area of the whole country. Over a vast portion of this region the settlers are few and far apart. It is the "short-grass" country and is to-day furnishing forage and grazing for great herds and flocks. West of the 100th meridian the climate belongs to the semi-

arid region and general farming without irrigation is not successful except in years of unusual and timely rainfall. The history of this section has been marked by a number of disastrous failures, most of which resulted from a lack of knowledge of the climatic oscillation and from a fever of speculation in western mortgages.

During a cycle of wet years agriculture was extended far across the plains, the movement being greatly facilitated by companies formed to place loans and take mortgages on real estate. The East was the treasury from which the funds were drawn. During the continuance of several years of ample rainfall the profits of these loan agencies were great and prudence was thrown to the winds. A series of dry years and the consequent failure of crops forced the settlers to abandon their farms and whole counties were practically depopulated. To-day here and there on the plains the deserted sodhouse or the more substantial farm dwelling are framed against a level landscape, lonesome reminders of the pioneers' failure. Occasionally the remains of dozens of structures mark the site of what was once a prosperous town or county-seat but what is now only the haunt of the coyote or the gaunt gray wolf. Mortgages were foreclosed and the makers of loans became burdened with large areas of lands practically valueless. Attempts were made to construct irrigation works to insure crops but the results as a rule were not successful and the stockholders lost their investment.

Some of the pioneers tenaciously hung on to their homes and when the ditches failed they sunk wells and irrigated small tracts from windmills. The yields from these small ditches were phenomenal and sufficed to tide many of the farmers over the years of drought. Farms of ten and twenty acres in gardens and orchards and irrigated from wells now support whole families in comfort. Systematic irrigation of this kind not only embraces intensive cultivation, small farms and orchards, but it increases and specializes production, calling into play the educated brain and the trained hand and massing the cultivators into highly organized communities.

The well in Kansas has been a most potent factor in establishing a number of the best communities in the State. These facts are recited to explain why the

Garden City project is attracting a public interest greater than would follow the construction of a project of this kind in other sections of the West. The water for this project must be recovered from the underflow waters of the Arkansas Valley which lie in gravel deposits existing below the bed of the river. The plans of the government provide for the sinking of several hundred wells from which the water will be pumped and discharged into a collecting conduit. These wells will be scattered along a line nearly five miles long.

The power is generated at a single central plant situated on the railroad, and is then distributed by electricity to the wells.

Applications for water under this project have been made by the owners of more than twelve thousand acres of land to be benefited and the community is very enthusiastic concerning the future success of irrigation in the Arkansas Valley. One private pumping plant erected three years ago in this neighborhood at a cost of more than \$8,000 supplied water to one thousand acres in wheat. The first crop harvested was sold for more than the original cost of the pumping plant.

The Garden City country has long been famous as an alfalfa center and the location seems to be especially well adapted to the maturing of the seed crop of alfalfa which has always paid well there. Garden City alfalfa seed brings a high price all over the irrigated west.

A sugar factory is now being constructed at this point and a considerable acreage has been promised to the factory which will be planted in sugar beets as soon as the project is completed.

The important bearing which the success of the project has upon the future of millions of acres of the Great Plains is thoroughly appreciated by the land-owners. Vast areas are still the property of the railroads and they are giving careful attention to the subject. With the development of numberless pumping plants along the broad valleys of the plains' streams and the extension of successful dry farming over areas on higher levels the Great Plains region will become the home of thousands of prosperous farmers.

*Washington, D. C.*

## Strong Against Strong

I MADE a great mistake the first day I met Sam, the newsboy. He is a sawed-off, chunky chap twelve years old, but doesn't look over nine. He is a very dignified and solemn-looking boy, and I never yet saw anything approaching a smile on his face. The mistake I made was in winking at Sam and playfully poking him in the ribs, as any man has a right to do by any

boy. He stepped back a pace, looked me up and down in the most cold-blooded manner, and quietly observed:

"Sir, if you have any business with me please state your case!"

I went among the boys and asked about Sam, and I learned that he treated everybody that way. He had no chums, spent no money, and no one knew any-



thing about him except that he had to be carefully handled. Then I went back and made up with him—that is, I excused my hilarious conduct, stood treat to a milk-shake and so thawed him out that we now and then had a talk about the weather, the crops, and the outlook of matters in general. I just happened to blunder onto his living place in Baxter street the other evening as I was prowling around. I saw him down in a basement, and when I had called to him he invited me down.

It was a two-room habitation and a most wretched, woe-begone home. Sam's father was lying drunk on the floor and his mother reclined on an old mattress in a corner and muttered and mumbled and tried to sing now and then.

"Home, Sweet Home!" quietly observed Sam. "Take off your overcoat and have a chair. Glad to see you down this way."

"And so this is where you live?"

"Yes. Elegant start on the road to success, isn't it? Lots of things to encourage a boy to make a man of himself!"

"Is that your father and mother?"

"Of course."

"Sham! Sham! Whoze that, Sham?" called the mother.

"Now, you hush!" he replied, as he pointed at her.

"I want you to keep quiet and go to sleep."

"All rize, Sham—all rize!" she replied, as she fell back on the bed.

"Drunk, of course," said the boy, as I looked from father to mother. "It's this way about four nights in the week. I was figuring just before you came in, and here's how I came out. Father has been a drinking man for thirty years. He has paid out an average of ten cents per day during that time. That's \$36.50 per year or about \$1,100 without interest. Mother has been drinking for about ten years. We'll call that \$350. Here's about \$1,500 gone from our income. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Owing to drink father has lost at least one day out of a week. I've known him to lose a job and not work for three months. We'll call it only fifty days in a year. That's 1,500 days in thirty years, and being a mechanic he has never had less than two dollars per day. There's \$3,000 more lost from our income. Am I correct?"

"You are."

The father now turned over, groaned, stretched and rose up on his elbow and thickly inquired:

"Sham, whaz time is it?"

"Never you mind!" answered the boy. "You have gone to bed for the night, and I want you to stay right there!"

The man muttered and complained, but fell back and was soon snoring again, and Sam continued:

"A man who gets drunk generally gets into trouble with the law. Father has been arrested at least a hundred times in thirty years. He has been fined at least \$300 and mother at least \$100. While drunk father broke his leg once and his arm once, and mother once broke her arm. Mother also broke a lamp and we lost \$400 worth of furniture. Loss of furniture, doctor bills, etc., about \$600. Is that too high?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, then, let's add up. Here we have a total of about \$5,500 in cash, to say nothing of interest, lost from one mechanic's income up to the present date. It's just as much lost as if flung in the fire and burned to ashes. It hasn't done us one iota of good. On the contrary it has disgraced, degraded and brutalized us."

"I see."

"Sham! Sham! I want to shing!" called the mother at this juncture.

"I want you to keep quiet!" he sternly replied.

"All rize, Sham—all rize!"

"Now let's see what we could do if we had this money which has done no good," continued the boy. "Five thousand dollars would buy us a snug farm; it would take us out west, buy a house and lot and establish father in a shop of his own; it would educate me as a lawyer or doctor twice over; it would keep father and mother the last ten years of their lives without work or worry. See! Isn't it appalling when you come to figure it out in black and white?"

"It certainly is."

"A Sunday or two ago," said Sam, after an interval of silence, "you expressed wonder in your sketch that rich people did not do more to help the poor. It would have been wiser in you to wonder why poor folks didn't do more to help themselves."

"By abstaining from drink?"

"Exactly. I know there are plenty of cases where industrious sober men are brought down to hard times, but eight times out of ten drink is the cause of it. We can't say to a laboring man that he can't have a glass of beer when he wants it, but what does his want of it result in?"

"Have you a remedy?"

"No, there is none. Every man runs his own affairs according to his own ideas. If he prefers to get drunk you must not meddle. He knows what the result will be; therefore, let him alone."

"Sham! Sham!" called his father.

"What about my own case?" queried Sam, as if suspecting that I might put the question. "It would be labor thrown away to try to do anything. The end will come in a year or two more. The city will bury them and I'll only have myself to look after."

"That's a tough thing to look forward to."

"Well, what can you do? There is only one end to a drunkard's life. He himself knows that."

"Sham! Sham! I want'er shing a shong!" called the mother.

"Whooser callin', Sham?" asked the father, as he tried to get up.

Sam and I looked at each other, and he held out his hand as I opened the door. Words would have been wasted.

Queer boy, that Sam, but I think a great deal of him.—*M. Quad, in N. Y. World.*



#### HUMBLE HEROISM.

##### An Incident of the Flood in the Alabama River.

NEGROES frequently exhibit a wonderful heroism in times of danger. An incident of this I witnessed in the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together on some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food, and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers and filled with cooked provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn barn, around which the water was rapidly rising, and so rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro. Just before dark we sighted the corn barn, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away. Their condition became almost distressing as they sat in perfect silence waiting our approach.

But we did not appreciate their extreme peril until the boat struck against the frail log building which was in the water to the edges of the roof and visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures commenced to climb hurriedly down to the boat.

"Stop!" I cried. "The women and children first."

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in first the children and then the women, and were about to push off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when a very old woman (I noticed she was the last to get in the boat and had done so reluctantly) seized the corner of the house, and looking anxiously into my face, said:

"Marster, ain't you gwine to take my old man?"

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now. He must wait till we come back."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when with a sudden spring she was up and on the roof again. It shook as she scrambled on it and took her seat by a little, withered old black man whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

"Come, auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer for you."

"Go on, marster," she answered, "I thanks yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I am gwine to stay wid my ole man. *Ef Simon got to git drowneded, Lyddy gwine get drowneded too. We dun bin togedder too long to part now.*" And we had to leave her, after throwing some blankets and a lot of provisions to them.

As we rowed off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a clingin' to de ark,  
Take us in, take us in,  
Fur de watah's deep en dark,  
Take us in, take us in;  
Do de flesh is po' en weak,  
Take us in, take us in,  
'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek.  
Take us in, take us in;  
Den Lawd, hole out dy han',  
Take us in, take us in,  
Draw de sinnahs to de lan',  
Take us in, take us in."

We could wait and listen no longer to the weird sounds, but struck our oars in the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the barn and saved all of its living freight. The building had apparently been held down by their weight, for as the last one left it it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that as they neared it the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

"De Lawd is hyad'd our cry,"

Answered by the men:

"Take us in, take us in,  
En he'll save us by en by,  
Take us in, take us in."

To this simple-hearted old creature divorce, courts and separations were unknown. With her it was "*until death do us part.*"—*M. E. S., in Our Dumb Animals.*



## WATERY DESTINY OF A COLORADO TOWN.

LYONS is a flourishing little place of about eight hundred population, about twenty-five miles from Denver, Colo., with which city it is connected by rail. It is solidly built, many of the houses being of stone, while the church and other buildings of a public character are of the same material. The history of the place covers a period of about twenty-five years. Four years more will see the closing chapter written in a vast volume of water.

The village is situated in the center of a fertile valley raising large crops of alfalfa, wheat, corn, sugar beets and fruit. The St. Vrain River flows through this valley, its only outlet being through a chink in the mountains which surround it. A dam 2,000 feet long at the top and two hundred and fifty feet high at its greatest elevation is to close this outlet and store up 10,000,000 cubic feet of water.

The value of the property to be submerged is estimated at \$500,000. An acre foot of water, or water sufficient to cover an acre of ground to the depth of a foot is considered necessary for the proper irrigation of land during one season. According to government rates, water is worth from \$4.36 to \$6.53 per acre foot. One-half the capacity of the reservoir, therefore, should realize from \$500,000 to \$750,000 a year.

Only one-half of the stored supply will be used per year, except in seasons of extreme drought. As the lake formed by the reservoir will have a large area—submerging 2,500 acres of land—half its cubic contents can be withdrawn without materially changing the shore line, which follows the windings of the hills.

The new reservoir will enable its promoters to irrigate arid lands which are now at too high a level to receive the natural supply. It will also run a great power plant included in the plans.

The St. Vrain reservoir will be one of the largest in the United States, though the Croton reservoir and the big one near Boston have a greater capacity, and the Roosevelt dam on Salt River, Arizona; the Pathfinder in Wyoming and the Shoshone in Idaho, all under way by the government, will be larger.—*Exchange.*



## A CENTURY AGO.

FEW persons to-day stop to realize how different things were in this country a century ago. Here are a few things to think of:

Merchants wrote their letters with quill pens. Sand was used to dry the ink, as there was no blotting paper. There were no street letter-boxes; letters had to be carried to the post office. It cost eighteen and one-half cents to send a letter from Boston to New York, and twenty-five cents from Boston to Philadelphia.

Every gentleman—Washington, for example—wore a queue; many powdered their hair.

Imprisonment for debt was common.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

The Mississippi Valley was not so well known as the heart of Africa now is.

Two stage coaches carried all the travelers between New York and Boston, and six days were required for the journey.

There was not a public library in the United States. A day laborer received two shillings a day.

Stoves were unknown. All cooking was done at an open fireplace.

Many of the streets were unnamed, and houses were not numbered.—*Selected.*



## THE FAMOUS HORSE "JIM KEY" AT INDIANAPOLIS.

WE are glad to receive from Captain Wallace Foster, of Indianapolis, known to all connected with the Woman's Relief Corps, and thousands of others in our country, a letter in which he tells of the grand success of the Indianapolis Humane Society and of the thousands of children in that city who have greatly enjoyed seeing that famous horse—"Jim Key."

The captain promised, if the horse could rightly pick out the letters of his name and of his favorite school (thirty-two), where he first started his patriotic work, he would present the horse with a silk United States flag mounted on a staff, with stand.

The captain says that the horse did it, and in the presence of about thirty-five hundred children he presented the flag to the horse which acknowledged its reception by bowing with his head up and down; it being a scene of great enthusiasm, particularly when he bowed his head in acknowledgment of the cheers of the children. The captain thinks this is the first case on record where a horse has received and saluted our glorious flag.

We think the captain is correct; multitudes of horses have fought, and suffered, and died for our flag, but probably no horse has ever before received and saluted it.—*Geo. T. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals.*



## WHAT YOU CAN DO.

"I THINK a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

"Certainly she can," rejoined her friend; "but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends

remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party.

"Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked, petulantly.

"Yes'm," returned the old man; "there's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."

There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterward.



#### AUTOMOBILE SKATES.

THE automobile skate, a French invention, consists of four rubber-tired wheels, on which rests a little platform beneath which is the mechanism. The one horse-power motor weighs some fourteen pounds and makes from 1,000 to 2,500 revolutions a minute, producing a speed of thirty miles an hour. The front wheels run on the guiding axle; the back wheels are attached to the axis of the motor. The speed is regulated, among other ways, by lifting the wheels with the heels. It is said that motor skating is great fun. The speed is not up to this quick-paced age, but the invention is young. When the residence streets and country roads are thronged with automobile skaters at one hundred miles an hour, then the exercise will be lively enough for this age.



#### TO WEIGH THE WORLD.

THIS world is to be weighed once more, doubts being entertained by scientists as to the accuracy of previous estimates. But whether the error be a case of short weight or overweight has yet to be settled. An expedition is to set out in Egypt, where the great pyramid will be utilized by the investigators. First, the weight of the pyramid will be ascertained and then the weight of the earth estimated from its proportionate size. The swinging of pendulums will be the gauge. From the force exerted by the pyramid in pulling the swinging pendulum from its natural course the weight of the pyramid can be estimated, and that of the earth—the exact size of which is known—can then be calculated easily.



#### RESIST NOT EVIL.

WESLEY was once attacked by a highwayman who demanded his purse. Wesley did not resist, but calmly said: "If you come to regret this, as you doubtless will, I beg you remember, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses from all sin.'" Several years afterward a man took Wesley by the hand as he came out

of the church and said, "Do you remember the time you were robbed in a certain place?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I shall never forget that." "Well, it was I that robbed you, and the words you spoke to me made me a Christian and an honest man." I have not heard whether or not he returned the money to Wesley; he ought to have done it if he did not; but the point I wish to make is that Wesley was Christian enough to think more of saving that man's soul than of saving his purse.—*A. C. Dixon.*



#### USING FERRETS TO CARRY CABLES.

THE Wabash Valley Telephone Company is making an effort to obtain several ferrets, to be used in carrying the cables through conduits laid in Indianapolis for putting wires underground.

The ferrets have been used with great success elsewhere in carrying through a string, whereby copper wire, then a rope, and finally the cable itself are drawn from one manhole to the next. Heretofore this work has been done by the laborious process of "rodding," the rods being in three-foot sections with screw joints, whereby they are coupled up as they are pushed through the conduits, being detached in like manner at the opposite end. One ferret will do the work of four men in laying the cable.



#### OVER THE LEFT.

THE expression, which is usually thought to be modern slang, is merely sanctioned by the usage of two hundred years. What the Protestant religion gets by lives and fortunes spent in the service of a popish successor will be over the left shoulder (Julian the Apostate, 1682). In the records of the County Court at Hartford, Conn., it is stated that on Sept. 4, 1705, one James Steel brought an action against Beevel Waters, in which judgment was given for the plaintiff. On departing from court the said Waters, addressing the court, said, "God bless you, over the left shoulder."

At the next sitting of the court Waters was fined \$25 for contempt of court, against which he appealed. Pending the hearing, the court asked counsel of the ministers of two Hartford churches as to the meaning of the phrase, and those gentlemen decided, "1st, that the words were prophane"; and secondly, "that they carry great contempt in them, arising to the degree of an imprecation or curse." This opinion, which is still in existence, is signed "T. Woodbridge" and "T. Buckingham," dated March 7, 1705-6. The judgment was held as good.—*The Searchlight.*



ALL males who sell newspapers in the streets of Moscow are compelled to appear in uniform.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## HEAVEN AND HELL.

Editor Suggestion:—For thousands of years, poor, ignorant and suffering humanity has been deluded into the belief by a wicked priesthood that somewhere in the depths of space were located two distinct and well-defined countries, to which all men, women and children would finally go after death, and remain there forever ineffably miserable, or unspeakably happy.

This is the germ from which has sprung all the multitudinous forms of religion that have cursed the earth, and filled the world with fear and pain, sadness and sorrow.

To escape hell and to attain heaven, mankind has been coerced to believe that the priests must be sustained and supported, and that the gods must be worshiped and adored.

It will thus be seen that threats of hell and promises of heaven have been the only influences that the priesthood have ever brought to bear upon the human family to improve their morals, expand their minds, and raise them to higher planes of civilization and happiness.

When we reflect that fear and bribery have been the only instrumentalities used by the priesthood to reform the world, we need no longer wonder as psychologists that peace on earth has been delayed; we need no longer wonder that justice is still a stranger on earth; we need no longer wonder that happiness has not yet visited the homes and hearthstones of the human race, for the merest tyro in the science of psychology knows that fear and bribery debase the mind, corrupt the mortals and dwarf the manhood.

If rationalism could have spread among the various peoples of the earth thousands of years ago, the world to-day would be an Eden of happiness, far grander and more beautiful than the fabled Eden of old, and when the race does finally learn, as surely it will, that heaven and hell are not localities, but states of human mind, the good time sung by ancient bards, and longed for by the good and the great of all the ages, will overspread the earth, and the hateful priesthood, and their degrading religions will find an everlasting grave in the vast cemetery of the past.

May the happy day soon arrive when all men and all women will know that heaven and hell are not localities, but mental states. The good man is always in heaven, and the bad man is always in hell, and when science supplants religion, as surely it will at no distant day, and

people learn that virtue is its own reward, the roar of cannon, and the shrieks of fratricidal strife will forever cease.

T. J. Bowles, M. D.

Muncie, Ind.

The above article appeared in the March issue of *Suggestion*, and articles like it are numerous these days. It has been stated that "men will not endure sound doctrine" and have to make some of their own, which is exceedingly shallow, in order to ease their guilty conscience. Such doctrines are only calculated to operate upon the conscience of those who profess to be Christians and are in a state of apathy and lethargy, as well as the classes of people who have no pronounced form of Christianity. If the wicked priesthood is to blame for the condition of things to-day by the doctrine they have preached, the good Lord only knows what will become of the people if the cause is to be taken up by doctors of medicine, as is done in this case.

If the gentleman thinks his class of people are more able to direct the people spiritually than is the ministry, he will have to promise them something better than the Bible has promised them. It is to be wondered, however, what kind of a heaven he is enjoying. If he has this kind of a feeling towards the people now and all the good that is in man is the only heaven he has, he must certainly be enjoying heaven to the full, according to his own doctrine. He says, "This is the germ from which has sprung all the multitudinous forms of religion that have cursed the earth, and filled the world with fear and pain, sadness and sorrow." This is absolutely untrue. The great Creator of the heavens and earth is the author of religion, and not the people nor the ministry; and the devil is the author of the kind of doctrine he is preaching. He began it in the garden of Eden by denying the word of God, and is still keeping it up, and this is only a new form of capsule in which to swallow the same medicine.

He thinks "the people have been coerced to believe that the priesthood must be supported and sustained, a rather ridiculous idea, and the people worshiping and adoring the supreme Being for the sake of their religion;" yet he would not object to people supporting a long line of physicians (so-called quacks and otherwise) administering dopes of all sorts and kinds for an ailment to which the flesh has fallen heir.

It is a misstatement to say that "threats of hell and promises of heaven have been the only influences that the priesthood have ever brought to bear upon the human family to improve their morals," etc. Every well-meaning person knows that the minister who has the love of God and the love of his fellow-man at heart has been taught the way to heaven through love and not through threats of hell.

It is not denied that some preachers have endeavored to induce convictions through pictures of eternal

punishment, but this does not say that is the ideal way, and no other way has been used. Religion has been counterfeited as well as science and medicine. The doctor would not admit that all people who have a shingle at the front door are good doctors. Perhaps not even all in his own town, and yet he wants to put that sort of blanket theory upon the ministry. These statements are entirely too sweeping to have any force. Such statements as "Fear and bribery have been the only instrumentalities used by the priesthood to reform the world" furnish all the evidence to show that anarchy is abroad in the land. This is the spirit and soul of anarchy, and this is the reason why "justice is a stranger on earth." If Christians were what they pretend to be justice would reign. But when doctrine, such as is set forth in said article, is abroad in the land, we need to expect nothing else than the downfall of this government, like Egypt and Rome have suffered.

When the doctor claims that heaven and hell are not localities but are states of the human mind, he says in so many words that Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, and that he did not know what he was saying when he said, "I go to prepare a place (not condition of somebody's mind) for you, and that where I am ye may be also."

Had Jesus been some modern M. D. or surgeon he might have said, "I go to fix somebody's mind for him." But thank high Heaven that this is not what he said. When we are to believe that "Eden of old" is a fable, "Moses a myth," and the "miracles of the Lord" a sleight-of-hand performance, we fear that it will require a little more than an ordinary heaven (human mind) can fathom. It must be an inspiring thought for the doctor to stand at the grave of his mother, and, as her bones are lowered beneath the clods of the valley, to say, "Good-bye, mother, your heaven is at an end now, henceforth you are nothing!" Such a thought would make a cheerful close for a man's life. It would be something ideal for which to labor. It would make a grand hope with which to uplift man through the trials and temptations he must meet in this world.

If it be "fratricidal strife" the gentleman wishes to avert he must cease teaching this kind of doctrine, for nothing is more murderous or criminal than to take away the hope of man. It is criminal in the eyes of the law to take a man's money, his property, or his life, but he who would rob the soul, or human mind, if you please, of all the uplifting power it has and place it in a fathomless and bottomless pit of nothing, is the greater criminal.

The roar of the cannon has been distasteful to civilization and religion and has been a great hindrance to the progress of the world, but much more so have been such little popgun ideas and doctrines as these that are preached everywhere in the world to-day. It

makes a picture for study, to imagine the great Father of the universe, who has created all things, looking down from his celestial abode on this little mundane sphere upon which we live, and see it floating around in its vast ethereal ocean of infinite space, with its companions of the solar system, using our great sun as a center, which, with its thousands of members form some great siderial system, each, in turn, with a million of its comrades, chasing each other around an astral system circling around some sun of greater magnitude, and so on and on to infinity, or the center of the universe, where the Deity resides, controlling the universe through the ages without "variableness or shadow of turning"; imagine the Deity with his all-seeing eye penetrating the fathomless space and selecting this infinitesimal spot which we call the earth, and carefully separating it into three great continents, and finally selects North America. By making another division he finally finds the United States. By dividing by fifty-four he would get Indiana; again by ninety-two he might find Delaware county. By putting the point of a cambric needle down he might find Muncie. By dividing Muncie into twenty-five thousandth parts he might find the author of the above article, and then by ransacking the doctor's heaven (human brain) he would find one of these little opinions of his that he is holding up by the side of the Great Book of God, which has been the hope of the religion, and which "will stand when heaven and earth shall pass away."



#### IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

It makes no difference whether you are at Springfield at the conference or not, we propose to make a special offer alike to all. If you wish to subscribe for the INGLENOOK to the end of the year as a trial subscriber, or if you wish to donate it to some one who is not a subscriber, we will make a special price of thirty cents. We remind you of what we said last week that those who attend the conference will have a splendid opportunity to do a kindness with the stranger with whom you lodge by sending them the magazine to the end of the year. Quite a number last year at Bristol did this and increased the circulation quite a good deal. It not only helps us in the way of circulation, but it furnishes good reading for a family who did not before know the INGLENOOK.

To those who stay at home we wish to say that we want to treat you the same as the more favored ones who attend the conference, so if you have in mind a neighbor who should take the paper speak to them about it at once, or send the name of a friend to whom you will donate it.



HONESTY is a principle that is always at a premium.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, has made public his plan for issuing Mueller law traction certificates, up to the amount of \$75,000,000, as the basis for taking over the ownership of the various street railways.

A MORTGAGE loan company has been organized at New York with a capital of \$100,000,000, for the purpose of aiding financially in the rebuilding of San Francisco.

DR. LEWIS FRISSLE, attending physician to Seton Hospital, at New York, claims to have discovered a germ which causes rheumatism and pleurisy. He says it looks like other disease microbes, but has a special affinity for the joints. He thinks this the real cause of the disease; of course exposure to dampness will readily bring on the pain and discomfort. The doctor classes rheumatism as an infectious disease, which occurs in epidemic form.

AN expedition, headed by Nikkelsen and Leffingwell, sailed from Victoria, B. C., May 15, with the object of exploring a new continent in the Arctic. They will pick up Ethnologist Stefansen at the mouth of the McKenzie; then the party will start across the ice.

CHIEF ENGINEER STEVENS has recently stated that the work on the Panama Canal had reached a point where it must be known whether the canal is to be at sea level or above. While dredges seem to be hard to get everywhere, yet they could be gotten in Europe at a cost of \$350,000 each. The point of difference is that to make a sea-level canal it would take about fifteen years to complete the work, and for a lock canal from eight to nine years, so it matters materially whether a decision is effected or not. There are now between 15,000 and 16,000 men at work.

A PARIS eye specialist, by the name of Daulnoy, recently conducted an experiment on the human eye, while in a balloon at an altitude of six thousand feet. He says that vision was increased in acuteness, and that there was a considerable diminution of pressure, causing the pupils to distend, and increasing the sensitiveness of the optic nerve. This may be all right in theory, but just guessing at it, it occurs to us, that

it would be a little difficult to persuade some of the ladies, who are a trifle nervous, to ascend a mile high in a balloon to have their eyes tested. However, if the thing can be made successful, the optician's office can be arranged in the clouds and save floor space in the skyscrapers, where rent is so high. It may be a little inconvenient to come down in time to catch the car home to dinner, but it is to be hoped that sufficient advantage will be gained to atone for what inconvenience may be suffered.

THE Department of Commerce and Labor announces the estimate that the world's international commerce in 1906 will amount to \$25,000,000,000. By this term is meant the imports plus the exports from all countries from which reports were available.

At a recent meeting the Board of Education of Pennsylvania decided that Prof. Martin G. Brumbaugh, of the University of Pennsylvania, is to be the next superintendent of schools. He succeeds Dr. Edward Brooks, who resigned some weeks ago on the ground of age and failing health. Professor M. G. Brumbaugh is one of the best known educators in the country. He was a member of the commission that drafted the school law which was passed by the last legislature. It will be remembered that some years ago he was appointed Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico by President McKinley, and, after completing his duties there, returned to the University of Pennsylvania, at which place he has remained ever since. He will be duly elected June 12.

THE New York city garbage plant, located on Barren Island, which took all of the garbage and refuse of the city, was recently destroyed by fire, the city sustaining a loss of \$1,000,000. Until a new plant can be erected, the city will be compelled to tow its garbage out to the sea.

THE House passed Monday the Senate bill, changing the coin and bullion reserve of the Treasury to \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000, respectively, whereas under the law of 1900 the reserve had been just the reverse. The issue of gold certificates is authorized so long as the reserve does not fall below \$50,000,000.

THE cry to-day is for more educated men and women who may be able to lead out in the business, political and religious work. The present plans and systems do not seem to meet the present-day demands, especially in the religious work. Some churches are finding their doctrinal system inadequate. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, recently convened in General Conference and adopted a resolution requesting the College of Bishops to appoint a commission of five, and to invite other Methodist branches to unite in preparing a new statement of faith as an expression of doctrinal system in the present day, declaring that the articles of religion in their present form do not meet the needs of Methodism. This should not be. If the Christian people of to-day would consider more how to shape and fit themselves into the religion which Jesus Christ brought into the world, than to shape religious forms to fit their own frivolous ideas and opinions less time would be wasted and more time improved. The religion of Jesus Christ will undoubtedly meet the demands of all ages if the people will humbly apply themselves to its simplicity. It healed the sin-sick soul in the time of Christ, and it will do the same to-day.

THE last obstacle to the passage of the Statehood bill was removed Wednesday, when Foraker agreed to modify his amendment, so that Arizona and New Mexico might vote on admission without complicating it with the choice of Territorial officers. This will have the effect of permitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory to be joined as the state of Oklahoma.

A RECENT fire, which swept the forests of five counties of Northern Michigan devastating one hundred square miles of territory, caused several deaths and rendered hundreds of families homeless. The loss, when fully known, will run up into many millions.

A NEW method in surgical operations is now in vogue among some of the hospitals in London, England. The method consists in cutting the skin slantwise instead of at right angles with the surface and using hollow-ground scalpels, after which the skin will grow together leaving no scars from the wound.

KING VICTOR IMMANUEL, of Italy, with his Cabinet officials, on the 19th rode on the first regular train through the Simplon tunnel, from Domodossola, Italy, twelve miles through the solid rock of the Alps to the Swiss terminus at Brigue, where they were met by the President and Council of Switzerland. The cost for the construction of the tunnel is estimated at \$15,000,000. Both the Italian and Swiss governments are fortifying the respective tunnel approaches.

SINCE the banks at San Francisco have reopened, they report having \$45,000,000 more than before the earthquake, this being the amount transferred from other financial centers, so Secretary Shaw thinks that their New York effort, to aid the banks there, is not needed. In case of need the Government will supply.

MR. PEARRE, of Maryland, recently introduced a bill containing the plan to run a national pike across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the immediate purpose of which is to restore the landmarks of the ancient Cumberland road and to reconstruct it. This road is the original buffalo and Indian trail across the Allegheny Mountains.

A CLEVELAND bank requires its employes to sign an agreement not to enter any place where intoxicating liquors are sold. This has been quite faithfully carried out, but recently two of its employes lost control of their appetite and entered a liquor-selling restaurant after a theater, which act immediately caused their discharge. This is only another step towards wiping out the liquor traffic, which is all right, but are we not too slow in making the steps? How long, at this rate, will we have to be cursed with these evil places? God only knows!

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has recently issued bonds to the amount of \$50,000,000 and placed them with Paris financiers at four per cent, from fifteen to twenty years, and to be issued in French currency. This is the first time that an American railroad has made an issue of bonds in France, and the step has caused much comment.

THE Osage Indians are considered to be the wealthiest body of people in the world, according to their size. There are eighteen hundred members of the tribe, and they have \$8,000,000 to their credit in the treasury, besides holding 1,500,000 acres of land. The wealth of this tribe has been divided according to a bill passed by the House recently.

As the result of the Alexander-Gosling expedition in Africa a living specimen of the okapi, has been captured, being the first ever possessed or seen by a white man. In 1901 the first skin of the okapi was exhibited in the British Museum. The animal is of the giraffe family, but with short and thick neck. The coloring is said to be most remarkable; the cheeks and jaws are of a yellowish white, but the forehead and line down the muzzle are deep red chestnut. The body varies from black to red, while the legs and hind-quarters are white and cream color, marked with purple-black stripes and blotches.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### A LITTLE FELLER'S SUNDAYS.

Say, Sunday's lonesome for a little feller,  
 With pop and mam a-readin' all the while,  
 An' never sayin' anything to cheer ye,  
 An' lookin' 's if they don't know how to smile.  
 With hook an' line a-hanging in the woodshed,  
 An' lots o' 'orms down by the outside cellar,  
 An' Brown's creek just over by the milldam—  
 Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

But Sunday's never lonesome fur a little feller  
 When he is stayin' down to Uncle Ora's.  
 He took his book onct right out in the orchard  
 An' told us little chaps just lots o' stories,  
 All truly true, that happened onct fur honest,  
 An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar,  
 An' how some angels came and shut their mouths up,  
 An' how they never teched that Dan'l feller.

An' Sunday's pleasant down to Aunt Marilda's.  
 She lets us take some books that some one gin her,  
 An' takes us down to Sunday school 't the schoolhouse,  
 An' sometimes she has nice shortcake fur dinner;  
 An' onct she had a puddin' full o' raisins,  
 An' onct a frosted cake all white and yellor,  
 I think, when I stay down at Aunt Marilda's,  
 That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.

—Selected.



### THE PLACE I WOULD LIKE TO GO.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.



HE place I should love to go to is where  
 father and mother are both following  
 Christ, and where all of the occupants of  
 the home are present at family worship,  
 and ready to respond if called upon to  
 take active part. Where the family car-  
 ries on a pleasant conversation at meal-  
 time, or at least once in the course of the day. Where  
 the parents do not consider it disgraceful or too labor-  
 ious to raise large families. Where the men folk do  
 not get impatient with the "wimmen" folk in house-  
 cleaning time. Where the children hang up their hats  
 and bonnets and do numerous little things without be-  
 ing told, to lighten mother's load; and where the  
 mother says, "Excuse me," when she reaches in front  
 of the children at the table. Where the father spends  
 his evenings by his own fireside unless business or  
 other emergency calls him elsewhere.

Where gossip is not indulged. Where the children  
 get up the first time they are called and the young  
 man of the home comes down to breakfast without  
 being ashamed to tell where he was the evening be-

fore, and the young lady of the home does not need  
 to blush because the young man with whom she keeps  
 company has bad habits to chafe her father. Where  
 dancing, card playing, tobacco and immorality of every  
 nature are denounced with sure tones.

Where the children are taken to Sunday school and  
 church and not sent. Where the house gets the sun-  
 light and air, regardless of fading carpets, and the  
 parlor is lighted frequently just for the family, and  
 the best china is not always reserved for guests.  
 Where I am welcome and do not feel that I am mak-  
 ing extra work because wholesome meals are served  
 without dainties and without apologies.

Where the children, big and little, go to school and  
 to bed with their mother's kiss warm on their lips,  
 and where the father does not pass a day without  
 romping with his children. Where the mental, phys-  
 ical and spiritual welfare of the hired help is promoted.

Where the boys are not told to be quiet every time  
 they enter the house, and the girls are not chided and  
 reminded of their freckles every time they step out  
 without sunbonnets. Where the children are not told  
 every evening to go to bed early so they can get up  
 early. Where neither society nor money-making is  
 the main issue.

Where pure music is a feature, but syncopated or  
 ragtime is not tolerated. Where the daughters are  
 not allowed to sit cross-kneed, nor to swing their arms  
 when they walk; but where gracefulness and polite-  
 ness are constant guests, and where grammatical er-  
 rors are also corrected. Where the gates are on  
 hinges and doors are in latching order.

Where the inmates of the home are usually prompt  
 to answer the call to meals, but are not nagged when  
 they are not. Where the table linen and towel are  
 always clean enough for visitors. Where nothing is  
 placed above honest toil, whether it be for bread, or  
 education, the latter of which, says Ruskin, is not  
 so much a matter of knowledge as of conduct.

If the home should exist in which were found all  
 of these conditions, who would not travel miles to  
 see it?

*Franklin Grove, Ill.*



### A MAN NAMED JOHN WESLEY.

In one of her lectures Frances Willard told the  
 story of a young nobleman who found himself in a  
 little village in Cornwall, where he had never been be-  
 fore. It was a hot day and he was thirsty and his  
 thirst increased as he rode down the village street

seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had.

At last he made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day's toil.

"How is it that I cannot get a glass of liquor in this wretched village of yours?" he demanded harshly.

The old man, recognizing his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eye as he answered quietly:

"My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts," and with that the peasant walked on.

It would be interesting to know just what the nobleman thought as he pursued his thirsty way. But what a splendid testimony was this to the preaching of John Wesley! For more than a century the word he had spoken for his Master had kept the curse of drunkenness out of the village; and who can estimate the influence for good this exerted upon the lives of those sturdy peasants? What nobler memorial could be desired by any Christian minister?

Yes, one of the pleasing and most encouraging features of the work of the gospel minister is found in the fact of the blessed results which follow his labors. Not for a day only does he toil who toils for God. His may or may not be the lot of those who receive the smile and welcome plaudit of his auditors. In fact he may be jeered or hissed by those who listen to the plain, unvarnished truths of God from his anointed lips: yea, brutal, vicious men may stone him to his death. However, he like saintly Stephen will doubtless be allowed to "see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."—*Dial of Progress*.



#### BLESS THE BOYS!

I HAVE a profound respect for the boys. Grim, ragged, tousled boys on the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man whose life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world. Every man was a boy—it seems strange, but it is really so. Wouldn't you like to run time backward, and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots?—the lank, lean, yellow boy, hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping through the woods for twelve miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out crouched before the glare of the burning logs?

Distinctly and vividly I remember a squat, freckled boy who was born in the "patch," and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the court of appeals at Rochester. That boy from the "patch"

was the judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat, one suspender held his trousers in place, his form was bony and awkward, his bare legs and arms were brown and scratched and brier-scarred. He turned his horses just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of a pair of dark, half-blushful eyes, and modestly returned my salute. When his back was turned, I took off my hat and sent a "God bless you" down the furrow after him.

Who knows? I may yet go to that boy to borrow money, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unmoved, bare of arms, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and night and death come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys.—*Exchange*.



#### PLANTS INTRODUCED.

MANY rare and valuable seeds and plants from foreign lands have been secured for the United States during the last decade by the agricultural department. These importations are now of the greatest value to farmers and fruit growers.

The first expedition to gather foreign products systematically for home growth started out in 1898, and cruised among the West Indies and along both coasts of South America, and as a result of the trip the brown Peruvian cotton was brought to the attention of our cotton growers. It is of chocolate color, and is used in the adulteration of wool. Its unusual feature is a smooth seed requiring only a roller gin.

The expedition then went to Europe, where some important finds were made in the sub-arctic regions of Sweden and Finland, among them the Finnish black oats, which now thrive well in Alaska and have proven the best grain tested for growth in that northern colony of the United States.

Egypt was visited, and the wonderful berseem was sent to Washington for distribution as a forage plant in our arid States. Later the western coast of Asia, the home of the date, was thoroughly overhauled, and date-suckers were obtained and shipped to the United States, where they are now growing in Arizona. Agriculturists prophesy that the southwest will become a great date-growing district.

This successful venture encouraged another tour in 1902. The Sultana grape was sent in from Italy, and the Huasco seedless raisin grape proved another find.

The expedition also came across a delicate kind of horseradish, known as the "maliner krem," near the historical village of Kuttensburg, in Moravia, whose



quality is so fine that the gourmets of Vienna insist upon having it served with their meats. Small test patches of this variety are now growing in different places in this country.

The Jordan almond, the finest variety in the world, was found in Spain, and at once recognized as far superior to the almonds produced in our own country, so a supply was immediately secured and shipped.

The hardy bamboo of Japan arrested the attention of the expedition, and are now being tested in California and the gulf States, since they are valuable because of ornamental uses to which they can be put.

A new bean was sent home from Chili; a Grecian bean turned up which is little larger than rice, and is delicious; a third bean, the broad bean of Europe, has been pronounced the most delicious vegetable ever eaten.

A product which it is thought may result in the establishment of a new industry here is the Japanese paper plant, Mitsumata, out of which is manufactured the finest handmade vellum. This is the source of vellum about which the Japanese have always been extremely reticent.

A promising barley was found in Algiers, which is being tried in our arid southwest; and a wheat came to hand in Italy, from which the finest macaroni is made, and which is believed to be superior to the macaroni wheat we have heretofore been importing from Russia for this new American industry.

The department of agriculture has made it a rule that, until any product is determined to be practical for growth in the United States, it will not be sent out as a specimen.—*N. Y. Farmer.*



#### LIVING THOUGHTS.

IDLENESS is not rest, but rust.

It's never too early to mend.

Reproof is the proof of a friend.

All the excuses have been invented.

There is no flaw in the cup of salvation.

The great thing to learn of life is not to be afraid of it.

Don't think of settling down until you have settled up.

Begging is harder than working, and does not pay as well.

Sunshine in the sky is not so bright as sunshine in the heart.

It is but a short step from the critical to the hypocritical.

You cannot follow the Good Shepherd and forget the lost sheep.

God will accept a broken heart, but he must have all the pieces.

If our light shines, the next life to it must catch the brightness.

Even a reputation will get tarnished if you don't keep it polished up.

Only the man who belongs to this world will think that this world belongs to him.

The "straight and narrow path" would not be so narrow if more people walked in it.

Bless your children with the genial warmth of affection, and they will better endure the cold of life.

It is no use talking about your yearnings for God when you are taking your earnings from the devil.

No young man has ever made a large success in life until he has fallen violently in love with his work.—*Sunday Companion.*



#### READING.

1. Read but few books.
2. Read the best books.
3. Read the books that help you most.
4. Read the same books many times.
5. Read for ideas more than facts.
6. Take notes while reading.
7. Commit to memory striking passages.
8. Make indexed scrapbooks of gems read.

One hour of thoughtful reading each day will furnish food for meditation for all your leisure hours. Persist in this practice until it becomes a controlling habit. Read and study the lives of good men until you have discovered the secret of their goodness and greatness. Read and study the history of a nation until you appreciate the people, measure the leaders and are able to comprehend the reasons why it helped or hindered the world's progress. Read and study one of the classics until you make your own the ideas of the author, see the pictures he paints, understand the characters he portrays and can think out to their legitimate conclusions the ideas expressed. Verify statements in science, by observation or by experiment, if possible. Do not feel satisfied with understanding the words of the author. Master the thought, welcome the enthusiasm he inspires and follow out the ideas your reading suggests. Study and respect the opinions of others, but in the end stand by your own conclusions.—*Dr. W. W. Stetson.*



#### RAMIE A COMING TEXTILE.

THE report comes from England that all difficulties in the way of using ramie as a textile have been overcome. Similar announcements have been made before, but the present one seems to have solid foundation. There is an exhibition just now in London of all kinds of dress fabrics, tapestries, muslins, upholsteries, etc., all made of ramie. Much time, money and hope have been expended in the past, and in vain, in the attempt to utilize this material. Ramie is the inner

fiber from the stalk of a species of nettle which grows largely in India and China (whence it is exported under the name of "China grass"), in Africa, East and West; in the Straits Settlements—in almost every part of the British tropical possessions. It has been known as an article of commerce for generations; it is spun and, mixed with cotton or linen thread, is woven in France and Germany. Great Britain supplies the world with ramie machines, but spins and weaves no ramie, except in the mills of one place, and these mills are run on American capital. Ramie has a tensile strength greater than that of silk, cotton or linen yarn. But knotted it is extraordinarily brittle. There is a natural gum in the basta fiber (which is the part used in manufacture), and it seemed impossible to get rid of this gum without making the residue too brittle for practical use. This is the obstacle which is now said to have been absolutely removed.—*The Searchlight*.



#### A SCRAPBOOK OF BIOGRAPHIES.

My twelve-year-old son and I prepared all summer for the winter evenings in this way: we have clipped from magazines, newspapers and the many publications which come to us the pictures of famous men and women, with the short biographical sketch which usually accompanies them. We soon had a large selection ready for the sample book which we use to paste them in. After an hour of study we arrange

and paste a page or two of our selections and index them. Then we read or play some simple game and perhaps have music. My boys never want to be out at night.



#### A HAPPY HOME DEFINED.

SIX things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessings of God.—*Hamilton*.



#### THE GREATEST BUTTER MARKET.

ENGLAND is the greatest butter market in the world. Her imports of butter in 1905 included: From Denmark 182,000,000 pounds, Australasia 84,000,000, Russia 52,000,000, France 39,000,000, Canada 32,000,000, Holland 24,000,000, and the United States 9,506,000. Denmark sent 198,000,000 pounds of butter to England in 1903, so that her decline in the two years was 16,000,000 pounds. Australasia increased her contribution from 41,000,000 pounds in 1903 to 84,000,000 pounds in 1905. The Russian contribution is mainly Siberian butter.

## The Rural Sanctum

#### FIRE IN VYARA, INDIA.

A. W. ROSS.

No firebell to sound the alarm, neither was there any danger from being run over by the fire engine. Where the crowd went there I went too. From the big black smoke that was rolling up over the village I feared for Vyara. In the more crowded parts of the town the houses are built wall to wall, and in others, where the poorer classes are, there we have the common, cheap hut, which are good feeders for a fire. Everybody was excited and using the strongest terms of Gujerati. On either side of the street household goods were piled ready to be taken away, if necessary.

By the time I reached the scene a number of houses were already in flames. Just across a narrow alley is a continuation of this row of houses wall to wall. For a time it looked as though these would have to go too. Men were on the roof calling for more wa-

ter. Men, women and children crowded around the well with their earthen vessels and as fast as possible bore the water to them. I saw one old woman holding her hand over the hole in the jar to keep the water in. Behind the houses were much hay, straw and wood, together with a number of poor people's huts, all of which also burned and added to the flames.

The most peculiar thing was the wide difference of relation shown between the classes. Generally the upper classes have the lower classes at their mercy and deal out to them as they want, but this time the under fellow was on top and he worked it to a finish. The upper classes are not used to doing manual labor, even calling in a laborer to do a piece of work which they might easily do themselves with less energy expended and lots less time, but to do a laborer's work is below their dignity. At this time much of that kind of work was most urging, and on all sides could be seen and heard the upper fellow trying to dog the lower fellow into the work, but he knew which "side of his



bread was buttered," and unless the upper fellow would pay him first he would not turn a hand. At first when I saw the laborers delaying and demanding money I felt disgusted, but afterwards when I thought about it, I could not blame them so much. For every vessel of water, big or little, they brought they demanded and got one-half a cent before they would hand it over for use. This was a harvest day for the laborer. In a few hours they earned many days' wages.

Seven houses, a number of huts, much grain and provisions of all kinds, such as the farmer stores, were burned. Prices are high, but many of these were stored for still higher prices. In all, the loss is considerable, considering the standard of wages and income of this country.

*Vyara, Surat District, India.*



#### PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

ADELAIDE M'KEE KOONS.

SOME American tourists who were traveling in Europe went to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau. They had read and heard much about this celebrated, open-air presentation of the principal scenes in the life of our Lord and his crucifixion, and particularly of the manner in which the characters are selected for their parts, not only by reason of their dramatic ability, but for their pure lives and their worthiness to present the various Bible characters that take part in the play.

They arrived at night and the village was crowded to overflowing with strangers. After a fruitless search for rooms they were directed to the house of the mayor of the town, and were told that he would take care of them.

They tried for some time to rouse the inmates of the house, and finally an upper window was thrown open and a sweet, pure voice inquired what they wanted. Revealed in the lattice window was a young girl, her long fair hair shining in the moonlight, her face perfect in its youthful loveliness.

"We were told to come here," the travelers answered, "and that we could get lodgings here for the night. We cannot find any rooms elsewhere, and we are very weary."

"You can't stop here," the girl's voice replied in sharpened tones. "I don't care where you go—I haven't any room for you," and without further parley she shut the window and vanished.

The travelers, somewhat stunned by the contrast between her soft beauty and the stoniness of her heart, sought such shelter as they could find, and soon forgot her in the interest of the Passion Play, which was to commence on the morrow. They saw her again, however, before the play was finished. She was the angel,

which, clothed in long white robes, with a smile of tenderest welcome on her face, stands at the gates of paradise, and invitingly holds them open for the entrance of the redeemed, and she made one of the most beautiful and convincing pictures of the play—to all save the little party of wanderers who had been so peremptorily turned away from her door the night before.

Of course, there is a moral—you can see it for yourselves. We would all be sweet and obliging—in heaven—and some of us are so busy rehearsing the parts we intend to play there that we haven't any time to be obliging and charitable while in this world.

*Mt. Vernon, Ohio.*



#### WE ARE OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE total abstainer who has never been tempted and never tasted alcohol will rest contentedly with his family, with little care about intemperance. He believes liquor can never harm him in any way, because he has no appetite for it, neither did his father nor any of his grandparents for many generations back. But are we not our brother's keeper? Besides it may affect him nevertheless. That same boy whom he has made no effort to save may some day be his son-in-law and the father of his much-loved grandchildren.

I read somewhere of a self-satisfied man who boasted of his safety from harm by intemperance and that same afternoon his little daughter, the idol of his heart, was brought home dead, her sweet young life crushed out, having been run over by a cart in which was a drunken driver. Surely no man liveth by himself alone. Save thou a soul and it shall save thine. He who pitieth the humblest of his brethren pitieth Christ, and he who passeth by his fallen brother passeth by the living Christ in the breast of man. Little dreams the gracious lady who invites a young man to a glass of wine that she may be handing him a cup of ruin. No sacrifice is too great if it shall in any way save one home from desolation, one woman's heart from breaking, one little child from shame or turn one fallen brother into the path of a manly and useful life.

If we should see a train of cars about to run down our neighbor who is on the track unconscious of its approach, it is our duty to warn him, although it may be nothing to us if he chooses to be so careless. It is the same with drinking.

If we are an expert swimmer and can brave the mighty waves, should we practice the art if it is to cause others to try the feat, only to lose their lives? It is the same with moderate drinking. If we can practice it without danger to ourselves, is it right to practice it if it cause others to try only to fall? The

moderate drinker does more for the liquor traffic than the inveterate drunkard. Where the one will be upheld as a jolly good fellow and companion, the other will be loathed and shunned. The one will be imitated, while the other will tend to cause the observer to abhor the stuff that made the human wreck. Moderate drinking is a delusion and a snare; it has no advantages and is brimful of risk and danger. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," for the individual and for the state is the only absolutely safe procedure. No man can truly say he is working for the good of the nation and tolerate for one instant the liquor traffic.

It is then the privilege and duty of every one who is strong and feels sure that he will not become a slave of the appetite to do all in his power to furnish a favorable and helpful environment to the weak. We have no means of knowing who the weak are. They may be in our own household or among our dearest friends, hence we should abstain on all occasions from either offering or partaking of beverages which lead to any abuse, even though we feel that they would be quite innocent for ourselves. Our first regard should be our influence on the welfare of others. We should act from a principle of unselfishness and willingness to help those weaker than ourselves. We should regard first, last and always

the good of others whom our conduct may influence rather than the preference of ourselves. If we act as God gives us light, duty will be well performed, for

We live for those who need us,  
That they may find us true,  
For the task that God assigns us,  
That awaits our helping too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that we can do.

*Cerrogordo, Ill.*



#### BISHOP DOANE AND HIS DOG.

I am quite sure he thinks I am God—  
Since he is God on whom each one depends  
For life, and all things that his bounty sends—  
My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;  
Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I  
To him whom God I know and own: his eye,  
Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;  
He is more patient underneath the rod  
Than I, when God his wise corrections sends.  
He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;  
And from me never crumb nor sup will take  
But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;  
And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear,  
He is content and quiet if I am near,  
Secure that my protection will prevail;  
So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he  
Tells me what I unto my God should be.

—Suggestion.

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Testimonial.

Bethel, Pa., March 8, 1906.

Editor Inglenook:—

I enjoy reading the Inglenook very well. It has improved very much since it first came into our home. Keep on with the good work.

J. C. Ziegler.

Now if you are not willing to laugh or weep double,  
Pray, flee to your hill, far from pleasure or trouble,  
The world will not miss you, nor grieve that you're gone,  
But, strange though it seem, will move steadily on.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—Benjamin Franklin.

"Wait not for destiny, wait not at all;

This leads to failure's dark and dim morass;  
Sound thou to all thy powers a trumpet call,  
And, staff in hand, strive up the mountain pass."

The dogs of war have ceased tugging at their chains and have laid down quietly in their kennels to await the coming of the next bone over which to quarrel.

Take your part with the perfect and abstract right, and trust God to see that it shall prove the expedient.—Wendell Phillips.

Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select, the more enjoyable; and like these are approached with diffidence, nor sought too familiarly nor too often, having the precedence only when friends tire. The most mannerly of companions, accessible at all times, in all moods, they frankly declare the author's mind, without giving offense. Like living friends, they too have their voice and physiognomies, and their company is prized as old acquaintances. We seek them in our need of counsel or of amusement, without impertinence or apology, sure of having our claims allowed. A good book justifies our theory of personal supremacy, keeping this fresh in the memory and perennial. What were days without such fellowship? We are alone in the world without it.—A Bronson Alcott.

### Sporting Item.

The visitor noted a large hickory switch reposing snugly behind the bookcase.

"What is that, Tommy?" he inquired.

"O, that is our local bawl club," replied Tommy.

Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.—William Hazlitt.



**The Osty-Pathic Man.**

When I used to pain here in my chest  
 I'd slap a "blister" on,  
 And then I'd think the very best  
 Was done as could be done;  
 But the Osty-path, he fixed all that—  
 My rib it was askew—  
 An' he didn't leave me red an' raw  
 Like "blisters" used to do.

And when my liver used to clog,  
 An' my spleen puff up an' swell,  
 An' my tongue 'ud coat clear to my throat,  
 I'd go fer calomel!  
 But now that Osty-pathic man,  
 He's changed my point o' view,  
 He jogs my splanchnic arie up,  
 An' makes my bones set true.

It's the same with chills, an' other ills,  
 Where quinine an' such dope  
 Used to be fer you an' me  
 The only mortal hope—  
 That's all been changed, an' re-arranged  
 Upon the "bone-set" plan,  
 An' every day, I yell: "Hoo-ray!  
 Fer the Osty-pathic Man!"

—C. L. Fagan, D. O.

**One Last Attempt.**

A young Northern woman once went out to visit the famous old chapel and cemetery of St. Roch, near New Orleans. The eccentric old Frenchman in charge was delighted to show her about, and when they came to one of the "stations" where hung a painting of the Crucifixion, wishing to make sure of a firm foundation for her appreciation of the subject, he inquired:

"Madame is an artist?"

"No," modestly replied "madame," "only a student."

The old man was visibly disappointed, but, taking new courage, he tried again.

"Madame has traveled much. Perchance to Paris?"

"No," replied the lady, with proper regret, "I have never been to Paris."

Increased disappointment, almost reaching the point of disapproval, but followed by another brave attempt at establishing mutual interest and understanding:

"Madame is a good Catholic?"

"No," sadly replied the unfortunate woman, a trifle uncomfortable, although amused.

"Well," in desperation, "this painting is by a great artist—a French artist who lives in Paris. It represents the Christ who long ago was crucified upon a cross. You have heard of him?"—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in Everybody's Magazine for May.

**Two Heavens.**

For there are two heavens, sweet,  
 Both made of love—one, inconceivable  
 Ev'n by the other, so divine it is;  
 The other, far in this side of the stars,  
 By men called home.

No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en:  
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

—Shakespeare.

**Light o' Life.**

When night comes on  
 I have such glorious visions of a wondrous dawn  
 My heart stands still,  
 A while, joy dumb. I see the heavy sky-line thrill  
 With tender, mystic light-waves, pulsing wider till  
 The gold leaps out, and night and dark are gone.

When pain comes on  
 And sunny Life, sore hurt, looks out through eyelids wan  
 'Gainst the close wall  
 Of grief, I know that where the shadows deepest fall,  
 Darkling, in that obscurest corner of them all,  
 I'll find the door which opens to the sun.

When age comes on  
 I trust I shall not linger in the day that's gone;  
 My ship of dreams  
 Must leave the little harbor in the sunset beams  
 To find itself and freedom on the vast sea-streams,  
 Sweeping a world curve toward that greater Dawn.  
 —Mary Pemberton Gunther, in May Lippincott's.

Four men in Chicago undertook to publish the World's Fair in all nations. They put their life and money in the effort, and succeeded. That is business. The church for nineteen hundred years has been looking after "interests at home," and giving their mites, and only about one-third of the human race have heard of the Gospel yet. That is play. Does the twentieth-century church mean business or play?—C. W.

It is a wise man who can always forgive and forget his injuries and always remember his benefits.

**Profitable Labor.**

Jimmy's mother was surprised to see him heading toward the flower yard with a garden rake.

"Why, Jimmy!" she exclaimed. "What on earth are you going to do with that rake?"

"I am going to rake your flower-pot," answered the youngster.

"What for?" demanded the mother.

"Why, for money," was the response; "I heard papa tell Uncle Harry that he raked a pot last night, and got fifty dollars."—May Lippincott's.

**In the Days of Work.**

"I see that Maxim Gorky is in Berlin superintending the production of his play, 'The Children of the Sun,'" said a newspaper correspondent. "Later on he will come to America, and I shall be glad to shake his thin, cold hand again.

"I met Gorky in Petersburg. He is delightful. He told me that a Russian soldier only gets about \$2, or three rubles a year—say five copecks a day.

"During the war, said Gorky, a private soldier stole a shirt worth half a ruble, and was condemned to be shot.

"As he was being led away to death, his colonel met him.

"'Ivan! Ivan!' said the colonel reproachfully, 'what a fool you were to risk your life for the sake of fifty copecks.'

"'Colonel,' Ivan answered, 'I risk it every day for five copecks.'

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XXIII.

A good many people would emigrate who do not were it not for the hatred they have of moving, but changing locations is not what it was forty years ago. In the fifties it took an ox team several months to make the trip, but nowadays a small train of freight

that price there is no reason why they should sit up all night. Besides, it affords plenty of room in the daytime to make them perfectly comfortable. Traveling in this manner, the men would be present at all times to look after the stock; the women would never need to worry about where the men and the stock were.

I can't imagine anything nicer, in the way of travel, than to have conveniences as I have spoken of in the above account for the nominal sum that it takes



"We saw women make their coffee regularly each meal."

cars can be made up to hold the effects of the emigrants; attached to this train might be three or four tourist sleepers with all the modern conveniences of travel, which make a trip like this more of a pleasure than an irksome task. When a person gets his night's rest the same as he does at home, and gets his meals regularly and gets just what he wants, there is no reason why he should not enjoy the trip.

I remember when we came out how we saw women make their coffee regularly each meal, and set tables to their own liking, with food which they had purchased and prepared, and it certainly was their own fault if they were not satisfied. You see seven dollars will rent a berth in a tourist sleeper for a man and his wife, from Chicago to San Francisco, and at



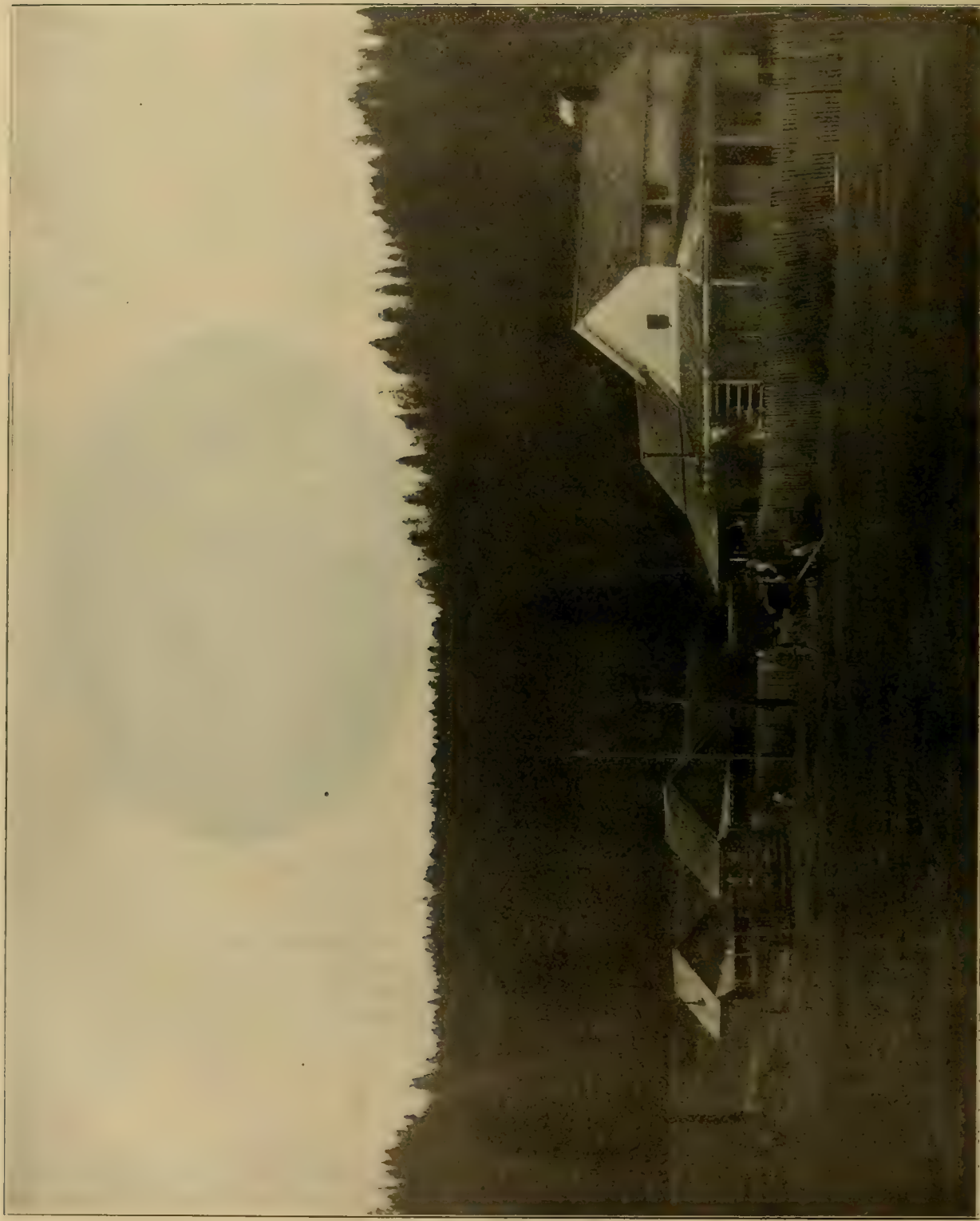
"The porter is always ready to make the beds."

to have them. Then whenever night comes and you feel like you wanted to retire, the porter is always ready to make the beds and you can sleep as late as you feel like in the morning. When you arise, it is not necessary to go to the back dooryard to where there is a board-topped stake driven in the ground upon which to place your wash pan. On the contrary, a nice toilet for the gentlemen and also one for the ladies is provided, where every modern convenience may be enjoyed. Even the mirror, which is so indispensable to ladies in travel, is furnished.

After breakfast is over a table will be supplied by the porter, upon which you may write, read, or where the children can amuse themselves, and when tired of this it can easily be removed, and you can enjoy the ever-changing scenery as it floats by. (See next page.)

(To be continued.)





Where Cobb and Campbell Tried to Turn out the Electric Light.

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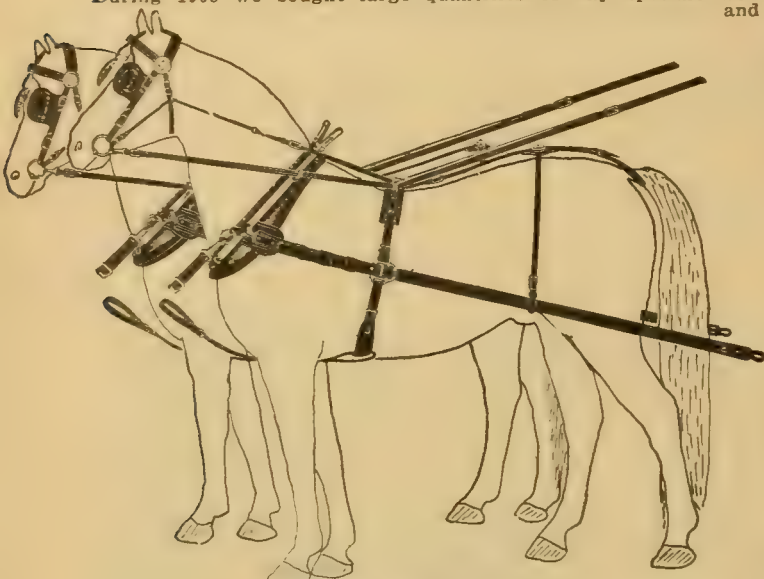
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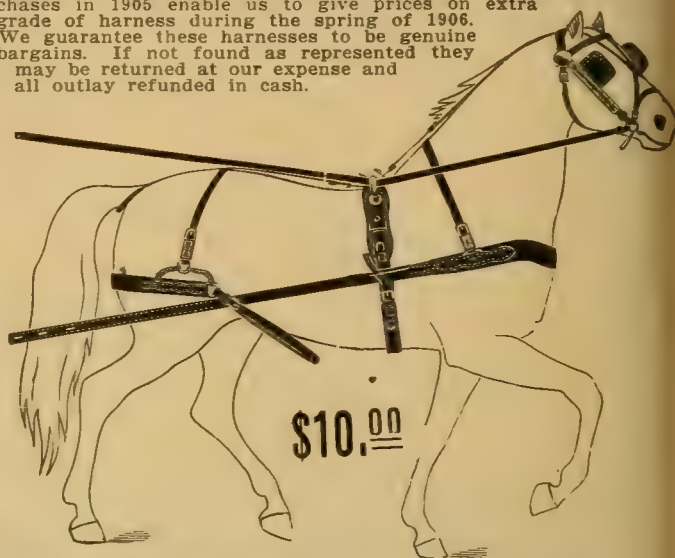
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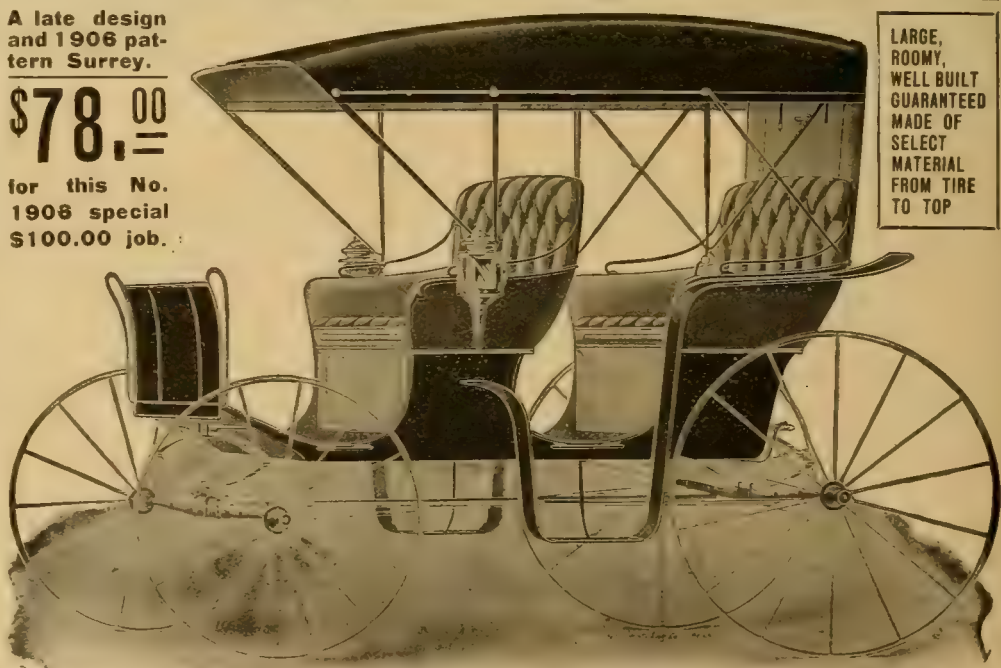
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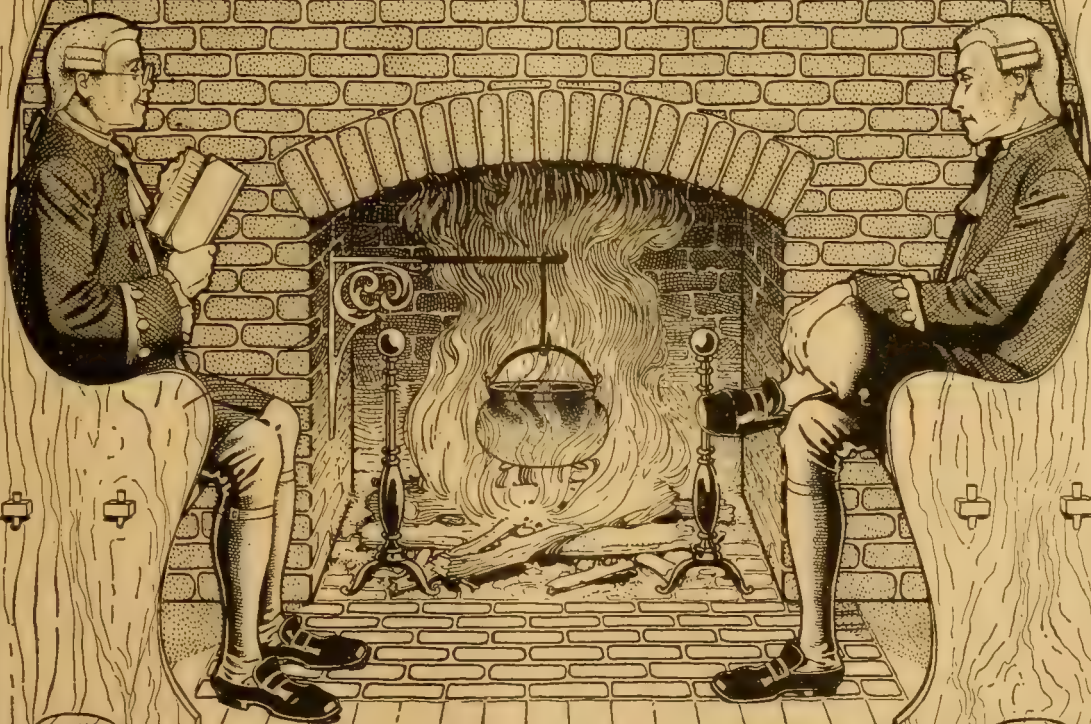
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NED THE HERO.—Dora Shank.

THE HAUNTED MANSION.—Lottie Oberlin.

BOY HUNTERS.—Anonymous.



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"It is, of course, difficult and costly to get hold of the medicine, yet I would advise the readers to make an effort. Write to Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, 112-118 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, U. S. A. If you are so fortunate as to get the medicine you will prize it highly. The **Blood Vitalizer** is worth its weight in gold. Johan Lie, Veum, P. O. Skien, Norway.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JUNE 12, 1906.

No. 24.

## WORK, LOVE, PRAY.

L. MARGARET HAAS.

WORK—for life is transient,  
'Tis at best but a dawning bright,  
Noonday glare, then a fading  
Into a softer light,—  
And the twilight gray that follows  
Sinks quietly into night.

Love—it is the fulfilling  
Of the law of God unto man,  
The Creator knows well how to order  
His creatures, the work of his hand—  
Thy God first with all of thy power,  
And thy neighbor, is the royal plan.

Pray—and the gnomes of darkness  
Will rise and flee away;  
Open the soul's fair portals  
To Faith's overcoming sway,—  
And the peace which passeth knowledge  
Will enter your heart to-day.

Camp Hill, Pa.

❖ ❖ ❖

## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Pretense, spreading itself, reveals its own transparency.*

❖

*The loftiness of contempt does not always place it above its object.*

❖

*Pleasure should not tread where she herself cannot look back upon her pathway.*

❖

*When the careful life of another reflects upon our own carelessness we brand him an extremist.*

❖

*'Tis good to help those at our door, but it is bad to make this an excuse for not helping others.*

❖

*When our hearts overflow with love to God those about us are sure to get the benefit of the overflow.*

*If whole armies march to the music instead of the song, are men in any danger of being swayed from the right by popular things?*

❖

*A self-supporting preacher is one who works for us and boards himself; he very evidently does not preach for a self-supporting church.*

❖

*Satan can so adapt temptation to our eyesight that we can more easily see sin in that which appeals to our neighbor's tastes than in that which appeals to our own.*

❖

*Some people have a knack of bringing out and showing up the best traits in the most ordinary persons; others, that of discovering the worst there is in the best of men.*

❖

*The reason we are sometimes fooled in our friends is because we judge them by their treatment of ourselves instead of their treatment of those for whom they have no attachment.*

❖

*Happiness is the throne of the soul. To erect this throne we must have Christ, the Rock, for its foundation,—the pure gold of integrity for its material, and the clear sky of a good conscience for the canopy above it.*

❖

*"Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God." Little to hinder, little to answer for,—blessed! Ah, it is no easy matter to keep the heart from resting upon, or self from devouring earthly blessings. Alas for "the deceitfulness of riches"!*

❖

*Are you a prosperous man, healthful, educated, honored and blessed with a happy family and many friends, and do you therefore consider that you have made life a success? Ah, my friend, you have so far but made loss—the greatest loss,—possible! He who carries the greatest stock of earth's goods should carry the greatest insurance of heaven.*

Flora, Ind.



# Ned, the Hero

Dora Shank

## Chapter II.

AFTER the meeting of the two cousins at Fernglen Settlement Jack often went to visit the Williams' family. Ned became quite attached to their newly-found cousin and would often accompany him to Fernglen Settlement, and sometimes stay for a few days at a time. When Jack went to visit his cousin he did not pass the Indian encampment, but always took a different route so that he would not be recognized by them.

"Papa, can't Cousin Jack come and live with us at our settlement?" asked little Ned one day.

"Why, yes," answered his father, "if he wishes to, of course he can."

"Papa, may I go over to Fernglen to-day and ask him? I am anxious to have him here; Tim and Gerty and I have such good times with him. Oh, papa, I am so glad he can come. I am just going right away," continued Ned.

"Well, my boy, be careful of the Indians and do not stay very long. But I know Jack will take care of you."

Ned started off in high glee to ask Cousin Jack to come and stay with them. He ran into the house and told him all about it.

"Well, Ned," said Cousin Jack, "I am glad to come. I had been thinking of that myself, but I am afraid to leave until later, for I fear the Indians suspicion I am here. All day they have been loafing around and seem to be watching this house."

"All right," said Ned, "I will wait. Father knows I am safe when I am with you."

Jack packed his clothes and had everything in readiness to leave. It was eight o'clock when Jack said, "Ned, I guess we dare not wait any longer. I fear your parents are getting anxious about you; we had better start. We will slip out the back door. It will be a shorter way to pass the Indian encampment. I think it will be safe, for most of them are at Fernglen."

They hurried out of the settlement and as they looked ahead they saw a number of Indians standing along their path.

"Oh, Cousin Jack," said Ned, "see those Indians? Do you think they will recognize you?"

"I do not think so," said Jack. "I will be careful that they do not see my face; we will hurry past them."

After they were past Jack looked back. The chief was one of the number. He could see that he recognized him, for he was looking after him, and pointing to the Indians, and seemed to be giving orders to those with him.

"Oh, Ned, why did I look back? They have recognized me! See that one remaining? The rest have gone to the encampment. They will tell the others and the one remaining will watch where we go. Oh, Ned, we must run for our lives."

On, on they ran. Jack dropped his baggage, caring only for their safety and also of them that were at home. They would likely kill them all unless they found some means of escape. While they ran towards home Ned was planning a way of escape. He thought of father and mother, of Tim and Gerty. Oh, he must save them. On they ran, faster and faster. They imagined they could hear the Indians' footsteps and the whiz of the arrows. When they reached home, Jack hurriedly told Mr. and Mrs. Williams the disaster he feared would follow. Ned staid in the yard listening for the war whoop of the Indians which he knew he might hear at any time.

He had not been listening more than five minutes when he heard them. He ran into the house crying, "They are coming! The Indians! Oh, they are coming!"

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Williams.

Ned looked at little Gerty and Tim and then at his father and mother,—oh, he must save them. He began tearing up the planks from the floor.

"Crawl under here quick, and when you are under I will nail the planks down again; they will not think of looking under here."

They looked at each other, but seeing that something must be done they obeyed him. Cousin Jack crept under first, next Mr. and Mrs. Williams, then Ned handed them Gerty. There was no more room.

"You shall not stay and be killed," said Mr. Williams, "I will come up."

"I will care for myself and Tim. I can run fast," said Ned, and before they could say anything more Ned had the boards nailed down and the carpet laid nicely over them.

Taking Tim he hurried out of the back door. On, on he ran. He could hear the Indians breaking in the doors. It was dark and they would not see him until he was out of their reach. He had run quite a distance and it seemed as though they were pursuing him. He ran on until he came to a thick bunch of trees.

"I will climb one of these and rest," said Ned to himself, for he was so fatigued, having carried Tim part of the way. He climbed up the tallest tree, pushing Tim in front of him. When he got almost to the top of the tree he listened; he was sure he heard them. Yes, it was the Indians. He heard them coming near—

er and nearer. Tim began to cry, hardly knowing what it all meant.

"Oh, Tim, you must not cry. If you cry they will hear you and we will be killed. Tim, do not cry, for our sake and for those at home."

The Indians were coming nearer and nearer, still Tim did not stop crying.

"Tim, if you do not stop we will never see father and mother or Gerty," said Ned. The thought of never seeing papa, mamma and Baby Gerty caused him to stop crying at once.

"Won't I see Derty no more?" said Tim, looking sadly at Ned.

"Yes, Tim, you shall if you stop crying and be as still as a mouse and we shall soon see all our dear folks at home."

Yet, deep in Ned's kind heart was a doubt, yet he trusted. The moon had come out in its splendor and brightness and he could see the Indians entering the clump of trees, bow and arrow in hand, ready at any time to shoot if they caught sight of the ones they were hunting.

They passed about five yards away from the tree in which Ned and Tim were hidden. After they had passed, Ned in his simplicity offered a prayer for their deliverance. He waited until he could no longer hear them. He must hurry home for fear they would turn and pursue them. He took Tim and slowly descended

the tree. He ran home as fast as he could, carrying Tim. As he came near home he thought, "Oh, if the Indians have found them what would I do?" He entered the house, the carpet was torn from the floor and the furniture broken and lying around the rooms, but the boards were still nailed down as he had left them.

"Father," called Ned, stooping down to the floor, "are you still here?"

"Yes, my boy, let us out quickly."

Ned pulled up the boards and helped them out. They clasped their darlings in their arms. Oh, how could they ever reward Ned for his heroism? To think their little boy had saved six lives.

"We must not stay here," said Jack, "the Indians will likely watch this house very closely."

They left the house, taking with them all the provisions they could possibly carry. They went on through forests and marshes. Mr. Williams and Jack carried the provisions and their guns, fearing at any time they would encounter the redskins. They seldom stopped to rest, but traveled on almost day and night until they reached the Atlantic coast. An English vessel landed along the coast bearing more refuge seekers to America. They boarded it and sailed for England, thinking they could stand the persecution of England as well as the persecution of the Indians.

*Quarryville, Pa.*

## The Haunted Mansion

Lottie Oberlin



IN New England, on the south side of the Kenebec river, was situated a fine old country mansion. It was built of stone and appeared quaint and unique, with the verandas on all sides, which, aided by the magnificent shade trees, proved in summertime a delightful place for recreation.

While standing on the west veranda one's eyes catch a glimpse of the Blue mountains in the distance, and the sky just crimson with the glow of sunset makes a scene fit for a born artist to admire; the trees are tinted with red and purple; all the surroundings are illumined by the sun's fading rays.

Around the mansion is a spacious velvety lawn. Beds of beautiful flowers tend to break the monotonous spell of green. Following a gravel path on the south one reaches a garden filled with a variety of beautiful flowers, while in the green meadow the cows and sheep are peacefully at rest.

This is an ideal country home. The inmates consist of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron and their daughter Gladdys. They lived perfectly happy as the tide of years rolled on. Life was a sweet dream to them,

but a strange event marred, somewhat, the happiness of this family.

One calm afternoon in May Mrs. Cameron and Gladdys were seated in the large sitting room conversing in low tones, when Gladdys said, "Mamma, last night I heard those strange noises again. You know I spoke to you about them the other day. I want to tell you just how they were. And it seems so strange to me that you did not hear them, especially when you know that everybody says our house is haunted ever since Sadie Allen was murdered down by the brook in our meadow by that city villain, Howard Clark. And you have heard Tom say that where he sleeps in the west wing he saw a girl, dressed in white, advancing toward him one night; he thought it was merely a nightmare and dismissed it from his mind; but he still heard queer sounds in the unused rooms. When I heard those sounds they seemed directly beneath my room in the old dining room."

"Well," interrupted her mother, "tell me all about it, for I am anxious to hear more of these wonderful noises."

"The first thing that I heard," proceeded Gladdys,



"was the sound of footsteps in the old dining room. Then I became frightened and could not sleep. I heard sounds from the attic like the rumbling and clanging of a hundred chains, and thunder, like the noise of a leaping cataract. I did not sleep a wink last night, but I still heard those footsteps after midnight. I know now that it was Sadie Allen's ghost."

"Gladdys, you frighten me!" said Mrs. Cameron. "I will speak to your father about it and have him and Tom investigate the matter. He will hardly believe anything of it if he does not see and hear it."

"Mamma, let papa sleep in my room to-night and I will sleep in the parlor chamber. I know that he'll believe that our house is haunted."

That night Mr. Cameron slept in Gladdys's room, and he heard the very same strange noise and once when he got up and looked out the window he saw the figure of a woman dressed in white carrying a lighted candle. He saw her disappear in the darkness, but could sleep no more that night.

Next morning he told them what he had seen and heard and finally said, "I know now that our home is haunted."

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "I can never live in a house that is haunted. We ought to move to the city at once."

Mr. Cameron thought that they ought to stay there two weeks and see the result.

Night after night the same thundering sounds and rattling noises were repeated. One night, however, Mr. Cameron and Tom, one of the servants, mustered up courage enough to enter the old dining room at midnight. But they saw and heard nothing; all was quiet; the floor was dusty as it had always been since they had discarded its use. They even explored the attic, but nothing could be seen. The next night nothing but the rumbling sounds was heard. But one night Mr. Cameron and Tom saw that woman again. They declared she disappeared at the place where Sadie Allen was murdered.

Mr. Cameron determined that his rest should be disturbed no longer. They decided to move to their old city home. Taking their two faithful servants, Bridget and Tom, with them, they went early in September.

This lovely country home was left vacant because no one wished to live in a haunted house. The people as they passed noticed it in its solitude.

Winter had come and gone, spring was here. But the once beautifully kept lawn now lacked attention; weeds were growing very prominent among the few flowers scattered here and there; the grass had grown tall; the whole aspect of the garden and lawn was a picture of neglect. The fields, however, were cultivated just the same as ever; the meadow had not changed, but the mansion on the hill was still haunted.

It was June and the Camerons came from the overheated city to get a breath of fresh air, as they termed it. They loved their old home but dared not lodge there. They stayed with Mr. Smith, Mrs. Cameron's brother, in the beautiful villa of Chelsea. Here they had a fine view of the old homestead. Gladdys and her mother often longed to go to the dear old place, but did not venture.

"Mamma," said Gladdys one day, "what would hinder us from strolling over to the old homestead this afternoon? I am anxious to see the changes it has made since last year. I know the ghost will not come out in the daytime."

"Well, Gladdys," said Mrs. Cameron, "we will go. Now, dear, get your bonnet, so we can go while your father and Rev. Stanhope are away."

They were soon ready and that afternoon at five o'clock the streaming rays of the summer sun fell on those two ladies as they wended their way toward the "haunted mansion."

As they entered the gate Gladdys remarked, "How changed everything has grown! Look at the weeds, and how tall the grass is! The hinges on the gate squeak like the ghost itself. My, it does not look like home here."

As they walked through the once beautiful lawn, noting the changes, Mrs. Cameron, greatly fatigued, suggested that they rest awhile on the front veranda, which had been used so often for the same purpose. They were at length seated comfortably and who should appear around the corner but Mr. Lansing, Mr. Cameron and Rev. Stanhope. They had evidently come to the same place the ladies had, not knowing anything about Mrs. Cameron and Gladdys's intentions.

Now, Mr. Lansing was a distinguished lawyer living in the villa of Chelsea and a friend of Mrs. Cameron. Rev. Stanhope was an able minister and a very close friend of the Camerons, who preached in one of the popular churches in the city. He had come with them in order to restore his broken health.

These gentlemen had just finished exploring the "Mansion." They told the ladies nothing of what they saw and heard, but seated themselves on the porch and began talking of the beautiful past.

They rested there for about an hour, then departed and retraced their steps down the hillside to the villa, where they now lodged.

When they reached home and were all seated on the broad piazza the gentlemen told what they saw and heard while in the mansion.

Rev. Stanhope began: "Ladies, perhaps you would appreciate hearing how we fared this afternoon while exploring the mansion. Well, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Lansing and I had planned to go this afternoon to explore the place, so you see that is how we met there.

"We examined every room, and in nearly all of them we heard distinctly a rumbling and scrabbling and thundering, so queer and strange. While in the hall on the second floor we heard four distinct cries, like the pitiful wail of a woman in deep distress. But we could find no clue whatever to all these strange sounds. Then we also heard footsteps in the old dining room, as Mr. Cameron called it. I am not yet satisfied. I must find some clue to all this before I leave Chelsea."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Lansing. "We will go over some night and explore the old mansion. I will go inside and investigate, as I think I know the building very well now, and you remain on the outside and keep guard."

"No, no, no!" protested Gladdys. "Never will I consent to your going among ghosts at midnight!"

Mrs. Cameron also objected; but Mr. Cameron favored the proposition. Rev. Stanhope did not believe in ghosts, but he became converted that day, and now he fully believed that there was some sort of a strange air about the old mansion.

But they decided upon a night and went. They had some thrilling experiences. That night will never be forgotten by them.

Rev. Stanhope had stationed himself on the outside near the front porch, while Mr. Lansing, well supplied with matches and a candle, entered the front door, proceeded up the stairway, and entered the parlor chamber first, from whence issued weird sounds, like that of some one drowning. First it was a shriek, then a smothering sound, then a bubbling noise, etc. He felt a queer sensation creeping over him as he struck a match, lit a candle and using it for a torch light, held it above his head and began exploring the room. And what to his surprise did he see in the corner of the room but a dying cat! He gave her a push with his foot and she was dead.

Mr. Lansing felt somewhat relieved at this discovery. He went from room to room trying to see what he could. He did not discover anything, but heard those rumbling noises all the while. When he entered the room above the kitchen the secret was out. There were about two dozen rats of all sizes and colors. There was a large hole in the floor and all of them were running for it. He heard those clanging and rumbling noises, and saw from whence they came, for the rats seemed frightened out of their wits at seeing Mr. Lansing. They piled upon one another, shrieked and scratched until Mr. Lansing thought it about time for him to adjourn.

He next explored the attic, but saw nothing but dust and cobwebs everywhere, and some rats hailed his presence by putting in their appearance every now and then.

In the meanwhile Stanhope grew tired of waiting

for Mr. Lansing, so he decided to try his hand at exploring. He entered the cellar and went in every room in the basement. But he discovered a light through a small opening in the wall of one of the rooms. He accordingly proceeded toward the light, found a door, opened it and walked in. He was startled at the sight before him, for there on an old discarded lounge lay the form of a young woman in an apparent slumber. Mr. Stanhope stood and gazed at her. He did not know whether she was a spirit or a human being; he resolved to find out. As he neared the lounge she sat upright and stared at him in a bewildered manner. At last Stanhope broke the spell by saying, "Young lady, are you a ghost or a woman?"

She looked at him and said, "I am a woman."

"What are you doing here?" asked Rev. Stanhope. "And what is your name?"

"My name is Evelyn Parker, and this is my home."

"Your home!" echoed Mr. Stanhope. "A poor home this is for such as you!"

"Are you not a minister?" asked the girl. "You are exploring this old mansion, are you not? And here you have found me."

"Yes, I am a minister. My name is Stanhope. But tell me why you are here in this deserted house, my lady."

"Mr. Stanhope, I think that I can confide in you," proceeded the girl, "your looks tell me that. My life has been full of trials. I have never seen a happy day since my mother died. I used to live in the beautiful villa, Chelsea. We had a delightful home, and when I was fifteen years old my father failed in business. He began the habit of drinking to drown his troubles. Our home was sold to pay his saloon bills and other debts. We moved in a small house on one of the back streets. Mother became very ill soon after we went there, and continued to grow worse for about two weeks. One night she was very sick. Father came home intoxicated, and hearing mother's groans he became angry and gave her such a blow with his fist that she died that night. When father regained consciousness she was dead. He ran away from home the next morning. I stayed until after mother's funeral and then I ran away. I have lived under an assumed name ever since. But I told you my real name. I found my way in this cellar one night about three years ago and have been here ever since."

"How do you provide your living?" asked Mr. Stanhope.

"Why, I work in a mill in Fairfield."

"But how do you manage to keep the community from knowing your whereabouts?"

"Well, you know they say this house is haunted and no one ever ventured near it. I can easily manage about going and coming so that no one will suspicion.



I go early in the morning, before sunrise, and come back in the evening at dusk. No one knows that I stay here but you."

Now Mr. Stanhope could account for all those ghosts seen by the Camerons. Evelyn Parker was Sadie Allen's ghost.

Rev. Stanhope's sympathies were aroused by the girl's sad story. He offered her a home with his mother and wanted to take her with him that night. The unfortunate girl objected, but was finally persuaded by the minister to go with him.

Mr. Stanhope and Evelyn were out on the piazza awaiting Mr. Lansing's return from his searching. Presently he came and was surprised at the new arrival with Mr. Stanhope. He was told the whole story by Mr. Stanhope. The three slowly wended their way to Chelsea. And it was four o'clock in the morning when they arrived at Mr. Smith's. Mrs. Cameron met them at the door. They told her Evelyn's sad story. Evelyn was made to feel welcome in this home. She and Gladdys Cameron became fast friends.

In the course of a month the Camerons had everything ready for their return to the city. The Rev.

Stanhope, Mr. Lansing and Miss Parker accompanied them. Miss Parker remained with the Camerons, as Gladdys would not part with her.

Mr. Stanhope went to his home in Arson to resume his old duties as clergyman. Mr. Lansing had started a paying law practice in the same city and boarded with Rev. Stanhope's. The two young men became very intimate while on their vacation in the country.

Mr. Lansing and Rev. Stanhope often called at Mr. Cameron's house. And the girls made their calls very pleasant.

The following spring Mr. Cameron with his family removed to the old homestead, "Silver Springs," or the "Haunted Mansion." Miss Evelyn went with them. Here she remained many years, not a ghost, but a real woman in the family of the benevolent Mr. Cameron. In later years when she became a minister's companion, they lived in Arson.

Gladdys Cameron became the wife of a wealthy lawyer.

Though their life roads were very different these girls remained devoted friends.

*Union Bridge, Md.*

## Boy Hunters

[This essay, depicting some of the experiences of those who helped to make American history, must appear without the author's name. Not knowing where to write to find out, we are helpless. It is too realistic to throw away. The editor lived on the frontier among the Indians when he was younger than Tom.—Ed.]



It was the year 1790, in the wilderness of Kentucky. The scene was near one of those backwoods stockades, so common on the frontier.

The Indians had been giving little trouble for some months and so two of the lads of Hawodsbury planned for a hunt.

These lads were Fred Crockett and Tom Gray. Fred was a handsome youth of eighteen summers while Tom was one year his junior and not so fine looking, but was tall and muscular. Both lads were accustomed to the dangers and privations of the frontiers. Like most boys of their age, they were acquainted with nature, the habits of game, the cunning of the savage, and could endure a great amount of exertion without fatigue, and were excellent shots.

They left the stockade as the first tints of dawn lighted the eastern sky, saying that they would return an hour before sunset. It was early spring; the birds were awakening from their night's repose and were warbling their merriest songs, while flitting from tree to tree; all nature was rejoicing in the fullness of life; the air was cool and bracing and the boys proceeded at a brisk pace. They struck a buffalo path which

they followed for some little distance, and then plunged into the dense timber and canebrake.

They were looking for game such as wild turkeys and squirrels, for they did not wish to carry such large game. Frequently in crossing paths or grazing grounds herds of buffaloes were seen, and once while passing through a dense stretch of cane a large bear got up in front of them and went tearing through the brake. Both boys let drive but owing to the density of the growth of canes the game was not brought down.

When they had been going for several hours, Tom remarked that there were few turkeys in sight, though the woods seemed full of them from the frequency of their calls. When the sun told them it was time for their noonday meal they halted near a large spring. The amount of game bagged was a turkey apiece, several squirrels, and a blue duck. Soon a fire was kindled, the duck and squirrels prepared and roasted to a nice brown. The boys fell to heartily and soon little was left but the bones.

While they were eating the calls of the turkeys began to seem near them and seemed to come from all around them, gradually getting nearer and nearer. Having heard many times of Indians imitating animals, our young hunters began to feel somewhat alarmed. Then there came the snap of a twig and immediately several painted faces peered from the bushes and the dark eyes of these faces glanced over

the deadly rifle barrel. Seeing that it was useless to resist or attempt flight the boys laid down their guns.

The savages, of whom there were ten, then advanced and bound the boys' arms, and by signs bade them follow. Plunging into the thickest cane they proceeded for some distance until they came to a buffalo path; they followed this and advanced at a rapid rate.

Though every step took Fred and Tom farther from home and friends, still they were brave, resolute lads and talked encouragingly to each other. They realized what their fate would be if they did not escape, and resolved to make the attempt that night if possible.

The same rapidity of march was kept up by the savages all afternoon and by the time they halted for the night, which was done about sundown, the boys thought they must be about thirty miles from home. Having eaten a hearty supper and stretching out around the fire soon all were slumbering, for the Indians seemed fatigued. The boys' hands were still bound, and each was between two warriors. They too pretended to slumber, and when some hours had passed Fred raised himself and gave a slight "Hem," which was the signal which he and Tom had agreed upon for the beginning of their movements. None of the savages moved. Soon Tom raised himself also.

Having assured themselves that all their captors were asleep the boys cautiously withdrew from the ring of slumbering warriors, each managing to carry a gun though his hands were bound. When they had reached a place out of easy-hearing distance from the

camp they stopped and with some difficulty succeeded in undoing the thongs which bound their hands.

Free once again they started homeward at a brisk walk. They kept on for several hours, so that they might place a number of miles between themselves and their captors before morning, until becoming much wearied they decided to halt for the night and lay down with the grass as a bed, with a log for a pillow.

As the first gray streaks of morning appeared, Tom awoke, and waking Fred they were soon on the march. They went forward briskly and did not halt until near noon, and then only long enough to get a little food, though they were nearing the fort and were in little danger from the Indians. Their repast was of the choicest bits of a fawn which Fred brought down. When the meal was finished the boys pushed forward with renewed vigor and reached home without further adventure about three o'clock.

As might be supposed the parents and friends of the boys were greatly alarmed when they did not return as expected, but were perplexed to know what to do as no one knew in what direction they had gone, so all merely waited and hoped for the best, though some had already despaired of ever seeing their merry faces again.

The joy at the fort as they reached it was unbounded. All crowded around them anxious to hear of their adventures. They did not again venture from the fort alone. When they had grown to manhood both became great Indian fighters and hunters and figured in many of the bloody battles of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

## "What For?"

*Dear Editor:—*

IN INGLENOOK bearing date of April 24 there was a most splendid article, bearing this caption, written by Miss Maude Berry, of Ohio. I am wondering if the author really knows how true the story is. My heart ached when I finished reading it.

We have many neighbors around us who suffer too. Last night I listened to a poor mother's story, about once when the children were younger. Two of them hardly saw their father for nearly two years. They begged to go to bed, or would hide before their father came home and then remain very still and quiet until he was gone, for he was afflicted with what may be called chronic drunkenness and would beat his boys insanely. She tried to show me how they would crouch down and hide when they would hear him coming, and it made me shiver just to see her awful gestures and facial demonstrations.

In the story "What For?" death was the result

of blows, but truly when I heard this woman almost beg to die and have her children die too, when it seemed so utterly impossible for her to go home—she stopped every few feet, leaned up against the house and cried as though it was really her last thread of courage—when I tried to encourage her to have patience yet awhile to trust God, then I could not help but think that the little boy in "What For?" was more fortunate than these.

I am glad you printed "What For?" in the INGLENOOK. There are thousands of similar cases. It may be that some of your readers will think this is not true to life and exaggerated. The contrary is true. Death is not the result always, but oh, the heartaches which only death can heal! Even now I must forbear telling interesting details, for, instead of exaggerating I must tone down—love dares not drag out a "family skeleton," even as witness. "Neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead." We must endeavor



to get the saloon out of our midst and cultivate a generation that, in the long years to come, will bring about better things.

The other evening while in the store word came that a young man was drunk and was beating his old mother until she was nearly dead. Another of our neighbors, when drunk, beat his wife horribly. She is in the hospital now from the effects, and I do not believe she will ever recover. An old lady just came saying that her son was sick. "Can you help? He is drinking himself to death, and at this rate will soon be beyond help, if not now."

Another instance which brings out the truth in "What For?" is this: One of our workers asked a young man in the neighborhood to come to church and Sunday school. He said, "What for? Here from our house I can count six Sunday schools. What have they been doing? We have just as many saloons, and more, than ever. If your Sunday schools would do what Christianity claims this would not be so." And he did not come. Furthermore, he wants to see fruits, and, judging by the fruits, we cannot but take our medicine. It is a shame. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." And we can yet hear all this crying of the persecuted—the victims of strong drink. And to think all this sin is carried on by government license. The government and the voter for license are partners to the criminal office, the association of the church and state. I almost believe things would be no worse if murder was permitted by government license; that would kill the body only, this destroys both soul and body, and at the same time entangles the whole community in its horrors.

LATER.—Since writing the above I am most happy to say that the drunkard first referred to sat with us at the table of the Lord last Saturday evening. He was baptized on Saturday afternoon, a few hours before the love feast. As soon as he was baptized he clasped his wife in his arms and we understood that, through Christ, happier days were coming to them. As they walked away one of the workers said, "There goes one of the happiest couples in the city." May the Lord God bless and keep him in the secret place of his presence, where drunkards are safe.

GEORGIANA HOKE.

*Bethany Bible School, Chicago.*



#### MAKING GOOD CITIZENS.

WE hear a great deal in these days about good citizenship. Surely it is a worthy subject. We need good citizens in this country. Everybody will agree to that.

The only possible question which can arise is how

can we make good citizens? The way this matter is generally attempted seems to us fallacious.

Some people get together and conclude that there ought to be better citizenship in the locality where they reside. Then they proceed to have some lectures delivered, some papers read, some speeches made. After a while, they get themselves all stirred up into a furor and imagine that they are called upon to attack some other citizens. Instead of behaving themselves, they go to work trying to make other people behave. Instead of becoming good citizens, and thereby setting a wholesome example for others, they start in to reform their neighbors. Social reformers generally believe that some one else is in the wrong, while they themselves are all right. There may be some ground for this. A great many good people are misled in this way.

In our opinion the only way a good citizen can accomplish anything is simply by discovering for himself the way to become a good citizen. There is a woeful amount of ignorance on the part of the good citizen concerning the government under which he lives.

Take, for instance, the average citizen in our cities. He knows very little about his own city. He pays his taxes, grumbles about the cost of living, criticises the dirty alleys and illy-paved streets, thinks the city fire department and street-car management is bad, but never enters into particulars.

Good citizenship clubs ought to go to work to find out first all about their own city; appoint one of their number to look into the management of jails and prisons; another one to make a study of the waterworks; another one the police department; another the health department; the city engineering department, the auditor's department, and so on. Let these men, by dividing the work, go diligently at the task of getting an intelligent comprehension of their own city. They will discover after awhile, if they do this, where they are remiss in their own citizenship. Through ignorance they have fallen into the habit of criticising the wrong things, praising the wrong men. They will discover that they have many prejudices that were entirely wrong, many preconceived notions that were absolutely false.

A man can only become a good citizen when he is an intelligent citizen. The woeful ignorance of the average city householder is appalling. He knows little or nothing about the city in which he lives.

The same applies to those who live in the country, in a lesser degree.

Those who hold office and are responsible to the government are allowed to go on in their own way, feeling perfectly secure because of the ignorance of the taxpayer.

Let in the light; that is what we should do; and,

having discovered what the facts are, let him who makes this discovery become himself a good citizen, one that is free from prejudice, one that is actuated by the desire to do his whole duty as a householder, as a voter and as an American citizen. This is the only effectual way in which we can correct the conduct of the others.

The reformers are too quick to set about the task of making other people do right. Long before they get the beam out of their own eye they try to cast the mote out of their brother's eye.

The way to work for good citizenship is to become a good citizen. Try to understand the local government thoroughly in all its parts. Don't worry about your neighbor's conduct. Through intelligence and broad generosity, make yourself an ideal citizen. Do not fear to speak the truth as you see it everywhere; but, be sure it is the truth.

Visit on every appropriate occasion all places where criminals and paupers are kept. Acquaint yourself with the methods by which the authorities get office, collect the taxes and pay fees.

Make the acquaintance of those who are in power and try to comprehend their problems, their temptations and their ambitions.

Don't be afraid; don't get bitter; don't allow yourself to become censorious, but keep at it. Let these men know that many intelligent citizens are watching them closely; not as spies or detectives, but as partners in the great business of making a free, wholesome, liberty-loving people.

Guard against creating dissension. Never allow yourself to stir up one class of people in a community against another class. We are all parts of the whole. If something is wrong about society we will not make it right by fighting or calling names. Go quietly about with honest intentions and good will; never shirk a responsibility; never shirk from the necessity of giving testimony to the truth.

This is the sort of work that good government lovers ought to be doing. But, whenever a company of men or women are banded together for the specific purpose of correcting or improving or punishing any other class of citizens; no matter how bad they may be, such work will surely come to naught. There is no life in it. It is simply disintegrating disease and can never accomplish any good.

The way to make others good is to be good ourselves. It is by example more than by precept that the world is helped. The Great Master uttered many good precepts, but his work was mainly the work of example. It is what he did, more than what he said, that has made him the ideal of so many men and women ever since. If we are to follow the Master it will be by deeds and not by words that we will reform the world.—*Medical Talk*.

## THE MISSION OF THE MICROBE.

THE willing horse has to bear the brunt of the work, and it may be that the poor little microbe is in something of the same situation, made to carry burdens beyond its strength, or accused of things of which it is innocent. The microbe to-day is the great scape-goat. The chief bulk of the evils that afflict the human body are laid upon it. Diseases multitudinous are claimed to be its work, and it is constantly going about—though not like a roaring lion—seeking whom it may devour. Here the mosquito thrusts the microbe into the human body on the point of its tiny lance; here the fly sows it in our system; here we drink it in from the stream; here breathe it in from the air. It is an ubiquitous monster, flying, swimming or “horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air,” and man is its constant victim.

The microbe is our theme—the bacillus, the bacterium, or by whatever name this invisible death-dealer is known. The smallest of organic products, so minute that in some cases the most powerful microscope fails to reveal it, it is the most prolific of living things, increasing with enormous rapidity and quickly taking possession of the body it invades. The germ of disease it is called; the germ of death would be a better title. Man, strong and robust, combating the tenants of field and flood, holding his own against the winds and tides, the powers of earth and air, is constantly falling a victim to this tiny antagonist, until, in his dread and helplessness, he is ready to accuse the microbe of being the cause of nearly all the ills of life.

It may be that he is not far wrong in this. The microbic demon takes many forms, invades our bodies in many ways, infects us with a multitude of different diseases. There are fevers known by a dozen names, chills known by as many, affections of the throat, the lungs, and nearly or quite every organ of the body, which have been traced to the work of this insidious enemy, until it is becoming questionable if, outside the effect of injury from without, all the physical ills of life may not indeed be due to or aided by this ever-present foe.

Within thirty or forty years past the science of medicine has undergone a remarkable change. Science, we say, but this is largely a misnomer. Medicine has only of late fairly entered the field of science. Before the promulgation of the germ theory of disease it was mainly a system of empirical practice. Blankly ignorant of the underlying cause of disease—at least of the infectious diseases—physicians were, in great part, confined to observing the effect of remedies and employing such as proved efficacious. They fought against an invisible enemy and the best they could do was to employ weapons which have proved useful in staying its ravages.



So far as systems of treatment are concerned, this is still largely the case. Ignorance of how to combat the microbe directly obliges physicians still to deal with it indirectly. But a new system of medicine is gradually developing as medical men become more familiar with the situation; as they learn how the microbic foe does its work and discover how to head it off.

One main method is to harden the body against it. It is known that the normal cells of the body strive to hold their own against these invading cells, and that the phagocytes, or giant blood cells, the policemen of the system, vigorously attack and destroy them. Only when the invading force is too powerful for the army of police cells does the disease prevail. What medical science is now seeking to do is to aid the phagocytes in their work of defense, to strengthen the body against its invaders.

In mediæval times this was done in the case of poisons by a gradual inoculation, with similar poisons, in doses of growing strength. The first disease this system was tried against was smallpox, at first the heroic method of inoculation, then by the safer and milder one of vaccination. The scientific fact underlying this method men did not know. It was empirical, but it proved effective. It is not clear yet that they know the science of it, but its effect is evident and it is being employed against disease after disease, as the specific microbes of the different diseases are discovered and their antidotes discovered. We have a patent example in the use of antitoxin against diphtheria and others in the case of some other diseases.

But the chief fight against the microbes lies in another direction. The crusade is one of prevention rather than cure. To deal with disease by known methods of cure after its ravages have actually begun is one thing; to prevent the spread of its ravages by infection or contagion is quite another, doubtless a more important one. The old system of quarantine, known for ages past, has been enormously extended in the fight against the microbe. In old times, cities and provinces were placed under quarantine. To-day houses are quarantined. Wherever a case of an infectious disease appears, the yellow label of disease shows its ugly face and the inmates of that house are cut off for a considerable interval from all intercourse with their fellows. And this is now applied not only to such perilous diseases as diphtheria and smallpox, but to such minor ones as measles and whooping cough. Grippe or a bad cold are not yet subjects for quarantine, but the alarm is abroad and no one knows where it will stop.

The crusade of prevention goes farther than this. Fumigation is now applied in schools and other places of resort in which a case of infectious disease has ap-

peared. Contaminated waters are filtered as a safeguard against the communication of cholera and typhoid germs, and with highly beneficial results. There is but little doubt but that epidemics of cholera have of late years been nipped in the bud by this and other preventive measures. As regards yellow fever, there could be no more useful object lesson than that shown in Santiago and Havana, in which cities this deadly disease disappeared when the intrusion of the germ-bearing mosquito was checked. The same benefit may yet arise in the case of malarial fever by the eradication of the mosquito which carries its germs. The crusade against this winged terror has already begun, and a similar enmity is arising against the housefly, as possibly like it a danger as well as a nuisance.

When we recall the fact that all this progress has been made within the past forty years the gain seems enormous. What forty more years will bring about if the same rate of progress is kept up it is difficult to say. The day of the sweeping plague, of the black terror, of devastating epidemics, seems at an end, so far as civilized countries are concerned. This is an immense gain. The day of the minor, house to house, and even room to room infection, may similarly pass away. Medical science is probing deeper and deeper into the characteristics of the microbe; its methods of producing its effects, the reaction of the body against it, and how that reaction can be invigorated; and yearly the scientific crusade against disease is gathering force. It is now stated for instance, that the deleterious effect comes not directly from the microbe itself, but from its toxic emanations, the poisons it plants in the body, and it is against these that the antitoxin treatment is directed.

Would men live forever if all the microbes were annihilated? Scarcely so, for several reasons. Though microbic diseases are the most dangerous and rapid in effect of those to which he is subjected, they are by no means the whole. There are natural ills aside from this, ills capable of deadly result. And, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that, in addition to the deleterious microbes there are many that are innoxious and many that are actively beneficial. The human body is doubtless the seat of a number of these useful species of microbes, and many others are working for him without, some making themselves useful in supplying nitrogen to plants, some in aiding fermentation, some in other ways. Among the ferments we have some deleterious kinds, poisons to the fermenting liquid, some of beneficial effect, and the beer-makers have learned how to cure a sick mash as physicians have a sick man.

What are microbes? That is a question which is not easy to answer. They are organic substances lying at or very near the bottom of living things,

usually classed with the vegetables, but lying in that region in which little or no distinction between animal and vegetable exists. They have fed upon the higher life for long ages back, and may date back to the very origin of life. That is, they may represent the earliest form of organic life—as they are one of the most active of the latest forms.—*The Searchlight*.



### THE BLUE KITTEN.

JOHN LOOMIS, with twenty other sturdy farmers from the State of Indiana, had located in the spring of 1903 on a beautiful prairie in the heart of the great woods of Minnesota.

Zerma's grandmother, ere they left Indiana, had presented her with a blue kitten which was boxed and carefully stowed away in the car of stock and "plunder" that Mr. Loomis had shipped to their new home. Zerma had named him "The Blue Kitten," and as soon as they arrived at their new home "The Blue Kitten" was released and he and Zerma became fast friends.

They lived in a great white tent while the trees were being felled and their dwelling erected. Zerma and the Blue Kitten frolicked and sang as merrily as the birds which were nesting among the branches of the great trees not far from their tent. Wherever Zerma went the Blue Kitten was in her arms or sported at her feet, and when she slept he lay curled up in her arms.

Zerma's older sister, Zelma, and her big brother, Zacharia, or "Zach," as he was generally called, often teased her about her little pet. One day Zach told her he intended to take him over to the woods and let the Canadian lynx and timber wolves eat him, and, though she did not believe it, she did not like the thought of it, for she had seen dark forms steal through the grass at the edge of the woods and could distinguish the screech of one from the howl of the other, and she had been in constant dread of them, and she could not keep back the tears as she thought of the awful fate of her pet should he be taken to the woods.

She ran weeping to her mother, hugging the Blue Kitten to her bosom, and, curled up in her mother's lap, she sobbed out the awful threat. Her mother told her that Zach would not do it, he was only teasing her.

Often after that, when sleeping she would suddenly awaken and if the Blue Kitten was not near she would begin to cry and ask, "Where is the Blue Kitten?" And when he was safe in her arms she would again sink to sleep.

"Into all lives dark days must come," and there came one into Zach's, and, though a lad of but thirteen summers, he will never forget it. His mother

had gone to a neighbor's, his father was hewing logs for his barn, Zelma was dressing her doll, and Zerma was watching her and had for the first time forgotten the Blue Kitten, which lay curled up on the doorstep.

Zach grabbed him up and ran to a small copse some ten rods south of the house.

A quarter of a mile south of the copse a narrow neck of the woods projected for half a mile into the prairie. To this he ran, threw down the Blue Kitten and returned as fast as his legs could carry him. So quickly was it done and so busily engaged was his father that he did not see him. As soon as he returned his father sent him on an errand.

Zerma soon tired of watching her sister and went in search of the Blue Kitten. She looked in and around the house; she asked Zelma and her father if they had seen him; she called and called, but he did not come. At last her father told her he might have gone to the copse. Thither she ran, but he came not at her calling.

She hastened through the copse and as she saw the woods she thought of her brother's cruel threat, and, thinking of nothing but the safety of her kitten, she ran toward it, calling, "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" On into the woods she ran, calling and pausing to listen, and then still on and on. At last she thought she heard a faint "Mew!" that sounded very far away. Standing still she called loudly, "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" "Mew! Mew!" came the answer at each call. The mews became louder and at last two bright eyes peered out at her from a clump of low bushes and the next instant the Blue Kitten bounded to her side. Clasping him in her arms she told him, "There, the cruel things shall not eat the Blue Kitten!"

She started on, but instead of returning, each little step took her farther into the woods.

On and on she toddled till the little limbs became weary and the little eyes sleepy. She came to a small opening, in the center of which was a big boulder. She sank down beside it and was soon sleeping soundly.

Upon her return, Mrs. Loomis asked where Zerma was, as she had not run to meet her as she was wont to do. Her husband told her the last he saw of her she was looking for the Blue Kitten and he had thought she had found him and returned to the house. In an instant she thought of Zach's threat, and, turning to him she said, "Zack, did you carry away the Blue Kitten?"

Zach had many faults, but lying was not one of them, and he replied, "Yes, Ma, I did, but—"

"Where, Zack?" she demanded.

"To the neck of the woods south of the copse," he answered.

"That accounts for her absence; she has gone in search of him," she said.



"Zach," said his father, sternly, "hurry and inform the neighbors, and when I return I shall attend to you."

Grasping his gun that he always kept near him he was soon lost to view in the forest. The neighbors soon followed him, and when they struck the main woods they scattered to cover more land and be more likely to find her.

Mr. Loomis had not gone far into the woods when he found her handkerchief. There was no further evidence that she had been there. No little footmarks were visible in the grass and moss.

About a mile from the line of the main woods he struck a deer trail, wet from a recent rain. Along this he ran for a short distance, but nothing had been over it. On and on he ran, but stopped so suddenly that he almost fell. In the center of the trail lay a little footprint. The soft mud had oozed up between the tiny toes. It lay crosswise of the trail. Two muddy footprints could be seen, then they were no longer visible. He zigzagged away from the trail, then back to the trail some twenty rods farther on, and there the footprints ran with the trail. He often noticed as he ran two footprints side by side where she had stopped to call for the Blue Kitten.

"If she kept the trail I shall soon find her," he said. "But she has been gone two hours and she has run—" He never finished the sentence. Here she had turned from the trail to get her kitten.

There was no grass now in the woods, only moss, with here and there a patch of bare ground where he found her footmarks. Once he lost her trail in a large patch of moss, but finding it again he followed it first one direction, then another. When he was about five miles in the forest he came to the opening and his face blanched at the sight before him. There by the great boulder lay his little daughter, and not ten feet from her stood a large Canadian lynx and between them stood the Blue Kitten with his back arched till he was twice his natural size. The lynx crouched to spring, but the unerring ball sped through his heart and he tore up the earth in his dying agony.

As the report of his gun died away an answering shot replied far to the northeast; another and another. But he scarcely heard them. Clasping his child to his bosom with the Blue Kitten in her arms, he wended his way toward the spot from whence came the report. Nearer and nearer he came to them and at last a gun was fired almost at his side.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Have you found her?" asked the man. "Yes," he answered. "Hello! Hello!" was shouted till all who had joined in the search were standing around him.

The twilight was deepening into night as they emerged from the forest. As soon as poor, tear-stained Zach saw them he ran to meet them, and

great was his joy that not only was his little sister safe, but that she had found the Blue Kitten.

Ere the neighbors departed he said to his father, "Here, father, are two switches. I want you to whip me before all the neighbors, for I deserve it." His father clasped him in his arms and said, "Zach, the punishment you have received is, I think, sufficient and if I had been a few minutes later your punishment would have been more terrible than any I could have meted out to you."

Mr. Loomis returned the next day for the skin of the lynx, which he tanned and made into a rug that lies before Zerma's little bed.

Zerma has grown but little, but the Blue Kitten is now a great cat, and when he arches his back he looks almost as formidable as the fierce beast he faced two years ago.

Though still playful, his chief delight is dozing upon the lynx-skin rug and his little mistress often curls up beside him and says, "Bib brother meant no harm. He was only teasing."—*George Clay Lloyd, in Young People's Paper.*



#### IRON PIT OF CASTE.

##### In Which the Unfortunate Hindus are Imprisoned for Generations.

OF the Indian system of caste, Charles Edward Russell writes as follows in the June installment of "Soldiers of the Common Good," in *Everybody's Magazine*:

"On this basis is the social structure of India erected—the men that work branded with an ineffaceable sign of infamy, the idlers and loafers exalted to the highest honor; and between them are gradations of state in proportion to idleness and loafism. The four great divisions were originally the Brahmans or priests, the warriors, the farmers and traders, and the Sudras, who were serfs and laborers. Each of these classes has been subdivided by many additional lines, but the great main boundaries have not been changed in two thousand years. Persons in one class can have no association with persons in another class on pain of penalties that to Hindu ideas are not short of death. Arranged in strata, one above the other, each class does reverence to all classes above it and despises or abhors all classes beneath it.

"No person born in one of these classes can by any possibility raise himself to a higher class. Not learning, nor wisdom, nor achievement, nor benevolence, nor creation in art or literature, nor discovery, nor service to his times, nor even any accumulation of dirty dollars can better his class station. As he was born, so he remains. He is of the class of his father and grandfather; his sons and his grandsons forever will be of the same class, whatever it may be. He can degrade himself to a lower, he cannot lift him-

self to a higher, class. A custom hard as iron and certain as fate fixes his station with his birth, and from that station there is absolutely no upward way. He must not marry nor have friends outside his class; nor aspire, nor hope his children may fare better than he has fared. He was born in a pit with sides neither he nor any descendant of his shall scale so long as the system remains."



#### THE AFTERMATH.

IN the long ago, when the term "nervous exhaustion" was almost unknown, the coming of the spring-time was hailed with unmixed joy. But in these days, the very first bright day opens up such vistas and visions of work to be done that we hardly know where to begin or how to meet the new duties. The planings for the summer sewing; the increased laundering; the house-cleaning; the gardening; the catering to capricious appetites; the dread of the enervating heat to come, and the thought of many other things of like nature, rob us of our rest by night and by day, until the actual coming of these duties brings so much in its train that we simply have to shut our eyes to consequences and go ahead.

When the battle has been fought and we come forth in all the beauty of cleanliness and order, we find that the victory has been dearly bought; we are almost too tired to rally, and we wonder if we ever will get rested enough to enjoy the comfort our hands have brought out of the chaos. We turn to almost anything that promises relief from this condition, and it is a pity that so many of us depend on drugs for the relief longed for, despite the fact that we are assured by many of our best physicians that drug treatment has but little, if any, permanent beneficial effect on nerve ailments.

If we might only accept the restoratives and stimulants which Nature offers so abundantly in fresh air, nourishing foods, sleep and rest, how much better it would be for all concerned! If we might only accept the divine injunction to "take no thought of the morrow, for to-morrow will take thought for the things of itself," how many sleepless nights and anxious hours we might be spared! But we are borne along on the flood of toil, seemingly helpless, until at last we slip into the great ocean of eternity "where the weary," so far as this life is concerned, "are at rest." And what have we gained?

I am sure you will ask me how we can "let things go;" and I am sure I can not tell you. You each know, or may learn, your own limitations, and this you should do. So much that is done in every home is utterly useless, and we could so well do without it! And nobody can tell you what these things are. You must find this out for yourselves; this may be done

by studying your needs, rather than your wants and wishes. You, who have little children still clinging to your garments, should begin now to interest them in your life; to teach them that every one has his or her responsibilities, and give them the happiness of helping you, even though at first the hindrance is greater than the help. Let them, of themselves, study out ways and means of doing things; teach them to think for themselves. In giving them this education, you will doubtless be learning a few lessons, yourself, and, by helping them to plan and think, you, also, will become more proficient. Even the tiny toddler at your feet can be taught to put its playthings away, and you can not mistake its pride and delight when it is allowed to help you according to its tiny strength and mental development. Do try this plan, dear mother, for I know whereof I speak.—*The Commoner*.



#### BOB BURDETTE'S VIEWS.

THE *Dial of Progress* has clipped the following from Bob Burdette:

"Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is in respectability and permanent prosperity it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic. I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming feature in its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty, a blur upon purity, a clog upon progress, a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

"Search through the history of this fateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame, and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace."



TRUE sovereignty is in service, as every spiritually awakened nature knows; therefore, in such service one fulfills the highest harmony of being, and secures to himself the greatest pleasure possible, the highest joy, and the furthest removed from "grief."—*Charles B. Newcomb*.



A GOOD way to beautify your home is to beautify your conduct in it.



"THE man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## HELPING NATURE.



It begins to look now as if nature would soon grow careless concerning the creation of what we call classical features. The reason we have for thinking so is that nature hardly ever performs useless labor of any kind, and since the human family is relieving nature of that part of

her work it is not necessary for her to burden herself with it.

The time has been when nature would confer upon some individuals a Roman nose, while another would enjoy a proboscis of the Grecian style, but in these days it matters not whether one has fallen heir to a stub or an aquiline, the artist compels the afflicted one to wear a nose corset for a few nights and the desired change is made. The tip of the nose is pushed downward or to one side or upward according to the fancy of the party.

Again you notice in shaking hands with your friends that some have short, stubby fingers and others broad, thin ones, and only a small per cent have the long, tapering fingers that society demands. But this is no longer necessary. A six months' treatment of brass thimbles or pincers will remedy all these defects of nature and your friends of close observation will admire your slim, tapering phalanges.

Some of our lady friends who have wasted dollars' worth of powder and paint and hundreds of dollars' worth of time need no longer display their muddy complexion, but by the new process of flaying the artist is able to grow a new skin as soft and pink as a baby's. Of course untold and indescribable torture must be suffered, but what matters that just so nature has been defeated?

Those suffering from the embarrassment of possessing small eyeballs or lower eyelids are assisted by cutting the corners of the eyes so as to allow more of the ball to be shown, and thus the lancet again comes

to their rescue. The artificial eye is now hooked to the muscle in such a way as to be turned and does not present the stationary appearance of the original glass eye. The eye, teeth, wig, limbs, and the complication of a host of other things that are added these days in order to assist nature are not called artificial any more, but artistic. Yes, science has come to the assistance of nature to quite a considerable degree, and it seems that the longer the race lives the more foolish they become. The people either have more money than they know what to do with, or else not enough brains to appreciate what nature has done for them. If nature would provide some with the contortions they bring upon themselves by artificial means, or art, if you please, they would either commit suicide or give all they had in the start to be in some other shape. And how very, very few are satisfied with the endowments nature has given them.

If people would spend as much time and money on the development of the brain and mind, which is intended to be developed, as they do upon the body, which would attend to its own development largely, it would be much more fortunate for the future generation. If we really want to assist nature, let us do it by conforming to the laws of nature, instead of going the opposite direction.



## DEVIL WORSHIP.

PROBABLY it is beyond the belief of some of the INGLENOOK readers at first thought to think that there are people to-day who actually worship the devil. Of course it is conceded at once that a great many people do not worship Almighty God, and therefore in a certain sense, by the very nature of the case, they would be counted self-worshippers of the adversary. Then there are other people who wilfully do things that are wrong, and everybody else knows them to be so and they cannot be counted as disciples of the Great Master.

But this is not the case of people to whom we now refer. There is an organization, and a large one, too, in this country, and in a good many other countries, where the devil is actually worshiped the same as we worship God. They have their churches or places of worship and have their forms of worship, sing and pray and speak in the name of Beelzebub, Moloch, Ashteroth, and even Lucifer. One place in Paris, not far from the Pantheon, and indeed it is not far from the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, there is an altar erected to Pandemon. In this particular place, above the altar, there is suspended the figure of Lucifer himself, amid the flames, and the people gather there by the hundreds on Friday about three o'clock and actually go through the regular form of worship, and there is especially one great service which they

call black mass. It seems almost incredible when we know that some of the well-to-do and respectable citizens of our best cities in the world are devotees at this shrine.

It seems that this attempt is made to reestablish the worship of the fallen archangel, and it is one of the most remarkable manifestations of modern occultism. The prime object, of course, is to thwart the purpose of the church and to work in direct antagonism to it.

The reason why people do not know more about this kind of worship is that one of its principal fundamental doctrines is that all their worship must be done in secret. Of course that is the way the devil worships. He does a great deal of his canvassing in broad daylight, as other missionaries do, but when he gets people to really worshiping him they do it chiefly in secret. It is lamentable, it is astounding and it is no less awful that the Christian world allows itself to wane and grow lethargical, when such operations as these should be met and overthrown.

We cannot afford, as a church and as a nation, to allow any such religion as this to exist, and when this article is read there may be a tendency upon the part of some of us to say it is not true, that these things do not exist, and they will spend more time perhaps contradicting it than in trying to overcome the influence of it.

\* \* \*

**VANITY.**

ONE of the most striking examples of the result of vanity is in the late invention of a mouse trap. Some ingenious fellow has conceived the idea that mice are as vain as people, and, acting upon these principles, he has placed a small mirror in the back of his mouse trap into which Mr. and Mrs. Mouse cast admiring glances at themselves as they pass by, and, of course the temptation is really too great for Mr. Mouse and he immediately rushes forward to see if his whiskers are in proper order, and lady mouse is overcome with a desire of her sex to see that her attire is carefully arranged before appearing in society, and while this admiring couple is thus engaged, in all likelihood their attention will be drawn to the Welch rarebit which is suspended in front of the glass, and, in the endeavor to get on the outside of this tidbit of course the spring is unwittingly released and the result is their life is crushed out of their bodies.

Here is the story of deception in a nutshell, or, rather, in a mouse trap. That is exactly the method used by the adversary of the soul to-day. He presents to each one of us our own likeness in the most striking manner. Of course as we see ourselves we only see the outside, and as others see us they see what is within. We are led on by the tempter with his giddy attraction until he succeeds in getting us behind the bars of self-worship, and while busily engaged at

one's own shrine the spring is released and he has us well fastened with his ball and chain, and we are prisoners for life.

Perhaps no other one method that the 'devil' has ever been guilty of using has been more effectual than selfishness in all its forms. Self-worship, self-adoration, self-esteem, self-consciousness, and all of these other attributes of selfishness. When we are once within its grasp we are simply dead to anything else and therefore we become useless factors of society.

We are not advertising this mouse trap, in fact we do not know where it is made, or where it is on sale, but if each one of our family had one of these little traps it would be worth its cost if it never caught a mouse, just for the lesson that is in it.

\* \* \*

**AFTER ALL.**

THE conference is over and we are all back home again. We feel tired and somewhat worn; some money and valuable time has been spent, but who misses the loss? Who of us would trade back? Would we willingly have missed the opportunity of seeing old-time friends, and other special features of the informal reception that the social part of the meeting affords? Never! Then the supreme satisfaction of hearing the momentous questions of the church to-day discussed, relative to Sunday school, mission work and the great educational centers of the Brotherhood.

Then there is the actual worth of the conference itself in which every member of the church is an interested stockholder, with everything invested that he has in this world, or at least should be. Why should he not be interested? Why should not the people come thousands of miles and spend hundreds of dollars to attend to such business as pertains to the welfare of the whole world?

After all is it not a fact that sometimes we think we will not attend any more conferences when some little thing goes wrong, and then sometimes we think we cannot possibly attend the next one, as much as we would like to go, but as the time draws nearer that unseen force holds our hearts and minds toward the assembly of the saints until everything else is set aside and we find ourselves amid the great throng at the tabernacle. This great desire that has been formed has been so done partly by education and partly by a natural desire to worship the Great Father of all. After all it is a good thing that we learn to know each other better; that we understand each other better; that we eliminate localisms through generalization; that we renew our enthusiasm through reunions; that we support a great missionary sentiment among us by reviving the seeds that have been planted long years ago by thus encouraging each other on our way heavenward.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

## ANNUAL MEETING ITEMS.

WHILE descending the steps to supper in the basement of the Woman's building June 1, Mrs. J. S. Geiser, of Baltimore, Md., had the misfortune to fall and break one of her arms. A doctor was immediately summoned, who reduced the fracture, and late in the evening she was resting very well.

The Springfield conference was one of the most satisfactory held in many years. The grounds were ideal, the buildings spacious, the Standing Committee strong, the delegates representative, and the business plentiful and important. The weather was all that could be asked for.

The tabernacle services last Sunday were as follows: 8:30 A. M., Sunday school; 10:10, Sermon, D. L. Miller, Mt. Morris, Ill., subject, "Visions"; 2:30 P. M., sermon, J. A. Dove, Cloverdale, Va., subject, "Practical Christianity."

Many people at the conference took advantage of the opportunity of paying a visit to the old home of Abraham Lincoln while in Springfield, also the fine memorial statue erected in honor of the martyred emancipator.

Geo. B. Holsinger, the musical editor of the Brethren Publishing House, has been ill for some time, but is now convalescent.

Standing Committee says the Annual Conference goes to California next year.



## ANNUAL MEETING TRAIN WRECKED.

A SPECIAL train for Annual Meeting, consisting of five passenger coaches and a baggage car, was made up at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and had been transferred to the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis line at Peoria, Ill. It contained five hundred passengers. Near Forest City, Ill., which is midway between Pekin and Havana, a broken rail was encountered, resulting in the derailment of three coaches. A freight train standing on a side track at the point of the wreck prevented the cars of the special train from toppling over. The cars were dragged along the ties, falling against the freight train, and the sides of the cars were crushed to splinters. Doctors Young and Dixon, of Springfield, were notified of the accident and went at once to the scene

and cared for the injured. The victims were then brought to Springfield and taken to Springfield hospital.

The following account of the accident is given by D. W. Miller, who had charge of the injured when brought to Springfield: "The train was going at a fair rate of speed when suddenly there was a noise proceeding from under the train. The conductor, fearing something was wrong, pulled the bell rope. The engineer did not immediately respond and the conductor pulled the rope again. Before the train was brought to a standstill the coaches had been dragged along the ties, falling against a freight train on the adjoining track. It is marvelous that there was not a greater number of persons injured and that no one was killed."

Members of the engine crew say that the conductor's signal was the first intimation they had that anything was wrong. By that time the cars had struck the freight train.



It is hardly possible for a New Yorker to think that there can be any other kind of canal except the Panama or the Erie, but there is soon to be a Cape Cod canal across the Massachusetts peninsula. Dredges will soon be put to work at cutting a ten-mile ditch through to the bay, and it will take almost two years and a half to complete the opening of the waterway.



THOUSANDS of Zulus from Chief Kula's kraal are reported to be on their way to join the rebel Nambaata. Colonial troops are being hurried forward to prevent their junction. Chief Kula was placed in jail at Pietermaritzburg on May 11, and it is likely that this act caused the rising of his followers. It is reported by the natives who were captured by the colonial forces that witch doctors are sacrificing children in order to render the rebels immune from British bullets; that before a battle they kill a girl and concoct "medicine" from her body, with which the witch doctors anoint the warriors under the pretense of rendering them invulnerable to bullets.



ON May 11 all saloon licenses in the city of San Francisco were revoked for an indefinite period of time by order of Mayor Schmidt, which order was

unanimously consented to by the Board of Police Commissioners. Since the closing of the saloons the absence of crime has been so materially noticeable and living has become such a pleasure that the people are determined to curtail the number of saloons when licenses are again granted. The saloon-keepers who are rebuilding their establishments have been notified not to go to great expense, as the number of licenses and the places to conduct their places of vice and sin will be very small. If we can say that the recent great disaster is the primary cause of this movement we are made to ask ourselves, "What city will next be doomed?" God's eye is over us all, and at all times, and when people purposely vote in favor of the saloon has he not a right to punish them here on this earth, as a warning to those who may be inclined to be led by sentiment only? If the populace of the city of San Francisco could only see far enough ahead, what a blessing the entire absence of the saloon would be to their city, they would say, "We will go one step farther and wipe the saloon out entirely." If they would do that they would indeed have done the noblest work of reform ever instituted and executed by a large municipal body.

THE draft of the address to the throne, in reply to the Czar's speech at the opening of the douma, submitted to the lower house by the commission on May 15, consists practically of the following demands: (1) General amnesty; (2) the abolition of the death penalty; (3) the suspension of martial law and all exceptional laws; (4) full civil liberty; (5) the abolition of the council of the empire; (6) the revision of the fundamental law; (7) the establishment of the responsibility of ministers; (8) the right of interpellation; (9) forced expropriation of land; (10) guarantees of the rights of trades unions. It is reported that the cabinet has practically decided upon an amnesty measure which, though falling far short of the universality demanded by the lower house, conforms to the idea of the council of the empire of granting pardons to all political offenders except those convicted of agrarian murders or attempts to murder.

THE Viceroy of Canton, China, has paid the American consul at Canton, Julius G. Lay, the sum of \$60,000 as indemnity for the mission buildings and personal property of the missionaries destroyed in the riots there last October.

AN association known as the Ethiopian Progressive Association of America has filed incorporation papers at Pierre, S. Dak., which is capitalized at \$700,000,000, divided into shares of \$10 each. Three prominent negroes, one from Connecticut and the other two

from South Dakota, are the incorporators. The purpose of the association is to help the negro in his struggle for moral, intellectual and material advancement.

It is stated that the United States Weather Bureau has now completed arrangements by which vessels at sea are notified of a coming storm by wireless telegraph.

ROBERT ADAMS, representative from Pennsylvania, shot himself to death in Washington June 1, leaving a note saying financial losses was the cause.

AFTER a heated discussion the United Presbyterian General Assembly, in conference at Richmond, Ind., rejected the name of the Rev. John A. Burnett, of Monmouth, Ill., for general secretary of the Young People's Association, on the ground that he was a user of tobacco, and consequently unfit to head a society of young folks.

IN the Girls' Technical High School at New York a practical course in hospitality, or the entertainment of guests at dinners or receptions, has been added to the course in housekeeping. Different classes already have given receptions to the wives of prominent city officials. As a feature of this work, the girls recently arranged a combined reception of all the classes, to be known as "Appreciation Day," as a mark of esteem for teachers and principals.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN, of the United States Court, was retired from service Monday, when he reached the age of seventy, the fact being announced by Chief Justice Fuller. On the minutes of the court was spread a letter of appreciation from his colleagues, and his reply to them. Justice Brown said he would gladly continue the work were it not for his impaired eyesight. He held his place on the Supreme bench for fifteen years.

SECRETS of the fashionable gambling house conducted by Richard Canfield at New York, have been laid bare in connection with the suit of Canfield's former lawyer, Delahunty, to recover payment for services rendered. The plaintiff told how a wealthy youth whose name begins with V, had lost \$300,000 at Canfield's table, and had settled notes for the amount by paying \$130,000 cash, and how a United States senator had been compelled to make good \$60,000 losses. Delahunty said that he knew Canfield's income to be \$500,000 a year, and that his fortune was at least \$5,000,000.





## HOME DEPARTMENT



### "A JUNE LOVE SONG."

F. E. HATHAWAY.

I found a rosebud,  
When 'twas budding new.  
Seeking for sunlight,  
Steadily it grew.

Each day the blushes  
Grew a richer red;  
Each day I strolled  
To watch the nodding head

Until the bud  
Into a flower had blown.  
I plucked and wore it—  
All mine own.

O lovely rose,  
My heart's best flower!  
Thy ruby lips  
The richest dower.

O lovely rose  
Ne'er from me part.  
I fain would wear thee  
On my heart.

Chicago, Ill.



### UNNECESSARY WOUNDS.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

"Oh! mother, I feel like crying. I can hardly control my emotions. I just feel miserable!"

"Why, what in the world is wrong now?" said her mother.

"Oh, neighbor Brown's have been lying about me again. It just seems like they are not satisfied unless they are trying to tear some one's character down. Mrs. Brown especially, and Maude is no better either. But there are plenty other people just as bad though.

"Ethel Jones was telling a lot of stuff about that Mrs. Brown has been telling about me. It just makes me feel miserable. But every word is false! She said that I was keeping company with Arthur Hunt and a whole lot of stuff. She said she saw us pass last Thursday evening. And she put the emphasis on every word. The idea!

"Mother, such a scandalous report as she is circulating—and some people will believe it! You know he is the worst character in the neighborhood. I did pass there Thursday evening, when cousin Frank and I went to prayer meeting. I saw Mrs. Brown poking her head out the window. And she just got it into

her head that it was Arthur Hunt, and she just imagined it all. I can't understand how she could imagine such stuff. I am sure I never gave any one a reason to think that. Mother, you know, and so does she, that I would not be caught in Arthur's company. Of course I will speak to him. It will do no harm to speak to people, even if they are bad. It may help them to be better. It is simply ridiculous. I tell you, mother, I have not got a very good opinion of a Christian that is continually manufacturing lies and exaggerating things. She is good at both. It just makes me about half mad—"

"Now, Nellie, you should rejoice that the report is false. It makes me feel bad, too. But I rejoice that my daughter's character is above just reproach. And whatever false things people may say will do you no real harm, Nellie. 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.'

"When people imagine and tell untruths about people it is themselves they are hurting. Of course it causes many heartaches for the person that has been misrepresented. But if you do right and live right in the sight of your Father it will not harm you. Always try to do right. Never do anything to give people a reason to talk about you."

"Well, mother, I did not know that I did. Every word she said was a lie. I would rather have a person steal everything I have than for them to lie about me."

"I know you did not, Nellie. Rejoice that it isn't true. You know when our blessed Savior was here he did not do a wrong act. Yet they tried to ruin his spotless character by telling lies, but they utterly failed. So don't worry, Nellie; Jesus forgave them, so must we."

"Yes, but it is extremely hard to do," said Nellie.

"Yes, it is. But you must forgive them, or you will be guilty of as great a sin as your false accusers."

"Well, mother, I can easily forgive them, but it leaves a wound that is hard to heal."

"Don't mistreat Brown's folks on account of this, now, Nellie. God knows when a person tells a lie. You know, Nellie, that there is always somebody trying to tear down what we build up. When we do the very best we can we know how some one is ready to find fault. It always was that way and I suppose always will be. So don't get discouraged. It will come out all right in the end for you. Rev. 21: 8 gives the doom of all liars.

"Many times persons are attacked by persons that have prejudices, or jealousy, simply because the person attacked is free from whatever faults they may

be accused of. I suppose Mrs. Brown was so very curious as to who was with you that she just imagined it might be Arthur. I do not understand either how she could imagine such a thing. But you know some people when they are not sure of a thing just imagine now how it might possibly be, or who it might, or if it wasn't so and so; and then just tell their imaginations for the truth.

"God is the author of truth, but the devil is father of all lies. Nothing can be more easy than to speak the truth. Nothing can be more difficult than to speak falsely. Nothing but joy comes from speaking the truth. Nothing but sorrow comes by speaking falsely, and exaggeration is but another name for falsehood. There is no medium; what is not true must be false."

After Nellie's mother had finished speaking, Nellie wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "I feel wonderfully relieved now since you have talked so comforting to me. I will always tell the truth and not repeat tales that are intended to bring any kind of reproach on any person's character, and will keep in mind that 'truth crushed to earth will rise again.'"

*Hagerstown, Ind.*



#### HOW TO READ BOOKS.

SELECTED BY J. KURTZ MILLER.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to have had one faculty in a supernatural degree, that of mastering the contents of a book by glancing through its pages. A friend says of him that he could master any average book in a quarter of an hour. He had a sort of instinct which led him straight to its salient points, and after a quarter of an hour's study he was able to tell more about it and to argue more conclusively on its thesis than the average reader who begins with the preface and reads through to the last page. Lord Macaulay was a very rapid reader, and he had a very retentive memory. Joseph Cook draws the honey out of a book as a bee does out of a flower. Sometimes he may miss the real meaning, but there are few men who are his equal in either gathering from literature or preserving and using what they have gathered. I will not go so far as Rufus Choate, who said he never read a book through, but there are comparatively few books that require to be read by a proficient reader. There are pages and even chapters that he may skip. There are ideas elaborated that he can get from the bare statement of them; others illustrated that he can understand without delaying for the illustration; others that he is familiar with and does not need to get at all. It is possible to acquire a power to look through a book, discern by some sort of instinct, developed only by practice, what is valuable in it and what not, for

one's own purpose, seize on that and leave the rest alone. The first condition of rapid reading is careful reading. Read only what is worth careful reading. Recall, after you rise from your book or paper, what you have read. Attempt to give account of it to yourself or to others. Open a journal and habituate yourself to write down in it, from memory, an analysis of the last book or thoughts it suggested, or the remarkable facts which it contained. To attempt to read rapidly, before you have read slowly and laboriously, results in reading without thinking, which is no reading at all. If you keep this habit up, if you read thoroughly, that is with thought, and deny yourself all literature that is not worth thoughtful reading, when you have exercised yourself in this way for fifteen or twenty years, you will gradually find that practice makes perfect.—*Lyman Abbott, D. D.*



#### FOR OUR BOYS.

LORD MELBOURNE said: "Young men should never hear any other language than this: 'You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you succeed or fail.'" Any observer knows that the boy who has his life planned for him, and the rough places made smooth without any exertion on his part, is apt to be indolent, discontented and incompetent, says the *Commoner*. This is the kind of boy, when fortune fails him, who takes up the idea that the world owes him a living, and waits for his supposed inheritance. There are times, in the lives of both boys and men, when they think if they had the chance they could do great things. The way to have the chance is to make it. Opportunity does not come to us heralded by trumpet and drum, and greatness is seldom thrust upon us, though men have achieved success through influential friends, or by the pushing of great talents; but the majority achieve it by a combination of poverty, ambition, hard work and determination. The hard road is the sure road, and strength of mind, as of muscle, is only to be had by persistent exercise and steady training. The true meaning of success is not to accumulate wealth, or gain the applause of the multitude—the majority of whom shout only because they hear the shouting of others. A truly great man wishes to stand preëminent for something higher and better than money or notoriety. One to be really successful in the higher meaning of the word must be a hard, earnest worker, and must expect to take the knocks and buffeting he is sure to get from meaner, envious spirits. Modest merit is not necessarily overlooked, but merit, to be recognized, and hence to gain the reward it deserves, must exert itself to find it; it must not fail through inactivity, neglect of opportunity or untrained abilities. It must not be held back to be sought, but should



"let its light shine," and hold itself ready at all times to make the most of whatever advancement comes in its way. Forward and impudent men are not preferred above retiring merit, but it often happens that men of inferior abilities are prompt and active in grasping opportunities, where superior merit holds itself in the background. "A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion," and his presence is surely better known.



#### BENNYFITS OF SUNDAY SKOOLS.

My Teecher wanted us to rite a peece about the bennyfits of Sunday Skools. This is my peece. I am going on to 9 years old.

Bennyfit 1. Sunday Skools is a grate bennyfit to childrens' fathers and mothers. It gives em peece and happiness. Every Sunday morning my Pa and Ma gets up lat coz Pa is always tired Sundays. After breakfast Pa always says come hussle round children and go to Sunday Skool, for Pa is tired and wants a little peece and rest Sundays. Then Pa goes and lays down on the sofy and smokes and reads papers all the forenoon. Ma she sets to gittin dinner, for Pa says he must have a good dinner on Sunday, anyway. Ma has to take care of the baby, too, fer the hired gal is a cathlik and says she won't stay home from Church for nobody and Ma being a protestan has to mind her.

Bennyfit 2. Sunday Skools saves childrens' Pas and Mas from going to church. One day the minister was up to our house and he told Pa and Ma they ort to go to Church. And Pa says O, I send all my children to Sunday Skool, and gess that will have to do. Ma and Pa don't go to Church, but Ma says she would like to.

Bennyfit 3. Sunday Skools saves childrens' payrents a good deal of money. When the minister told Pa he ort to help pay the Church expenses, Pa said O I give my children a nickel a peece every Sunday to take to the Sunday Skool. But the minister said, yes, but the children get it all back again in Cards and Books and Picknicks, and Krismas trees. And Pa said, well it is all I can afford.

Bennyfit 4. Sunday Skools saves the big boys and girls from going to Church. When the boys get big enuff to smoke and not mind their Pas, then they stop goin to Sunday Skool. Only they go to Church some nites when the girls go along, and then they all set in back seats and chew gum. My Pa told Jim my big brother that he ort to go to Church reglar. But Jim said there ain't no need of my goin mor'n there is of your goin. But Pa said he was tired on Sundays. Pa keeps a store, but every day he says times are so hard he don't sell much and don't have much to do.

Bennyfit 5. Sunday Skools make the Teechers study up things. My Teechar was over to our house and Ma said shed ketch her. So she said, Miss Jenny

which is the oldest, the Cathlick Church or the Jewish Church. My Teechar said, I am not sure, but I think the Cathlick Church. My Ma said she sposed wa'n't so too, but any how there wa'n't much difference. My Pa thinks it is the duty of Sunday Skool Teechars to study up and know things. When we ask him about God, or something else we want to know very bad, he always says, you are a letle ahead of me, go and ask your Sunday Skool Teechar, that's what she's put there for to teech you. Jim, that's my big brother, said to Pa, how much wages does Sunday Skool Teechars get. Pa said they don't get no wages. They Teech for love. Then Jim said what do they love your children so much fer, and why don't you teach your own children for love. And Pa he got mad and told Jim he was sassy.

Bennyfit 6. Sunday Skools do a great deal of good to children. If it war'n't for them they wouldn't know nothin. For their Payrents haint got no time to teech em. Children learn songs, verses and things. If they go reglar and don't miss they get bigger pay for learning to be good. But when I am a little bigger I am going to do as Pa does and stay at home Sundays, and smoke and read the papers and have some of Mas big dinners.

Bennyfit 7. There is a grate many more bennyfits to Sunday Skools, but I don't know any more.—*Johnnie Cram, in the Young Churchman.*

### Read this to the Little Ones

#### WHAT THE RAIN DOES.

JOHN had been promised that he might go to the country to spend the day with his grandma. Now of all the things which he particularly liked to do this was his favorite. But this morning about which we are going to tell, the rain began to pour down just before John and his mamma were ready to start in the carriage.

John was generally a good boy, but this disappointment seemed to be more than he could bear, so he stamped his foot and cried and said, "The old rain had no business to come this morning," and many other naughty things. After he had somewhat gotten over his passion, his mamma said, "John, do you know you could not live if it were not for the rain?"

"I don't see why I could not," snapped John.

"Because you could not have anything to eat. Don't you know that you could not have any bread if the rain did not soften the ground so the wheat could get its nourishment, thus making the grains that are made into flour?"

"Well, I don't care if I don't have any bread. I don't like it anyway. I would eat rice."

"Yes, my boy, but you could not have any rice either if it never rained, for then the plants could not grow and the rice grains would never be made."

"Well, I would eat meat."

"What kind of meat would you eat, my boy?"

"Oh, I would eat beef, and pork, and fish, and—and—"

"That will do," said his mamma. "I am astonished that you mentioned fish. Do you not know that fish live in water, and that you could not have fish at all if it were not for water?"

John hung his head and wished he had not said fish, but he muttered, "I could eat beef; that is not made of water."

"What do the cows eat, John?"

"Oh, grass, and corn, and hay, and such things."

"Yes, of course they do, and those things would not grow without rain, and the cows could not live without such food as you mentioned, and you could not have beef without cows."

John did not say anything for awhile, and then he came to his mamma and said, "I am very sorry I talked so; I will never say anything naughty about the rain again."—*Selected.*



#### ALCOHOL FROM SAWDUST.

A PROFESSOR of the High School of Technology of Aix-la-Chapelle (M. Classen) has just succeeded in making absolute alcohol from sawdust. The process is simple, according to *l'Illustration*. The sawdust is treated with gaseous sulphuric acid. About 225 liters of crude alcohol, or 110 liters of absolute alcohol, can be made from one ton of sawdust.



If the carpet sweeper is pushed in the same direction as the warp of the rug, not against it, it will be found that the sweeper can be used with better success.

## The Rural Sanctum

### GUIDANCE.

AGNES NEFF.

Teach us thy ways, O God,  
Guide thou our feet;  
Where'er thy flocks do feed,  
In pastures sweet.  
Tho' on the mountainside  
Rough be the way,  
Where'er thou wilt, O God,  
Guide lest we stray.

Milford, Ind.



### CLOUDS.

MAUDE DEARDORFF.

Who has not witnessed the approach of a storm? Is it not something wonderful to watch the great heavy clouds rise and grow black and uncertain and apparently boiling in the western sky? And yet when the sky is lit up by the great electric streaks making the black cloud seem still blacker do we not grow restless and sometimes almost forget that Divine Power ruleth all? But what is there that should make us realize this truth more?

As the storm approaches, hurried on by the rushing, roaring wind, the raindrops begin to fall and the hailstones to rattle on our roof, how soon we begin to murmur and complain. Some pleasure has been

spoiled or some work that we had planned must be postponed. But were it not for these dark and stormy days how could we appreciate the bright and sunny days?

After the storm has spent its passion and we walk out to enjoy the balmy evening breeze, does not the sun shine forth more brilliantly than before? God's bow of promise stands out so prominent in the sky, the grass and flowers wave their bright colors in the glorious sunlight after having been washed with the dews of heaven. The birds carol forth the praises of their Creator and all nature breaks forth into joy at the beauty of the scene. Then it is that we realize the blessings of an occasional stormy day and chide ourselves for having been so ungrateful.

Do not clouds and even storms o'ercast the sky in our Christian pilgrimage? How many times does all seem black before us, and even the success of others, instead of causing us joy only makes our way seem more dark. And still, what use to strive to reach a better world were it all pleasure and happiness here?

Standing by the grave of father, mother, sister, brother or friend, does it not seem as though all our hopes are buried there and all ahead is darkness? And at the same time is not this what makes one realize more and more that we have more to live for and need to work harder than ever for the prize at the end of the race, that we might meet with those that have gone before? How many times has God



taken a little flower from earth to heaven and by so doing has touched a tender chord in some stony heart and brought a wanderer home?

Let us look through and beyond the storm clouds and look for the silver lining that will eventually shine forth.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seems to us like dim funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps."

*Brumbaugh, N. Dak.*



### THE FLOWER AS A FAULTLESS PREACHER.

GRACE LONGENECKER.

How suggestive to meditate upon the flowers: violets, forget-me-nots, pansies, etc.

Did you ever listen to one of nature's sermons in a beautiful flower? I think this is one of the reasons they are so often sent to the sick room, because of their adaptability to teach.

Take an aged father on his last bed of sickness. Bring to him a bouquet of these beautiful May flowers. He is not now alone, but each flow'ret seems to be a companion. The violet says, "May I comfort you, dear comrade? I too will soon pass away, but I have fulfilled my mission in life. I am satisfied." So said the forget-me-not, the pansy.

The aged father had lived a number of years, but, listening to the sermon by the violet, he admitted the comparison of his life with that of a flower.

"How sweet are the flowers of April and May!  
But often the frost makes them wither away.  
Our lives are like flowers that bloom but a day."

The life of a pansy is to eighty years as eighty years is to eternity, comparatively speaking.

Compare your life, also, with the flower as to its mission in life. Has it been successful? Has it been pure, giving out beauty and fragrance?

The more beautiful the flower the more cheer it seems to give a heart. The more beautiful the character the greater purpose it has served in the world.

The violet fulfilled its mission and was satisfied. Can I be satisfied with anything less? Can you? Let us study our mission well and meet our short lives bravely.

"Life is before you: from the fatal road  
You cannot turn. Then take up the load,  
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,  
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.  
Gird up your souls within you to the deed,  
Angels and fellow-spirits bid you speed."

—Butler.

*Hartville, Ohio.*

### NATURAL AND ACQUIRED ABILITY.

HOWARD HARLEY.

THE power to do things may be made to fall into two classes: the natural and the acquired.

Instinct, as shown by animals, represents the natural power, and often approaches the wonderful in its ability to do things along a certain line. But it is not progressive. The robin, a hundred years ago, was as good a builder as to-day. The natural power of an animal, however, may be trained by man to accomplish many things outside of the general trend of its natural bent. It has then acquired a power.

Man, the same as the lower forms of life, has a natural talent. Instinct, for the most part, is replaced by intellect, which lends itself to progress and more quickly acquires power; yet, that uncultured intellect shows itself to have a native or natural force, which enables it to develop along some lines more rapidly and with less difficulty, or drive the whole mental force in one direction.

Some persons seem to possess no natural ability. This simply means that their intellect or natural force is balanced, or it may be also that their nervous force is slow, so that acquired power is attained with difficulty.

It is true that persons often inherit certain qualities of mind, but more often their development is due to surroundings more than to inheritance. They may, however, inherit an aptitude which enables them to take up learning rapidly, or it may be only a strong desire for knowledge, which forces them to improve their time. Bryant at the age of ten translated some of the works of the Latin poets, and at eighteen wrote *Thanatopsis*. His mental faculties developed when he was very young, and he naturally turned toward poetry.

Natural power is of no practical value unless a curb is placed upon it. Bacon says, "Natural ability, like a natural plant, needs pruning by study." A person who is ingenious, but idle, will never attain to greatness.

On the other hand, a person of little natural power may acquire great knowledge by untiring application. The difficulty with this class is that they are likely to become discouraged with the slow progress that they make, and drop out of the race. They should remember that one term in school, well mastered, is much better than four, half-mastered.

One of the greatest mistakes is to attempt too much and fail entirely. Always have confidence in your strength, but use measure in all things. The best way, as has been said, is to know thy load.

To achieve anything requires the ability to apply one's self continually without growing weary. When Edison was asked if he thought invention was a nat-

ural or an acquired power, he said, "I think it is a natural gift." He is said to have worked on a problem for sixty hours without sleep and with little food. Though he possessed a natural ability, after all it is only the ability to apply himself continually.

Now, if Edison accomplishes so much with a natural power of application, can we not acquire power by a forced application, until it becomes a habit? It will then be much like a natural gift.

The use of books is the greatest factor in the acquiring of ability, and in the training of the natural power. The greatest precaution, however, must be taken in the use of books. Some conceive the idea that reading is their only source of knowledge and read continually, thinking that the more they read, the more knowledge they will attain. Too often they gain the power to read with greater rapidity or to pronounce the words better, and probably gain some vague ideas, but nothing of lasting force. It is not what we read out of a book, but what we read into it, that counts. Therefore, it is not the much reading, but the thorough, thoughtful, comprehensive reading that marks our knowledge.

Anything in the way of reading matter should not be left until it is thoroughly understood, for it is in this way alone that it gives us power. Thomas Carlyle, in speaking to a nephew who was preparing to teach, said, "I can assure you that it is far less important to a man that he read many books than that he read a few well." Any book which gives real information is good, but a small amount of books will nourish a person's mind if he uses them properly.

Patrick Henry possessed a natural power in speaking, although no one knew it when he was a young man. He was pleading his first case in law when he broke away from his awkwardness and bashfulness and spoke as an experienced orator. But, when young, he had filled his mind with choice reading.

John Dryden possessed no natural talent, but he was a profound thinker. His poetry is not universally liked, for he does not express his thoughts pleasantly, but his satires are his masterpieces.

Alexander Pope is a specimen of nature turned

loose. As far as we know he had but little education. By reading his works it is found that he lacks solidity of thought, for he often contradicts himself; but his poetry has a fine musical sway which seems to be nature itself.

It is, therefore, hard to give comparative values to these powers. Much has certainly been accomplished by natural force, but much more by acquired force. Unless natural power is held in check, it is worthless; but properly guarded, it is the conquering force of the world. Then,

"Nothing useless is, or low,  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest."

*Hollansburg, Ohio.*

\*\*\*

## THE DEMOCRACY OF DEATH.

SELECTED BY CLAUDE H. MURRAY.

IN the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity, which make life so cruel and inexplicable, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.  
—*John J. Ingalls.*

# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

## The Joy of the Scientific Spirit.

Andrew Carnegie admires the scientific spirit—his generous gifts to science are a proof of that. Nevertheless, to his keen humor this spirit offers itself as a good prey, and Mr. Carnegie often rails wittily at scientists and their peculiar ways.

"The late—the late—but I won't mention the poor fellow's name," said Mr. Carnegie at a scientist's supper.

"The late Blank, as he lay on his death bed, was greeted very joyously one morning by his physician.

"Poor Blank's eyes lit up with hope at sight of the physician's beaming face. There had been a consultation on his case the day before. Perhaps, at last, the remedy to cure him had been found.

"My dear Mr. Blank," said the physician, "I congratulate you."

Blank smiled.



"I shall recover?" he asked, in a weak voice, tremulous with hope.

"Well—er—not exactly," said the physician. "But we believe your disease to be entirely new, and if the autopsy demonstrates this to be true, we have decided to name the malady after you."

"Would you be mine if I were to prove that I would go to the ends of the earth for you?"

"First," answered Jessica, "you would have to prove that the earth really has ends, and that you know, is quite impossible."

#### Wherein Bigamy was Prohibited.

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas?" said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas rose and said: "No man can serve two masters."

"Sing a song of swell heads, a fellow full of gin, coming home at four A. M. his wife won't let him in. His feet are full of tanglefoot, his head is full of wheels, the keyhole runs around the knob, he a funny feeling feels. He puts his feet upon the porch, his head upon the ground, and all the time within his "mug" the wheels are going round. He thinks that he is sober, that every one is tight, and that he's in his bedroom instead of out all night. He thinks the moon's a dollar and will buy a dozen drinks, and various other thoughts he thinks, and thinks and drinks. But when his wife she cometh (and with a hickory slat), he gives a shout and yelleth, 'Now, Mary Ann, quit that.'"

#### Good Advice.

An Arkansas farmer received a note from a young man who had been attentive to his daughter, and which read as follows:

"Dear sur: Wood like to ast you for yore dorter's hand in marage. Me and she are in luv and I think I nede a wife. Yures, Henery."

The farmer grabbed a postal card and immediately wrote the following reply:

"Friend Henry: You don't need a wife; you need a spelling book. Get one and study it a year and then write me."—The Arrow.

The Chiding Mother: "My dear, every time you misbehave mamma gets a gray hair."

Little Susie: "My, but you must have misbehaved lots of times cause all grandma's hairs are gray."

The White Woman: "Are you a good cook?"

The Colored Lady: "Is I? Wa-al, 'm, I has de ripper-tation ob cookin' such a salubrious meal dat de folks has to be drug away from de table to git 'em to run to a fiah."—Puck.

Germans eat the most Irish potatoes. The annual consumption being over 40,000,000 tons.

It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.—Terre Haute Express.

#### Speech for Little Boy.

When I am a man—a grown-up man—

I will not pour poison down my throat—

I'll have better sense than this, I hope—

Why, a horse would know better—or even a goat.

When I am a man—a grown-up man—

I will not sell poison to curse men's lives;

To make them murder, and lie, and steal,

And abuse their mothers and babies and wives.

When I am a man—a full-grown man—

For Prohibition I'll work and shout,

And I'll use my ballot when I get big

To vote the traffic in poison out.

#### Champion Typewriter.

In the speed contests on typewriters at the National Business Show in Chicago last week, a woman made the record for the smallest number of mistakes in her copy. She was Miss Elizabeth Baker, and in half a hour she wrote 4,085 words, making only fifty-two mistakes.

Mother: "Margie has begun to develop all the characteristics of an optimist."

Father: "Why do you think so?"

Mother: "When I made her wash her neck to-day she said she was glad she didn't have a neck like a giraffe's."

#### An Essay on Girls.

"Girls are the sisters of boys and has longhair wares dresses and powder. The first girl was called Christmas Eve, though I never cud see why. Most every family has one girl and some of 'em that is in hard luck has two or three. We have a girl in our house who is my sister. Girls can grow older and get younger. My sister has been twenty-five for three years, and some day we may be twins. Girls play pianner and talk about each other. Fat Girls want to be thin and thin girls want to be fat and all of 'em want to marry doods. Why the Lord made girls nobody nos, but I think it were to go to church and eat ice cream. They is three kinds of girls, brunet girls, blond girls, and them that have money. Girls is afraid of mice and bugs, which makes it fun to put them down their backs."—The Advance.

"Homer!" shouted an enthusiastic spectator of the ball game as the player paused at the third base.

"Gracious!" exclaimed a young lady, seeing a ball game for the first time, "I didn't know that ball games were so literary. That gentleman actually shouted the name of the old poet, Homer."

MR. L. C. VOLBERDING, one of the many INGLENOOK readers in Elgin, states that a single recipe found in the INGLENOOK more than paid for the year's subscription. His experience is not the only one attesting to the fact that the INGLENOOK is well worth a careful reading.

# SILAS SMITH'S SECOND WIFE

EPH. BRUBAKER

## Chapter XXIV.

One of the nicest things about this manner of transportation is, that when a colony of emigrants reach their destination, they do not have to depend upon anyone for their hospitality; they have with them their horses and wagon and in a few moments can have their horses harnessed, wagons greased and be ready to load in the goods, which can be at once taken to their respective locations; when the women can set about preparing the first meal. A car provides ample room where a little grain for the horses, plenty of provisions for the family can be carried, to use while things are being "straightened around."



"Where the children can amuse themselves."

There are fifty thousand acres in the Butte Valley. This would give one thousand families fifty acres each, or five hundred families one hundred acres each. What a fine colony either would be!

ern convenience that man can invent, is not likely to wait long for occupancy after a way is made possible whereby it can be reached. The new railroad is to be here by the first of May; the Annual Meeting isn't



"This is no board-topped stake in the back yard."

Being once settled, the matter of providing for the family day by day will be easy, but it is always an uncomfortable thing to be hampered with conditions at a time like that.

In a fine climate like the Butte Valley, there would be no reason why a family could not take a tent with them and live in it two or three weeks until they could build a house, and they would be entirely independent, which is not so enjoyable from the standpoint of independence, but from the fact they would not need to bother their neighbors. Of course we are talking about the first trainload. After a little colony is once begun the matter of entertaining the rest as they come will simply be a pleasure. A place where the best land is to be had in such a beautiful valley, surrounded by nature's best, with every mod-

till June. Any time after the Annual Meeting you may come out here and find a railroad, leaving the Southern Pacific at Weed, which will bring you right up into the Butte Valley, and then you can see for yourself whether what I have said is true. If you want to know any more than I have told about this Butte Valley, you had better write Mr. J. P. Massie, Manager California Butte Valley Land Company, 1862 Page Ave., San Francisco, Cal., and he will be glad to give you the desired information. He is a reliable gentleman and you can believe what he says. If you want to come and see the country, which is the thing to do before you buy, you had better correspond with Bro. Geo. L. McDonough, 1821 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebr.; he is the colonization agent of the Union Pacific Railway, and will be glad to do anything he can to make you satisfied and comfortable. He has been in the business about thirty years, and those who have had the most to do with him respect him most and love him best.

Sile, Lucile and Tige are as cozy as a kitten in a hen's nest on the south side of the top of a strawstack on a winter's day. Jack and Alek are still at home. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace miss Lucile, but they are glad she has a good home and a fine husband, if she is Silas Smith's second wife.

(To be continued.)





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I had a lump the size of a walnut in my left breast for over a year. It gave me a great deal of annoyance from sharp pains darting in and around it. Having seen the development of cancer in other people, I knew the nature of my trouble, and knew also that I had grounds for alarm.

In the hope that I might be mistaken I consulted different physicians but all agreed that it was malignant and advised that it be cut out. I had a horror of such treatment as I had seen the most disastrous results from it, so I could not consent to an operation.

I heard of Drs. Rinehart & Co., and resolved to see what they could do for me. They assured me that it could be removed by their painless method. I concluded that if it was a painless treatment that it certainly could not make me any worse. I took a thorough course of the local and constitutional treatment and I am happy to say the lump has entirely disappeared and there has never been another pain in my breast. The treatment gave me no pain and the skin was not even broken.

I hope this may be of some benefit to someone whose misfortune it is to be afflicted in a like manner.

Very truly,

Sarah Miller.

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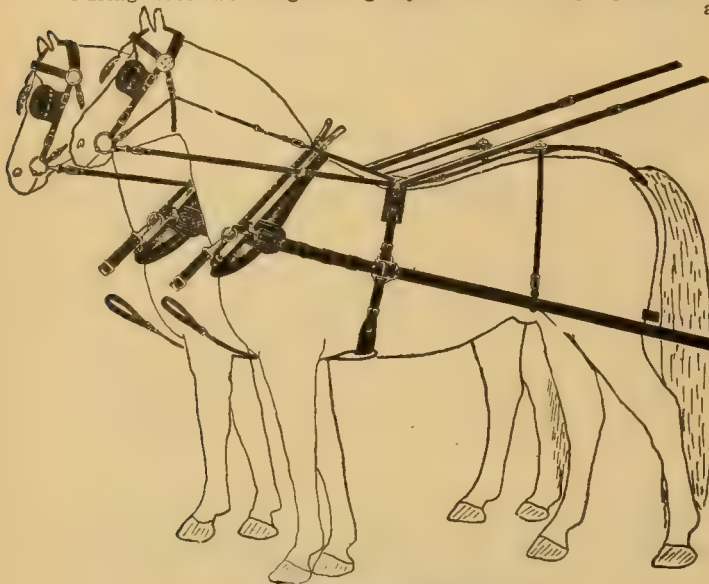
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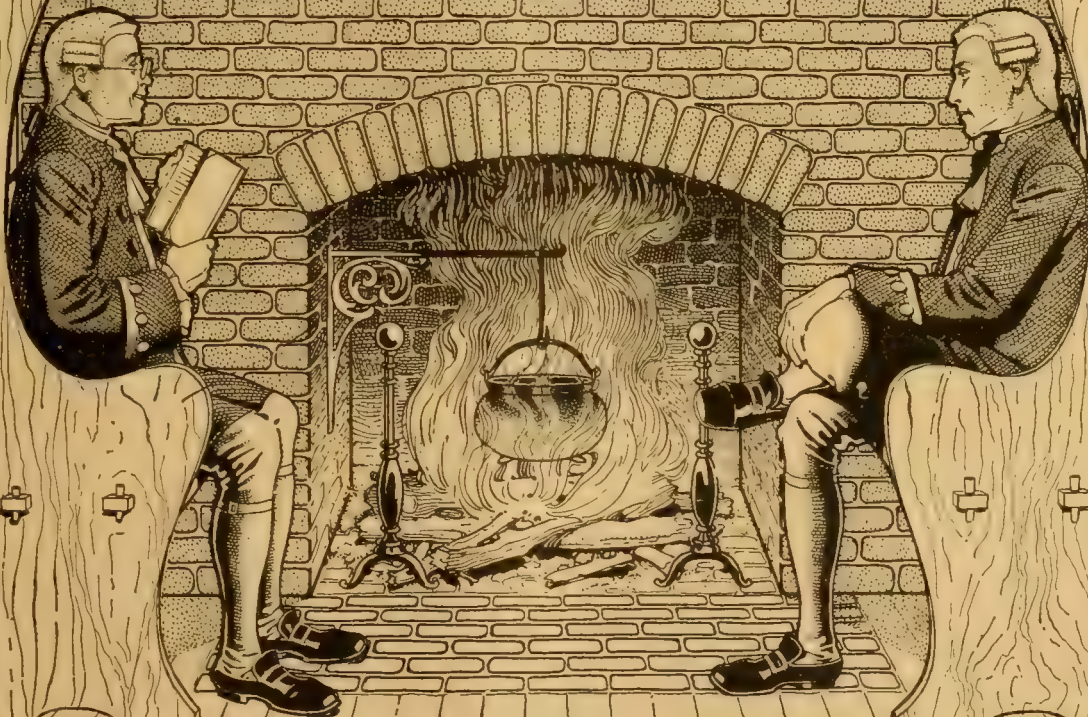


# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

ONLY A FISHER-MAIDEN.—Dora Shank.  
SCHOOLROOM TALK.—Adah Baker.  
IMMORTALITY.—J. G. Figley.  
MORAVIANS.—Henry M. Harvey.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

June 19, 1906

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No. 25. Vol. VIII



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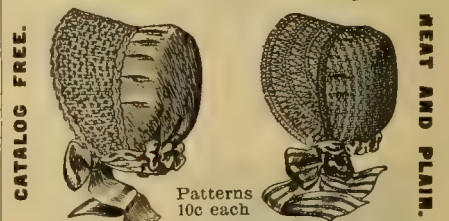
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JUNE 19, 1906.

No. 25.

## TELL THEM SO.

W. H. ENGLER.

**I**F you hear some kind words spoken  
Of some weary ones you know,  
It may fill their hearts with courage  
If you go and tell them so.

If kind deeds, however humble,  
Help to guide you to and fro;  
Seek the ones whose hands have helped you,  
Seek them out and tell them so.

If your hearts are touched with pity  
For the wandering and the low,  
It may help them to do better  
If you go and tell them so.

Oh, ye trav'lers, on life's journey,  
As o'er life's rough sea you go,  
If Christ's love has saved and kept you,  
Why not go and tell men so?

Waynesboro, Pa.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Merit is recognized first by its kin.*



*Intolerance is not the proof of perfection.*



*"Hold up" habit first, or you will be the prisoner.*



*The quiet hour often speaks the loudest for our souls.*



*He questions innocence whose innocence is questionable.*



*Let us not allow our strength to be overcome by some weakness.*



*Every impulse of charity is the pulse which proves to doubters that divine life exists in the body or church of Christ.*

*Why, it is an evident fact that only the open hand and heart can receive God's blessing.*



*Envy would keep all beneath her; and could she but succeed they would be low indeed.*



*Our enemies do not always withhold due credit from us: we ourselves often show them our worst side.*



*Irresolution should leave its matters in the hands of Knowledge and Conscience, and abide by their judgment.*



*Irresolution wastes as much time coming to Purpose as if it did not have the whole distance to Success to travel afterward.*



*Education must be special to be a virtue,—it is not necessarily so: knowledge is so abundant that Wisdom selects therefrom but good.*



*We may not see Influence working, but we would be surprised to know of all she does, and frightened to realize that we ourselves direct, and are responsible for her work.*



*Are you "small and despised"? So was David. God often makes those who are so instrumental in accomplishing great good, thereby showing the sufficiency of his own power.*



*There be detectives keen on Pleasure's path,  
For these in finding ill, give place to wrath:  
Regret, Remorse, Dishonor, and Disease.  
Still Pleasure, blameless, the whole force may please.*



*Have you observed how Christians love to dwell upon the subject of religion, and how sinners evade it, and wondered why it is so? It is because the Spirit comforts the one and reproves the other.*

Flora, Ind.



## Only a Fisher-Maiden

Dora Shank



LONG the coast of Sweden dwelt a fisherman and his fourteen-year-old daughter Gatty. Her mother had died when she was quite small. They lived in an old boat which had been stranded, for it leaked and could no longer be used on the water. Mr. Danval, Gatty's father, had built a roof over it, and it made them, as they thought, a comfortable dwelling, not being able to build a better one.

Their nearest neighbors were a family by the name of Gibson. It consisted of the father and mother and their daughter Neva; she was almost the same age as Gatty. This family lived in a small, rudely-built house not far from Gatty's home. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Danval were in partnership; they used the same boat, and shared the profits of their catchings.

Mrs. Gibson seemed like a mother to Gatty; from the time that her mother had died Mrs. Gibson took care of her while her father was fishing, and even now it seemed as though Gatty was still in her charge, if she was old enough to care for herself. Neva and Gatty were like sisters; they shared each other's joys and sorrows and were seldom apart. They often accompanied the men on fishing excursions. They could master a boat almost as well as a man, and they loved to row when the wind seemed to blow the boat along, and when it took strength to guide it. But there were times, when the sea was angry, that they feared almost to look upon it, for they remembered many times when the waves tossed and leaped and their fathers had been sailing, that they had never expected them to return. But they had always braved the storms with their faithful boat "Bravo."

One morning the men had planned a fishing excursion, but when Mr. Gibson went to the boat Mr. Danval was not there, but instead of him was Gatty.

"Mr. Gibson, father is not feeling so well this morning; he wishes you to shorten the trip, or not to venture alone," said Gatty.

"Is your father very sick?" said Mr. Gibson. "I noticed yesterday he did not seem as cheerful as usual."

"Well, he told me to tell you he thought he would be able to accompany you to-morrow if he does not get any worse," answered Gatty.

"I will go over to Calmar; there are a few old fishermen living there, perhaps I can get one of them to go along. I would like to fish beyond Oeland Isle if it be possible. Tell your father to take care of himself and not venture out too soon," continued Mr. Gibson.

When Gatty returned her father said to her, "Gatty, would you go up and ask Mrs. Gibson if she would please come down and make some of that tea she made for you when you were sick; it helped you, perhaps it will help me; I feel very sick. Gatty hurriedly went for Mrs. Gibson who soon arrived and had Mr. Danval feeling better.

Gatty walked up the shore a little distance with Mrs. Gibson. "Oh, Gatty, just look at those black clouds. I fear there is going to be a storm and Mr. Gibson and a fisherman from Calmar have gone beyond Oeland Isle to fish. I hope the storm will soon pass over," said Mrs. Gibson.

Gatty stood at the door of her home; the sea was getting very angry, the waves tossed and leaped and dashed against the shore. As she stood gazing upon it she was thinking of the many times it had been boisterous and she had stood at the same spot, watching for the return of her father.

"Gatty," called out a faint voice; it was her father calling. "I am sinking. Is there no way to bring a doctor? I fear I can not live until morning unless you get one."

"Father, I will try," said Gatty. She cast a sad, lingering look at her father. Oh, that ghastly look on his face! She hated to leave him.

"Oh, it may be the last I shall ever look upon his kind face, but I must be going and try to bring a doctor. Oh, I must save him," thought Gatty. She walked out of the house and ran hurriedly up to Gibson's and asked Mrs. Gibson to stay with her father while she went to Calmar for the doctor. "There is but one doctor in Calmar, if he is only at home," said Gatty.

"Neva shall go with you," said Mrs. Gibson, and hurried down to minister to Mr. Danval, while the girls went to Calmar in search of the doctor. They stopped almost breathless at the doctor's gate; they had run almost all of the way, a distance of two miles, facing the storm. They rang the doorbell. The doctor's wife answered the ring.

"Is the doctor in?" asked Gatty.

"No, my dear girl, the doctor is not in and I do not expect him until to-morrow morning. He has gone quite a long distance from here. You know doctors are scarce around this neighborhood. Who is sick, my girl?" asked the doctor's wife.

Gatty was almost too disappointed to speak, but she answered, "Mr. Danval, my father," and she turned to go.

"Shall I send him over when he comes home?" asked the doctor's wife.

"No," answered Gatty. "I will go to Oeland Isle. I think I can get one sooner."

"But, miss, isn't the sea angry? I think it would be in such a storm," she continued.

"Yes, it is," answered Gatty, "but my father's life is at stake, and I will try if possible to get one. We must be going."

The storm was getting worse. As they came nearer home they could see the waves rising and falling. Oh, it was terrible. Gatty was thinking of her father near death's door. Neva was thinking of her father, maybe on the wild, tossing ocean, but that great angry sea lay between. The girls had not spoken a word to each other since they had left Calmar; they were too busily engaged in thinking of the safety of their loved ones. Gatty broke the silence.

"Neva," she said, "see that boat down along the shore? I do not know to whom it belongs, but I am going to row it to Oeland Isle for a doctor."

"Yes," answered Neva, "I see it, but, oh, Gatty, do not go; you will never return alive. Just look how angry the sea is. See the waves tossing. Gatty, do not go; let us go home, mother ought to know about it."

They hurriedly went to Gatty's home. When she entered she saw by the pallid look on her father's face that he was no better. She told Mrs. Gibson what she intended doing.

"Gatty, I will not allow it; you will sink in this awful storm. I, too, feel alarmed about your father and also about Mr. Gibson and the Calmar fisherman, but as they were fishing near Oeland Isle I think they have anchored there. I know they would stop there before venturing to come here in this storm. And as to your father, he probably will be better in a short time," said Mrs. Gibson commandingly.

But Gatty, knowing Mrs. Gibson wanted to comfort her and also prevent her from going, would not be reconciled to it.

"I am going," said Gatty. "If I go down in the sea it is with an effort to save my best friend on earth, my father."

She stole up to him, kissed him, and ran toward the shore.

"Oh, I must go with her," said Neva. "Come, mother, let us try to persuade her not to go."

They ran after her, but before they could catch up with her she had jumped into the boat, and taking the oars, launched out into the wild, tossing sea. They watched and trembled at the sight. As the waves rose and fell it seemed as though Gatty and her frail boat would be swallowed up in them.

"Neva, we must not stand here in the storm; we cannot do anything for her now; she is in the hands of him who is able to deliver if he wills. Let us return and care for Mr. Danval. Do not tell him that

she has ventured on the sea; it will make him worse."

"Oh, mamma, what if Gatty drowns? I cannot lose her. What would I do without Gatty?" said Neva, and broke down, sobbing aloud. They went back to Danval's. Gatty's father lay as if sleeping. It seemed as though the great reaper, Death, was near.

Meanwhile Gatty was battling with the tossing sea. It took all her strength to guide the boat. The waves tossed it about; it seemed to her she would be hurled into eternity at any minute. Yet she thought of the one who is mighty to save and strong to deliver. She prayed as she had never prayed before, for her safety and for the recovery of her father.

It was growing darker and darker; she could see the lights of Oeland Isle and tried to guide her boat in the direction of them. She looked behind her. Something huge and black was floating towards her. It came nearer and nearer.

"Oh, it is floating timber, I must try and steer clear of it or it will crush my boat," she said half aloud.

She tugged and battled with the oars, trying to steer clear of the huge floating mass, but all in vain. A scream, a crash, and Gatty was struggling in the angry sea. She grasped a hold on a large log that came floating along and clung to it, knowing if she let go it would mean death to her and maybe to her father if she could not succeed in getting a doctor for him.

\* \* \*

The storm had somewhat ceased and the fishermen were out along the edge of the island getting their boats in readiness to launch, when it was safe to do so. The lights of the island were burning brightly and they could see quite a distance over the water.

"What is that floating towards us? It looks as though some one is clinging to a piece of timber," said Mr. Gibson to one of the fishermen.

As it came nearer they could plainly see that what Mr. Gibson had said was true.

"Some one is clinging to a log. Be quick! Launch one of the boats and save them before it passes by," said one of the fishermen.

"I will try and save them," said Mr. Gibson, and launching he applied the oars as he had never done before. As it came near him he thrust out his oars to stop it. He missed the log, but he grasped a hold on the girl's arm just in time to save her. When he had her safely in the boat he pushed the hair back from her face.

"Gatty!" said Mr. Gibson. "Can it be? Why did you venture out in this storm?"

"Papa," gasped Gatty. "Send a doctor quick. Calmar's doctor was not at home."

She sank back in the boat. He rowed her ashore. The fishermen gathered around her. Many of them knew her, as she had often been there fishing with her father. Her little face was pitiful to look upon,



her hands were torn and bleeding from trying to save herself. They at once carried her to a doctor, who worked with her quite a while.

At last she opened her eyes and said, "Go quick, Mr. Gibson. Take the doctor along, father needs him worse than I do. Go, I tell you! Quick! He is dying."

The doctor gave orders to some of the fishermen as to caring for Gatty until he returned. Mr. Gibson and the doctor launched one of the boats and started for the other shore. It was difficult to row, but the sea was much more calm than when Gatty rowed to Oeland Isle. As they neared the Danval home a faint light came streaming from the little window. The door opened and Neva came out and peered out into the darkness. She thought she saw two forms approaching and ran towards them, not knowing who they were.

"Neva," called her father.

Oh, it was the voice of her father! How it filled her with joy to hear the voice they feared perhaps they might never hear. Mr. Gibson at once asked her how Mr. Danval was.

"I do not know, papa. He lies so very still, and he looks so pallid. Oh, do you know where Gatty is? We are almost crazed with fright. The last mother and I saw her she was tossing on the angry waves. Oh, papa, it was terrible to see."

"Gatty is safe at Oeland Isle," was all he told her just then. "We must hurry. I have brought the doctor."

When the doctor looked at Mr. Danval he looked very grave.

"Mr. Gibson," said he, "it was only by the efforts of his brave daughter that I can save him. In an hour it would have been too late."

The doctor worked with him and applied restoratives for about two hours. At last Mr. Danval opened his eyes and called for Gatty.

"You cannot see Gatty now; you must be quiet for awhile, then you may see her," answered the doctor, for he feared to tell him where Gatty was and of her perilous trip which brought him to his bedside.

It was about midnight when the doctor left, but the storm had cleared, the sea was calm and the moon had come out in her splendor and radiance. He rowed quickly to Oeland Isle to attend to his little patient, Gatty. When he arrived she was feeling much better.

"How is father?" asked Gatty.

"Better, my girl, much better. But if you would have waited another hour I would have a different account to give you. My girl, you are certainly a heroine. There are not many daughters who would risk their lives for their fathers, though they be very dear to them, on such a treacherous sea, when the bravest of fishermen trembled to look upon it."

Gatty rested well that night after learning that her father was much better. When morning came she felt better and told the doctor she believed she was able to row home, for she was anxious to see them all at home again.

"I can never thank Mr. Gibson enough for saving me. In saving me he also saved father, for if I would have been drowned how would you have known to go to attend him?" asked Gatty.

"It was certainly providential that it came out the way it did. I will row you over after breakfast. I know they will all be glad to see the heroine," said the doctor.

"I will be just as glad to see all their dear faces again," answered Gatty.

They rowed across to her home. Mr. Danval was stronger, and they each told of their experiences during the long and dreadful night that had just passed. Mr. Danval turned pale and trembled when Gatty told her experience of the night, yet he was strengthened by the thought of how his little heroine had been tenderly cared for by the Almighty One and brought safely to him again. They knelt around the bedside of Gatty's father and heartily thanked the One who was their shield and deliverer.

The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing. Zeph. 3: 7.



## Schoolroom Talk

Adah Baker



SINCE a great many of the INGLENOOK readers are teachers I thought perhaps it would be interesting to them to hear a few of the many plans I have tried to refine the harsh, boisterous natures that are sure to be found in every school. In September I found myself in charge of thirty-five pupils, in the first, second and third grades. With a few remarkable exceptions they were loud, boisterous and ill-behaved. It at once became the burden of my thoughts both by day and by night how to transform my school into a lovable, well-behaved and studious one. I do not intend to take much space in telling how I fixed my schoolroom. I will just say that with a liberal use of good-sized pictures, and curtains for unsightly places, and several other little conveniences the children were wild with expressions of delight at the beauty of their room as it appeared to them. I secured a set of the presidents' pictures and mounted them on scraps of bright colored cardboard. I tacked them to the wall and decorated them with a number of miniature flags. It seemed to me it would be nice for the pupils to learn their names but I did not say, "Here, Johnny, are the presidents' pictures. I want you to say their names to-morrow morning." I first got them interested in a few of them, such as the three martyrs, honest George, and others of importance. Finally when that set of pictures became a live subject I intimated that it would be nice if they could say every one, but I feared they would not be able to do it. I said perhaps one or two might be able. Talk like this only whetted their energy and no less than twelve or fifteen learned to say the list complete.

I secured a very graphic picture from the Sunday-school lesson roll from several years ago about the call of the four. I cut this down and mounted it and bound the edges with gilt-colored passe-partout. It seemed to me an intensely interesting story lay concealed in this picture, so without thrusting in any red-hot pokers of denominationalism I ventured a Bible story. Now this sounds like I am timid, but you know we are living in an age when there is much popular sentiment against the use of the Bible in public schools. I have no words to describe the relish they had for this sort of a menu. When I called for voluntary reproduction they gave it even down to the minutest detail of the account. One of my most boisterous, fun-loving boys often referred to this story afterward. They were all alive and ready to talk about it any time I made any reference to it. I used several other Bible stories during the term with an

equally good effect, such as "Stilling the Tempest," "Visit of the Wise Men," and "The Angels and Shepherds." The last two, of course, I introduced at Christmas time.

I have not learned yet to be so very much of an adept at story telling, so I never ventured a story unless I sketched a picture of it on the board, if I didn't already have one at the wall. They would "hang" around and want me to tell them what it meant. But I told them just such things as would make them wonder more, so that when it came time for the story, if I didn't feel able to tell it in pretty language their interest was up to boiling point and they were glad even to hear it read. I might add right here that I have a Bible for use in the public school that does not have the proverbial gloomy black binding but is bound in soft green leather and filled with colored plates.

In the fall when the trees were dressed in their most gorgeous costumes we made a trip to the woods. It is a remarkable fact that your worst boys, if you have any, are here your most careful workers. It is a good place to make friends with them. We brought leaves which I pressed and they used them later on for drawing and painting.

We were bothered a great deal with rats. They made themselves so bold that we could no longer call them pets, but had to insert an *s* and call them pests. I hinted for a few volunteers to bring traps. Sure enough the traps came the next morning and the boys came too. I had each boy look after his own trap. They were exceedingly zealous about this matter. It was considered quite an offense if some other boy took the liberty to remove the prisoner and rebait the trap. They caught about two dozen rats.

One day we observed that the webs were growing pretty thick on our walls. My big, overgrown third-grade boy offered his help. He went all around the room on a rickety ladder and used a short-handled broom. I felt sure that he would do it all because I kept on telling him that if he were tired I would finish. You know there are times when a boy is on exhibition that he does not get tired and this was one of them.

Some one may wonder what matters of this kind have to do with education. In the first place it greatly improves the looks of a schoolroom, and, what is of far greater importance, it opens up another one of the avenues that lead into the heart of a schoolboy, for there is nothing in the world like making a pupil feel that he is a part of the concern.

My third grade used water colors once or twice a



week. I can't stop to tell about all the beautiful things that some of them painted. On occasions such as St. Valentine's day I allowed each pupil to make a valentine, decorate it with water colors and take it home to his folks. They also painted white cardboard which the lower grades cut out and made into many pieces of little fairy furniture. They also liked to sew pictures on cardboard with bright-colored yarn. It required a little energy on my part to make patterns—a hundred or more—but I had an idea that those made to my own order were better for my purpose than those on the market. But I must stop talking about this kind of work, as it was not my purpose to go into any detail on the construction work which we did. I might add right here that this work was done largely at noons and recesses of the disagreeable winter days.

There is one more subject which I can't refrain mentioning. As school was drawing to a close I invested in some colored pictures of birds in order to keep up a lively interest till the close of school. These

can be secured from the Perry Picture Company at two cents each, and they are worth the money over again, because the coloring in them is simply beautiful. Each morning a new bird would appear in the schoolroom. I had a book on birds which I used a great deal in connection with these plates. You ought to have seen some of them hustle in each morning to form the acquaintance of a new feathered friend. I liked these birds so much that shortly before school closed I sent for another lot of them. We then had enough to reach around the room and what is better, there were a few who could name every one.

Now I will say that these are only a few of the plans that were used to drive out that dull monotony that is liable to creep into the best regulated schoolrooms. It requires some time and energy at home to prepare some of these things but they are quickly executed in the schoolroom. It only prepares the pupils' minds to receive with more vigor instruction on the regular branches taught.

*Palestine, Ohio.*

## IMMORTALITY

J. G. FIGLEY,  
Bryan, Ohio.

- I. Views Along the Line.
- II. Egyptian Spiritual Philosophy.
- III. Mexican and Hindoo Beliefs.
- IV. Buddhistic and Greek Theories.
- V. The Soul and Spirit.
- VI. Concluding Remarks.

### I. VIEWS ALONG THE LINE.



**W**HAT is the soul of man and whence came it, and whither goeth it? Did it exist aforetime and will it exist forever? Does man reinhabit this earth after once leaving it? Are the souls of all things immortal? Are men's souls immortal? And are all men immortal? Or, what is required to become immortal?

These are deep questions. Questions that have puzzled the minds of philosophers and scientists for ages and ages, and will so continue for ages to come. For they do not all think alike, or agree upon all points, and if they disagree with such scholarly ability and learning upon such important questions as these that underlie the existence of all things, there can be no definite comprehension of the world at large upon these all-powerful, absorbing and much mooted questions. There will continue to be bigots and fanatics in the theological fields. There will continue to be those who are raised to the very highest point of satisfaction and pleasure at the clearly demonstrated knowledge that mankind is almost universally immortal, and there will be those who are plunged in the gulfs of despair because they are not able to receive the impressions Nature tried to endow them

with to know that they were immortal; for with many faith can never be equivalent with knowledge in others. They must know without any doubt that there is a hereafter. These then are Spiritualists. And there will continue to be those who, being intensely materialistic in their tendencies, through the deep study and contemplation of the seen only, and without considering the possibility that the thing itself may not be the origin of the thing, but that the mind is the director of the thing and not the product of the thing, in their scientific reasonings, do away with the hereafter in their own opinions and boldly proclaim that the physical life is the all, the only one, and that at death, at the dissolution of the body, all ceases, and the parts resolve themselves into their original elements and again take up the work of existence in another shape.

They can not reason that there are things in Nature that they do not know or understand. From their dissections and vivisections they say they have not succeeded in finding the soul or spirit (which by the way are not synonymous terms) of man or beast, therefore there is none. They are the leaders of those who say that this life is all there is, and therefore they need not care for any punishment for deeds done, hereafter, therefore they commit all manner of crimes and wrong, believing that death ends all. Imagine

the agonies of remorse they suffer when they are confronted with the Book of Life, from which each reads his history written upon the pages by himself, and is brought face to face with those he has wronged, and O how he pleads for forgiveness! Is it not our duty to redeem these people from their erroneous beliefs, or at least try?

And again, there are those who see the gross lives lived by many of the class I have named, and, admonished by the monitor that is in every human breast, have lived lives of temperance and morality for the reason that they are not sure but that there is another and future life, and therefore live in such a manner that they could not be condemned of themselves or some higher power for any misdeeds.

And then, again, there are those who fully believe they shall receive no punishment for misdeeds done in this life, having rejected the idea of a hell, even in its symbolical sense as the fiery pangs of a remorseful conscience—the mental review of the life of the person. And these are likened unto those who believe in no hereafter at all, for their lot, if anything, shall be worse than the other, for they are sinning against their better judgment, and bringing very just condemnation upon themselves.

And with these there are those who know beyond all question that there is a future, yet commit all manner of abominations and evils, evil in the sight of Conscience, that first great judge of the quick and the dead, “for to sit alone with my conscience is judgment enough for me.” And the fate of these is worse than that of the others, for they do that which they know they ought not to do, and think that they shall gain greater distinction in the ages hence for their having suffered all manner of agonies and repentances that they might the fuller taste finally of the cup of knowledge,—in fact, juggling and experimenting with the things that should be delicately treated that they might the more fully enjoy the blessings of life.

And last of all, there are those who are so low in the scale of humanity that they know nothing whatever of a future existence, either by belief or positive knowledge, having never had a thought of anything save the present, and many of these but vaguely realizing their present existence. This by way of preliminary concerning the attitude of the world on the subject of a future existence.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

(To be continued.)

## Moravians

Henry M. Harvey

THESE people are called Moravians, United Fratum, or simply Brethren. They appear in the stormy days of the Reformation and their budding time was during the early days of Huss. Followers of Huss they are and were cradled in the provinces of Bohemia and Moravia. Here in eastern Germany was a band of praying people. The Reformation fires had burned low and spiritual fervor was not glowing as it was in the days of early martyrs. Lutheranism had grown cold and formal. But this infant church held its secret services and continually prayed for a reviving of the church.

Two families were led from here to western Germany by Christian David, who found for them a home in Saxony on the property of Count Zinzendorf. In a few more years they were joined by three hundred other exiles. This moving happened in 1722 and resulted in the founding of Herrnhut, which place has ever since been their radiating point.

Zinzendorf was now to become their head and leader. Their ruler to be had been all his days seeking for the same spirit-filled life for which the Brethren had sought.

He had pious teachers,—had attended a school where piety was cultivated. His grandsire for the sake of piety was robbed of his property. Pious wom-

en were his early tutors. And who then could wonder that Ludwig Zinzendorf is counted a member of the order of piety?

His covenant at the age of four with his Savior was, “Be thou mine and I will be thine.” So anxious was he to commune with his unseen Lord that he would write letters to Jesus and toss them from the castle window, confident that they would be received and read. Again we read that in his school days religion was the uppermost thing in his mind.

Through the invitation of this chief, Herrnhut became the Moravian home, their established headquarters, and the only place of holding a general conference every ten years.

The coldness of the Lutheran faith drove Zinzendorf from their number. He found in the Moravian fervency a more congenial resting place and a better place to use his missionary zeal.

In 1737 this man of faith was made bishop of the colony. But not all of his time was spent in preaching. That possibly was one of his lesser talents. The great work of his life was that of organizing. Shepherding the flock and holding the reins of government were more natural for him.

Under his advice they collected themselves into small settlements where none but members were al-



lowed to be property owners, and under his direction they continued to spread into other countries. They now live mainly in Germany, England, and America.

"Holy living, ceaseless praying, and cheerful giving constitute their conception of discipleship." Such were the aspirations of the first Protestants who went forth with no other purpose than to save men's souls. Such were the desires of a church whose spiritual light shone brightly when other lights around it had burned low. Their good schools have added no little to their progress.

Not the least noticeable thing about these people is their missionary ardor. There have other men gone forth with as much daring, some have made an equal sacrifice, and others may have been as willing to give life, but no others have responded so faithfully from the promptings of duty. They are impressed with the belief that the Gospel has been given them and they are duty bound to be apostles and bear it on. Such principles were taught by their strong leader and are continually instilled into the rising believer.

No field has been too void of promise. In fact they are noted and even censured for working in unpromising fields. A matter of little concern it is whether the outlook is hopeful or not or if many are baptized or not, but in the language of the colored woman, "whar de most debbil is," is the matter of most moment to them.

They visit the most lowly. The lepers of Jerusalem are not too loathsome for them to nurse, the Eskimo in his lonely home and with his homely ration is not far enough removed from temperate luxury to exclude them, the citizen of Labrador while drying his sea-dampened clothes and partaking of a repast of fish from the latest catch may listen to the story of the Christ as it falls from their devout lips, West Indian slavery was not severe enough to keep one from offering himself for sale that he might lighten their drudgery, the American Indian was not too savage. They have touched on nearly every country and clime from the frigid shores to the tropic sands.

During the two centuries of their activity ten openings have proved unsuccessful and have been abandoned at the cost of several lives and much money. The missions they now own are about seventeen in number with their branch stations, supported at a cost of \$270,000, besides the free services of sufficient force to man them.

The following will show their zeal for mission work. Zinzendorf once asked a brother if he would go to Greenland. "Certainly." "When?" "Tomorrow."

To have three times as many members in the foreign field as in the home church would seem like a reversed condition to us, but such is said to be true of them.

Our own work vanishes when compared to theirs. We support one missionary to every 4,000 members; they support one missionary and four native workers to every thirty-five members. We give seven cents per member annually to foreign missions; they give \$17.25 per member annually for the same cause.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



#### WHAT THE SOUL THINKS OF LIFE.

THE infant lying so peacefully in its mother's bosom, listening to her sweet lullaby, possesses an immortal soul. Its life given by an all-wise Creator to be fashioned like his own glorious being is a mystery. Every one who enters into the world, who attains to any degree of usefulness, is at some time confronted by the question to which the soul demands an answer. It may be in the solitude of night when sleep has vanished. It may be during the heat and burden of the day or when the immortal man is lifted from the lowly earth into the region of the heavenly, that the soul demands an answer to the great question, What is life?

Ask the scientist who delves into the depths of knowledge what life is and he cannot answer. The philosopher who delights in reducing all things to cause and reason is unable to answer. The artist who can by the power of his genius move the hearts of humanity pauses at this question and leaves it unsolved.

The poet with his visionary fancy has said that life is a dream, we enter into existence, beauty and sin with their attendant virtues and vices are contemplated as one unbroken dream, and as the sleeper awakes and is greeted either by the kindly rays of the morning sun or the chilling frosts of the wintry blasts, so the soul, when the dream of life is ended, awakes to be met by the approving smile of heaven or the wrath of an angry God.

The pessimist who sees no sunshine, no real beauty, has said that life is a fitful fever, an existence of sorrow, of anguish, a time of bitter trial and disappointment attended by the gravest responsibility and dark forebodings that menace the soul.

The sailor has said that life is a voyage. Our frail barks are launched upon the great ocean of time. In fair weather the voyage is peaceful and serene as a ship bearing an immortal soul glides o'er the calm waves of the sea's great bosom, but in a moment the cloud that appears so suddenly brings with it the stormy winds, the waves mount to the heavens and go down again to the depths. Through rain and sunshine, through tempest and calm, the voyage at last is ended and others push bravely from the shore to try the stern realities of life's great voyage.

Others have said that life is a river. It issues from the throne of God a stream of purest crystal. It broadens, and widens, and deepens, as it flows onward in its course meeting no obstacle too great to be overcome by its powerful waters. To the barren and waste places, the desert and wilderness, it brings life and beauty. Through mountain and vale it floweth onward until at last it is received into the unfathomed depths of the mighty ocean.

The lover of nature who views the world from the standpoint of beauty, whose soul is borne into a higher sphere by the handiworks of God, has said that life is a bud and a bloom. The bud with its perfect symmetry and beauty unfolding into the rich, fragrant bloom is as the life, the fair young life, so full of heaven's richest blessing, the life that grows more beautiful and divine until it at last is developed into the most perfectly beautiful bloom of manhood that yields to the world its sweetest benediction. Such is a life of noble ministrations, a life reflecting in it the image of God, a life that goes from glory to glory, using the vile things of earth as stepping-stones to the life immortal.

The actor has said that life is a stage. Each individual enters, performs his part, however small or great, disappears from view and is forgotten. Some realizing the grave importance of their existence move cautiously upon life's stage, put forth their most earnest effort, perform well their part in life's great drama and vanish. Another, forgetful of those around him, thinking of naught but the object of his quest, rushes madly through, seizes his reward, embraces it a few short moments, all is over. But still another enters, before him are the soft, hanging draperies, the artistic and beautiful. He pauses a moment, beholds and appreciates his surroundings, gives to the world a smile, performs his part gracefully and well, the curtain falls, life's drama ended.

Others have said that life is a smile and a tear; that while the smile of pleasure playfully lingers upon the features, the joy so fleeting bears beneath its mask the hideous fangs of sorrow, and ere the smile vanishes a tear is seen. One moment we quaff refreshing nectar from the spring of youth, the next we drain the cup of disappointment to its very dregs. We soar to the heights in an ecstasy of delight and descend into the depths overwhelmed with grief and pain.

But still another has said that life is a silver cord, the beautiful, delicate cord of our existence upon which hangs our destiny. We may allow it to sink from its elevated position to become alloyed by earth stains, or we may keep it high above the low-hanging clouds. It is the silver cord suspended from the infinite through the material into the mystery beyond.

Is the soul's question answered? Have we found the secret? Do we know what life is? Is it a dream,

a fitful fever, a voyage, a river? Is it a bud and a bloom, a stage, a smile and a tear? Is it a silver cord? Ah, life is this and vastly more! Life is mystery. From the unknown beyond it is given us, to the unknown beyond it returns. 'Tis the spark of the divine encased in the human. 'Tis the immortality of man bound to mortality. 'Tis the flame that never dies. 'Tis the spirit of a few days imprisoned, that soars from the lowly earth to the realms of celestial glory. 'Tis the spirit that finds triumphant victory through the resurrection of Jesus Christ. 'Tis the spirit that lives forever and ever.—*Mary C. Stoner, in The Standard.*



### PAPER MAKING.

THE last we heard from our friend, the cotton rag, it was expecting to be made into paper. I suppose our little friend will want to know something about that process.

Wasps and hornets were the first paper makers. They were making paper for their own use thousands of years before man had ever thought of such a thing. They did not make their paper of rags, because there were no rags at that time. They made it of wood.

These busy little workers build their nests just as they did at the beginning of the world. They fly from place to place until they find the right kind of wood.

They begin scraping scales from a smooth place on the wood; these they gather into bundles, and fly home with them. Then they chew up these bits of wood, and mix them with a kind of gum from their mouths.

While this pasty mass is still wet they spread it out into thin paper sheets. Of these they build their nests. And very wonderful nests they are. I am quite sure that boys and girls would not be able to make one, even if they had all the material and the finest tools.

We will now find what became of the cotton rag. It was taken with its dirty companions to the sorting room. There all the woolen scraps were carefully removed, because wool is useless for making paper.

The finest and cleanest of the rags were thrown into one heap and the coarsest and dirtiest into another, while the medium ones were thrown into the third. This cotton rag went with the first lot. They were thrown into a machine in which they were beaten and fanned until they were perfectly clean.

Then they were passed to another machine where they were torn into very fine shreds or bits. These were passed on to large vats, where they were bleached. In another vat they were mixed with chemicals which reduced them to a pulpy mass.

This pulp passed on to a machine in which there was a wire screen so very fine that there were sixteen hundred meshes to the square inch. When the pulp



had spread out evenly and thinly over this screen the water ran through, leaving a wet paper film.

This filmy sheet was run off the screen upon a broad belt of woolen cloth. It then passed between many sets of iron rollers. These pressed all the water out of the paper, and made it dense and firm.

Next it passed between heated rollers, where it was thoroughly dried. The paper was then covered with a kind of glue called sizing, and finished by being run between polished nickel-plated rollers, which burnished and gave it its smooth, glossy surface.

It was then cut into sheets by machinery and wrapped in quarter ream, half ream, and ream packages. These were done up into bundles, and sent to the warehouse, where it was ready to be sold to the dealers.

Perhaps this article was printed on one of the sheets we have just been describing. Who knows?

Paper is also made from wood pulp, straw, sawdust, cotton stalks, several kinds of grasses, and from flax and hemp.

Wood pulp is made by grinding up wood of spruce, poplar and pine trees. This pulp passes through the same machinery that was used for the manufacture of paper from rags. Nearly all our newspapers are printed on paper made from wood pulp.

It is surprising how many articles are made from paper. Houses are lined with building paper, and roofs are made by covering the same material with coal tar and gravel.

The walls of our homes are decorated with beautiful designs of wall paper. Tubs, buckets, basins and other household articles are made of it.

Car wheels made of paper and bound with steel are much more serviceable than those made of iron or steel alone.

Bicycle rims made of paper are very light and strong. And we are told that clothing that will shed water and that will not tear has already been perfected.

Our libraries are full of books and magazines which were printed on paper. In fact, we could not have cheap books and great libraries were it not for this useful article.

So you see paper plays a very important part in the affairs of everyday life.—*Glen Mills Daily*.



#### A GOVERNOR FOUND IN A HOGSHEAD.

A VERY good story is told by G. W. Bungay in the *National Advocate*, giving another example of the fruitfulness of kindly deeds.

A good-natured philanthropist was walking along the docks one Sunday morning when he found a boy asleep in a hogshead. He shook him until he was wide awake and then opened the following conversation:

"What are you doing here, boy?"

"I slept here all night, sir, for I had no other place to sleep in."

"How is that? Have you no father or mother? Who takes care of you?"

"Father drinks, sir, and I don't know where he is. I have taken care of myself, for my mother is dead; she died not long ago," and at the mention of her name the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, come along with me. I'll give you a home and look after you as well as I can."

The child thus adopted on the wharf was taken to a happy home. He was sent to a common school, and afterwards employed as a clerk in the store of his benefactor.

When he became of age his friend and benefactor said to him, "You have been a faithful and honest boy and man, and if you will make three promises I will furnish you with letters of credit so that you can start business in the West on your own account.

"First, that you will not drink intoxicating liquors of any kind.

"Second, that you will not use profane speech.

"Third, that you will not become a politician."

"I agree to that."

The young man started in business in the West, and, by minding his own business, in a few years became a rich man. At the close of the war he came East, and called upon his friend and accepted father. In the course of a happy interview the philanthropist asked, "Have you abstained from the use of profane speech?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Have you had anything to do with politics?"

The visitor blushed and said, "Without my consent I was nominated for governor of my State and elected. I am now on my way to Washington to transact important business for the State."

Did ever a hogshead turn out so good a thing as a teetotal governor before? It had to be emptied of its wine before it could be a shelter for the little Arab who ran wild in that wilderness of marble and mortar, the great city of New York.—*The Orphan*.



#### COST OF IDLENESS.

IDLENESS is the path over which many weary travelers have gone gradually down the scale of manhood until they have reached the very bottom. I say weary travelers, not because they are weary from labor, but because they actually become weary of doing nothing, and of being in the hopeless condition which they see. It is through idleness that a great many of the black, dastardly crimes of to-day come to be committed; for if a person has important work to do, he does not have time to think of some evil that he may do to his fellow-man.

It is never the idle person that succeeds in life, but it is the man who always has something to do, and is found doing it. Idleness weakens the will power and strength of character. It is a habit easily fallen into by those who are not compelled by necessity to rustle for themselves; those who are petted and babied by their parents when they are small; and those who actually believe that they can get more enjoyment out of sitting idly and lazily on a storebox than by working at some profession.

It is an old saying that "we learn to do by doing" and it is the one who is willing to do his duty in everything who is going to become master of some profession or trade, and by so doing he will prepare a source of income as well as pleasure which he can always maintain. A person may go through school and even climb to the very top of the educational ladder, yet if he does not go out and put his knowledge into practice he is not nearly so apt to succeed as the one who does not have more than a mere start in books, but who has the push and backbone to go into something with all his might and resolve to get all he can out of it.

Idleness is one of the means by which the Devil promotes his business, and he surely finds it a very effective means, for idle persons soon lose all their self-restraint and independence and are willing to go in whatever direction they are led. Of course they are much more likely to be influenced downward than upward; since, because they are idle they do not have the influence of good, moral men and women who have strong characters.

All of our great men who have made their mark in the world and have benefited their fellow-men have been men of ambitious nature, men who were ready at all times to do all that was in their power to uplift the standing of the nation as a whole, and who never for a minute folded their arms in idleness; but even when they were resting from their physical labors they were thinking out plans which they might put into execution for their own benefit and for the benefit of others.

Then, too, idleness is very destructive to physical health, for a lazy, indolent person who does not exercise his muscles, will in time to come be weak in body as well as in mind, and the person who loses health, loses one of the most essential things in the retention of happiness. In the great struggle of life it is the person who is found forever hammering away at the obstructions which come in his way and who makes use of all his opportunities that is going to win out.—*J. Price Heckman, in College Campus.*



Deep on his front engraven,  
Deliberation sat, and public care.

—Milton.

## WONDERS WROUGHT BY ARTESIAN WELLS.

ARTESIAN wells are working wonders in what was once known as the "Great American desert," according to a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, who writes from Artesia, in New Mexico. "Artesian wells are as common," he says, "as gushers in the famous oil fields of Texas. The bringing in of a new artesian gusher is no uncommon event, although one of increased importance to the future of this country. There are at present over two hundred artesian gushers in the very heart of the almost undiscovered Pecos Valley of New Mexico. New wells are brought in at the rate of perhaps five a day.

"The whole country will soon be dotted as thickly with artesian wells as the plains of Oklahoma are covered with windmills over ordinary wells of water. Artesian wells are necessary down here, because they make the future of this country as a commonwealth of the Southwest assured. This is a country entirely devoted to irrigation. Without water from beneath the soil the country would be a desert plain, as it was some twenty years past. The rainfall in the valley is about fifteen inches per annum; the sun shines every day in the year, and the altitude is 3,600 feet. These facts make irrigation necessary for successful farming."

It was fourteen years ago, according to this writer, when the first artesian well was struck. A well-digger from Texas discovered the vein of artesian rock, tapped the underground lake and the water began to pour out of the top of the well at the rate of ten or twelve gallons an hour. Since then two hundred or more artesian wells have been dug through the valley, about 30,000 acres of land are under a complete system of irrigation, by which the soil can be kept moist through the rainless summers, and with the cool nights the fields and orchards can be made to yield immense crops.

Through every field of alfalfa, corn, vegetables and through the orchards are immense watering canals. The water from the reservoirs and artesian wells is turned on at certain seasons of the spring and summer and allowed to flow and cover the fields for a sufficient period to completely wet the earth. The flow of water is then shut off and a month or more elapses before another flooding takes place. The cost of irrigation makes land values run from \$50 to \$300 for well-improved and irrigated land, while raw lands can be had at from \$12 an acre upward. An artesian well often costs \$1,500 and will water 160 acres of orchard and alfalfa land.

The yield of all crops is enormous. Fruit grown in the irrigated Pecos Valley received nine premiums at the World's Fair at St. Louis, and last year one orchard produced 10,000 bushels of apples for shipment, sold by their owner for \$3,000 on the trees.



A truck farmer sold from eleven acres \$1,780 worth of watermelons, while \$300 worth of celery per acre is not considered an excessive growth.—*Searchlight*.



### YANKEE DOODLE.

THE origin of Yankee Doodle is by no means so clear as American antiquarians desire. The statement that the air was composed by Dr. Thackburg in 1755, when the Colonial troops united with the English regulars near Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French forts on Niagara and Frontenac, and that it was produced in derision of the old-fashioned equipments of the provincial soldiers as contrasted with the neat and orderly appointments of the regulars, was published some years ago in a musical magazine, printed in Boston. The account there given as to the origin of the song is this:

"During the attacks upon the French outposts in 1755 in America, Governor Shirley and General Johnson led the force direct against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, while these troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers flocked in from the eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motley regiment as took up its position on the left wing of the British army. The band played music as antiquated and outre as their uniforms; officers and privates had adopted regimentals, each man after his own fashion; one wore a flowing wig while his neighbor rejoiced in hair cropped closely to the head; this one had a coat with wonderful long skirts, his fellow marched without his upper garments; various as the color of the rainbow were the clothes worn by the gallant band. It so happened that there was a certain Dr. Thackburg, musician and surgeon, and one evening after mess he produced a tune, which he earnestly commended as a well-known piece of military music to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded and Yankee Doodle was hailed by acclamation "their own march." This account is somewhat apocryphal, as there is no song, the tune in the United States is a march. There are no words to it of a national character. The only words ever affixed to the air in this country is the following doggerel.

"Yankee Doodle came to town  
Upon a little pony;  
He stuck a feather in his hat  
And called it macaroni."

It has been asserted by English writers that the air and words of these lines are as old as Cromwell's time. The only alteration is in making Yankee Doodle out of what was Yankee Doodle.—*Exchange*.



Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen.  
—*Shakespeare*.

### EDUCATION IMPRACTICABLE IN SPAIN.

IN an article on "Public Instruction in Spain," in *Nuestro Tiempo* (Madrid), Eduardo Sanz y Escartin says: "The divorce between instruction and life, of which Taine spoke in 1890, is nowhere so complete, so radical, as in our own country (Spain). Life, with its real and legitimate requirements, with its laws and objectives, sustains no relation with what is officially considered as its preparation and apprenticeship. Our instruction, in all its grades, holds as an ideal the formation of men that know theories, even though incapable of applying them; that have the appearance of knowing, without possessing positive and fruitful knowledge. Yet, undoubtedly, if anywhere it would be well to adopt the ideal of action, it is in Spain. Not in intelligence, but in activity, are we separated from the rest of the world. We do not lack minds full of principles and reasonings, but we do want vigorous wills that trace the redeeming furrow in the direction of progress. Our instruction should aim, above all, at application,—'not of learning, but of doing,'—according to the example of the North Americans. The predominance of speculative instruction can only be given normally when the knowledge and the activities of application have created a sound and firm base of material well-being and positive reasoning. The contrary is what has happened in our country; science has become a series of sterile abstractions. If work is the great master, the great educator, of races, we must acknowledge that we lack the great and true education. Not in vain is the lottery a national institution; not without cause do we transform our beasts of burden, peaceful and loyal aids to man, into ferocious brutes destined to bloody combats; it was for something that our lost colonies, instead of contributing to the greatness of the metropole, were principally inexhaustible preserves to create or repair, by exploitation or by fraud, the fortunes that should have been made by fruitful initiative and activity for the home country."



### "THE FILOSOFY OF SPELING."

PROF. BRANDER MATTHUZ, hed of the bord of edukators which has bin formed to introduce changes in speling, expresed himself recently to his klases in Kolumbia as plesed with the way the announcement had bin received. He sed he had expected that the bord wud be met by a storm of kritisism and disent.

Prof. Matthuz sed that it was an atoshus inkonsistency that the most praktikal people in the world should have the worst speling.

"We ma not do a grat del," he added, "but at any rate we will hav dikshunaries on our side and will be able to change them."

Dr. Charles P. G. Skot, temporary sekretary of the simplifid speling bord beleves that the way to regulate speling is by a kampane of edukashun rather than by forcing changes on the publik.

"Some agency has bin needed to chek the kon-tinuing error in our speling," he sed. "We hope that our bord wil pruv to be this agency. We should place speling on the same plan with everything else. We aiter our houses, our clothes, and we even change our religun. Speling is no more sakred than religun that we should go on year after year with the old puzling forms.

"We want to tak the English language and regulat and simplify it and remuve the anomales. We think it wrong to be teching the pervers speling that adles the brains of the children. We expect in tim to spel 'definite' without the 'e,' 'philosophy' with two 'fs,' and in general to do away with the 'phs' and 'ghs' that worry children."—*The Interstate Schoolman*.



#### THE FATE OF EUROPEAN BISON.

AN interesting side effect of the rebellion and perhaps revolution of which we read in Russia is the possible speedy extinction of a species of animal which for many years has been jealously protected by the Czar. In times of national peace and contentment the European bison lives in the imperial forests of Lithuania, presumably unmolested; but whenever there is a rising in Poland and the rebels take to the woods they use this herd of bisons as a part of their commissary, and kill them for beef.

For many years there has been a gradual lessening in numbers of this herd, which by many zoölogists is thought to be due to inbreeding; yet there are others who believe that the decrease in this protected herd, which fifty years ago numbered nearly two thousand and which lives wild in its native habitat, is too rapid to be accounted for solely by inbreeding, and must be due to destruction by man, notwithstanding the efforts made by the authorities to protect them. Statistics of the Bielowitza herd in Grodno show that between 1833 and 1857 these bison increased from 768 to 1,898, but from this time on the decrease has been constant until in 1892 the herd numbered less than 500.

The butchery of human beings in Russia, which is reported to be taking place on a scale quite unparalleled in times of peace for the last hundred years, stirs the emotions of the world; yet zoölogists will view with keen regret the diminution of the European bison, which for hundreds of years has been preserved from extinction only by the very hand that brought its numbers so low.

Of the herd of these bison which inhabits the moun-

tains of the Caucasus, in the Province of Kuban, we know little or nothing, but the same causes which seem likely to bring about the absolute extermination of the herd in Grodno will be operative in the Caucasus, and the race seems likely now to receive a blow from which it can never recover.—*The Searchlight*.



#### THIRSTLESS ANIMALS.

THERE are many different kinds of animals in the world that never in all their lives sip a drop of water. Among these are the llamas of Patagonia and the gazelles of the far east. A parrot lived for fifty-two years in the zoo in London without drinking a drop of water, and many naturalists believe the only moisture imbibed by wild rabbits is derived from the green herbage laden with dew.

Many reptiles, serpents, lizards and certain batrachians live and thrive in places entirely devoid of water, and sloths are said never to drink. An arid district in France has produced a race of non-drinking cows and sheep, and from the milk of the former Roquefort cheese is made. There is a species of mouse which has established itself on the waterless plains of western America and flourishes notwithstanding the absence of moisture.



#### JUMP IN.

THE fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for one hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards, but at present a man waits, and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his cousin, and his particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting his cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.—*Sidney Smith*.



THE engineers of the American Bridge Company are preparing plans for the largest single factory in the world. This factory is to be constructed at McKeesport for the National Tube Works, which will cost more than \$2,000,000. The building is to have a floor space on one floor of more than 1,000,000 square feet. The structure will be 1,560 feet long and more than 600 feet wide and about 45 feet high. Four fifteen-ton traveling cranes will run the entire length.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## THE KING OF THE HOUR.



MISSUNDERSTANDING is the source of a lot of trouble. If capital and labor to-day understood each other ninety per cent of their difficulties would vanish like dew before the sun. A sort of class or caste prejudice has grown up between them on account of a wrong basis of estimation.

A unit of value of a monetary standard has been used as a fundamental par from which to calculate instead of a unit of service.

Under the present system the capitalist is not supposed to labor, nor the laborer to have any capital, and there is an effort upon the part of both to so preserve matters. The capitalist only pays so that the laborer can exist to labor, and the laborer labors as little as he can in order that he may always have labor to do, that he may exist.

Apparently this is the end to be reached by present methods, whether voluntarily or involuntarily. Could the unit of service be adopted, and every man recognize the service he is in possession of, be it coin, currency, credit, brain, muscle, influence, or any other asset which promotes industry and commerce, as well as recognize the possession of others and their relation to the whole system, this sectional feeling would subside. But as it is now, Selfishness is the king of the hour and reigns supreme. It is nicknamed graft these days, and has inoculated the public worse than the quacks have the populace of Philadelphia with vaccine virus, and it has "took," as they say.

Selfishness breeds suspicion and distrust. These render it impossible to restore confidence which is the capital stock of the world. Whenever men stop working to fight, the work suffers, workmen are killed, money is spent and as a natural consequence both capital and labor suffer. Nothing has been gained and both have lost. Very queer, wise men cannot see this! They could when they were boys. Had any two of

these men, when they were boys, been assigned the duty of picking cherries, they could easily have seen the point that when they stopped picking fruit to fight, the fruit would spoil; each would get little if any, and with faces disfigured and clothing torn they would toddle homeward with empty vessels. Since they have grown to be men they have learned our system(?) of self-government(?) and all know the result.

Here is the whole problem in a nutshell, and until society puts down caste and the church puts down the sword and picks up the plow and pruning hook, and the government puts missionaries upon their gunboats, instead of cannon, this millennium will not dawn.

Selfishness is king of the hour. If you don't believe it look at your ledger and see what your volume of the year's business indicates. We are the people of one earth; we must live here together until we go away to a better one. Since that is true, why not live instead of existing, and that most miserably? Why not coöperate? Why not consider all men as brothers? Why not labor for the good of all, and not do such things as will be harmful to the race? Let Justice reign. Let "Equity" be the watchword. Let your possession, whether it be brain, brawn or boodle, be an infinitesimal part of the great integral whole. Eliminate the useless expensive organizations of both capital and labor, which are calculated to antagonize each other, and follow the Golden Rule, and we will enjoy a much-needed reform.



## ADDRESSED TO YOU.

THIS little sermonette is addressed to you, young man, who this morning straddled old Dock, to whose hame was tied the lead strap of old Barney, and sauntered on your way down along the rail fence to plow corn, whistling some favorite tune or making the adjacent woods ring with your melodious music, notifying some neighbor that he is late to work.

To you, young man, who early this morning arose from a frugal breakfast with gratitude, grabbed up the little tin box into which your mother had placed your noonday meal with care, crammed your hands into your pockets almost to your elbows, and started down the street to the factory, whistling as on you went.

To you, boys, and all others like you, we extend the right hand. Go on with your work; go to your work every morning feeling happy; go with a little bunch of pity in your heart for the poor, miserable fellow who is still in bed, who, when he hears your merry trip on the sidewalk, or when he hears the rattle of the trace and chains of your horses' harness, as you pass by the window, pulls aside the lace curtains and raises

his head from the pillow to see who it is, then drops down again with a groan of disgust because he saw no one but a laboring man passing by. Pity the poor fellow! He has arisen to little above the lower animals. He has not really reached the true life yet. Idleness brings disease, discontent and crime. If he has neither the first nor the last, he is surely overwhelmed with the second. There he lies in bed till his servant brings him his morning cup of coffee and cigar, after which he slowly arises, takes his bath and appears at the front gate to meet his driver who takes him off for a forenoon spin to while away the hours. After luncheon he must be taken for a row on the lake. He absolutely knows not the value of honest labor. No wonder he gets no good rest at night; he has not earned it; he has not paid for it. Sweet rest comes from toil. No wonder his appetite asks for nothing and is satisfied with nothing. He actually is to be pitied. He was raised and has lived in luxury, so-called, and knows not the first element of real luxury—*real, downright life*.

It is not fair that he gets a glimpse of you through the curtain and you do not have an opportunity to glance back. Perhaps sometime in your life you have wished you did not have to work, and that you could have an "easy time" like the fellow whose photograph you have now seen. Don't ever be guilty of wishing that again! He is absolutely miserable. He would give all the money he has for your complexion, muscle and appetite. What has he that you don't have? You have food, clothing, shelter, appetite and sleep. What more do you want? What more has he? He has not that much. He never will have. He cannot have. Such things cannot be bought with money. The things a man does not need can be bought with money, but the things he really needs must be labored for and obtained through that avenue.

You have the only *real* life, young man, stick to it! Don't let any one euchre you out of it. Don't be enticed away from it. Allurements by the hundreds may be presented to you and painted up so that they will appear very tempting, but the only safe way to follow is to turn from it and flee away. You have riches untold of which Sir Man-of-Leisure does not know!



#### THE BEST REWARD.

EVERY man and woman, who labors honestly, of a right should look for an honest reward, no difference whether they have done a great work or whether it be little. When a child is obedient to its parents it naturally expects some words of commendation, which are encouraging, and, if carefully guarded by the parent or guardian, will doubtless make a noble young man or woman.

There are different ways by which people may

guard themselves, that they may make life comparatively easy, or at least make it a pleasure to live. It might be helpful to the many readers of the *INGLENOK* to have a reprint in bold letters of the following, which was at all times to be found just over the desk of one of the city officers of Philadelphia:

"For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance—  
All the good that I can do."

In all your endeavors can you conscientiously answer the above in the affirmative? What reward do you want? What can you expect for the work which you are now doing? Are you willing to pay full price for what you are getting? If you are, then you deserve the best reward. Count your blessings; count the good works you are doing; see what cause needs your assistance; see what wrongs should be thrown overboard, washed from the face of the earth; think of the future generations and into what kind of influence they may be thrown; then consider how much you are doing that you may rightfully ask for the best reward.

Another good motto might be, "The reward of work well done is *more work*," which is also a good answer to those who are asking for a reward. It may even be claimed that the best reward of any work is the double fact that it in itself is well done, and that it necessitates and inspires more work.

As a rule, when an individual is out seeking a position the question of remuneration is at once considered, and if there is a chance to make a good living, a contract is entered into. But the employé does not always make it a rule to try to do his work well, and thus please his employer; it is the money only that keeps him at his work. In an address which President Roosevelt made before the National Educational Convention at Ocean Grove last summer, are these fitting words: "The chance to do good work is the greatest chance that can come to any man or woman in our generation or in any other generation. If such work can be well done it is in itself the amplest reward and the amplest prize." This is certainly a needed message to every young man and woman. It cannot be emphasized too often that moral qualities, convictions and results are immeasurably more valuable than the acquisition of mere temporal good of whatever form.

M. H. B.



Two of Chicago's citizens have presented plans for a new city hall, the same to cost \$4,000,000, and to be erected by a private company and rented to the municipality.



Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert.  
—*Shelley*.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

QUITE a good deal of excitement is felt in the jewel-world by the discovery of an island, upon which are said to be found diamonds galore. William Griffith, who was at one time an official of the De Beers syndicate, met a Mr. Jones, who was a master mariner. This was at Capetown in 1897. Jones told Griffith of a wonderful island, off the coast of Africa, where rare gems and diamonds, worth seventy-five thousand dollars each, could be found in great abundance. Jones fell ill and died. Before his death he made over his property to Williams, a chemist, also a map locating the island. For some reason Griffith has not taken any steps to find the island, although it is clearly marked on all the Admiralty charts. A syndicate has now been formed with heavy capital, to float a great mining corporation, to develop the property when discovered.

AN expedition will leave London shortly, to pass through central-Africa, along the route of the proposed Cape to Cairo railway. The object is mainly commercial and it is hoped will result in accomplishing something of commercial and scientific value. The leaders have been asked by the Zoölogical Society to obtain specimens and photographs of native animals, such as the white rhinoceros, etc. In the center of Nyassaland is a mysterious native city, surrounded by walls, which is forbidden territory to the white man. We long to hear from the expedition.

THE Russian Douma actually gave vent to their feelings when the question of land distribution came before them. Some very noisy demonstrations were made against the government for opposing the distribution of land. It is expected that a crisis will follow. There is a proposition on foot now to sell 25,000,000 acres of land in the valley of the Volga to the peasants at a very nominal figure and on very easy payments.

THE majority of the bishops of France have decided to recommend that his holiness, the Pope, accept the new laws for the separation of church and state, but the minority will continue to resist and will send delegates to Rome.

THE Senate passed resolutions providing for the purchase of supplies for the Panama Canal within the

United States, unless the President should find in any case that the prices were unreasonable or extortionate.

THE city council of Chicago adopts ordinances for changing the cable car system to the trolley system; and the tunnels under the river are to be let down for the passage of boats. Authorities think that by the time navigation opens up in the spring the largest boats on the lake will enter the river.

THERE was but very little discussion in the Senate on the Navy appropriation bill. The bill asked for \$6,000,000 with which to construct the new battleship which is to be the largest and most formidable fighting vessel afloat. It was admitted, however, that the probable cost would be near, \$11,000,000. An item of \$7,000 was inserted to reimburse the officers and enlisted men of the navy and marine corps who lost their personal effects during the fire and earthquake of San Francisco. Yes, it only took a few moments for the senators to close their eyes and vote the people's money away to make more war vessels which will shed more blood, make more orphans and widows, but it took a great deal of debating and argument when the divorce question came up which was finally defeated, and was accorded an indefinite postponement. If the people want laws made and enforced that will make society clean, they will have to select their lawmakers from that class. It is hard to get men to vote against themselves, even on the floors of Congress.

THE report of the agricultural department shows that the increase of acreage of the cotton crop this year is nearly 2,000,000 acres.

SINCE the publication of the official packing-house exposure, with the endorsement of the President of the United States, the sales of meat and meat products have dropped fifty per cent in both foreign and domestic markets. In all of the large European cities the newspapers have taken up the fight, and in all probability the exposure will continue at home and abroad until some adjustment is made. It is to be hoped that the reform will come in time to save a few of the people who are required to depend upon these houses for what meat they buy.

IN all the principal capitals of the world the attempted assassination of the King and Queen of Spain has again revived the discussion of the various plans of protection for rulers and public officials. The ambassador to Germany and Russia, in an interview at Chicago, emphasized the necessity of creating an international bureau, whose duty it shall be to run down these bomb-throwers. The authorities at Rome say that Italy is willing to take part, or even the initiative in calling such a conference. England has been severely criticized for not excluding anarchists.

ABOUT fifty thousand pounds of adulterated western butter has been seized by federal collectors from the New York refrigerators within the last two weeks. Tests show that this stuff has been adulterated from twenty to thirty-eight per cent. It is reported that the butter came mostly from Nebraska and South Dakota, and was adulterated with fats other than cream. Roosevelt may have another job after he gets through with banks, post office scandals, packers, insurance, etc.

THE National Liquor Dealers' Association, in convention at Louisville, Ky., recently issued an address to the people of the United States, an extract from which is as follows: "We believe that the saloon and café should be so conducted that men will not hesitate to visit them with their wives and children." This shows that the public is bringing to bear such a force against the saloons that they are beginning to feel the pressure, and this sort of talk is only a compromise to win back lost favor. The thing for the public to do is to keep on exposing the heinous crimes that are committed in and by the saloon, and ultimately it must fall. San Francisco has had no saloons since the earthquake. A few other towns need something like it. If a city can do without the saloon this long, it can do without them forever.

A DISPATCH from Constantinople says that Deyke Pasha, a director of the Culbene hospital, has discovered a new method for the prevention and cure of leprosy. He says that it will not only render a people immune to the disease, but he believes it will make possible the eradication of the disease in all places where it is prevalent. If he can prove this to the world, he has made a fortune, gained all the renown he needs and has brought a great blessing to suffering humanity. These claims, however, have been made so often by others that the professor will probably have to show his goods and what they will do.

THE citizens of East Orange, N. J., grew very tired of paying exorbitant taxes to the city officials for water privileges, and time after time complained of

the price as well as the quality of the water. At last they resorted to the purchase of the entire holdings of the water company. Next they sunk about forty artesian wells and now they conduct this splendid artesian water to a reservoir, three hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. The city now has plenty of good water, a moderate tax, raises enough produce to supply the horses of the city department in the way of provender, in fact they are at but very little expense. They have demonstrated to other cities that municipal ownership is a part of American freedom. Who will be the next to follow?

DURING the recent marriage of King Alphonso of Spain and the Princess Ena, the ceremonies were interfered with by the explosion of a bomb thrown into their presence, from a window of a house. Fourteen people were killed, but the king and bride were not injured. The bomb was thrown by anarchists and it is claimed that they had plotted to kill the king and queen. The man who threw the bomb was arrested near Madrid, and, after having shot an officer, committed suicide.

It was announced at Brussels that King Leopold has decided to admit foreigners to the Congo Free State, but that he will continue to rule that country without any interference from any other source. This probably means that he does not solicit anybody's help to collect rubber at the cost of native blood.

THE famous Palace Hotel of San Francisco is to be rebuilt at a cost of \$3,700,000. It will occupy the same old site, with the former court reproduced and everything built proof against earthquakes as well as fire. The great Union Trust building is also rapidly nearing completion. The steel and stone parts of this great structure were unhurt by earthquake or fire, hence the woodwork is all that has to be replaced.

A LAWYER for the packers is quoted as having said, that President Roosevelt has hounded the mine owners, ruined insurance companies, persecuted the railroads, and is now destroying the cattle and packing industries. This is quite a credit to be accorded by an enemy. It is to be hoped now that he will call out all the bloodhounds in the kennel and get on the track of the different lines of graft, both local and general, and when that has been decently cleaned up, turn his artillery loose on the rum traffic. By the time he has finished he will have a clean docket for his successor to begin with. The American people ought to thank God that some one is doing something. If the states will put up some law-enforcing governors to assist the chief magistrate, the end will be accomplished that much sooner.





### OPPORTUNITY.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

**L**ET not your opportunities  
Unheeded pass you by,  
Each chance will go with rapid pace  
Like meteors through the sky.  
Life is too short to let it waste  
As golden moments fly.

A-down the ages comes the call  
Resounding far and near—  
"Each his own destiny must solve—  
Must do his own work here.

"Improve the present for you may  
Not see another day  
That brings you opportunities  
As those now by the way."

Each of us has some time in life  
A chance he should not lose.  
Dame Fortune favors none of us  
Except that chance we use.

Illinois.



### MAN AND WIFE.

WE are proposing, in this editorial, to talk to you married folks, collectively and separately. Come, now, will you, as man and wife, take this article and read it together.

Of course, we shall not say all that might be said. We shall, perhaps, say some things differently than they ought to be said. Our remarks will quite likely be open to criticism, contain many faults. But, in reading this article together, if you feel a desire to correct or improve on what we shall say, we shall be very glad to read anything you may write us, whether we publish it or not.

Of course, all married folks don't have exactly the same history. Each couple has problems to solve, difficulties to overcome, lessons to learn, slightly different from all others, and yet there are certain things that are liable to happen to all married couples.

After the courtship, be it long or short, after marriage is really consummated, the glammers, the mysteries, the novelties soon wear off, and the couple find themselves facing the real facts of married life. Much of the romance, and poetry, and passion, which scattered roses or thorns in the pathway of lovers has

passed away. The cold, practical, humdrum, workaday experiences have taken their place. Try as you may to keep alive the sentimental and roseate feelings peculiar to courtship and honeymoon, you will find yourself slowly but surely drifting away from this fairyland into a country where mundane surroundings and matter-of-fact things reign supreme.

You may be inclined to blame each other that this should be so.

Sometimes the husband blames the wife. He tries to imagine that she may have, carelessly or purposely, laid aside those charming and womanly graces that used to thrill his soul with admiration.

On the other hand, the wife may allow herself to believe that her husband deliberately hid all his faults and masculine traits before marriage, leaving her to discover them, one by one, after it is too late.

Of course, there are instances in which all this is true. Unfortunately, courtship rarely reveals all there is, either in the woman or the man. Except in the country, where the lives of both are open and simple, lovers rarely know much about each other until after they have become man and wife.

But with the best of acquaintance previous to marriage, with the frankest treatment of each other, with no intention to deceive or to conceal, marriage does actually and inevitably destroy many air castles, terminate many beautiful dreams. It is inevitable. Neither is to blame for it. Before marriage the touch of the hand, the meeting of the eyes, were sufficient to set the nerves tingling and the arteries throbbing with a strange and mysterious joy. Because this does not happen now, after months or years of matrimonial experiences, it should not create suspicion, or blame, or surprise.

But it does not follow, because the first entrancing dream is over, that the pleasure of married life is destroyed. Not by any means. Other joys, just as satisfying, if not quite so electrifying, are before them.

Happy is that married couple who, before the first bloom of their newly married life has disappeared, must begin to make preparations to welcome a tiny stranger to their home. This arouses within them both novel anticipations, new and inexhaustible joys. And then, if in addition to reasonable health and moderate means, one by one there appears a large family of healthy boys and girls, the problem of married

life is solved without time for heartaches or jealousies. The joys and experiences of the present are too many and varied to allow the mind to wander back to the days of courtship and honeymoon, conjuring up what might have been.

It is the childless homes that have the serious problems to solve. "Multiply and replenish the earth," is the fiat that has gone forth through sacred writ and natural laws. They who take upon themselves the responsibility to set this law aside have created for themselves a labyrinth of difficulties which frequently baffles worldly wisdom and human sagacity.

Not that the childless home is always an unhappy home, for even this problem has been solved by self-sacrifice and mutual forbearance. But the home filled with the prattle of babies and the noise of growing children settles its own problems, requires no psychological analysis or moral philosophy. The family is nature's own sequel to the honeymoon. Healthy boys and girls constitute a never failing antidote for the waning passions of youthful courtships. At least one-half of the infelicities of domestic life, and one-half the ailments peculiar to women, are the direct result of fruitless marriages.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the incoming of a family does not correct everything. Differences will arise, perplexities will present themselves, incompatibility of temperaments will occur, disagreements may happen, even quarrels are possible.

A woman looks out upon the world from a different standpoint than a man. Until a woman has learned the man's viewpoint, and the man has comprehended the woman's attitude, and then become reconciled to differences that can never be wholly eradicated, until all this happens perfect tranquility can not be assured.

Of course there are dull-minded, good-natured men and women, who have no ideals, who are never disturbed by any theories or sentiments, who live almost wholly on the physiological or sensuous plane of life, like well-fed, well-behaved animals, who are saved from conjugal troubles by sheer stupidity.

But people of sensitive natures, people of nerve tension and high aspirations, people who desire to do the best things for their children and accomplish the highest results for themselves, such people are far more liable to find themselves involved in disastrous domestic disputes.

Commendable aspiration and virtue on the part of men and women are quite as frequently the cause of family troubles as are faults. Over and over again it happens that two very good people, who are related as husband and wife find themselves wretched, almost goaded to distraction, by little insignificant incompatibilities which recur with each rising of the sun, and repeat themselves every hour of the day. Even the

wholesome influences of growing sons and daughters can not always reconcile such parents to each other.

What, then, is the best thing for such people to do? Shall they separate, and scatter their family to the four winds of the earth? The proposition seems like a monstrous one. Even the beasts of the field do better than this, they stay together until the family is reared.

Divorce is a hideous thing, especially where there is a family to be affected by it. In the daily papers, almost every day, are recorded deaths and divorces. To the thoughtful man or woman the divorces are greater tragedies than the deaths. The human suffering, blasted hopes, withered ideals, moral degradation and bleeding hearts that are indicated by one divorce are greater than a score of funerals.

If not divorce, then what?

The remedy is not a very radical one, or an expensive one. But it is one that is almost sure to work. If a husband and wife, who find themselves divided by what seems to them irreconcilable differences, would just agree to let past differences alone, never refer to what has gone by between them, allowing each day to bring its own troubles, and when the day is past let the oblivion of night bury them forever, much would be accomplished.

Get up each morning determined to give each other another chance. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Make each new day a starting point. If you must differ during the day, do so. Do not yield what you believe to be right and just. Speak your piece frankly every time your judgment or principles are assailed, but give your partner a clean slate every morning. Do not bring over any unsettled balance to spoil the next day. Do not harbor any grudges, or keep alive in your heart any animosities. Start new every morning.

Say to yourself each morning: "I can do better to-day than I did yesterday. I know how to manage things a little better. I am a little wiser as to what things are possible, and what things are impossible. I am determined to forget yesterday, the day before, and all the rest of it. Here I am, bound by marriage ties, to this man or woman. Our children are growing up about us. I have learned what pleases and displeases my partner. Just as far as I can, consistent with integrity and good morals, I am determined to please, rather than displease.

"Anyhow, I shall not twit of the past. I shall not bring up old scores. I shall not reopen old discussions. I have given a receipt in full up to date. Our books are balanced. I am determined to open a new account this morning.

"I may have trouble again to-day. Differences may arise. I am not proposing to give up my personality. But whatever differences do arise I shall set-



tle them on the spot, so as to have nothing to mar the possibilities of to-morrow. All my troubles shall be buried when I go to sleep to-night. I shall never resurrect them. Each day shall have for itself its own trouble. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I will not allow my troubles to grow by accumulation. The troubles of yesterday, the disputes of last week, the disagreements of last year, shall not be dragged along any further. They grow worse as they grow older. I am determined to cut myself loose from them. There is trouble enough before me, without saving the troubles that are behind me. I am determined never by word or look, by act or inference, to refer to those things which have made us trouble in the past.

"If we have trouble again to-day, all right. I shall not be discouraged on account of it. I am not proposing to pout, or get sullen, or allow myself to be squelched. I am proposing to preserve my soul alive, to keep my ideals intact. I shall defend them loyally all day. But when the shades of evening draw around me I am resolved to lay aside the battles of the day, with all of its burdens, never, never to be referred to again. Then, to-morrow I shall arise not handicapped by the troubles I may have to-day, but free and unfettered by them."

Now, if every husband and wife would resolve to do this, even irreconcilable differences would grow much smaller, if they do not entirely disappear.

This is enough for the present. We shall probably take up the subject some other time where we have left it to-day. Think over what has already been said; and see if there isn't some truth in it.—*Medical Talk.*



#### HOW A BOY WAS PUNISHED.

My father was a country minister. Like most of his guild his only abundance consisted in piety and the "poor man's blessing"—many children.

There were nine of us, and the butter on our bread was very thin, our pantaloons were pieced down and pieced up and turned hind side before, and we went barefoot all summer, and never gave each other the value of a pin. One day a letter arrived from grandfather containing a gift of a small sum of money. It was deemed permissible that out of it father should treat himself to a certain book which he had long desired. So one cold winter morning (I was nine years old at the time) mother dressed me in the combined wraps of the family, put the precious coins in my pocket, and despatched me to the neighboring village, four miles away, to procure the book.

My way lay along the river, which was frozen hard and all alive with boys from the village, skating. I recall again to-day my sensations as I stood upon the bank watching them. Such beautiful circles they cut!

Such races they ran! And how splendidly they cleft the air as they drew up after a long run and let the momentum carry them on, on, as if they would never stop! It fairly made my legs tingle. I began to grow envious. I had no skates; I never had a toy bought for me in my life. I despised our home-made playthings. Then I had to cast the blame of my fancied wrongs upon somebody, and whom could it be but my father and mother? They were hard with me, they didn't love me, I said. Once in this mood it was easy for worse thoughts still to come. What if I should take some of the money in my pocket and buy a pair of skates! It would not be very wrong, I said—father did not earn it. I tried hard to make myself believe that it belonged almost as much to me as to him. Besides, the jingling of that money in my pocket made me feel grand and independent. I wanted to do something on my own account; so upon reaching the village, instead of going to the bookstore, I went directly to a shop where a few days before I had seen a row of the coveted articles hung across the window. The longer I looked the stronger grew the temptation, until it seemed as though I lost the power of moving away. Finally I yielded, went in and bought the skates.

I was soon at the river with my skates strapped on. Another moment and I, too, should be sailing grandly before the wind. But what was my amazement to find upon rising to my feet that I could not even stand, much less move a single step!

This brought me to my senses. My spirit every bit oozed out. I saw plainly what a foolish boy I had been. In a moment conscience began gnawing at me and I felt how wicked I had been. I have since learned that there is nothing better than failure to produce both understanding and penitence. What would I have given to be able to bring back the money. Should I ever be innocent again? I had stolen and now was planning a lie to conceal the theft. I could scarcely believe that it was I. It seemed like some wicked boy I had read of. The skates I hated and left upon the ice. I shall never forget my walk home; how my guilt increased with every step, how heavy my legs felt, and how strange our house looked when it came in sight, not larger, not smaller, but so different, and as I neared it all the windows seemed to be eyes looking into my guilty breast. Then as I thought of going in there came a feeling of suffocation; I was ill, and glad of it, for I felt so far away from father and mother, and I was sure that would bring me near again.

Weak as an infant I tried the latch. Only mother was in the room as I entered. She looked surprised to see me empty handed.

"Where is the book, Henry?" she said.

"Why, mother," I replied, "as I was going along

I took the money out to look at it, and I put it back in my pocket, and when I got to the bookstore I felt for it and it was gone."

Mother looked at me suspiciously. In a moment father came in, and she told him my story, adding, "I think it had better be inquired into closely."

Father looked at me and replied, "Henry has not been a lying child. I think he was never found in a falsehood, was he mother?"

"But if I am not mistaken he shows guilt now," she said.

"That may be because he saw suspicion in your voice and manner. The conduct of a suspected person is often so like that of the guilty that one is easily mistaken," and then, in a tone that told me he thought me innocent, he said, "Let us do no injustice to our child, mother."

Nothing could have melted me like those words. And I had thought my father hard! If a chasm had opened before me I think I would gladly have jumped in to hide my shame and remorse.

I went to bed early but could not sleep. I lay awake all night, a lump of conscious, animated guilt. Cold, moist chills and waves of heat followed each other over my body. And harder to bear than even remorse was the thought that it was my dear, dear, loving father whom I had treated so basely. A revelation came to me as to the nature of his life, that it was one of privation and self-denial.

When at last the light of another day had returned I was the same guilty wretch as I was the day before. Oh, how I envied my brothers and sisters! I wondered they did not seem happier because they had not stolen and told lies. I was gentle and obliging that

day, but the awful feeling at my heart would not go off. I was filled with fear if but my name was spoken.

For three days and nights I endured this suffering, but then I felt as though I would rather be put in prison than endure it longer. The old remedy for prodigals occurred to me. I would go to my father. It couldn't be any worse. In desperation I went to the study door, but it was not easy to enter. At last the door opened somehow, and I burst into the room in a wild fit of tears.

"Father," I screamed, "I did not lose the money! I spent it for skates!"

And then, what I could not understand was that father seemed to feel as bad as I did. He took me in his arms and held me silently to his breast, and my heart, which nearly burst my jacket, became smaller and smaller, until I thought I had breathed it all out in sobs and sighs.

"Punished enough for this time," I heard father say to himself. After I was quite calm, he said, "Henry, we will say nothing about this at present to any one, not even your mother. If you ask God I think he will forgive you as I do, seeing you have so truly repented. I feel sure you will never be so wicked again."—*The Orphan*.



DURING the late disaster in California the Southern Pacific Company carried 300,000 passengers free; of this number 67,000 passengers were carried to interior California points, 7,684 to other States, and 226,000 to suburban points around San Francisco Bay. The value of this transportation is supposed to be \$456,000.

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE FARMERS' FRIENDS.

ELGIN S. MOYER.

THE farmer has a large number of friends, though at first thought he probably would call them pests, which should be carefully protected. If it were not for them he could not depend on the crops. Nearly all birds eat insects, which if not destroyed would do a great deal of damage. Although the sparrow and blackbird eat large quantities of grain they also destroy many harmful insects. One species of blackbirds hovers around cattle and catches the flies that continually pester them. Wherever insects are, they are not safe from their enemies, for while they are flying the swallow or kingbird darts at them, and

catches them with ease. If they are hidden behind the bark of trees the woodpecker is their chief enemy. If they are in the ground the groundmole is likely to catch them. If you watch a toad closely you will find that he destroys a great many insects. He gets close to his prey, then very quickly snaps at it with his tongue which is loose behind and coated with a sticky substance. He very seldom misses his prey. The bat is an animal that catches insects that for any cause are out a little late.

Spiders also destroy a few harmful insects. Instead of going after his prey the spider spins a web in a convenient place and waits until some insect comes along and is caught in the net, then the spider steals up and kills it.

The common garter snake is one of the few enemies



of the potato beetle. Some people kill every garter snake they have a chance to kill, thinking they are poisonous, but the bite of it is probably no more harmful than a cat scratch.

Although the hawks catch some chickens and small birds, they probably destroy enough mice, rats, and other vermin to make up for the birds that they kill. The hawk catches these things in the daytime, but the owl finds them at night. It is well to have a cat or two around, for they catch mice, rats, etc., either by night or day.

If it were not for bees we could raise no clover seed. The pollen of white clover and alsike is in little cups and as the honey bee gathers honey from them, he carries some pollen with him and thus distributes it over the field. The cups of the common red clover are deeper and the bumble bee is necessary to fertilize it. Bees not only fertilize clover blossoms but also the blossoms of many other plants. The ladybug, a small beetle, destroys a minute insect called the "San José scale," which kills fruit trees. This beetle probably also destroys potato bug and other insect eggs.

Squirrels and birds are tree planters; for they sometimes for the purpose of hiding seeds or nuts place them under leaves or in the ground, and then forget about them; and finally the seed grows. Squirrels make nice pets after they have become tame, and birds often cheer the farmer with their songs. The quail stays here during the winter and eats many weed seeds. The canary and bobolink eat seeds of many noxious plants in the summertime. In search of food the turkey buzzard flies around above the country until he finds some decaying matter. He will then descend and eat his meal with delight. Dead animals need not lie around very long in the summertime before the buzzard finds them.

Therefore we see what a help animals and birds are about the farm. God has given us these creatures for a purpose and we should protect them. Sometimes we see persons shooting or throwing at birds for mere fun, which if left alive would do a great deal of good. It would be far better to feed and encourage the birds than to kill or scare them. It is the duty of humanity to protect these inferior creatures and we should all aim to do our duty.

*Alvordton, Ohio.*



#### LITTLE JIM'S BALL.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.

It was near the last of May in a village of about five hundred inhabitants where everybody knew everybody else and anybody's business was everybody's business. The trees were in full leaf, the blossoms were flown, and a shade covered the sidewalk along Main street.

Mike, the "Raggedy Man," had hauled out his lawn mower and was going from dooryard to dooryard making the lawns smooth as velvet. At last he came to the most commodious house in town, the residence of one of the principal merchants. A little boy with large brown eyes, barefoot, balanced on the veranda railing. Suddenly the click of the mower stopped and Mike picked up something.

"Here, Jim, is your rubber ball. That's a fine one."

"Why, no, Mike, I haven't got any," said little Jim.

"Well, you may have this one anyway," said Mike, tossing the ball to Jim, whose eyes, naturally large and bright, grew more so if possible. Down from the railing he jumped, hippity-hop, hippity-hop; up the street he went till he came to his father's store building and in he rushed to show his papa his new treasure.

"See, papa, see my new ball. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Where did you get it?" asked his father, a doubt that his little son might have picked it up from where he should not have coming into his mind.

"Mike gave it to me. He found it on the lawn," said Jim.

"Are you sure of that? Will you go with me to see Mike about it?" demanded the father.

A sense of his father's suspicion dawned upon the boy and his joy was gone, his eyes were filled with tears, and his lips trembled.

"Yes, papa, I'll go with you, but Mike did give it to me."

They started for home at once and at every few steps Jim said between sobs, "Honest, papa, Mike did."

When they reached home Mike had finished his work and gone to his own home at the opposite side of the village. Still the relentless father had the little boy go with him to the other side of the town, where they found Mike working on his own lawn and he very soon established Jim's veracity. It was now the strong man's turn to tremble for the wrong he had inflicted on his sensitive son, so picking him up in his arms he hurried home. Putting the boy into his mother's lap for consolation, he hurried upstairs to his private room where he shed tears of remorse.

*Idaville, Ind.*



#### THE SALOON.

MAUD HAWKINS.

If all believers in intemperance would form a league against the saloon they would soon put it down. But the reason they can't drive it out of existence is their lack of union. Each one hesitates to stand for the right, fearing it will injure his worldly prospects. The preacher dare not talk to a great extent, as he is apt to lose his position if he should offend the in-

fluent winebibber. The merchant because it will injure his trade. The politician because it will lessen his prospects for a good fat office. I once knew a temperate blacksmith who refused to sign a remonstrance against a low saloon in his village, on the ground that the saloon-keeper was his best customer. The saloon still flourished and in less than five years the blacksmith's only son was the saloon's best customer. Did it pay?

Some argue, "What is the use of closing the saloon in a town? They will go to a neighboring intemperate town and get it." Yes, some will. But how about the youth who innocently wanders to his native village and is lured into a saloon before he realizes his danger, while he would never think of going to a neighboring town for the express purpose of obtaining it?

If influential men would take the temperance question in hand as they did the slave question they would succeed. But they don't. Why? Because they know it would surely lessen their chances for advancement in political strife. The liquor traffic corrupts legislation by its insidious temptation to the money-seeker. If the whole nation could have a temperance rally day and every abstainer pledge himself to do something for the cause and thus strike the blow all on the same day, it would have effect. Some could prepare bills to their legislature; some lecture; others get up remonstrances against the license; others might sign those remonstrances; and every one do what he has

a talent for, if merely calling on an intemperate friend to plead with him.

*Cerrogordo, Ill.*



## A CRITICISM.

EDITOR INGLENOOK.

*Dear Sir:*—I herewith beg leave to offer a criticism to a statement made in the article in INGLENOOK of May 8, page 440, on intemperance, which reads thus: "Slavery was an American institution, intemperance is world-wide." If my inference of the quotation is as the writer intended it to mean, I am of the opinion that there is plenty of proof that slavery existed many years before America was known to the world. If I have made the wrong inference I beg the writer's pardon. It would take too much space to give all the proof but I wish to refer the writer to the following articles, all taken from Botsford's Ancient History:

Page	Article	Page	Article
252	207	293	237
312	252	338	274
340	275	393	313
424	334	394	314
466	366	405	323

If the above history is within reach I suggest a reading of the articles indicated for an idea of slavery at that time.

Yours truly,

*Tiffin, Ohio.*

P. J. YOUNG.

# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

## Temperance Song.

[Tune, "America."]

Our friends, we now advance,  
To sing of temperance,  
Of it we sing;  
Think of our friends who died,  
Our loved ones and our pride;  
Enticed on ev'ry side,  
By whisky's ring.

Our careless friends, of thee,  
We beg give liberty,  
To those we love;  
We love our neighbors' sons,  
And all the little ones,  
And all who liquor shuns,  
For God is love.

Let a great temperance band  
Rise up in every land,  
This curse put down;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let us their bondage break,  
Give Christ the crown.

Our father's God to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Lord! aid us in our fight,  
Put liquor from our sight,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God our King.



I wish every liquor dealer could be compelled to read Matt. 6: 19-21; 25: 31-46; 19: 21; 16: 26, for it seems to me nothing but the love of money could induce a man to engage in that which not only destroys the body but the soul. Yes, the soul of the seller as well as the drinker.



A young woman kindergarten teacher entered a public conveyance one day and smiled at a gentleman opposite from where she seated herself. He acknowledged her salutation, but it was evident that he did not know her. Realizing her mistake, she said, in tones audible to all in the conveyance:

"Oh, please excuse me! I mistook you for the father of two of my children!"

She rang the bell for the next stop.



### Why the Gas Company was Irritated.

Ding! went the office telephone, and the gas manager took down the receiver.

"Hallo!" said a gruff voice. "Is that the gas company I am talking to?"

"Yes; what is it?" asked the man of gas.

"Well, I wanted to know when the entries for the races must be in?"

"We don't know anything about races. This is the gas company."

"Yes; but I thought you could tell me."

"But what do you want to know for?"

"Oh, only that I've got one of your meters here that I should like to enter."

Without a word the gas manager hung up the receiver with an angry slam.

When you fight or work, don't make a fuss, says a wise man. The noisy sizzle of a locomotive is not force. All force is silent. The hee-haw of the mule may startle, but it is not as dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind that it is only the noise while in motion. The noise of the drum is due to the fact that there is nothing in it.

A young lady working in a stocking factory, fearing her chances small for a life partner, wrote the following and slipped it into the toe of a gentleman's sock: "A young lady, good looking, of some means, would like to correspond with the wearer of this stocking, if he is single, with a view to matrimony." A young man bought the sock and said: "There is my chance." He wrote to the young lady offering himself as a suitable party, and to his surprise got this reply: "I have a family of five children." The man from whom he bought the socks had never advertised consequently they had lain on his shelves for eight years.—The Arrow.

### How Alice Learned a Lesson.

After a few weeks at boarding school, Alice wrote home as follows:

"Dear Father: Though I was homesick at first, now that I am getting acquainted I like the school very much. Last evening Grayce and Kathryn (my roommates) and I had a nice little chafing dish party, and we invited three other girls, Mayme and Carrye Miller and Edyth Kent. I hope you are all well at home. I can't write any more now, for I have a lot of studying to do. With lots of love to all, your affectionate daughter, Alyss."

To which she received the following reply from her respected father:

"My Dear Daughter Alyss: I was glad to receive your letter and to know that you are enjoying yourself. Uncle Jaymes came the other day, bringing Charls and Albyrt with him. Your brother Henrie was delighted, for he has been lonely without you. I have bought a new gray horse whose name is Byllye. He matches nicely with old Freddie. With much love from us all, I am your affectionate father, Wyllyam Jones."

The next letter was duly signed "Alice."

### \$ucce\$\$

\$ucce\$\$ \$eem\$ \$olely \$ignified by \$,

And nothing count\$ but cold clammy ca\$h;

Ju\$th think of all the geniue\$\$ and \$cholar\$

Who, lacking coin to adverti\$e, go to \$ma\$h.

—Life.

### Busy.

Along in the sixties Pat Casey pushed a wheelbarrow across the plains from St. Joseph, Mo., to Georgetown, Colo., and shortly after that he "struck it rich"; in fact, he was credited with having more wealth than anyone else in Colorado. A man of great shrewdness and ability, he was exceedingly sensitive over his inability to read or write. One day an old-timer met him with:

"How are you getting along, Pat?"

"Go 'way from me now," said Pat genially, "me head's bustin' wid business. It takes two lid-pincils a day to do me wurruk."—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in Everybody's Magazine.

A young man started in the livery business a few weeks ago, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. He was particularly proud of his stroke of business enterprise, and straightway asked of his wife: "Is it not a good likeness of me?" "Yes," she replied, "it is a perfect picture of you; but who is the fellow holding the bridle?"

A piece of one's mind is never an acceptable gift.

If you want to hasten the time when your friends will send in the posies and walk around you after the benediction and say, "How natural!" here are a few things to do:

Eat a forty-minute meal in as near forty seconds as possible.

Talk and think business at all hours.

Scowl at and scold the homefolks.

Be crabbed and cranky and "bossy" with the help.

Repeat and exaggerate all the mean things you know and hear about your neighbors.

Be jealous of what other people have.

Make your home merely a place to 'stay when you can't be crowding your business affairs.

Never forget and never forgive.

If anybody happens to say or do a thoughtless thing to you assume that he meant it and then camp on his trail till you "get even."

A CHINAMAN cannot be partial to his sons in his will. All must share and share alike.

FULLY one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

THE municipality of Paris awards every second year a silver medal to the most industrious street cleaner.

AT Gonoata, in the South seas, there is a fine exacted from all who do not attend church three times a week.

WORTH begets, in base minds, envy; in great souls, emulation.—Fielding.

## The Emphatic Diaglott

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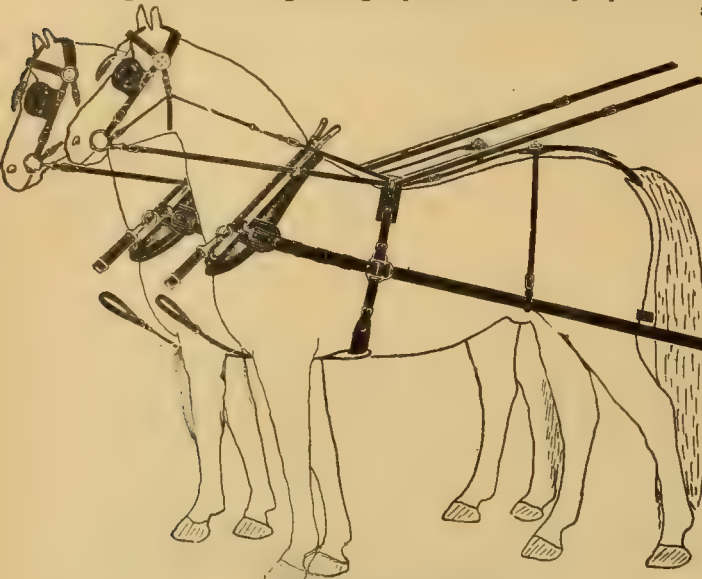
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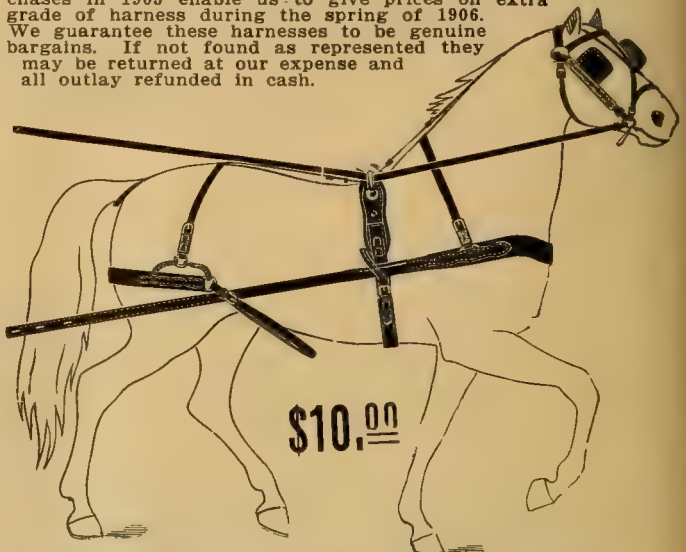
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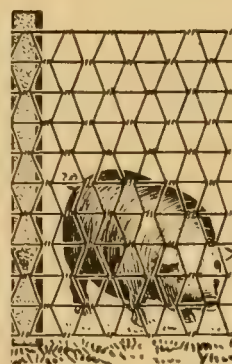
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whether you are well or sick? Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of having aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel well and strong? To feel as you do is not a natural condition but quite the opposite. Something is wrong. That something must be corrected. It may not require much—but the chances are, that nature requires just a little assistance to throw off the impurities and waste matter that have gathered in the system and which is probably the cause of the trouble. Nature works hard to throw off these impurities through the skin, the stomach, the kidneys, etc. As long as she succeeds in keeping the system clear, we feel well. Sometimes, however, the organs of elimination, such as the liver, kidneys and bowels, get sluggish in their action and we feel the effect at once. We are apt to suffer from rheumatism, headaches, flatulency, heart palpitation, skin eruptions, insomnia, and a host of other things.

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### REAPED GRAND RESULTS.

Polo, Ill., Feb. 19, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—You have not heard from me as one of your local agents for some time. I write you to request that you keep my name entered as local agent. Of the last **Blood Vitalizer** I received of you, I used ten bottles for myself and from which I reaped grand results—a wonderful experience—of which I shall write you later so that you may send it out to ring in the ears of earth's many thousands of suffering people. Yours truly,

Herschel E. Moffitt.

R. F. D. No. 7.

### THE NEWS SPREADS.

South Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 9, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I have just returned from a visit to my sister, Mrs. E. I. Covey, in Belvidere, Ill., who has been so wonderfully cured by the use of your **Blood Vitalizer**. I obtained your address from her and write to tell you that I should like to become your agent here in Pasadena. I have lived here a good many years but have never heard of your medicine before. I suppose the freight will be too high to enable me to make any profit on it, but I want the medicine any way for family use.

Yours truly,

Mrs. M. A. Throop.

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THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

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The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

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From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JUNE 26, 1906.

No. 26.

JULY 4, 1906.

All hail the nation's natal day,  
A day of joy and mirth!  
Our cares and toils we lay away  
To celebrate its birth.  
Here's health, here's wealth, here's church  
and school—  
Freedom for each man waits,  
No other land can be more grand  
That our United States.

From mountain peak to fertile plain,  
From boundless sea to sea,  
Each man his manhood may retain—  
Be upright, just and free.  
Here's justice for the toiling man,  
Here's mercy for the weak,  
Here rich or poor, here high or low  
His inmost thoughts may speak.

Our country's arms are reaching out  
To many a distant land.  
O, God, in love hedge her about  
And guile keep from her hand.  
May Justice, Mercy, Love and Truth  
Her guardian angels be;  
And every hand revere the grand  
Dominion of the free.

Then wave the banners, beat the drums,  
And let the cannons roar.  
May nations serve the Prince of Peace  
And learn of war no more.  
The prophet says the time shall come  
When war and strife shall cease,  
Then let us pray, "God speed the day  
Of universal Peace."

Illinois.



## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Love is stronger than argument.*



*He who prefers duty to happiness gains both.*



*Life only can be made divine by taking God into it.*



*Reputation is Character's passport, and she should  
not lose it.*

*Live to live: God gives us life that we may obtain  
life.*



*If we cannot hold our peace we will be sure to  
lose it.*



*To be above much that is low is entirely compatible  
with lowliness.*



*Love shows the beauty of religion, leaving theology  
to explain its tenets.*



*The religion that cannot raise us above the world  
shows its inability to get us to heaven.*



*We cannot follow Christ and the world at the same  
time if they lead in different directions.*



*It will not be the brevity of our lives, so much as  
their futility, that will grieve us at the end.*



*God asks only obedience as the proof of love, and  
then commands only that which is love's joy to obey:  
"If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."*



*Carry pity in your hand and apply it on demand;  
pockets are such selfish things; sympathy of heart  
takes wings. Carry pity in your hand and apply it  
on demand.*



*We love to read biographies of noble lives. Duty  
is translated from prose to a very poem by doing it;  
and others are reading our lives, while the pen is yet  
in our hand.*



*But justice from God's hand would be too strong,  
He mixes it with kindness—hence our song,  
We drink the kindness, passing on the cup  
To others, who upon the highway faint,  
Aye, give them justice, wondering, while they sup,  
Why, given justice, they should make complaint.  
Flora, Ind.*



## Miss Betsy's Cure

Hattie Preston Rider



THE teakettle was singing. A shaft of gold, all a-quiver with shadows of the Lombardy poplar leaves, struck through the west kitchen window across the spotless cloth of the spread table. Miss Hitty drew the shade, just as the soft roll of Miss Betsy's invalid chair sounded in the doorway.

"The land alive, Mehitable! You be the worst thing fer light! Hain't I told you time and again not to let butter get the sun on't? Of all things, I hate frowy butter!"

Miss Hitty crossed the floor nimbly, and helped the wheels over the threshold.

"I guess it didn't git more'n a taste o' sunshine," she chirped, in a pleasant, cracked voice. "Mebbe 'twas glad on't, after setting down in that dark cellar all its life, an' will taste so much sweeter," ending with a little cackle of laughter at her own quaint conceit.

Miss Betsy drew down her brows.

"You're gittin' ruther old for such silliness," she remarked, acidly.

Miss Hitty subsided, with the air of one mercilessly sat upon. She measured the tea, conscious of critical eyes watching the process; but when she took her seat at the table, her plain, pleasant face had recovered its serenity.

"Day after to-morrow'll be the Fourth," she remarked, handing Miss Betsy her steaming cup. "S'pose they'll be having great doings up to the Gen'ral's, same as usual."

"It's like enough!" Miss Betsy snapped. "Some folks hain't got any more sense than to spend money on such fol-de-rols as fireworks an' colored lanterns."

"They take that way to show their patriotism, I don't doubt," Miss Hitty explained, rather warmly for her. "The speaker over to the Corners last year told the children we ought to do that in time o' peace jest the same as in time o' war." She swallowed hard, and then went on encouragingly:

"I wisht Sammy Crothers could have a real Fourth o' July, fer once in his life."

Miss Betsy's lips set in a grim line, a process that interfered somewhat comically with her disposal of a mouthful of cottage cheese.

"If Crothers' folks want to celebrate Fourth of Julys, let 'em save up the money to do it with," was her stern pronouncement. She looked at Miss Hitty suspiciously. "None of the neighbors ain't going to do it for 'em, as I know of."

A faint color crept into the younger sister's sallow cheek.

"I didn't mean a celebration like they have up to the Gen'ral's," she hastened to assure Miss Betsy. "Sammy could git a lot o' Fourth o' July out of a couple of bunches o' firecrackers."

Miss Betsy's face waxed yet more forbidding.

"He won't git any that's bought with my money; that's certain," she averred.

Miss Hitty did not pursue the subject. The quarter-section farm, with its tidy buildings and sleek stock, had been willed by their father to her and her sister in equal, undivided shares. Yet Miss Betsy always spoke of it as "my" property. Not a penny of the snug income was spent without her supervision and consent. For the last five years a rheumatic trouble had bound her a slave to her invalid chair, but her sharp eyes and imperious will still retained sway over their joint business interests. Miss Hitty, like the merest steward, was required to give account for every cent that went either way across the counter of the village store three miles away. Her kindly, unselfish soul rebelled at her restrictions sometimes, when she saw the needs of those less fortunate than themselves, especially the children. Nature designed her heart for the mothering of a dozen, but its hungry yearning had ever fed on such crumbs as crippled Sammy Crothers' adoring affection. She would have reveled in the rôle of beneficent angel to his kind, but her gentle soul shrank from the storm such a course would raise.

Next morning, as she shook the reins over plump Bridget, on her way to market with a crock of fresh butter and a basket of eggs, all things seemed arrayed to rouse the latent rebellion within her. There was a stirring hum of patriotic preparation about the big house of the "Gen'ral" as she passed. Decorations in various stages for the gala morrow were in progress all along the one street of the "Corners." Some impatient youngster was beating a lively tattoo on a toy drum opposite the store. It set her heart beating in responsive accompaniment. When the premature explosion of a cannon cracker half a block away sent lazy Bridget dancing Miss Hitty could have hugged the staid beast. It was so delightful to have even a dumb animal in sympathy with one.

The storekeeper weighed the butter and counted out the eggs. Miss Hitty selected her simple purchases, and he deducted their cost from the price of her produce.

"There's twenty-five cents coming to you yet," he announced. "Eggs are gone up."

Ah! The tempter knows a weak moment! His victim's heart leaped. Like a flash her glance traveled along the next counter, piled with noise and fire-producing devices; then back to the pencil poised above her bill.

"Give me three packages o' firecrackers, four 'nigger-chasers,' and four snake-nests," she ordered, in abrupt, unnatural tones.

The deed was done. Nervously but shamelessly, as she drove home, Miss Hitty tore up the tell-tale bill, scattered the pieces along the roadside, and laid her treasonable plans. There was an empty drawer in the old bureau in the kitchen bedroom. She would hide the treasures in it until Miss Betsy retired, the following night, which was sure to be early. A word dropped to Sammy would bring him hobbling on his crutches to the foot of the pasture hill. Then—a great fearsome joy almost choked her—what a celebration they two would have, worthy of the boy he should have been and the girl she really was! Once the thought of detection rose before her appallingly, but she put it aside. Sammy's delight would repay all the risk.

Miss Betsy was at the window, when she drove up, still flushed with her guilty secret; but she managed to spirit in her contraband goods. Dinner-time was drawing on, so the mentor had little opportunity for troublesome questions. But when the dishes were washed and Miss Hitty had gone into the garden to pick raspberries, Miss Betsy bethought herself of the bill that had not come with the morning's shopping. A sudden suspicion assailed her. Carefully in her mind she went over each item; then she computed the price of the butter and eggs. The two balanced, as near as she could calculate. But Miss Betsy frowned. It was her nature to be exact. She would have called her sister, only the berry patch was out of earshot. Suddenly the weekly paper, still lying on the table in its uncut wrapping, caught her eye. There was a market report; and Mr. Garrett always allowed them a cent more. Like a human ferret Miss Betsy searched, putting her fingers together craftily. The sheet dropped from her hands at last, and her jaws shut with a snap. There was at least twenty cents unaccounted for!

Mentally she went over all Miss Hitty's actions—her nervous hurry to get dinner, her high color. Then like a flash it recurred to her that Miss Hitty had gone without explanation to the kitchen bedroom when she came in with the parcels. She recalled the wish for Sammy Crothers' Fourth, expressed the day before. Miss Betsy grasped the wheels of her chair, and propelled herself across the sitting room, through the kitchen, into the bedroom beyond. The old bureau was its sole furnishing. Resolutely she pulled drawer after drawer; and a minute later Miss Hitty's guilty secret lay bare before her eyes.

It was impossible that she should let the treasonable scheme go on, yet she could not decide what course her judgment should take. Miss Hitty was liable to come in at any moment. After hurried thought she gathered up the contents of the package loosely in their wrapping, and closing the drawer, pushed herself back into the kitchen. Miss Hitty's step on the walk hastened her movements. It was too late to reach her own room; so she hurriedly thrust the motley collection under the valance of the old-fashioned lounge. When her sister, red with heat and berry stains, appeared in the doorway, the big chair was in its place by the window.

Miss Hitty put the porcelain kettle on the range, and sat down to pick over the berries. When the task was half done a rider on horseback came flying up the road. A neighbor had been taken suddenly ill. Would Miss Hitty go and stay with her while he hurried for the doctor?

"It's jest like Mis' Pierce, bein' took when a body's right in the middle o' things!" complained Miss Betsy. "Here, gimme them jars, an' the bowl o' berries. Mebbe I can manage to put 'em up."

Miss Hitty's white sunbonnet disappeared behind the turn of the hedge, and her sister took up her task, one of many laid aside for five long years. How awkward it was, without the light feet and willing hands that were always ready to answer her call! Unaccustomed, vexing thoughts obtruded themselves in the midst of her hampered efforts, as she worked. She could not recall an impatient word, or an unwillingness to help, on Miss Hitty's part, in all the thirty-five years of the latter's plain, monotonous, hard-working life.

It was close on tea-time when the last jar was sealed and the pile of unwashed dishes pushed back on the table. Miss Betsy peered fretfully down the front walk. Would Mrs. Pierce dare keep Hitty all night, she wondered. Impossible! How hungry and faint she was, with her unaccustomed exertion!

"I'll set the teakettle going," she decided. Luckily it was filled. She reached for a match, and turned the burner of the "blue-flame" stove. The light puffed and went out. With a nervous start Miss Betsy dropped the match. She lit another, and tried again. Instantly the blaze flared, and settled sedately to burning. She put the kettle over, and leaned back, watching it grimly.

Beneath the wheel chair a bit of white wrapping twine trailed half-hidden from behind the calico valance of the lounge. The match Miss Betsy dropped fell squarely across it. The blaze went out, but a tiny glow of red crept along the cotton string, leaving a faint broken line of ashes, and disappeared from view. Twenty seconds later a volley of explosions broke underneath the lounge, streams of "nigger-chasers" shot from their concealments, trailing brilliant zigzags



of sparks in every direction. Miss Betsy gave a most astonishing jump, and screamed shrilly. She had all but forgotten the confiscated goods. With a fussy woman's horror of fireworks, she lost her head completely for a moment, shrieking for help that was far out of hearing and sight. Then, recovering somewhat, she seized the poker and raising the valance, swept the blazing mass out into the middle of the floor. The firecrackers still popped briskly. The room filled with a haze of wavering smoke, and through it—horror of horrors! From each of the four cone-shaped little boxes she saw a long, brown, snake-like something crawling, and spreading across the boards. Two of them were making directly toward her. Above all created things Miss Betsy hated a reptile. With a wild yell of terror, she drew herself upright, and forgetful of her five years of crippled helplessness fled tottering and stumbling toward the door. Miss Hitty, running up the walk a moment later, found her gasping and trembling as she clung to the post at the foot of the veranda steps. A real ghost would have been less a shock to her.

"The land alive!" ejaculated Miss Hitty, her face blanched with fright; but Miss Betsy waved her toward the kitchen door, whence a volume of smoke was pouring, punctuated by an occasional "Pop!" Miss Hitty flew up the steps. A pail of water put out all that was left of the premature celebration. Then Miss Hitty returned, to find her sister crawling heroically up the flight, shaking with laughter and sobs akin to hysterics. The shock had transformed her. She put back the proffered hand.

"I can git in alone!" she declared triumphantly to the astounded Miss Hitty. "This is one of them instantaneous cures, I guess. The fireworks snakes done it. They're all put out, ain't they? I know you smuggled them things home for Sammy Crothers, Mehitable, an' 'twas despicable in you to do it! But I've had the good of 'em, in more ways than one; so I guess you'd better drive over to the Corners, after supper, an' git him same more. I reckon we could afford as much as half a dollar's worth, considerin'."

*418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.*

## On the Third of July

Mary I. Senseman



It was the third of July and time for the wheat harvest. The Ellerton parents had early that morning gone to a funeral and would not be home again until nightfall. Tom and Hugh and the hired man, Reub Clemmer, were left in one day's full charge of the farm. Tom, the elder boy, Reub, and a belated agent machinist were sweaty and greasy, smudgy and absorbed amid bolts, cogwheels, springs, chains and canvases of a new self-binder. Hugh took little interest in the setting-up of the huge implement. At length—at roundabout length—he apprised Tom of his intentions.

"To-morrow's the Fourth," began Hugh, beating a rub-a-dub with his heel.

"Just lift right here about an inch, Reub, so I can fit these cogs together," said Tom.

"There's goin' to be a greased pig and a greased pole and a sack race and a slew o' dandy fireworks up at Grant's Mills," came in accompaniment to the thumping heel.

"Are you done with that monkey-wrench, Mr. Judson?" Reub was asking the machinist.

"The Fourth's a gay time to commence cuttin' wheat. Pa never considers any holidays." He waited until his brother was mostly out of sight under the binder, then resumed, in a defiant, half-desperate way, "Tom, I'm goin' to do my part of the wheat cuttin' to-day. Pa would keep me at home all day to-morrow

to rake back the wheat that's down and it can be done just as well to-day."

Tom was dragging himself out into view again and Hugh backed away toward the stables, continuing, "I'll take Lady and rake that, and pa won't have an excuse to keep me home to-morrow."

The adjustment of the canvas was requiring all the attention of the workers at that moment. Tom, absorbed from ears and eyes to finger-tips, hadn't room to bestow thought on his brother's actions.

The older boy was a staid, reticent youth, thoughtful to a fault, as his frequent lapses into that state bordered on absent-mindedness and, as now, handicapped him for sidetracking his attention to where it was needed.

Hugh in many ways resembled his brother, but, being younger, he had different ideals; which ideals, being, unknown to him, in their turn unsatisfactory to his real nature, kept him restless, unsatisfied, lacking in self-confidence; and, to attain them, often made him sly and dishonest in his acts.

Having scuttled into the barn, Hugh obtained from an obscure interstice between two timbers a box full of white, pencil-like objects. He put a handful of them into a deep pocket and replaced the box in the recess. Lady was soon hitched between the shafts of the rake, and ambled lightly away to the distant wheatfield.

Tom, secure in the depths of equanimity, screwed

his mouth in accordance with the revolving grip of his fingers on a nut.

The wheat was in one of two fields that formed a detached portion of the farm. This was about a mile from the house, where the original farm buildings had stood. Of these, there remained only a double corncrib, which, connected by a roof, thus made an open-ended shed. There surrounded this a grassy space, something less than an acre in extent, where had been the other but lately razed buildings. Here was the old farmhouse well, open and unenclosed for the time, it so happened. Except in wet weather, it contained only a very little water. At this time about nine of its fifteen feet of depth was the mete of its not overclear contents. About four feet from the well stood the rectangular wooden watering trough, side-wise to the excavation.

The wheatfield had been like a rippling sea the hue of the chrysoberyl. Now its expanse better resembled the murky waters of a flood.

There it lay, betrayed by its own perfect repletion. Almost every stalk had been straight and firm, surmounted by a head that was the criterion of symmetry from the plump grains composing it, and that, at a breath of wind, drooped augustly from sheer abundance. So, when the rain bore down, it was only occasional groups of degenerate stalks that were left to brazenly flaunt their uprightness.

It was Hugh's duty to rake the fallen wheat, in such places as were necessary, so that the heads would be toward the binder as it approached. By making allowance for the rake's two or three feet of reach in excess of the swath of the reaper, he expected to be able to mature his task present-perfectly.

The plan worked admirably for fully an hour. Then Hugh's concentration waned. The time had come for executing the more alluring part of his scheme.

He gave the lines two or three turns around his bare right ankle, thus letting his hands be free. Next, divested his pocket of the bunch of paper-wrapped cylinders, counted them; returned four, the while he kept one held between his pursed-up lips. Then he took from a duplicate receptacle a small, red-tipped, wooden splint.

Having scratched the match across the iron seat of the rake, the boy applied the flame to the cigarette sticking out of his mouth. The response was a noble one. On the instant the smoke curled delicately from the mongrel composition within the paper roll.

Hugh with both hands clasped his left leg just below the knee, which he reared high in the air, leaned backward with body and right leg at a perilously obtuse angle, and thus luxuriously took the first mouthful of "dried-up-manhood-producer."

The first? No, it was the partaker's second cigarette. It had been five years ago that he had first indulged. He had well-nigh forgotten the peculiar physical sensations that had, that first time, altered his purpose.

He would not submit to the nausea this time. And, to-morrow, he'd go to Grant's Mills to the celebrations, and he'd carry cigarettes and show the fellows that he wasn't a baby any more.

Something had happened. No one but Lady can ever know why. She was galloping through the wheat, the rake was bounding along behind her, Hugh was being jerked, at dangerous speed, feet foremost in the rear of all.

Luckily, in the backward tumble that had obviously occurred to the boy, his left foot had also become entangled in the lines. Otherwise, the limb might, in all probability, have been caused to dangle limply, broken, throughout that furious, tumultuous slide.

If the taut lines would, by some miracle, become unwrapped! Or if some chance would jar the lever unsprung, and so release the teeth of the rake! But those few tense seconds served merely as time wherein Lady progressed from the field to the less harsh turf.

There was nothing now on which the teeth of the rake could catch if they should be loosed. Lady was doubtless bound for the Ellerton barnyard. Hugh's grim surmise was that he'd be more or less shredded by the time he got there.

G-ll-ip! Something had happened. Horse, rake, and boy were stockstill. The boy was vertical, feet uppermost. The top of his head and parts of his arms were hanging in something cold and wet. Strips of his tattered shirt hung like an irregular stockade about suspended body, head, and arms.

Hugh felt bruised by his wild, brief adventure, and somewhat bewildered by its abrupt ending. The water that was drenching his head and elbows cleared away the confusion, and the firm muscles had been proof against the bumps of the tempestuous journey.

By means of the rough stones that formed the sides of the well (it was in the well that he hung) and the lines that still encircled his ankles, Hugh clambered out to earth again.

The right wheel of the rake was on the very edge of the well, the left one grazed the far side of the watering trough that was on the other side of the opening. The lever had been sprung and the strong teeth were hooked rigidly over one end of the trough and were also pushed well into the old hollowed-out log.

Lady was trembling from the violent and unlooked-for suddenness of her stoppage. But there was no question of her security. The rake and trough were clinched together too solidly to admit of non-dextrous dislodgment.



Hugh was not averse to lying down in the shade of a near-by clump of bushes. His back felt as if it had been sand-papered. On each elbow was a crimson star with blotchy maroon rays. Two puffy rings of purple formed anklets.

Lady's excitement shortly allayed itself enough that she began cropping the grass. But the accessible pasturage was not extensive, and at the end of an hour the mare once more became restive.

Hugh slowly raised himself just a little, and sank down instantly. He lifted his head again, a half dozen times, and every time had to drop back. He was too dizzy to rise. The ankles throbbed hotly. The elbows stung. The back smarted.

But Lady's shapely hind feet were too often dangerously near the mouth of the well. Setting his teeth, Hugh shot himself upward to a standing posture, and managed to stagger to the horse despite the gossamerlike waves that surged through his brain. One undulation rolled black as night before his eyes and the boy fell to the earth again, one arm encircling Lady's right fore leg.

When consciousness returned Hugh thought, before he opened his eyes, that he was still hanging, head downward, in the well. There was the same cold, wet sensation about his head.

The pleasant touch of something soft that was being lightly rubbed across his brow routed the misapprehension. The injured boy opened his eyes in time to see a pair of upward-curving lips as they enunciated in perfectly familiar, even tones, "It was a dead faint, Bub."

Tom Ellerton soused his dripping bandana anew into the bucket of water that stood by him, and applied the freshened saturation to his brother's face.

"How did it happen you found me?" asked Hugh.

Tom pointed overhead to the sun. "It's after dinner-time," he said. "I came out to see about you. Now, I guess you'd better not talk much, for it looks as if you've been hurt, and you'll need all your strength to get home. I drove old Dick out, hitched to the cart; and we'll tie Lady on behind, to follow. I can't budge the rake. It will have to be left."

"I wonder what Pa will say about that?" Hugh could not refrain from saying.

"I guess mother will say, 'Now, father, how full of thanks and praise we can be that our baby's life is

spared,'" Tom answered, smiling a little. It was a touch of the youth's rare, sweet humor.

The swoon had relieved the giddiness, and Hugh, aided by his brother, climbed into the cart with the inconvenience only of sore muscles and rasped cuticle. It was not a pleasurable ride homeward. The four slender, white cylinders in the deep pocket burned with increasing ardor as the fire of the scored flesh decreased. The possessor could not be eager for Mrs. Ellerton's words in regard to them.

He knew how she would do. She would ask him why, and he would have to tell about his now thwarted scheme for the Fourth. She would ask him where, and he would have to tell about the boxful between the timbers of the barn. She would ask him when, and he would be unable to answer;—he would have to ask himself, "Hugh Ellerton, is there sand enough left in you for you to overcome being a sneak?"

A way out occurred to Hugh. It required a torturing, but brief, struggle; but the boy felt that he could not endure having his mother intimate to him that she must henceforth distrust him. Better the course that had proposed itself, painful though it was.

"Tom," said Hugh without looking at his brother, will you help me out of a deeper ditch?"

"Certainly, if you're sure I can. What's the trouble?" was the kindly response.

"Look here," and Hugh pulled the cigarettes from his pocket.

Tom did not even glance into the younger boy's embarrassed countenance. He merely covered the outstretched palm with his own free hand, gathered the rolls into it, and threw them far out across a field.

"They're bad things, Bub. They utilize such valuable fuel at one end of them,—the true boyhood and manhood, you see; and it is puffed out at the other end along with the smoke of the burning tobacco." The corners of the speaker's mouth twitched a little, and his eyes took on a mellower tone as they looked full into the pair of their then solemn counterparts. The owner of the latter eyes felt as if freed from a burden, that he could be absolutely frank once more.

Hugh was altogether desirous of limbering himself up by raking back the rest of the down wheat on the fourth of July. And he did so. But his celebration of the day was a bonfire of a cigarette box and its contents.

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*



# Our Nation's Birthday Anniversary

Rilla Arnold

ON July Fourth, 1776, our nation was born. Its birth was the result of oppression and tyranny and it was a child of war. When the famous committee, whose chairman was Thomas Jefferson, had finished their work and signed their names to the Declaration of Independence, the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia announced to the world in peals of gladness the birth of a new nation. Then came the struggle which proved to the sister nations that it would live and grow. It is still growing; now at the age of one hundred and thirty years it is yet in its youth, the future is before it bright and shining and it has visions of power yet untasted.

The history of our country is one of conquest, the conquest of the wilderness, and of progress, and from first to last we read in it the story of man's struggle to be free.

As we look back over the years we see our beloved nation, in its infancy, very small indeed; just a handful of states clustered around the Atlantic, hemmed in on the west by the mountains and forests. There is another struggle, which proves to the nations that it must be respected. A few more years and we look again, the mountains have been crossed, the forests are disappearing and the Mississippi is the western boundary. Soon the Father of Waters is crossed, the prairies are occupied and the Missouri is the boundary. Then comes the great internal struggle which showed to the world it was indeed becoming strong and that all Americans must be freemen. A few more

years; again we look and behold the Rockies have been crossed, the arid plains and deserts have been made to blossom as the rose, the herds of buffaloes and the Indians have disappeared; where prairie-dog towns were once the nearest approach to civilization, great cities of wood and brick and stone meet our bewildered eyes, and we hear the roar of the Pacific calling "Halt!" It halted but an instant and is now wading out into the ocean.

And now on its one hundred and thirtieth anniversary we see it a great nation. Great in its area of square miles, great in its natural resources, great in its wealth of cities; but greater than all these are its government and its men and women.

The government of the United States was started as an experiment, and it has proven to the world that the republican form of government is a success.

The people of the United States are a mixed multitude of nearly every race and nation under the sun; but they are all Americans, advocates of freedom; freedom of the press, of speech, and religious liberty.

The word America means much. To the poor and oppressed of every clime it has long meant opportunity and liberty. In the last few years it has taken on another meaning—reform.

The American citizen wherever he is should feel a patriotic feeling of pride on the Fourth of July and devoutly thank his God that he can say to the world he is an American.

*Milford, Ind.*

## IMMORTALITY

J. G. FIGLEY,  
Bryan, Ohio.

- I. Views Along the Line.
- II. Egyptian Spiritual Philosophy.
- III. Mexican and Hindoo Beliefs.
- IV. Buddhistic and Greek Theories.
- V. The Soul and Spirit.
- VI. Concluding Remarks.

### II. Egyptian Spiritual Philosophy.



TO the origin of the soul and its destiny, I shall first speak of the Egyptian doctrine of immortality, as it is one of the most important, from the fact that Egypt was about the first nation to formulate a definite doctrine on the subject. The

Egyptian idea of the soul (allow it to be considered synonymous with spirit) is that which is a part of and separate from the cosmic or mundane soul, and owing to certain ideas of evolution and progression which many believe to-day, they believe that the soul transmigrated at death or soon afterward, as the case may be, into other bodies till in the course of

a long period of time the cycle of existence was finished. The soul and body were essentially different and distinct from each other, and were only connected by the Link of Life, which in the language of the Bible (*Ter Biblios*) is "the silver cord," and there are those who have been able to see by spiritual illumination the spirit leave the body of the dying, and the cord was always connected at the head, thus showing that the ancient citizens of Thoth were gifted with this soul-sight or faculty of seeing without difficulty things that it was impossible to see with the naked eye.

The hieroglyphics on the Egyptian monuments represent the soul by several symbols, such as a hawk



with a human face, a heron, a ram, a basket of fire, all of which simply express attributes, easily understood, of the qualities of the soul. The soul was naturally divine, not receiving divinity by any act, as some have later taught, but was so from its beginning, and after death it passed to the Great Judgment in the Hall of the Two Truths (Love and Justice), where it was tried before Osiris and his forty-two assessors or examiners of the dead, whose verdict terminated its future destiny. This depended entirely upon the sins and acts it had committed during life, and which interfered more or less with transmigration through the necessary (supposed to be) cycle of existences till its final and ultimate union with the deity, and reception into the Egyptian heaven.

In the judgment it was examined by the accuser or enemy; and after the judgment it was either devoured or annihilated, passed to the region of the Egyptian hell, or to the place of transmigration from which it entered into the body of some man or animal on the point of entering into existence. The great desire of those dying was that they might pass off the earth, its detention preventing its ascension to heaven. The soul of the wicked passed into the Egyptian Hades, through which the sun was supposed to travel during the night. There they were subjected to punishments less of a spiritual than a corporeal nature, burned in a brazier, kept in utter darkness, plunged into streams, deprived of the presence of the sun-god, uttering fearful wails and howls in their prisons. After the soul had passed the great judgment, it underwent a series of adventures and trans-

formations. It was justified, as Osiris had been, against the accusations laid to its charge by evil spirits. Then it assumed the form of a hawk, a swallow, a heron, a snake with a human head, all attributes of qualities of cosmic soul.

In the fields of the Ahlu or Ahenru, the Egyptian Elysium, the soul sowed and reaped the harvest of gigantic grain which grew there. It entered the mystical bark, "makhen," and rowed through the windings of the celestial Nile, passed the fiery caldron of Hades, revisited the body, entered the Boat of the Sun, and passed through different regions of the Egyptian hells, in which the condemned were detained, arriving at last at the Manifestation to Light. To preserve the body that the soul might revisit it and probably abide in it again at some future time, it was not only embalmed with the greatest care, but amulets or charms were attached to it to retain the vital warmth (supposedly), and to protect it from destruction and decay. It was supposed that 3,000 years would elapse before the soul would again inhabit a human body, during which time it passed through many other orders of animated life. Indeed the principal dogmas of these people were, the soul's creation from the cosmic soul, its transmutations and final entrance into heaven, where it lived in the Boat of the Sun, and traversed the liquid ether in company with the luminary. That the Pythagorean, Platonic, Brahmanic and Buddhist schools of philosophy derived some of their ideas from the Egyptians seems evident.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

(To be Continued.)

## A Twenty-Dollar Bill



It had been a most successful donation party, every one agreed. The pastor himself was heard to say that he had seldom seen so many of his people together, and the pastor's wife clasped hands that day with some parishioners who had never been in her house before. A few of them, with a vague sense of the past delinquencies murmured a half apology of good intentions frustrated by lack of time, while others, under the firm conviction that all social advances should be made by the pastor's wife herself, felt their magnanimity in overlooking her neglect of them and consent to honor this gathering. People from the outlying districts who could seldom attend a village merry-making came early and stayed late. All the children in the Sunday school, with many of their friends from other churches, appeared in a body as soon as school was over, and added to the cheerfulness of the occasion by starting, in the already crowded rooms, the games of "blindman's buff" and

"I spy." The village merchants dropped in for a few moments at supper time, while there was a lull in the business of the day, and even the busy doctor, after making a professional call next door, ran in for a cordial handshake with the pastor, leaving in the latter's hand a receipted bill for all indebtedness. The pastor's eyes had filled at this, and after the doctor had gone, he hurried to find his wife and share the surprise with her, but a thoughtful sister who had observed the scene reached her first, and the little pleasure of telling her was denied him.

Late in the afternoon Miss Black, representative of the most wealthy family in the parish, had swept through the parlor, pausing long enough to superintend the hanging of a fine engraving she had brought. And for some time after Miss Black had drawn her fur-lined cloak about her and departed, a little group stood about the picture, some admiring, some criticising, while one good sister frankly admitted that she'd enough sight rather had the money it cost. But

the pastor and his wife exchanged glances of delight as they recognized in the picture a long coveted favorite.

It was soon after Miss Black's departure that a fine seal pocketbook was first noticed among the gifts spread out in the study. No one knew just who put it there. More than one fingered it curiously, and one or two surreptitiously opened it, to see if there was anything inside. The pastor smiled a little as he heard it whispered from one to another that the pocketbook was empty.

It was late before the weary hostess heard the gate click after the last guest, and later before she could find time to examine the gifts. For cross, sleepy little ones must be put to bed, and the confusion that reigned in their home be reduced to some such order as would permit breakfasting there to-morrow—or—no—it was to-day. She noticed as she passed through the kitchen that little cooked food remained from supper. Not only had a multitude been fed, but more than one mother had carried home a few pieces of cake to Tommy or Jane, who had not been able to attend. But there were uncooked provisions in abundance; the shed was filled with fuel, and the stables with hay and grain for the pastor's horse, while the study was filled with goods of every description—vases, tidies, splashers, among which the pastor was helplessly groping.

"You will be able to appreciate these things better than I, my dear," he said. "Some of them look very pretty, but I don't know their uses."

Mrs. Tyler sighed as she glanced around.

"There's a good deal here I haven't any use for," she said. "But I oughtn't to say it, Ezra, for they have been generous: that new easy chair, and the lamp and the picture, not to mention all the provisions and dear Doctor Holmes' bill that has worried me so. Only—there wasn't any money at all, was there, Ezra?"

"I think not Martha."

"You do so need a new overcoat, and I was hoping it would come to-day or the money to buy it."

"Never mind, my dear; don't let us depreciate the gifts we have by sighing for those that failed to come. I can do without a coat very well. My old one is quite whole."

"But so shabby, Ezra. And I'm sure some of the people feel it a discredit to the church for you to wear it."

"Well, Martha, if it's essential to the welfare of the church for me to have a new overcoat, the Lord can provide it. And in any case the people can't complain that their pastor carries a shabby pocket-book. Just see this, Martha."

"What good is a pocket-book with nothing to put in it," grumbled the tired wife, opening it listlessly.

But in a moment her manner changed. For accidentally slipping her fingers into one of the pockets, she felt a paper, and drew forth a crisp new bill—a twenty-dollar bill.

For a moment they looked at each other in delighted surprise. Then the same question sprang to the lips of both: Who could have done it? "You don't think it could have been Maria, do you?" he asked, wistfully.

But Mrs. Tyler settled the question with a prompt negative. It wasn't likely that his sister had sent it after neglecting him so many years. It was much more likely to have been Miss Black or some of their people. "Though I don't know who there is in this parish," she said, who would do so generous a thing and keep it a secret."

"Martha, Martha," chided her husband, "is this a moment for uncharitable thoughts?"

In a moment another question arose. Several had looked in the pocket-book and pronounced it empty. How had they overlooked the bill? "It must be they didn't look carefully," decided Mrs. Tyler. By her suggestion they resolved at last to say nothing about the money. "We'll be twice as likely to find out where it came from," she urged. And there for that night the matter rested. But the next day plans must be made for its expenditure. To Mrs. Tyler's annoyance, her husband was strongly inclined to devote the whole sum to the cause of missions, and only her oft-repeated argument that his shabby coat was causing comment among his flock availed to turn him from his purpose.

"Couldn't I buy a cheaper coat, and give a part of it, Martha?" he said at last.

Mrs. Tyler's patience gave away. "Ezra Tyler," she exclaimed, "what kind of a coat can you get for less than twenty dollars, and how long would it wear? You'd be losing things through the pockets in six weeks. If you've no regard for yourself and the people, do have a little for me, and get a coat I shan't have to mend for this winter at least."

She heaved a weary sigh as he, reluctantly consenting, left the room. "I'm afraid I haven't got patience enough for so good a man as Ezra," she said to herself. "But his lack of worldly wisdom does try me so."

There was some delay in purchasing the coat, for so important an article could not be procured in the little village, and a trip must be made to the city, twenty-five miles distant. Mrs. Tyler decided to accompany her husband, that she might personally superintend the purchase, but on the morning chosen, the baby woke ill and fretful, and the mother could not be spared. So with many injunctions to look well to the quality of the cloth and be sure the lining was firm and well made, she saw him depart, running to



gate to shriek after him instructions as to the button-holes and to go first to the tailor's.

Mr. Tyler had several matters to attend to in the city. There were errands for several parishioners, and he decided to spend some hours in the public library, and carry out a long cherished plan of visiting one of the city missions. But he obeyed his wife's instructions and went first to the clothiers', coming out in a new stylishly made coat, with no sense of the change save that he was more comfortable. He carried the old coat in a bundle, which he forgot and left in the next place he entered. The errands finished the mission came next, then the library. He was hurrying through the winter twilight to the station, with a vague fear that he had read too long and might miss his train, when a hand on his shoulder stopped him, and he turned in wonder, to confront a blue-coated policeman.

"I reckon you're the man we want," remarked the policeman, while an excited looking young man behind him cried breathlessly, "That's him; hold him, don't let him get away."

"Excuse me, sir," said the bewildered minister, "but I really cannot be delayed. I fear I have already missed my train."

"Well, I reckon you have, my friend," replied the officer grimly. "But the city'll be pleased to give you free entertainment, so don't let that trouble you. The best thing you can do is to come along quietly."

"But really, sir, you are laboring under a misapprehension; you can have no possible business with me."

"Can't I? Well, I know a man that has, then. Just come along, and you'll find out, my professional friend. You do the country parson act fairly, but it's a little overdone."

They had reached the police station before Mr. Tyler could be made to realize that he was under arrest. Even then he believed he had only been mistaken for another man, and protested over and over that it was all a mistake and he should lose his train. The appalling truth was made plain to him at last. It was he, and none other, who was wanted—the man who had bought an overcoat of Claus and Clothier that morning, and paid for it with a twenty-dollar bill—charged with passing counterfeit money.

Over and over he protested his innocence and tried to explain how the bill came to him. He was only greeted with incredulous smiles, and advised to say nothing until he had time for reflection. His dazed mind grasped only the mere outlines of the situation. He, Ezra Tyler, pastor of the Gimfield Congregational Church, was under arrest. He tried to remember the newspaper items read in such cases, and the first definite thought that struggled through his brain was of the publicity that would be given his case. He almost smiled as he wondered how his church

would take it—the church that had been unable to bear their pastor's shabby coat? For a moment he thought of giving an assumed name. Then his real identity would not be learned in time for publication to-morrow, and before another day they would see the mistake and let him go. John Jones would do as well as any name. Dr. John Jones would convey more dignity. But when a few moments later he was called to give his name, his truth-loving nature rebelled against the falsehood, and in a clear voice he answered, "Ezra Tyler," going on, without further questioning, to explain that he was pastor of the Gimfield Congregational Church. He heard the charge against him, and for the first time began to realize the fact that the bill—that precious twenty-dollar bill—was valueless. There could be no doubt of it, they told him. An officer, more kindhearted than the one who had arrested him explained it all, and assured him there would be no trouble, if he was really innocent and could prove where he got the bill.

He had a confused sense of many people around him, most of them looking miserable and unfortunate. One woman, carrying a baby, staggered as she tried to cross the room. She was ill beyond question. He wondered why they didn't do something for her, and felt relieved when a pleasant-faced woman approached and coaxed the baby to her arms. How pitifully the thin little arms contrasted with the rosy baby at home. In the corner sat a ragged man of middle age, from whose stolid face crime had banished every trace of better nature. Opposite him was a well-dressed young fellow, his face buried in his hands. The minister's heart throbbed with pain as he looked at them and wondered how long since the one was like the other and what depths of degradation lay between them. He wished he were near enough to lay his hand on the bowed curly head—not much older than the little heads at home. His own trouble passed from his mind. What mattered it so long as he was innocent? And an emotion akin to the divine love and pity moved him, as he gazed on these fellow prisoners, who perhaps were guilty. Life must have been so hard for them—temptations so strong and wills so weak.

He found himself, after a little, conducted to a cell with two others—strangely enough the two on whom his attention had been fixed. The attendant, Mr. Tyler had no idea what his exact title might be, jocosely remarked that he hoped they don't mind crowding, they were unusually full to-night.

To Mr. Tyler's relief, his elder companion dropped upon the floor, in a half-drunken sleep. The boy, as if anxious to repel all advances, had retired to the opposite corner, and resumed his attitude of deep dejection. The minister watched him thoughtfully for a long time. At last he drew nearer, and touched the

boy's arm gently. A haggard, miserable face was raised to his—oh, so young.

"What do you want?" was the impatient question

"My boy," Mr. Tyler said gently, "tell me how it happened." The boy shrank away, and ungraciously demanded to be left alone. Then some gentler impulse seizing him, he muttered a half apology, and, as if to atone for his rudeness, added a few words of explanation. Then slowly the longing for sympathy overcame him, and he poured forth a story of over-indulgence, dissipation, and debt, a pressing need for money, and—the use of funds not his own. Before him now was certain disgrace, perhaps years of prison life.

The minister sat silent. In his country parish he had never met a case like this. He could recall nothing in his theological training that fitted it. According to his best knowledge and belief, he should speak words of condemnation and warning. But the pity swelling in his heart choked them back. And when he opened his lips at last, there came from them only words of sympathy. He seemed possessed with some power beyond himself—that tender, all-absorbing love for the guilty ones of earth for whom too often he had felt only contempt. He struggled with himself in vain. His brain told him he should have exhorted the young man to repentance, before it was too late. His heart would let him speak only of a heavenly Father's love. When he ceased speaking, the room was very still. Even the heavy breathing in the other corner had ceased.

Presently the boy raised his head with a defiant gesture. "See here," he said, and slipped a little vial into the minister's hand. "I didn't mean to go to prison. If it had come to that, there was stuff enough in that bottle to have taken care of me. If they'd put me alone in a cell, I should have swallowed it before now. I haven't any friends left. My relatives will all refuse to speak to me after this; and I didn't suppose there was anyone in heaven or on earth that cared. But I believe you. I never heard it put in that way before. And I'm going to stand my trial, and whatever comes after it, because of what you say."

The two clasped hands warmly. And as they did so, the ragged criminal in the corner staggered to his feet and stood before them. Had they but known it, it was years since he had stood so erect. "Squire," he said, "the youngster's right. If somebody had said to me, twenty years ago, what you've just said to him, I might have been a man to-day in place of what I be. Oh, go on, don't talk any foolishness. It's too late to work any such racket on me. Well, pray for me if you want to; 'twon't do no hurt maybe, though I can tell you 'twon't do no good. I tell you I don't want to be any better. I wouldn't change if I could. But in

the name of the boy I was, twenty years ago, I want to thank you for givin' this young feller a lift." He staggered back to his corner, as if ashamed of the momentary interest he had shown, and the brief intelligence died out of the hardened face.

The boy worn out with deep emotion, dropped upon the hard cot and slept. The minister sat through the long night wrapped in meditation. It was not until the first gray streak of dawn stole through the grated door, that he roused to a remembrance that he was a prisoner, charged with crime.

Early that morning, in one of the sumptuous homes of the city, a woman past middle age was partaking of a solitary breakfast, glancing over the morning paper at the same time. For Mrs. Marsh was a business woman, and watched the markets closely. Running her eyes slowly down the news column, she suddenly started so violently as to overturn the coffee urn, and, regardless of the amber liquid soaking into the snowy cloth and dripping upon the rug, she sat motionless, her eyes riveted upon these words:

"A suspicious looking character purchased a coat of Claus and Clothier yesterday morning, paying for it with a twenty-dollar bill, which proved to be a clever counterfeit. The swindler, who was arrested as he was about to take the evening train for New York, claims to be the pastor of a church in Gimfield, and gave the name of Ezra Tyler, which is believed to be assumed."

Mrs. Marsh rang the bell for a maid to repair damages, and, paper in hand, left the room. "I wish I could think it was a mistake," she soliloquized as she tied on her bonnet. "But it's too much like him. Nobody but Ezra would get himself in such a scrape as this. Well, he was quite right when he declared he had no head for business, and after all I shall have to acknowledge it."

Mrs. Marsh's quarrel with her only brother dated from his entering the ministry. Many years younger than she, he had until that time been entirely submissive to her wishes. She had selected his books, his clothes, his college, even his friends. But when it came to choosing a profession and a wife, the young man's will asserted itself. He would study theology instead of banking, and he would marry the girl of his choice. The result had been utter estrangement and a silence which no effort on the brother's part could break.

This morning Mrs. Marsh's lawyer, listening to her story, smiled to himself, as he read beneath her calm, almost indifferent manner her longing for reconciliation. "For he's proved me in the wrong," she said candidly. "As a business man, he would have ruined himself and all his friends by this time. And I intend to keep an eye on him after this."

And the lawyer, as he closed his desk and prepared



to accompany her, remarked under his breath, that the working of a woman's mind was past his comprehension.

It was a busy morning. Wealth and influence can accomplish much, and before noon Ezra Tyler walked forth a free man, the charge against him withdrawn. He hardly knew how it was brought about. His sister greeting him as though they had parted but the day before, had announced the facts to him, and knowing she had attended to it, he had not troubled his head with details. He was far more interested in the case of his young friend, and insisted on calling at once upon the employers, where he argued the matter with such persistency, that they finally consented not to prosecute, if the money was refunded.

Mrs. Marsh grumbled not a little, wrote a check for the amount, and the much amused attorney added his mite by consenting to give the young man a position in his office, where he would be under strict supervision and out of temptation's way.

Altogether, as Mr. Tyler sat at lunch in his sister's house, he was by no means unhappy, even though his parishioners were yet to be confronted. If he only knew where that bill came from! That was a mystery which must be solved before the world could be entirely assured of his innocence. With curious persistency the thought kept coming to him, that his wife had discovered the bill after others had declared the pocket-book empty. Mr. Tyler was the least suspicious of men, but the events of the last twenty-four hours had sadly disturbed his usually calm spirit, and he felt prepared for any strange solution of the mystery. He remembered that Martha had urged him to say nothing about the money. Could she have suspected that all was not right about it? Could she have placed it there? And where could she have obtained it? He put the thought away again and again, but it crept back each time, until he turned and faced it squarely, determined to reason it down. But to his horror, all his reasoning powers, brought to bear upon the matter, only confirmed his suspicion. The thought overwhelmed him. He would have rather have been guilty himself. He could not mention it to Maria, who had never approved of his marriage. How could he face his people now? And how could he ever stand in his pulpit again? All the pleasure in his acquittal and the reunion with his sister turned to ashes. Even the good he had tried to do his fellow prisoner seemed a dull, dead thing. The boy would soon be in trouble again, he thought bitterly; he might as well have left him to his fate. He grew quiet and begged his sister to let him alone. And Mrs. Marsh noticed for the first time how old he had grown, and began to realize that this careworn man was not her boy.

As the train drew into Gimfield that night, Mr.

Tyler stepped from it with the utmost unconcern. It had ceased to be of any consequence what his parishioners thought. The few people he met greeted him warmly. One or two stopped to shake hands and express their regret at his disagreeable experience. He felt his hypocrisy in allowing them to call it an unfortunate mistake. His wife met him at the door, full of questions and comments, but he brushed them all aside, only inquiring, with a sarcasm she had never heard in his tone before, if his overcoat was quite satisfactory. Supper was a silent meal; even the children, awed by the general gloom, spoke little. Tommy was sent away from the table for dropping his knife, and Lizzie was sharply reproved for putting her elbows on the table.

All the time Mrs. Tyler was putting the children to bed, her husband meditated. Should he tell her that he knew what she had done, or should he not? He could not bear to hear her add to her guilt by denying it. But if she believed him ignorant, she might question him concerning his arrest. He felt he could not bear to tell her anything about it. He wearily wished himself back in that gloomy station-room, in the midst of vice and crime, but with his faith in humanity undisturbed.

The door-bell rang, and Mrs. Tyler, coming down at that moment, ushered into the room Miss Black and her little nephew. Miss Black's face wore an expression of righteous indignation. Jimmie's eyes were swollen, and he hung behind his aunt. "I have no words to tell you," she began "how grieved we are at the result of Jimmie's naughtiness. It was he who put that counterfeit bill in the pocket-book—just before the party dispersed. My brother-in-law took it at the bank, and had brought it home to examine by our microscope. This all comes from allowing young children at such gatherings, unattended. Jimmie knew the bill was counterfeit—"

"I only just took it to show the boys," faltered Jimmie, "'n then I thought what a good joke 'twould be to put it in there. I never thought a man that knew so much as the minister'd be fooled by it."

"We are very much annoyed," commenced Miss Black, but her pastor, his face wreathed in smiles, interrupted:

"Never mind, Jimmie," he said. "You're a nice little boy, and I am glad you did it. That is"—for Miss Black looked scandalized—"I should say, I am very glad to know who did it. And it has proved how even our mistakes—for I think we won't call it anything more serious than a mistake, Jimmie—may be used for other's good. Sometime, when you are a little older, Jimmie, I will tell you a story of another boy who made a mistake."

"Martha," Mr. Tyler said, after the guests had

gone, "can we not sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow'?"

"I'm afraid it would wake the children, Ezra," replied the tired mother.

"Then let us read the one hundred and third Psalm; and after that I have a long story to tell you about last night and to-day."

But there was one part of the story that Mrs. Tyler never heard.—*Harriet A. Nash, in McClure's Magazine.*



### MAKING A START.

To think and to do. To plan and to perform. Is not that the whole routine of business activity? Is it not, in truth, the whole program of life itself? And this being the case, is it not also the only highway to achievement and success? In any field we can only "get there" by thinking and doing.

Now, of these twain the thinking takes first rank, since we know that all action grows out of thought. Hence we face the problem of *how* and *what* we shall think so as to march direct to our goal.

We must begin this very day—that is the main point. Yesterday is done with and gone forever. Only its lessons and progress remain to us. To-morrow is not yet ours for either thought or action. It is to-day we must think and act, if ever. Our sole dependence is the now-time. When we firmly grasp this truth we have already made a start.

It is a good start in the morning to take a brief mental outlook on the duties of the day, or at least on all the chief ones. It is granted that we are in the place or calling of our choice and know its full scope, as well as its demands. We can easily tell which of these are vital and which merely casual. Many workers find profit in jotting down a list of the vital duties, with a few in the nature of "extras" on the margin. The time is by no means wasted that you give to this forecast of the working day. Orderly thought begets orderly action. The clear outlook makes you master of the situation.

With this chart in your mind take up the pace. It is well to give first attention to the harder duties, but be sure only to take up one at a time. Don't have any mixing. Let the others wait their turn. Give to the one all the powers of your mind and see that it is well and thoroughly done. No duty is so trivial as to be done heedlessly. No task is so weighty but it will yield to a stout and persistent will. Let excellence and completeness be your aim in each and all. Try to do each better than you ever did it before. Some things you should try to do better than any one else can do them. But think of them in orderly sequence. Do them and finish them only one at a time. As each task is thus brought to an end, the mind will be freshened and strengthened for the next.

Do the next task in the same spirit and with the same earnestness as if it were the task of your life. And so keep moving on. If you have necessary incidental duties, or the charge of other workers, you must school yourself to attend to them without getting off the main track.

If breaks or accidents occur be sure and not get ruffled. Possess your thought in patience and good temper till the trouble is past. Then take up the work just where it was hindered and go on with your various items as if nothing had happened.

But do not fancy you are alone in this working world. In so far as you work with or meet others, you must not fail to be courteous and kind to them. Never miss the chance to say a cheery word or lend a helping hand to whom it may benefit. This delays nothing; it is the best part of your day's success. It stands for sweetness and growth in character.

In the daily lives of all are some duties that custom has made mechanical. They call for no special mental effort. Often while doing these you may dwell on your possibilities. Think of new measures. Think of wider fields. Think of larger results or nobler ideals. But do not waste thought on what is foreign to the main issue. You are on the journey to success and it is a serious undertaking. You cannot afford to let toys or pastimes take the place of a great purpose. Remember you have only to-day. The whole range of your success may depend on some thought of this one day's work. In this day's possibilities may also be the new opening that leads to a triumph greater than your fondest dreams.

And what is all this but an advice on concentration? As you concentrate your thoughts on any single matter which is near your heart, so you must concentrate them on the duty of each passing day. This is the price of success. Always take care of to-day's success and the success of your life work will take care of itself. It is in part by dwelling on this need for concentration that the Sheldon School makes such a hit in teaching business science.—*Suggestion.*



POOR old Smoot is still on the "green carpet." The Senate committee on privileges and election voted seventy-five that Reed Smoot is not entitled to his seat as a senator from the State of Utah. This leaves it for the Senate to determine the question of Smoot's expulsion. It may be a little cross-grained for a senator having two wives, one with whom he is living and one who is living with somebody else, to vote against a man who is able to live with both of them. This may be the reason why Smoot's question has not been settled long ago.



THE present condition of the times affords the object lesson that money does not constitute wealth.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations.

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## IRREPRESSIBLE ATTRACTION.



PASSENGER seated in the railway coach may see the newsboy pass time and time again and hear him calling again and again that he has fruit to sell, and yet not feel particularly impressed with what he has said. But let him come near enough to the passenger that the fragrant odor of

the fruit in the basket becomes noticeable, and so penetrating and irrepressible that the passenger is compelled to turn and look at something in which the mere words fail to interest him.

It was not that the boy did not say the right thing; perhaps he said it in the right way, but the monotony of his call had rendered his message unimpressible, therefore it was not the description of his goods that attracted the attention of the public, but it was a part of the goods themselves. The odor which arose from the luscious fruit did more than all the work that was done by the practitioner.

So it is with the lives of the people of this world. We may claim to be this or that. We may have our names emblazoned to the skies or lauded to the canopy by our fruits. The press may take up our case and flash our names and faces before the world, and even lengthy epitaphs may be engraven, but none of these things count like the real effects of our lives upon the world. It is just as impossible for us to conceal the influence of our lives as it would have been for the train boy to have concealed the odor of his basket of fruit.

The words which we speak mean a great deal, but not much in comparison with the ever silent, out-growing influence of our lives; that is what the people look at, that is the thing by which they know us, and we cannot deceive them. If we indulge a thought that we can thus deceive the people we are only deceiving ourselves.

The Good Book tells us that by our fruits we are known, and the odor of the fruit tells the story of

the whole world. Sometimes we imagine we are bearing fruit, when we are only bearing leaves, and sometimes dry leaves at that. A certain amount of leaves should be borne. A leafless tree hardly ever bears fruit. They are for the protection of the fruit. So with the kindnesses and graces we may have, lovely dispositions, etc., is so much the better for our fruit-bearing, but these things are not the real fruit. It rests with us as to the choice of what fruit seed we shall plant. We not only have the ability to give fruit to the world, but we also have the ability to plant in others the fruit-bearing quality which will enable them to produce fruit to the world as well as to ourselves, and in this way we become doubly useful to the world.



## STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

A REMARK was overheard on the street the other day that many good men vote for the liquor traffic, or rather that the liquor traffic gets the votes of many a good man. To which a prominent man replied that this was one of the greatest fallacies that was ever uttered. The saloon never did, never does, and never can get the vote of a good, wide-awake, thinking man! For no difference how good he has been or how good he proposes to be with that very action he ceases to be a good man. That argument is certainly not far-fetched because so far as the fact is concerned itself, he is the same kind of a bad man as the fellow who bought the license. It is pretty hard to admit that kind of logic.

The fact that the voter is a model man in other respects only increases his culpability and his fatal weakness. "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." It is another illustration of the principle that a bad act is worse in proportion as it has good elements in it. Or another illustration is that the evils from counterfeit increase as the counterfeit approaches the genuine. The hypocrite is more valuable to the devil as he approaches the character of the genuine Christian.

The most respectable tippler in town is the most dangerous social factor, because he is the most dangerous in his influence. So the best man who votes for licensing the saloon—well, you finish the sentence for yourself.



## TRAVEL RIGHT.

At no time is one more concerned about the right way and the wrong way than when a trip is under contemplation. The ticket agent is consulted very closely to know whether there will have to be any changing of cars. This feature of traveling, to many, is somewhat of a nuisance, and to the majority of people who know little about traveling, it is very

inconvenient. So the route requiring fewer changes is usually the one chosen. A through train is more desirable to the majority of people, because then no concern and worry is necessary in regard to baggage, and even the passengers can locate themselves conveniently in the coach and remain there until the end of the journey.

Traveling does not mean exclusively a trip by railroad or across the ocean, but we are evidently all on a journey through this life; some have apparently an easy journey, others seemingly hard and perilous. Those who have the means have easy traveling; money will purchase almost anything; they can have their servants to bear their burdens, attend to their wants, both in secular and religious avenues. Nothing seems to worry them, cares are a thing unknown to them. They sit down in their coach, fold their arms, admire the beauties of nature, and on they speed from station to station, hoping sometime to reach their desired destination,—heaven. What has it cost them? How much of the cross have they borne? How many hearts have they made happy on their journey? How much blood have they spilled that others may have a pleasant journey also?

When Jesus Christ traveled upon this earth he earned every whit of his way; labored earnestly and diligently every day; was persecuted, spit upon, despised and ridiculed, many times becoming so deeply concerned for the hardness of hearts about him that he plead to his Father in great agony for the fulfillment of his purpose as an obedient Son, until upon his tender brow there appeared sweat as great drops of blood; he finally sacrificed his lifeblood, making the glorious victory on the overland limited ascending to the throne of God. He was among the poor, who did not have the "means" as we to-day desire, but he traveled right; was on the right train and on the right road, took care of his own baggage, bore his own cross, God his Father being the engineer.

It means much to get the right kind of a ticket for the gospel train. There is but one kind of ticket, with a red seal upon it, and all those securing one of these tickets will be taken through without any changes, if you hold onto your ticket. There is no need of changing cars, this train takes you through the country you desire to see, gives you plenty of time to do your duty, then on to the next station. "Be ye not deceived, God is not mocked." Satan is following you right up, and if he sees that you are tired of your coach, he will induce you to deposit your ticket and go on a side trip with him, sight-seeing, and then he has you just where he wants you. He makes a weakling of you; you lose your backbone and are good for nothing the rest of the journey, lost, LOST. Bear your own cross! Take the train that does not make any changes! Travel RIGHT! M. H. B.

## A TRIP TO PALESTINE.

IN order to answer scores of inquiries that come to the INGLENOOK office regarding the trip to Palestine this fall, we deemed it wise to take this method of answering these letters because they are all very similar in nature. We also take pleasure in answering these inquiries, because we deem them of the utmost importance. Surely nothing can be much more beneficial to church and society and good American citizenship than a trip abroad. It has been the experience of the editor and others with whom he is acquainted that the amount required to make a trip is very cheap tuition in comparison with the results obtained.

Bro. Martin Roy Murray, of St. Joseph, Mo., together with our old, faithful guide, Jameel H. Nissaire, of Jaffa, Palestine, with whom many of the INGLENOOK readers are acquainted, will conduct their first party this fall, leaving New York Sept. 12, per Hamburg-American steamer *Hamburg*. Some twenty or more have already said they are going with the party. No pains or means have been spared in making this first party a success. Lectures on the Bible Lands will be conducted daily enroute; sermons will be delivered in the evenings aboard ship and in camp; a prayer meeting in the Garden of Gethsemane; a consecration service on Mt. Calvary, and a love feast in the tabernacle at Jerusalem. A special chorister has been obtained, who has made a special collection of songs for the trip, and many other conveniences and enjoyable features that cannot be here mentioned, even to the service of a good stenographer.

Sailing from New York to Naples, some five days will be spent in Rome, one day at Vesuvius, one at Pompeii; thence to Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Ephesus, Beirut, Baalbek, Damascus, overland to Jerusalem, Egypt, Cairo and the Pyramids, and home again, all of this is but a glimpse of the splendid itinerary mapped out for the enjoyment of the party. Don't go unless you expect to work, and work hard; don't go unless you expect to study the Word of God and become a better Christian and a better citizen. The object of the whole affair is to indelibly impress upon the minds of those who go the absolute infallibility of God's Word, and how it stands in evidence to-day as the unalterable Word of Jehovah.

We wish it were possible for the entire INGLENOOK family to go. Of course, it would be better if we could have three or four years of Bible training first and then go, but it is not everybody who can do both; not everyone has time to do both. A great schooling can be crowded into these ninety days; therefore, it is for these above reasons that we have given this space to the encouragement of such a project as these brethren are undertaking. The INGLENOOK offers every possible support.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

A UNIVERSAL Douma for the birth of a millennium of peace promises to be the greatest congress of legislators ever held in London. Negotiations are still in progress, but these have advanced sufficiently to insure the success of the project. At least twenty parliaments will be represented, the gathering will number not fewer than five hundred representatives of every civilized nation. The President of the Douma—the new Russian Parliament—has been invited to send delegates. The Finnish Parliament has received a similar invitation; while the legislative assemblies of France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, the United States, Austria and the Scandinavian monarchies, the Balkan sovereignties and principalities are among others to whom invitations have been issued. Even the Sultan has not been overlooked. The Lord Mayor of London is to extend the hospitalities of the city to the delegates, who will also be entertained at dinner in the Crystal Palace. The basis of this conference will be universal disarmament and peace. Resolutions to this end will be embodied in the program to be submitted subsequently to the Hague Conference.

A \$1,000,000 fire on the Baltimore water front, recently, caused the loss of three lives.

WITHIN the new Wanamaker store, at Philadelphia, which is only one-fourth completed, two thousand Bell telephones have already been installed and one thousand more are soon to follow. It will be, when completed, the largest store phone system in the world. Twelve operators will operate a monster switchboard, from which will radiate within the store nineteen thousand miles of wire. Every instrument has an automatic coin box attached, so as to minimize the customer's trouble. It is estimated that six million messages will pass between Wanamaker's and the Bell central office in one year.

DURING a recent fire in the city of Baton Rouge, La., the state house was damaged to the extent of nearly \$100,000. Among the valuables destroyed was "The Battle of New Orleans," valued at \$40,000.

By the recent explosion in the cargo of the American Line steamship *Haverford*, eight men were killed and thirty-nine injured.

THE long fight over the statehood bill ended with agreement in both branches of Congress on the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory jointly as Oklahoma, leaving Arizona and New Mexico citizens to vote on joint statehood in November.

It has been agreed by Russia that her consul general in Korea shall receive his written official recognition from the Japanese government, acknowledging Japanese supremacy in the hermit kingdom.

DAVID H. MOFFAT and associates have received permission from President Roosevelt to build a railroad through the Gore Canyon in the region set apart for the irrigation reservoir.

It is reported through the press that Thomas Edison has found, in the section round about Asheville, N. C., a vein of cobalt which runs from a point east of Nashville, Tenn., into North Carolina, and traverses four counties. By his experiments he has found that cobalt will reduce the weight of storage batteries in automobiles one-half and the cost of city traffic more than half. If this proves to be true it means a revolution in the electrical world. Cobalt is a hard, white metal, with granular structure, and has been heretofore found in France and Australia. It is said to be found nowhere native except in some meteorites, but usually exists as an oxide, and the ores are known to have been in use in the sixteenth century for imparting a blue color to glass.

THE people of Colorado Springs are planning to erect a monument to Captain Pike, who, one hundred years ago, discovered the peak which bears his name.

ON June 19, for the first time in six hundred years, Trondhjem, the ancient Norse capital, welcomed its own king. Of course, Oscar was crowned there in 1873, but it has been six centuries since Norway, as an independent nation, installed its monarch in that city according to the rites of the old vikings. In 1299 it was Haakon V, who ascended the throne. This time it was the young sovereign who has assumed the same name, and who was received with welcome and unbounded enthusiasm as he stepped ashore among the loyal northern subjects.

THE Japanese are taking the lead in the commercial development of Manchuria, as has been found in the publishing of the ordinances authorizing the formation of the South Manchurian Railway. The policy conforms to the general line of the Russian lease from China, and the capital is placed at \$7,500,000. It will include the railways and mines now held by Japan, and the head office will be at Tokio and a branch at Dalny.

A TERRIFIC wind and rain storm swept over Ontario a few days ago, and much damage was done.

THE death of Chief Bambaata, leader of the Zulu revolt in South Africa, was confirmed.

WARREN H. RAWSON, of Boston, claims to have demonstrated that it is practicable for any gardener or farmer to advance the growth of vegetables through the direct application of electric current, and with very little expense. Mr. Rawson has found that if a copper plate was sunk in the loam at one end of the bed and connected by an overhead wire with a zinc plate in the soil at the other end of the bed a measurable current of electricity was set up from chemical action of the ammonia and other salts, upon the zinc plate. He has found that lettuce thus treated was ready for market a week ahead of that in the ordinary, and the heads were also larger.

IN the dynamite factory at Pequea, Pa., there recently occurred an explosion killing eleven persons and seriously injuring five.

ON account of the immense wheat crop of the Northwest, J. J. Hill has employed 2,000 teams and 10,000 men on the second transcontinental railroad in Manitoba, in order to handle the crops. This move has aroused the antagonism of Canadian men, because Mr. Hill is not asking the assistance of the government, and they fear that he may be sounding the death-knell of railway subsidies. He expects to have the new line completed in time to handle the grain, and by another year he proposes to have in operation a line between Vancouver and Winnipeg. This will doubtless cause a great boom for the Northwest.

A BRIDGE is being built across the Royal Gorge, which is the deepest point in the Grand Canyon, 2,627 feet above the rushing waters of the Arkansas river. It will be completed some time this summer, and is said to be the highest bridge in the world. The bridge to be constructed is of the suspension type, and one unique feature will be a glass floor, through which travelers may look upon the foamy stream as it rushes snakelike through the granite gulch. A railroad runs

through the gorge, and, because of the steep walls, the track has been suspended from girders built across the canyon. This is the narrowest point in the Grand Canyon, being 250 feet wide at the top, and far down in the semidarkness the river flows over a bed only fifty feet from wall to wall. The railroad is claimed to be one of the most remarkable pieces of engineering in this country.

THE \$25,000 item for the President's traveling expenses having been knocked out of the Sundry Civil bill on Williams' point of order, a new bill for that purpose was introduced.

ST. LOUIS bond election resulted in a sweeping victory for the free bridge and other municipal improvements to cost \$11,200,000.

SIR HOWARD VINCENT, conservative member of parliament for Central Sheffield, has given notice of his intention to interrogate the president of the board of trade in the House of Commons on the subject of meat packing disclosures in the United States. He wants to know what is the total amount of importation of American canned preserved foods into the United Kingdom and the British empire, generally, for the years 1900 and 1905 respectively, and in view of the recent disclosures and Roosevelt's public strictures, what steps the board of trade proposes to take in order to protect British consumers from the evil effects of such foods.

C. J. ZINTHEO, who has charge of the government's farm implement experimental stations in western Nebraska and Wyoming, is looking up a site around Denver, Colo., for one of his stations. The proposed new station will cost about \$40,000 complete. The object of such a plant is to test and experiment with, as well as improve, on farm implements of all kinds. The experiments will also include implements propelled by motive power—gasoline, alcohol and the like. He also purposes an experiment to manufacture a liquid from potatoes and grain which will be a substitute for gasoline. So far Mr. Zintheo has shown that this new liquid has the same qualities of combustion as gasoline, and can be produced in immense quantities for twelve and one-half cents. Mr. Zintheo better watch out or Mr. Rockefeller will bring some charges against him in the way of hindering his business.

THE committee report was against Smoot, but the case is likely to go over.

THE \$2,000,000 Christian Science cathedral was recently dedicated at Boston.





### NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

SELECTED BY ANNIE PEARL GUTHRIE.

**N**OBODY knows of the work it makes  
 To keep the home together;  
 Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes  
 Which kisses only smother;  
 Nobody's pained by naughty blows;  
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
 Bestowed on baby brother;  
 Nobody knows of the tender prayer;  
 Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
 Of loving one another;  
 Nobody knows of the patience long;  
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears  
 Lest darlings may not weather  
 The storms of life in after years;  
 Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above  
 To thank the heavenly Father  
 For that sweetest gift, a mother's love;  
 Nobody can—but mother.

Boones Mill, Va.



### THE SISTERHOOD OF WOMEN.

LULU C. MOHLER.



**S**TUDYING the kind of work of Miss Jane Addams among those who have failed to inherit the happiness that we may expect, but sometimes fail to receive through carelessness or misfortune, brought to me the thought of the selfishness, indifference and careless ignorance of many of us to brighten the lives of others.

We close our eyes to the sin, heartless cruelty, and pitiful sadness, reasoning with our conscience that we can do nothing, or with the merciless, fiendish thought that they can help themselves if they want to, because every man should be strong enough to resist his temptations. Oh the pity we need to feel for ourselves when the bitter, wicked thought comes, "He deserves his wretchedness, he brought it on himself."

Not all the world loves a reformer, or at least not until his work is understood, but all the world loves to have some poor wretch to reform and thinks he has a heaven-sent genius for reforming all the evils the world contains.

No one, it seems, is so merciless to fallen man, or so cruel to women as a woman. As a woman we understand women, then why, I wonder, do we so often forget to be kind? I wonder why I, myself, am so heartless and cruel to the poor soul. I so often forget that—

Before you push a sister down,  
 Think twice.

The following words touched my heart with their message of truth:

"Once there blossomed in a beautiful home a perfect flower of maidenhood. Care free and joyous, she lifted her pure eyes to the bright skies bending above her. The singing birds were echoed by her voice, and her merry song was heard from morning until night. Her gladsome presence made light and joy in the home and the world seemed brighter and more beautiful because she lived in it.

"Kind friends removed every stone from her pathway, and led her in blissful ignorance of life's realities, through a world that seemed to her to blossom only with the fairest flowers under whose leaves no serpent lurked and whose perfume could not be poisonous. There were some that loved her that feared her lack of knowledge might lead her into wrong, but when they hinted of clouds and storms she answered only with a laugh.

"Into this world of innocence came one with a regal presence, to her he seemed indeed a very demigod. His voice thrilled her, his touch commanded her, his eyes wooed her, and in all the blissful abandonment or her ignorant young heart she loved him; she listened to his words of evil persuasion, forgetting the counsel which in the past she had so carelessly received.

"The words so obscure in their import to her Christlike understanding, were forgotten in the torrent of his ardent plea, and when he called on God to witness to his truth, she could no longer harbor a mistrust and she gave him her heart's richest treasure. She gave herself and believed that she did no wrong.

"For a little while the world seemed all the brighter,

and then there came a change. Friendly eyes began to look askance at her, and unfriendly tongues grew busy with a rumor of her shame. There were bitter words in the once happy home. Angry words from the father, heartbroken cries from the mother, and when at last the door of home was closed against her and she turned for consolation to him who had wrought her woe, she found herself alone, betrayed, deserted, abandoned. Oh friends, we talk of the abandoned woman as one who has abandoned honor and purity, but she has been abandoned by the Christian world; and no shipwrecked traveler on a desert island is more helpless than she in this cruel abandonment.”  
—*Mary Wood-Allen. M. D.*

I remember that every mother's delicate task should be to educate her girls in what it means to live pure lives and that always ignorance does not mean innocence.

“It must be admitted that the initiation of the child into the mysteries and marvels of the functions of motherhood is a task that is as delicate as it is difficult. There have been some well-meaning people who have declared that the imparting of such knowledge had better be done, not by the parent, but by someone the child trusts and loves. In one instance I know of a mother who relegated the task to the family physician. But I maintain that what has to be told to the child had better be told by the mother than by any anyone else.

“I have laid stress on this question because I believe that it is at once one of the most vital and one that is most shockingly misunderstood and mistreated. The plain proposition is this—your child needs knowledge on a topic which is one of the utmost importance to her in every stage and phase of her life. The method by which she may obtain that knowledge will assuredly influence her for good or evil. The knowledge in question is your child's due. Make it as much a part of her education as is the teaching of her alphabet. That instinct of our sex which I may call ‘the protection instinct’ will surely stay her from putting her knowledge to evil account. Girls in nine cases out of ten sin through ignorance. If they have knowledge of the consequences be certain that they will not sin by reason of the instinct in question.”—*Marguerite MacFadden.*

I am now thinking of the many girls I know. I remember their deficiencies, their little frivolities, their ignorance of the mighty power lying in their hands to better their friends—men and girls; but every one of them thrills me with the charm of her youth, little tricks of graceful action, honest simplicity, pure and lofty characteristics.

Everywhere one goes we are interested in them. We are a mighty sisterhood and we love and sympathize always in our sober moments. Oh the feeling

of admiration and respect that comes to us when by some token we are made to realize that this girl is hedged about by those who love her and no one with a strong, rough hand dare intrude beyond the bounds of this protection. She is raised in value by all mankind if it is known she is prized and considered as a pure white lily that no one dare roughly handle. Our girls are not literally kept in this beautiful seclusion like the maidens of the East; if you adore your daughter, keep her safe even if the walls are not visible, but still feel them to be there. We all prize a gift that we know is valued beyond the riches of the earth and guarded as gems and gold.

I adore that subtle dignity that comes from clean living, good thinking that is the atmosphere of a woman, and no would dare step across the boundary line she sets for all the world. I firmly believe that any unkindness shown to woman is the lack of this beautiful dignity.

Then back again to the unfortunate one. When you meet her on the street even though your soul abhors her, let the love and mercy of Christ control you. Don't, don't, get flinty and hard. Are you sure she was all to blame? Someone tempted, someone failed to shield her, one time she had no friends, starving, hopeless, helpless, captured perhaps.

Every girl has a right to the beauties of life; the little dreams, loves and joys of girlhood, the little sanctuary where she abandons all outside things and is all herself, gathering her treasures and keepsakes about her, a very holy of holies. Don't fear for her if some wise soul watches over her. As sure as the stars swing in the blue she will grow into the gloriousness of a woman of charm.

Let us, sisters, keep with diligence the motto—“keep sweet,” and let our doctrine be,—The one thing on earth before all others that should appeal not only to the heart but to the conscience of women, it is woman herself.

*Leeton, Mo.*



#### A BOY'S COPPER TEMPERING SECRET.

ROBERT ANDERSON, a newsboy at Venice, a beach resort near Los Angeles, Cal., possesses both inventive talent and business shrewdness in remarkable degree, if what is told of him is not exaggerated. He is said to have shown a copper axe and several knives of the same material tempered to the hardness of steel by a process which he has discovered and keeps secret.

His discovery coming to the knowledge of experts, the boy has been asked to name a price for his secret. That he has a full appreciation of its value and is not disposed to secure immediate benefit by any sacrifice of future wealth, is made evident through the price he named. His figure for the release of his claim to the invention was the round one of \$1,500,000.



## DO IT NOW.

I HAD thought to send a flower to a sick friend, but decided, "To-morrow will do as well." Next day the flower was laid on a still, cold form.

Because of busy, happy work I neglected for a month writing to a dear friend far away. The tardy missive brought answer: "Dear One, Your letter is a comfort to me. I have waited for it through a month of heavy trial. I know you would have written sooner if you could, or had known the comfort your words would be."

Two friends misunderstood each other. "Soon," I thought, "I shall speak the little word that will clear their skies." The events of a day separated us all forever, and the little was not made right.

An earnest youth was in need of a helping hand. I longed to extend the help, but self-interest answered, "You cannot; God will take the will for the deed."

Then the spirit within took me to my knees, and I prayed, "O God, shall the poor 'will' and nothing more be offered thee? Then thou hast naught. Oh, make it thine, that loving deed may prove the will to serve!"

And in that hour the youth's need was supplied, nor was self the poorer. Oh, the blessed now, which is all of time I have! God help me to use it for him! And if there is a word to be spoken, a flower to be sent, an alabaster box to be broken, God help me to do it now.—*Selected.*



## FATHER GIVES HIS CARELESS DAUGHTER A QUIET LITTLE TALK.

A FATHER talking to his careless daughter said:

"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by an act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world."

"And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years."

"Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you

are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked."

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary hard things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast."

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—*Exchange.*



## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GRACE HILEMAN MILLER.

A LITTLE salt added to starch will prevent it from sticking to the iron while the addition of a little tal-low will give a better gloss to the clothes.

The week's washing may be made a half easier by soaping the clothes and letting them soak over night before washing.

When making berry or other juicy pies a little flour mixed with the sugar thickens the juice and keeps it from running out.

Blood stains may be removed from handkerchiefs or other fabrics by dipping in cold water before washing them. Some fruit stains may be successfully treated likewise.

Dipping silverware in anything hot will color it brown. It may be restored to its natural brightness by rubbing with Bon Ami.

Hang garments which have been scorched by an overheated flatiron in the sun, it will draw the brown tint out.

Rub the top of the stove with damp waste paper and save washing out a black stove rag every time you wash the dishes.

*Lordsburg, Cal.*



## "THAT SOBERED ME."

A GENTLEMAN high in commercial circles in a western city was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends. "I think," said he, "the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii. My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country;

but when I was a young man—and a rather tough young man, too, I may say—I went back there once on a visit. The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have done. While I was in this condition an old man, a native persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed my head, gave me some strong coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

“‘Old man,’ I said, ‘what are you doing all this to me for?’

“‘Well,’ he answered me, ‘I’ll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man and an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and, I hope, a Christian. All I am or hope to be I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition I feel like doing all I can for him on account of what that man did for me.’

“This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it. ‘Who was it?’ I asked.

“‘Mr. Blank, a missionary.’

“‘God of mercy!’ I said. ‘He was my father!’

“Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am to-day I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander.”—*Exchange*.



#### PAPER THAT SERVES AS WINDOW GLASS.

THE Chinese in Manchuria have a substitute for window glass in the form of a translucent paper, which they paste over the window sashes or frames when the long winter sets in. It is made almost entirely from hemp, and most particularly from old hemp rope, by a very simple process.

Heavy stone rollers are passed over the pieces of

discarded rope until the hemp is ground into small particles of fiber. This is placed in vats and stirred until the fibers are well distributed through the water the vat contains. Then a large sieve is sunk in it and slowly raised out of it, clearing the liquid sufficiently to permit the water to drain from it, leaving a thin substance that is skimmed off and dried on the wall, from which it is stripped as paper.



#### FILLINGS FOR CRACKS IN BOARD FLOORS.

MAKE a paste of slacked lime one part, rye meal two parts, with a sufficient quantity of linseed oil to hold it together. Or, dissolve one part of glue in sixteen parts of water, and when almost cool stir in sawdust and prepared chalk a sufficient quantity. Or, oil varnish thickened with a mixture of equal parts of white lead, red lead, litharge and chalk.



A AND B have a dispute about holiness. A contends that the best of people are imperfect, and that they think or say or do things that are not right every day of their lives. B puts an uncharitable construction on what A says, and accuses him of saying that the best of people sin every day of their lives. B contends that it is the privilege and duty of every Christian so to live that God will not impute anything to them as sin. A puts an uncharitable construction upon this, and says that B declares that he has got so good that he can’t sin anymore. The thing to do for these two brethren is to quit trying to down each other in an argument, and see if after all they do not agree, but are simply emphasizing two different phases of the same question.—*Gospel Witness*.

## The Rural Sanctum

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

MARY GARBER.

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs.  
He most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.”

LOOKING at life from this standpoint thirty years of such a life counts more than the allotted three score and ten of those “whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.”

Why should we mourn the departure of one whose life-work has been so full, so complete and yet of so short duration? The monument he has builded is one

that will resist the destroying hand of time, and yet in the death of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet laureate of the colored race, that race has sustained a loss which can never be filled. It was to him they looked to take the place of Booker T. Washington when his allotted years were spent. The friendship between the two was a beautiful token of the one great aim of each, to lift their people up to a higher and nobler plane of living. But God said, “It is enough,” and Dunbar’s spirit winged its flight from his pleasant home at Dayton, Ohio, Feb. 9, 1906.

He was born in the same city June 27, 1872, and graduated from the Steele High School in 1891. He wrote the class poem, and it was his first poem to receive recognition.

He began writing at the age of seven. His first



book, "The Oak and the Ivy," appeared in 1893. Altogether he wrote twenty-one books and is recognized as a literary genius both at home and abroad.

His favorite of all his poems is "When Malinda Sings." Malinda was his aged mother who cared for him when a helpless babe as she did when a hopeless sufferer from tuberculosis. He made several trips abroad, visiting the Alps, Switzerland and Italy, in the hope of regaining his health, but all to no purpose. He was married to Miss Moore, of New York, in 1896; he left a wife, mother and two half-brothers. His dying wish was to live to see his first play produced, but this was denied him.

The following lines were written after he read "Lead, Kindly Light":

"For lo! the way is dark;  
Through mist and cloud I grope;  
Save for that fitful spark,  
The little flame of hope.

"Lead gently, Lord, and slow,  
For fear that I may fall;  
I know not where to go,  
Unless I hear thy call.

"My fainting soul doth yearn  
For thy green hills afar;  
So let thy mercy burn,  
My greater, guiding star.

"Lead gently, Lord, and slow,  
For oh, my steps are weak,  
And even as I go,  
Some soothing sentence speak.

"That I may turn my face,  
Through doubt's obscurity,  
Toward thine abiding place,  
E'en tho' I cannot see."

Portland, Ind.



#### ANDREW CARNEGIE ON WAR.

SELECTED BY J. KURTZ MILLER.

AN extract from his address to the students of the University of St. Andrews.

"It may be from eminent soldiers that young men have received the most discouraging accounts of the profession. Napoleon declared it '*the trade of barbarians.*' Wellington writes Lord Shaftesbury, '*War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another.*' General Grant, offered a Military Review by the Duke of Cambridge, declined, saying he never wished to look upon a regiment of soldiers again. General Sherman writes he was '*tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine.*' It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."

"The professional soldier is primarily required for

purposes of aggression, it being clear that if there were none to attack, none to defend would be needed. The Volunteer, who arms only to be better able to defend his home and country, occupies a very different position from the recruit who enlists unconditionally as a profession and binds himself to go forth and slay his fellows as directed. The defense of home and country may possibly become necessary although no man living in Britain or America has ever seen invasion or is at all likely to see it. Still, the elements of patriotism and duty enter here. That it is every man's duty to defend home and country goes without saying. *We should never forget, however, that which makes it a holy duty to defend one's home and country also makes it a holy duty not to invade the country and home of others,* a truth which has not hitherto been kept in mind. The more's the pity, for in our time it is one incumbent upon the thoughtful, peace-loving man to remember. The professional career is an affair of hire and salary. No duty calls any man to adopt the naval or military profession and engage to go forth to kill other men when and where ordered, without reference to the right or wrong of the quarrel. It is a serious engagement involving as we lookers-on see it a complete surrender of the power most precious to man—the right of private judgment and appeal to conscience. Jay, the father of the first treaty between Britain and America, has not failed to point out that 'our country, right or wrong,' is rebellion against God and treason to the cause of civil and religious liberty, of justice and humanity."



#### WHAT! YOU HAVE NO INFLUENCE!

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

Do not say you have no influence. Every person has influence. From the smallest child to the most aged, all have influence. Even after we leave this world we will have influence. It is either good or bad.

Influence is a power that is born with us. We can not shake it off. It clings to us. This moving power is unseen. To a certain extent we do not know what effect our influence has upon others; but this we do know, that by our deeds, by our words and by our thoughts we are moving this silent power to others. And if our deeds, words and thoughts are good and pure, they will have a good influence. But if evil, of course there will be a bad influence. We cannot live to ourselves. No, and we should not be so selfish as to try to either. This necessary element of power belongs to you. We are either lights to illuminate, or darkness to destroy.

Though our influence may be very small, that makes no difference, all have influence just the same. We must do our very best to have a good influence. Oh, that we would be more careful of the kind of life we

live! Do not forget the little things. Watch your words. Watch your deeds. Watch your thoughts. Do your very best. Don't think just anything will do. Live close to God. Ask him to help you live a life so that you will have only good influence. We are very weak creatures naturally, and it is so very natural for us to get careless and live so that our influence is not always the best. But with the help of God we can live so that our influence will do others good. This should be one of our greatest desires.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

*Hagerstown, Ind.*



### JESUS AS KING.

SELECTED BY C. H. MURRAY.

THE highest conception that has ever entered the heart of man is that of God as the Father of all men—the one blood—the universal brotherhood. It was not evolved, but revealed. The natural man lives to be ministered unto—he lays his imposts upon others.

He buys slaves that they may fan him to sleep, bring him the jeweled cup, dance for him, and die in the arena for his sport. Into such a world there came a King, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; the rough winds fanned his sleep; he drank of the mountain brook and made not the water wine for himself; he would not use his own power to stay his own hunger, but had compassion on the multitude; them that he had bought with a great price he called no more servants, but friends; he entered the bloody arena alone; and dying, broke all chains and brought life and immortality to light.

Here is the perfect altruism; here the true appraisal of men. Ornaments of gold and gems, silken robes, houses, lands, stocks and bonds,—these are tare when men are weighed. Where else is there a scale so grand? Where a brotherhood so wide and perfect? Labor is made noble—the King credits the smallest service. His values are relative; he takes account of the per cent when tribute is brought into his treasury. No coin of love is base or small to him. The widow's mite he sets in his crown. Life is sweetened; the poor man becomes of account. Where else is found a philosophy of life so sweet and adaptable—a philosophy of death so comforting?—*Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, 1900.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### PAY YOUR TAXES WITH MONEY.

O men, come around me and listen,  
I've only a few words to say,  
And that you may not only hear them,  
But that you will heed them, I pray.  
I was once so young and so happy,  
Only one small trouble I had;  
I had considerable money  
A wife and a beautiful lad.  
But my taxes I thought were too heavy  
To keep up the city of A,  
So I voted that spring for a license,  
That others might have it to pay.  
My taxes to me then seemed smaller,  
I thought it the very thing.  
I kept on voting for license,  
Again and again the next spring.  
But now then the rest of my story,  
Oh, listen! and I will tell all.  
I never once thought that my own boy  
Would ever be one who would fall.  
But, oh! when I first found it out, sir,  
He had gone too far to come back,  
And only to lessen my taxes,  
I had started him on the wrong track.

From bad he has gone on to worse, sir,  
How little I thought of it then;  
But now I'd give all of my money  
If I could but save him again.

When some of these hell-holes you vote for,  
When into your city they come,  
They may seem to lessen your taxes,  
But they surely will ruin your home.

Don't make the mistake, then, that I have,  
If you would know life's greatest joys;  
But pay your taxes with money,  
And pay them no more with your boys.

—Orrie Gannon, in Illinois Issue.



### The Wood Pewee.

What tearless tragedy of old despair  
Moves thy complaint amid the shadows green?  
The long-drawn sweet of thy voluptuous air  
Throbs with dim memory of things unseen:  
Love ardent, love delicious, love so rare  
Earth-children cannot guess what it may mean,  
Love faint with ecstasy beyond compare;  
Yet through thick pants of joy there sobs between  
Some tearless tragedy of old despair.  
—Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in May Lippincott's Magazine.



Sorrow and suffering have been likened to the weight about a diver—necessary to keep him down while he is securing pearls.

Doctor—"What your wife needs, sir, is more outdoor exercise."

Economical Husband—"Exactly. I will put the wash-tub out in the backyard and have an awning stretched over it."—Burlington Free Press.

In the early morn the fresh city boarder met the rustic dairy maid carrying a couple of foaming milk pails. "Ah, good morning, my dear," he said patronizingly. "How is the milkmaid?" "'Tain't made at all, kind sir," she said. "We takes it from the cows."

Ignorance may be bliss, but that kind of bliss isn't worth much.

A young man residing in Bradford township fell in love with a pretty German girl and sent her a note proposing a place of meeting. He wrote: "That my darling may make no mistake, remember I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat. In my right hand I will carry a cane and in my left a cigar. Yours ever, Jake." The girl's father got hold of the note and sent this answer: "Dot mine son make no misdakes, I vill be dreshed in mine shirt sleeves. I vill wear in mine right hand a club. In mine left hand I vill vear a six-shooter. You vill recognize me by de vay I bats you on de head a goaple time twice mid de club. Vait for me at de corner, as I has somedings important to inform you mit." The young man didn't keep the appointment.

#### Sufficiently Identified.

She walked into a branch bank on upper Broadway and pushed a check through the paying teller's window.

"You will have to be identified," said he. "I don't know you, madam."

"You don't, eh?" said the woman, with fire in her eye. "Aren't you the father of the Smith family that has a flat in the Pileremin apartments?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, I am the red-headed janitress that your wife's always complaining about. When you left home this morning I heard you say: 'Emily, if our children get fighting with that old fury in the basement, don't quarrel with her. Wait till I get home and let me talk to her.' Now, if you think you can get the best of an argument with—"

"Here's your money, madam," said the paying teller, and she took it and went.—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," Everybody's Magazine for June.

Oliver Herford once entered a doubtful-looking restaurant in a small New York town and ordered a lamb-chop. After a long delay the waiter returned, bearing a plate on which reposed a dab of mashed potatoes and a much overdone chop of microscopical proportions with a remarkably long and slender rib attached. This the waiter set down before him and then hurried away.

"See here," called Herford, "I ordered a chop."

"Yessir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," replied Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

"Don't you think long hair makes a man look intellectual?" "Not when a wife finds one on her husband's coat!"—Half-Holiday.

#### Where Joy Trespassed on Sorrow.

Hans is a German resident of Eastern Pennsylvania. Recently losing his wife by death, his grief and loneliness knew no bounds. After two weeks of mourning he "struck another match." His friends, according to the custom of the community, surprised him by a rousing calithumpian serenade. Hans stood the racket as long as he possibly could, and then, opening the window, in tones of greatest disgust called out: "Poys, ain't you ashamed of yourselves to make such a noise, and just so soon a funeral."—May Lippincott's.

#### Migration.

"In the spring," said the teacher, "the bluebirds and robins come up from the south. Can you name anything else?"

"Hoboes," piped the lad whose parents lived in the suburbs.—Chicago News.

#### Behind the Times.

Lucile was making her first visit in the country.

"What's that?" she cried as she saw fireflies.

"We call them lightning bugs. Didn't you ever see any before?"

"No; the bugs in our town ain't lit yet."—Effie S. Black, in Lippincott's.

"An' how's your wife, Pat?" "Sure," she do be awful sick." "Is ut dangerous she is?" "No, she's too weak t' be dangerous any more!"—Cleveland Leader.

Twice are we born: once to the physical existence, and then in the period of awakening personality to the mystery of the soul.—November Ladies' Home Journal.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure.

Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,

And find the harvest home of light.

Deacon Jones—"Wake up, John; it's time to go to church." John—"Ah, what's the use, I can sleep just as well here."—New York Mail.

#### Boy-like.

"Do yees like to go to school, me b'y?"

Said Uncle Pat to little Mike.

"I like to go, I like to come,

It's stayin' there I do not like,"

Said Mike.

—John L. Shroy, in May Lippincott's.

It is said that the girl in the middle walks in life stands the poorest chance of becoming a wife. Well, those who remain in the middle walks do it of their own accord.

It sometimes happens that one could earn \$5 in half the time he spends in trying to get rid of a dime with a hole in it.

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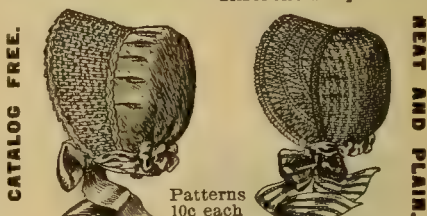
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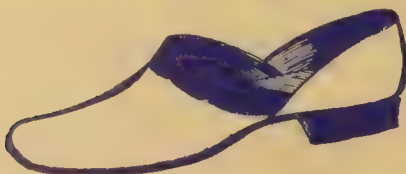
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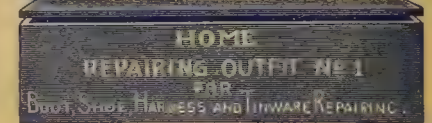
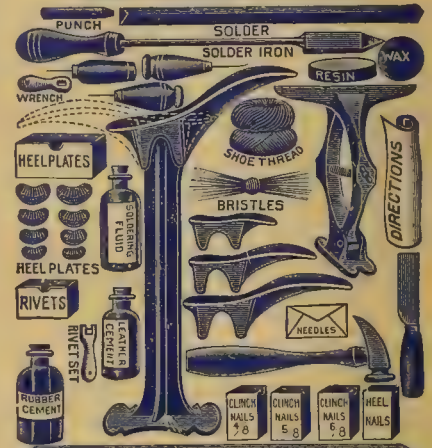
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